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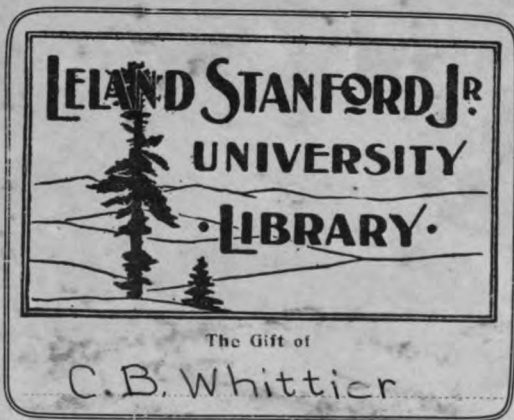
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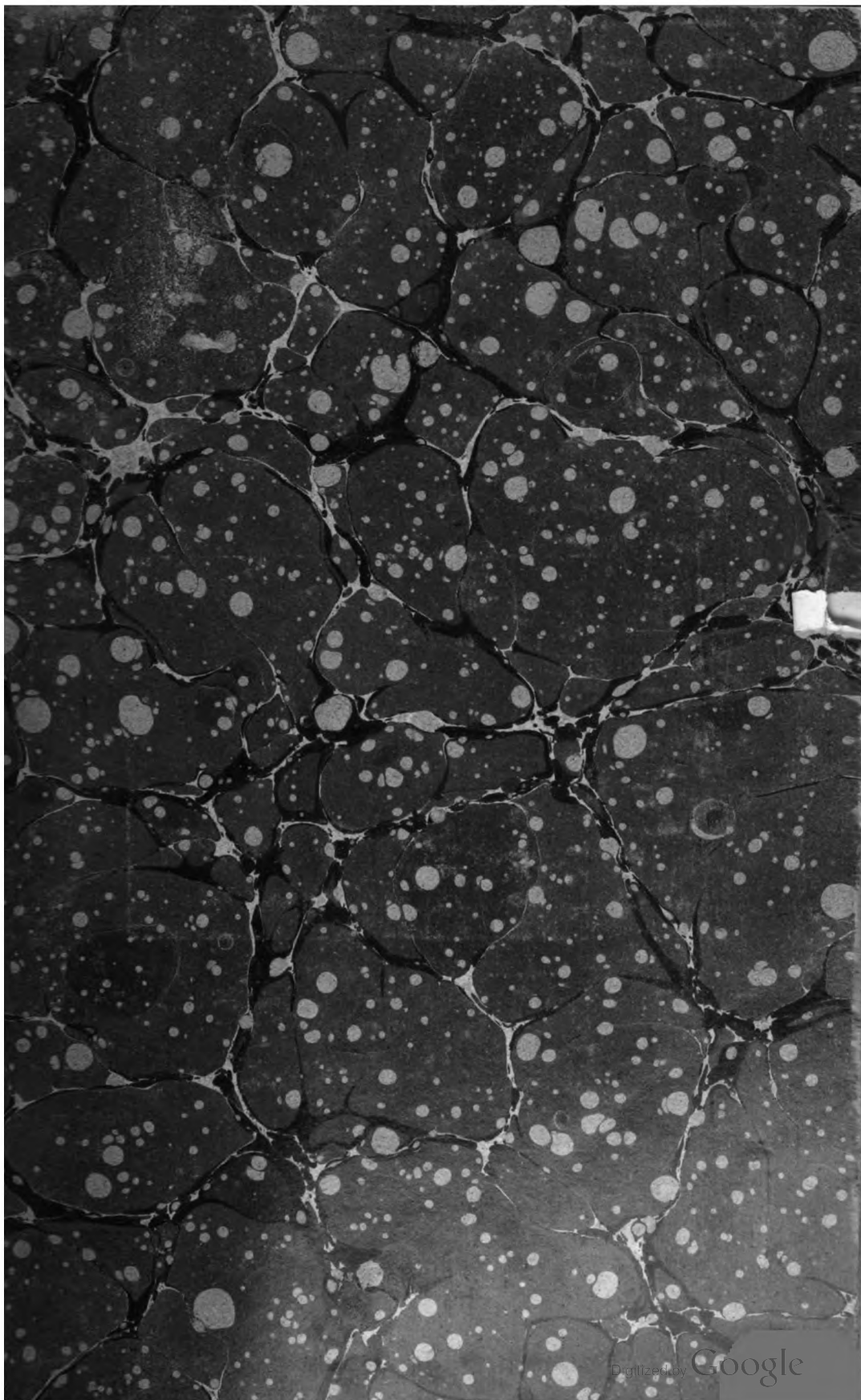
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Alfred Emanuel Smith





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The Dreyfus Trial : The principal points
The Prosecution against Dreyfus last week were made by

General Fabre, Colonel Bertin, and Colonel d'Abeville, respectively chief and sub-chiefs of the Fourth Bureau of the General Staff of the French Army when the *bordereau* was discovered, and when Dreyfus was one of the six *stagiaires*, or probationers, undergoing instruction in that Bureau. The two officers first named declared that a plan had been intrusted to Dreyfus comprising the details of the concentration of the *troupes de couverture* in the eastern part of France—in case of sudden mobilization these are the troops to be thrown towards the frontier to cover the army's actual mobilization. It may be remembered that the words "concentration of the *troupes de couverture*" form the caption of one of the five documents enumerated in the *bordereau* (or memorandum of army secrets found by a spy in the German embassy in 1894), and thus was one of the secrets betrayed to a foreign power. The value attached to this point by the prosecution is that Dreyfus did possess knowledge of the plans of concentration, which, notwithstanding his denials, he is accused of imparting to German and perhaps to other foreign agents. The prisoner admitted that General Fabre correctly described the work on which he was engaged when a probationer. As has been acutely pointed out, however, this proof of opportunity is, after all, merely an inculpatory presumption. Thinking that Colonel Bertin tried to show the prisoner's disloyalty since as well as before condemnation, the latter protested that—

In nothing I have written during the five bitter years of my exile will you find a word of disloyalty. I have never believed for an instant that France would hesitate to receive the truth when it should be revealed to her, nor that the army would hesitate to maintain the right and its traditions of honor. There

has never yet been a moment when I would not have been glad to die for France, and I hope yet to do so.

Colonel d'Abeville's point was that the author of the *bordereau* must be, first, an officer of the artillery, and, second, a *stagiaire* of the General Staff, having access to more than one bureau of the Staff. As the prisoner was the only officer fulfilling these conditions, therefore he must be the criminal. These and other witnesses for the prosecution insisted upon the fact that Dreyfus was of a prying, inquisitive disposition.



The Defense The most precious life in France to-day seems Maître Labori's. No wonder that his enemies tried to kill him. His cross-questioning has been of patent gain to the cause of his client and of justice. By it the facts were brought out that not only at the 1894 court martial, which condemned Dreyfus, had General Mercier inserted an accusing document in the secret *dossier* (or bundle of papers bearing on the case) by indirect methods, but, since the beginning of August of the present year, he had actually repeated that criminal audacity. These two facts have not only caused a general scorn of Mercier; they have also shown with startling distinctness that the same desperate means are used to bring about the recondemnation that were used five years ago. Maître Labori also brought Mercier to book regarding the latter's assertion that thirty-five million francs had been spent by the defenders of Dreyfus, and asked the witness to say how he knew this, who spent it, and other awkward questions, which Mercier was quite unable to answer. Finally, not only Mercier but the other apologists for the General Staff were forced to take refuge behind an "I refuse

to answer the question," and this attitude was approved by Colonel Jouaust himself, the President of the court. The latter's reputation for impartiality, therefore, has suffered somewhat. During the week the reported "confession" of Dreyfus the day after his degradation in January, 1895, came up again, and was thus explained by the prisoner:

I said to Captain Lebrun-Renault: "I am innocent. I will declare it in the face of the whole people. That is the cry of my conscience. You know that cry. I repeated it all through the torture of my degradation." Du Paty de Clam asked me if I had not given documents of no importance in order to obtain others in exchange. I replied that not only was I absolutely innocent, but that I desired the whole matter should be cleared up. Then I added that I hoped that within two or three years my innocence would be established. I told Du Paty de Clam that I wanted full light on the matter, that an iniquity had been done and that it was impossible for the Government to fail to use its influence to discover the whole truth. "The Government," I said, "has means, either through the military attachés or through diplomatic channels, to reach the truth." And I also said, "It is awful that a soldier should be convicted of such a frightful crime. Consequently, it seems to me, I who asked only for truth and light, that the Government should use all the means at its disposal to secure that light." Du Paty de Clam replied: "There are interests at stake higher than yours."

The Handwriting Experts

Towards the end of the week M. Bertillon, the expert in chirography, and a famous specialist in measurements of the human body, began his ingenious testimony. He tried to prove (1) that the *bordereau* was a doctored document; (2) that it could have been manufactured only by the prisoner; (3) that it had been written in a free hand by means of a key-word placed beneath tracing-paper in such a way as to be quite visible. The basic objection to M. Bertillon's testimony is that its premises were all wrong. The testimony of another handwriting expert, M. Gobert, contradicted the above. He asserted that the handwriting of the *bordereau* was natural and fluent, but that it was almost illegible, whereas Dreyfus, even when writing rapidly, always wrote legibly. M. Gobert suggested that the judges compare the *bordereau* with a letter admitted to be in Esterhazy's handwriting, and with documents written by the prisoner. He

thus showed that the *bordereau* was in Esterhazy's handwriting, and not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. He pointed out the identity of letters therein with letters admittedly written by Esterhazy, proving that while the resemblance was not apparent in Dreyfus's handwriting, in Esterhazy's there were marked peculiarities in punctuation and in the manner of beginning fresh lines, also noticeable in the *bordereau*, but not found in the prisoner's chirography. M. Charavay, an expert who in 1894 had testified that Dreyfus was the author of the *bordereau*, confessed to a change of opinion. The reasons for this change were the publication of Esterhazy's letters, the discovery of the Henry forgery, the inquiry of the Court of Cassation, and Esterhazy's confession. "It is a great relief to my conscience," M. Charavay added, "to be able to say before you, and before him who is the victim of my mistake, that the *bordereau* is not the work of Dreyfus, but of Esterhazy."



Captain Freystaetter Perhaps the most interesting testimony of the entire trial was that given by Captain Freystaetter on Saturday of last week; at all events, his evidence is equaled in importance only by Colonel Picquart's. Captain Freystaetter has as brilliant a military record as has any French officer. He was a member of the 1894 court martial. Two years ago his conscience compelled him to disclose the fact that Dreyfus had been condemned not only by secret but also by illegal evidence. The witness declared that the proofs of the condemnation were to be found in the *bordereau* and in four secret pieces sent to the court by General Mercier. Colonel Maurel, the President of the 1894 court martial, had previously admitted to the present court martial that he had read one, but only one, of the secret documents sent by General Mercier to the 1894 prosecution, and withheld from the defense. Maître Labori, therefore, called upon Colonel Jouaust to have Colonel Maurel confront Captain Freystaetter. On this Colonel Maurel repeated, with evident embarrassment, that he had only looked at one document, but, he added, "I did not say that only one piece was read. I admit, after what Captain



THE DREYFUS TRIAL—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM

From the Tribune Illustration of Rome.

Freystaetter says, that other documents may have been produced." Freystaetter replied: "Not only did I see them, but I assert that Colonel Maurel had them in his hands. And, what is more, I assert that he made a commentary on each document as it passed through his hands." Maurel haltingly replied that he did not remember, and refused to say more. Freystaetter added that he had written Maurel a letter recalling the scene at the secret sessions of the court martial of 1894, and announcing his intention of telling the truth, as he was now doing. Maurel acknowledged this with a nod, but still refused to say anything more. The admission of prevarication on the part of the President of the court martial of 1894 made the Freystaetter testimony of extremest pertinence, a pertinence increased when the witness confronted General Mercier. The former had said that a despatch from a foreign attaché, reporting the arrest of Dreyfus, had been communicated to the judges of the 1894 court martial, and that this despatch was a forgery. It was an erroneous translation of the Panizzardi despatch, and those who communicated it knew it to be erroneous, for at that date they possessed a correct translation. As no contradiction had been offered to Freystaetter's statement, and as Mercier had previously testified to having given an order that the telegram should not be communicated, and, further, that his order had been carried out, Maître Labori asked the President of the court to demand an explanation from Mercier. The latter denied Freystaetter's declaration that the Panizzardi despatch was in the *dossier*, shouting, "It's a lie," possibly forgetting that Freystaetter's evidence had been admitted by Colonel Maurel. To this Freystaetter replied: "I swear that what I have said is true. And I remember not merely the despatch, but I have a vivid recollection of the fact that the first words were, 'Dreyfus is arrested. Emissary warned.'"



The Court Regarding the probable verdict on Dreyfus, an impression has gained ground that the judges are prejudiced against him. This would not be unnatural—indeed, the testimony of General, for instance, made a visibly

profound effect on them. The vehemence of Roget's deposition, however, can be explained by his undoubted realization that he and his brother generals are quite as much on trial as is Dreyfus. The testimony of the Generals must needs be received by the members of the court with due deference. All of those members are graduates of the Military Polytechnic School, and from their early youth their respect for military convention and traditional discipline is nothing less than religious. The Generals occupy a higher military rank than the judges, and overawe them. Hence the judges are constantly subject to an illegitimate army pressure. There are seven members in the court. According to law a court martial has a Colonel as its President when the prisoner is a Captain, and two members are of the same rank as the accused. It is not necessary that the verdict be unanimous. Hardly any legal evidence against Dreyfus has been adduced bearing upon the real question before the court; indeed, Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, is quoted as saying that there has been no testimony in support of the charge against Dreyfus that would warrant an English magistrate in holding him for a regular trial. The one specific question is: Did Dreyfus communicate to a foreign government the facts mentioned in the *bordereau*? The Court of Cassation, the Supreme Court of France, has already established the fact that the conviction of Dreyfus in 1894 was illegal. It has directed the present court martial to obtain evidence bearing on the question before it, but for three weeks the court martial has heard evidence bearing upon the entire subject. Perhaps this implied disdain of the Court of Cassation results partly from the repeated demand of the Dreyfusards to probe the justice of their cause to the bottom, but more likely it is due to the vanity and obstinacy, if not terror, of the guilty creatures of the General Staff. The reiteration of hearsay or presumption from them is not evidence, and the only evidence, except that mentioned in our first paragraph, worth considering has been that contained in the received renderings of the Schneider and Panizzardi despatches. Both of these renderings are now shown to be forgeries. Indeed, the Schneider despatch was the eleventh forged docu-

ment which the prosecution has produced as evidence.



The Transvaal Last week a Blue Book relating to the proposed Transvaal reforms was published by the British Government. It opens with a despatch from Sir Alfred Milner suggesting arbitration of the varying interpretations of the Anglo-Dutch Conventions of 1881 and 1884. Sir Alfred, though reiterating his favorable opinion as to limited arbitration in certain circumstances after the Outlanders' grievances had been redressed, declares that the scheme of reform put forth by the Transvaal Government is absolutely unacceptable. On July 1 Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, cabled that the Government would not accept the Transvaal proposal, but toward the end of the month proposed an inquiry into the new Transvaal reformed franchise law. In this proposal he declared that under no circumstances would the British Government admit the intervention of a foreign power regarding the interpretation of the Conventions. He added that, if the Transvaal would agree to the exclusion of the foreign element, he was willing to consider how and by what methods such a question of interpretation could be decided by some judicial authority, the independence and partiality of which would be beyond suspicion. On the last day of July Mr. Chamberlain invited President Kruger to appoint delegates to inquire into the franchise law, adding that, if an inquiry took place, the British delegates would be instructed to press for an early report. Sir Alfred Milner also informed President Kruger that, while the inquiry must be confined to the political representation of the Outlanders, he, as British Commissioner, was prepared to discuss, not only the franchise, but also other matters. In support of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, as disclosed by the Blue Book, the London papers are practically unanimous. The "Standard" voices the general opinion:

Nobody in England wants war, and the Government is doing all it can to avoid a rupture. Still less do we want the Transvaal itself. Apart from its gold reefs its territory is almost worthless. Its mines will probably be exhausted in half a century. We do not desire the Boers as fellow-subjects. We do

not want another Ireland. It is merely common political justice that the Government is determined to obtain.

On Saturday of last week Mr. Chamberlain, addressing an audience at Highbury, said:

The knot must be loosened or we will have to find other ways of untying it. If we are forced to that, then we will not hold ourselves limited by what we have already offered, but, having taken the matter in hand, we will not let go until we have secured the conditions which establish our paramount power in South Africa and secure to our fellow-subjects the equal rights and privileges promised by President Kruger.



The Prussian Cabinet Crisis The German Emperor and King of Prussia has declined to receive the resignation of the Prussian Cabinet, which was due to the Prussian Landtag's adverse vote to the Government on the two Canal bills, which had been introduced into that body as coming from the Emperor himself. A change of Cabinet, however, would hardly mark the importance of that adverse vote much more clearly; no Prussian needs such an event to emphasize the fact that, for the first time since the Franco-German war, the Agrarian Conservatives, generally fervent supporters of the monarchy, have openly defied a mandate of their sovereign. For the moment the Socialists have joined hands with the Agrarians "in upholding the principles of constitutional right." It is not impossible that the Emperor may dissolve the Diet, but he must know that such an event might bring about the encountering by his Government of a considerably increased opposition, the Agrarians, or Junkers, hitherto having been invariably on his side. Germans who are not Prussians are taking a special interest in the matter because of the fact that the Prussian Prime Minister, Prince von Hohenlohe, is also the Imperial German Chancellor. It is rumored that Prince von Hohenlohe wishes to resign both offices if his resignation of one be accepted. His services to Germany during the term of his Chancellorship, since 1894, have been not inconsiderable, and there is a natural dread among Germans at making further changes in the personnel of the Government during the reign of the present Emperor. Nevertheless, his subjects have been getting

accustomed to many and rapid changes—a contrast to the order of things during preceding reigns.

**The Situation
in the Philippines**

An obviously necessary preliminary to a decision as to what should be our future course in the Philippines is a full understanding of the actual situation there. A very clear statement on this point has just been made by the special correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," Mr. John F. Bass. Mr. Bass has military as well as newspaper experience, and favors the energetic pushing of the military campaign to an end. Of General Otis, Mr. Bass writes that he is "the impersonation of industry," that he directs the minutest details, approves the smallest bills, forms personally the plans for everything done. This indefatigable industry, however, the correspondent implies, is a source of weakness, for General Otis works in an office, has never been out on the lines, has never seen a fight or a skirmish, and other officers assert that it is impossible for the general-in-chief under these conditions to make intelligent plans. Mr. Bass then states the limits of our military lines. Although he writes in June, and the subsequent advances to Angeles on the north and to Imus on the south have increased the extent of our lines, the difference is not a very material one. He points out that on last Decoration Day the insurgents were still within three miles of the city on the south, and that the graves of American soldiers buried near Camp Dewey could not be decorated because the ground was held by the insurgents; that we control only a small part of Laguna de Bay, and that "out of one hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad from Manila to Dagupan, we hold only thirty-nine miles, or less than one-third" (to this must now be added a few miles reaching to Angeles); that the land along the railroad and at its east held by the insurgents is very fertile, and furnishes supplies to their army in abundance; that no effort has been made to land troops at Dagupan to attack the insurgents along the railroad upon two sides, as Mr. Bass thinks could be done. He states positively and without qualification that "the whole population of the

islands sympathizes with the insurgents; only those natives whose immediate self-interest requires it are friendly to us. The insurgent army is in no way ready to give in, and its policy of retreating is the one best adapted to the accomplishment of its ends." Mr. Bass makes many criticisms on the equipment of the army, and states that there were five thousand men in the general hospital when he writes—sixteen per cent. of the whole army—a large part of whom are broken down by over-exertion made necessary by bad planning. He asserts that the real figures as to the numbers of men in hospital have been suppressed. He holds, in common with the opinions expressed by General King and other experienced officers, that one hundred thousand men are needed to carry out a systematic plan for occupying the territory. This correspondent is most strongly impressed with the belief that the plans and methods adopted for crushing the enemy have varied frequently, and urges the adoption of a definite and continuous plan. He says unreservedly that "the American outlook is blacker now [June 12] than it has been since the beginning of the war." We give these criticisms, not as final or as being necessarily correct in every particular, but as embodying the observations of one of the best correspondents on the spot, and as a contribution toward the complete understanding of the situation, which, as we have said, is the prime requisite to the forming of an intelligent policy for the future.

Another View An equally grave view is taken in a letter from the Manila correspondent of the New York "Tribune"—a letter which has been forwarded through San Francisco by mail, evidently to avoid the censor's supervision. As the New York "Tribune" certainly cannot be suspected of anti-expansion tendencies, the letter has the more weight. This correspondent, writing under date of July 22, says:

In Manila talk of the ending of the war deals no longer with weeks, but with months and even years. Among the mass of people here, military men and foreign residents, there is only one opinion. The whole effort of the insurgents for three months was to hold off the Americans until their ally, the rains, came. In this they have been as successful as they

could have hoped. Unless affairs take some unforeseen turn, the Filipinos will resume the war this fall with fresh spirit and a replenished stock of arms and ammunition.

He states also that the leaders of the insurgents have no lack of money, that they control the resources of a large and exceedingly rich country, that they are levying tribute on ships entering several ports, and that the leaders are enriching themselves personally by this tribute money, "excepting Aguinaldo, who is generally acquitted of enriching himself by the present war." He asserts also that the Filipino soldiers are tolerably contented, although they receive pay rarely. They require very light rations, and live in camp as well as they are accustomed to at home in peace. The statement that the insurgents are on the verge of disruption the "Tribune's" correspondent considers improbable, in view of the fact that, although General Otis has offered thirty dollars for each insurgent rifle surrendered, he has received less than one hundred guns. The assassination of General Luna has, he thinks, left Aguinaldo undisputed leadership, and put at least a temporary end to dissensions among the leaders. The difference of opinion in this country as to the treatment of the Filipinos has, he also declares, greatly encouraged the insurgents, and "they profess to imagine that Congress will declare against annexation."

Race Problems in the Philippines

Official reports confirm the news that a treaty (or treaty-like agreement) has been made with the Mohammedan Sultan of the Sulu (or Jolo) Islands by General Bates, acting for the United States. General Otis thus succinctly outlines its provisions: "Sovereignty United States over entire Jolo Archipelago acknowledged; its flag to fly on land and sea. United States to occupy and control all points deemed necessary. Introducing firearms prohibited. Sultan to assist in suppressing piracy. Agrees to deliver criminals accused of crime not committed by Moros against Moros." Press despatches add that the "pension" of about \$4,000 paid to the Sultan by Spain will be continued by the United States, and that General Bates considers that the \$10,000 (Mexican) he took with him has

been well expended—apparently as a "douceur" to conquer the Sultan's pride, which revolted against using the American flag in his journeys abroad. Thus the United States formally receives an admission of its sovereignty over a large body of Mohammedan Moros, of a fierce and warlike race, somewhat given to piracy, but not disposed to resent the supreme rule of another race, provided a pretty free rein in local and internal affairs is left to their own tribal government. That a new and peculiar race question will be implied in the Sulu Island occupation seems certain. Another race question of the future is suggested in the news that Chinese immigration into the Philippines has been barred out by General Otis. The Washington authorities say that this is not because of the exclusion law in the United States, but is a military measure. Just what is meant by this does not appear, unless it be that it is hoped by the action to conciliate to some extent the Filipino laborers, who share the California prejudice against Chinese cheap labor.



A German View

The general subject of race questions in the Philippines has lately been made the subject of an extended article by the German *savant* Ferdinand Blumentritte, a translation of which appears in the "Popular Science Monthly." Professor Blumentritte calls the Malays "colored" people, and thinks that one great cause of the hatred of Spain by the Filipinos was that the great Malay population was looked upon by Spaniards much as the negroes are by the majority of whites in this country. The formation of the Philippine Republic, as he calls it, is spoken of as "pre-eminently the work of Christian, civilized Malays and mestizo," because the Indians and negroes "have not the inclination toward civilization or that capacity for assimilation that is evident in the colored population of the Philippine Islands; the latter are shown, in point of literacy, to be superior to the Spanish residents of the Philippines." Despite this fact, as we all know, they were continually treated with scorn and abuse by the Spanish press and the Spanish officials. This, Professor Blumentritte says, has been building up a reaction against white rule for twenty years, and

the hatred thus formed has been in a great measure transferred to the Americans. The final conclusion drawn by Herr Blumentritte may not be justified by his preliminary argument, but it is worth quoting as the opinion of a man who appears to be governed purely by scientific reasons in forming his conclusion. He says: "The European and American whites have not made a good impression on the colored Filipinos, and the Philippine creoles feel as one with their colored brethren; there is no spirit of caste in the matter like that which existed in the old colonial times, but they all call themselves simply Filipinos, and the rule of the American Anglo-Saxons, who regard even the creoles as a kind of 'niggers,' would be looked upon by educated Filipinos of all castes as a supreme loss of civic rights."



The Political Conventions

The Pennsylvania Republicans and the Nebraska Fusionists met last week to nominate the State judges and minor officials to be voted for this fall. In Pennsylvania the greatest interest centered in the adoption of a plank expressing the gratitude of the Republican party to ex-Senator Quay and indorsing Governor Stone's action in appointing him to the vacant seat in the Senate. Senator Flinn, the political leader of the "insurgents," opposed this plank, declaring that forty per cent. of the Republicans in Pennsylvania favored a change in their State's representative. The Convention, however, to which Mr. Quay was himself a delegate, was emphatically a Quay body, and adopted the platform by a vote of 192 to 49. In regard to National policies the Convention congratulated the country upon the prosperity attending "the establishment of a sound currency" and "the securing of proper protection to business industries," strongly favored the renomination of President McKinley, eulogized the conduct of the war with Spain, pledged the President "faithful support in the prosecution of the war in the Philippines," and cordially indorsed the acquiring of "new markets abroad." "We have ceased," said the platform, "to be content with supplying products for home consumption alone. We must keep pace with other nations in seeking new fields

for our commerce, and to this end we support the policy of industrial, commercial, and national expansion." The Fusion Conventions in Nebraska were completely dominated by Mr. Bryan, and the predicted disagreements between Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans did not show themselves. Ex-Governor Holcomb, the Populist candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, was nominated by acclamation, and each of the minor parties was allowed to select a candidate for Regent of the State University. The platform adopted by the three Conventions indorsed the Chicago platform, and declared that events since 1896 had shown not only the impossibility of securing bimetallism through international agreement, but also the benefits of an expansion of the currency. Not less prominent, however, were the planks condemning the "war for conquest" in the Philippines, and demanding that the Filipinos should, like the Cubans, be promised "independence as soon as a stable government shall be established, and protection from outside interference." The Philippine question is expected to be uppermost in the approaching campaign.



Concurrent Primaries

The plan of "concurrent" primaries has already passed from the field of speculation to that of experiment. The recent primaries in San Francisco to elect Republican and Democratic candidates for Mayor were held on the same day and in the same booths. The results were most satisfactory. The Democrats renominated Mayor Phelan, who has with exceptional courage fought the machine representing the worst element in his party; and the Republicans selected a candidate possessing in a high degree the public confidence. These results were especially important because of the large powers lodged in the Mayor under the new charter. In Ohio also, where a reform primary law has been demanded for several years, the plan of concurrent primaries has been put to the test. In the spring of last year, Mr. J. S. Glenn, of Columbus, writes us, the local Republican and Democratic committees were persuaded to hold an unimportant primary jointly, and the legislative committees on primary

elections were invited to examine the workings of the plan. In describing the experiment Mr. Glenn says:

There were to be elected a police judge, three magistrates, and four constables, besides ward officers. The set of Democratic judges worked by the side of their Republican colleagues with the best of feeling. As the voter stepped into the booth he gave his name, and the party poll-book which contained it showed with what party organization he regularly affiliated. On the ticket given him appeared the names of all the candidates of both parties. The voter stepped into an inclosure and marked his choice in secret—the judge of his party casting the ballot in the party box. . . . The plan was found to work like a charm. The results showed a saving of \$500 by holding the primaries conjointly instead of the usual way. This curtailment of the expenses consisted of reduced printing bills, single hire of police guardians, the renting for a single time of 88 polling-places, etc. Members of one party could not vote for candidates on the other party's ticket, and there was public confidence in the fairness of the vote and of the count.

The new plan was received in an unfriendly spirit by ward politicians, and was somewhat criticised because of its exclusion of independents from the privilege of voting; but the verdict of the public, and also of the legislative committees, was in its favor. The continuance of the agitation in Ohio, the adoption of concurrent primaries in Minneapolis, and their recent success in San Francisco, all seem to promise that in the near future nomination day may rank with election day. Certainly the choice of party candidates is often more important than the choice between them.

New York's Water Supply

The bold attempt of a private company to get control of the future water supply of New York was thwarted when its projectors were compelled to stand the ordeal of two weeks' public criticism of their plan. The public indignation was next to universal, and one of the courts has enjoined the Water Department officials from making the proposed contract on the ground that the new charter plainly contemplates public control of undertakings of this sort. Meanwhile the last report of the Water Department itself has been published, showing that the present water supply of New York City is more than double the maximum consumption—

680,000,000 gallons flowing over Croton dam daily, while the maximum consumption of the city was 285,000,000 gallons. As to Brooklyn, the "Engineering News" brings out a fact of hardly less importance. When Commissioner Alfred T. White four years ago estimated the cost of securing additional water from the Ramapo district, the engineer's estimate was sixteen dollars per million gallons to bring it clear to the Brooklyn reservoirs, yet the nearly ratified contract with the Ramapo Company specified the rate of seventy dollars per million gallons for water delivered on the northern boundary of New York, leaving the city to bear the expense of carrying it under the East River to Brooklyn. In speaking of the political side of the proposed contract, this engineering journal notes that only nine of the fifty largest cities in the country still permit the private ownership of their water systems, and that of these nine, New Orleans, San Francisco, Denver, and Omaha are either considering or have already decided upon the change to public ownership. In a great city a pure and abundant water supply is among the first of public necessities, and there is a perpetual and corrupting conflict between public and private interests until public ownership has been established.



Water Rates in Detroit Governor Pingree's long struggle for "free water" in the city of Detroit seems to have ended in a substantial victory, unless the courts interfere against him. He began the agitation, it will be recalled, almost the first year of his mayoralty, and before the close of his often extended term had his proposition indorsed by about sixty per cent. of those voting when the matter was submitted at a city election. The vote was in nowise mandatory, and no important action seems to have been taken until the last Legislature passed a bill to go into effect on July 1, 1900. This bill—as outlined in the "Engineering News"—accepts the principle of "free water" for all household uses and also for the washrooms and closets in business houses. When, however, water is used for distinctly business purposes—as it is in large quantities in saloons and in factories—a local "board

for fixing rates " may make such charges as they think will pay the operating expenses involved. The remainder of the expenses of the water department will fall on the general tax levy, except that extensions of water mains must be paid for by the owners of abutting land—just as street and sewer extensions are paid for in most cities. Heretofore, owners of vacant land have had their property improved at the expense of the water consumers. Apparently the new law aims to levy a just tax upon the owners of buildings protected against fire and of vacant land enhanced in value by the water system almost as much as it aims to increase public comfort and cleanliness.



Sunday Work in Massachusetts

In response to an act of the Legislature a year ago, the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has made a careful inquiry into the amount of Sunday labor now performed in the Commonwealth. It finds that of 1,075,000 persons engaged in gainful occupations, probably 150,000 are expected to labor on Sunday. Of these about two-thirds are engaged in domestic service, in which the conscience of mistresses often secures servants a free half-day on Sunday, accompanied by a free half-day during the week. The immense amount of Sunday work performed by women for their own households is, of course, unrecorded. The manufactories of the State, which employ one-half of the working population, perform practically no Sunday work whatever. Mercantile business makes almost as good a showing. It is only in news and transportation service that the proportion of men employed on Sundays is large or increasing. The newspaper offices canvassed report that of the 1,429 persons employed by them 811 work on Sundays—though generally for shorter hours. The telephone and telegraph companies report that their working force is 443 on Sundays, as against 2,185 on week-days. The express companies employ 305 persons on Sunday, as against 1,778 during the week. The railroad and street railroad companies, however, perform the great body of the Sunday work that has recently grown up. Not until 1881, says the Springfield "Republican," did the Massachusetts Legis-

lature permit the Railway Commission to license the running of such Sunday trains as the public convenience demanded, including excursion trains at lower than the regular rates. Since that time there has been a gradual extension of the Sunday service. On the steam railroads the average number of persons employed on Sundays is now 6,718, as against 27,480 on week-days; and on the street railways it is 8,282 on Sundays, as against only 10,326 during the week. On the street railways nine hours generally constitute a day's work on Sundays, as against ten on week-days, but there is no regular rest-day for the men who do Sunday work, and one can be obtained only, with loss of pay, on application to the management. This is certainly a wrong. The Legislature that permits Sunday work should stipulate that employees shall have one free day in every seven. It is unfortunate that the present report intimates that employees prefer a week-day for rest. If this be true, it is impossible to account for the trades-union agitation against Sunday work.



Chino-American Commerce

Whether we will or no, our commerce has entered upon a new phase of its existence. It is no longer enough that it be sufficient for its own needs; it must now be sufficient for the needs which have come to it.

In their recent books on China, Mr. Colquhoun and Lord Charles Beresford show how seriously both British and American commerce are menaced by the closing up of part of China through now acknowledged foreign spheres of influence, such as Russia's in Manchuria and Shinkiang. Since their books were written, however, the welcome announcement has come that, though Port Arthur must be an exclusively Russian port, Talienwan will be opened on equal terms to the commerce of all nations. While this is a gratifying exception to Russia's general policy, it cannot be taken as indicating anything but her interest in keeping one port open to our railway machinery and material, which she is using exclusively in building her great Trans-Siberian railway through

Manchuria and along the Amur to the completed portion from the west, which now reaches Lake Baikal. The entire railway completed and railway supply factories erected, Russia is quite likely again to close Taliénwan to foreign trade. The recent history of the only other important Manchurian port, Niuchang (where within five years American imports have risen from fifteen to fifty per cent. of the total), shows that Russia is beginning to defy treaty rights there.

We cannot help being more and more alive to those rights in China when we regard the continually increasing importance of our trade with that country. It is not only a rapidly growing trade; it is a unique trade. In the column of gains made by non-Asiatic countries in their last year's commerce with China over that of previous years, we stand alone. Nor is, ours merely a gain where all others lose; it is a gain even greater than the loss sustained by Great Britain, the largest trader in the Orient. In one department, however, this transfer is specially impressive: no longer does Manchester compete with us in the export of cottons to China; we now have the lion's share. While in recent years our rival's interest has declined fourteen per cent., ours has increased over a hundred and twenty per cent., and cotton forms two-fifths of China's entire import trade. As to our entire export trade to China, it has increased, according to Mr. Colquhoun, one hundred and twenty-six per cent. in ten years. It is already twice as large as the German export trade to that country. Mr. Fowler, our Consul at Chifu, reports that at least three-fifths of the greatly increased imports into China during the past two years are due to the purchases from the United States. Last year's Chinese foreign trade was valued at between two hundred and fifty and three hundred million dollars. It has doubled during the past decade.

The specific demands from China for American products include flour and breadstuffs; raw and manufactured cotton; oil, timber, leather, paper, iron and steel products; machinery and hardware; locomotives, cars, and rails; sewing-machines, clocks, and watches; telephone and telegraph supplies; electric railways and lights; chemicals and medicines. If the maintenance of this trade were merely

a sectional issue, there might be a question as to the advisability of our making a strong stand, says Mr. Barrett (formerly our Minister to Siam) in the latest "North American Review". The fact is, however, that China affords a market to arouse the interest of every section of our country. All the flour and timber, and a large portion of other kinds of food and raw products, which the Pacific States can supply are wanted by China, which needs also the manufactured cotton, iron, steel, and miscellaneous products of the North and East, together with vast quantities of petroleum; "and there is no reason why a demand should not be developed for the Central West's great staple, maize, such as there has been created for flour." Mr. Barrett calls special attention to the declaration by some of our consuls and trade experts a few years ago that wheat flour would never be accepted in large quantities by the Chinese. The exporters of California and Oregon were advised not to try to build up a market. Yet the development of our flour trade with China is even more remarkable than that already reported for cotton. During the past decade the shipments, for instance, from Portland, Oregon, to Hong-Kong have increased sixteen hundred per cent. Mr. Barrett acutely says that the most remarkable result of the Spanish war has been in our becoming the paramount Power of the Pacific. We have assumed an unavoidable responsibility, not only in occupying the Philippine Islands, but also in our attitude toward China. Commercially our opportunities in China are greater than they ever will be in the Philippines, he declares; therefore, while we are settling matters right in our new possessions, we must not allow them to retrograde where our old-established treaties are being stretched by China's neighbors. We cannot go to war to prevent Chinese disintegration, but if we see that an ultimate and definite break-up there is inevitable, we must leave no stone unturned to preserve old treaty rights in a new form with the new Powers in control.

To the importance of taking as energetic a stand as possible in preserving our rapidly increasing interests in China. Dr. Schurman, President of our Philippine Commission, is the latest witness. He has just arrived in this country after spend-

ing six months in the Orient. The great question there, so newspaper interviews report him as saying, is that of China :

Both Englishmen and Japanese see the necessity of maintaining China intact, but it is feared, now that Russia has taken Manchuria, that it will try to encroach gradually on some of the other eighteen provinces of China, and when it gets them it will do as that country has done hitherto—put a duty on all foreign goods. Englishmen and Japanese feel that America should stand with them in preventing the dismemberment of China. . . . China should maintain its independent position, but its doors should be kept open. It means much to England and Japan and not less to America. There is a hope in the Orient among reading men that China itself may become aroused so that it may itself hold its domain intact. But it is not yet sufficiently awakened. That is the sad phase of it. The Chinese are a patient, industrious people. They can live in any climate, away in the arctic or far south in the tropics. They can make money anywhere. Such a race, it is felt, ought to arouse itself in this dilemma.

The policy of preserving China intact seems now a belated one, in view of the fact that Russia is absorbing the northern provinces, Germany an eastern province, France the extreme south, and even the British Government's representative in the House of Commons is silent on the "independence of the Government at Peking." These facts, however, only demand closer attention to our commercial outlook. We believe, in the words of the writer of an article in the August "Atlantic Monthly," that, secure in a splendid isolation, and confident in the permanent sufficiency of our domestic market, we have too often regarded the Oriental problem as academic, and its solution as immaterial to our welfare. Admiral Dewey's guns, however, stirred us to a keen sense both of our needs and of our responsibilities. Our advent to "a seat in the court martial of Powers which is trying the case of China" may or may not change the verdict of the majority in favor of summary decapitation and dissection. At all events, that advent means a protest against spheres of influence which endanger our treaty rights—it has had success already in inducing the tardy opening to foreign trade of Kiaochau by Germany, and of Talienwan by Russia; but it must not lead us into further complications than those which may attend that insistence.

Another result is one which may and should affect us nearer home—the reali-

zation of the fact that we are demanding ultra protection here, but free trade abroad.

Metaphysical Healing

A correspondent in another column makes as strong a case as, in our judgment, can be made for the doctrine that Christian Scientists should be allowed by the State to practice their healing art on the hypothesis that disease is only a mortal thought and can be cured by thinking. The question thus raised is a large one, and involves the whole problem of the relation of law to liberty.

In most modern communities the principle is recognized that the State has a right to regulate all employments which, for any reason, involve a hazard to the community. On this principle the State, at least in many cases, regulates the sale of dynamite, gunpowder, poisons, and alcoholic liquors; on this principle it forbids men to practice law or medicine, to put up drugs for the sick, or to act as pilots or engineers, without previous special education and training, attested by an official examination. In our judgment, these prohibiting provisions might well be extended to plumbers and motormen, perhaps to other employments. We see no reason why Christian Scientists should claim exemption from this general principle of law.

In New York State, to practice the healing art a course of special instruction is required by law, which necessitates ordinarily three years at the least. The curriculum in the Christian Science College, when there was one, lasted three weeks, and involved twelve lessons of one half-day each. Mrs. Eddy informed the public that "persons contemplating a course at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College can prepare for it through 1.0 books except the Bible and 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures.'" Ought the State to allow any one to set up as a healer on the basis of twelve lessons, occupying three months, and embracing only two books? We reply unhesitatingly in the negative.

Suppose a Mormon were to set up as a pilot, claim divine guidance, and insist on his right to take steamships in and out of New York Harbor on the strength of

his proficiency in the Book of Mormon, would it be a violation of the liberty of the individual to prohibit him, and to put him in jail if he persisted? Yet the danger to the community from incompetent pilotage of an ocean steamer would not be so great as the peril from incompetent treatment of certain contagious diseases. Nor does this beg the question of assuming that Christian Science is incompetent treatment. We do not assume that it is incompetent; we assume that the community has a right to determine whether it is competent or not.

Nor does this position deny the right of a Christian Scientist to go without a doctor, or even to avail himself of a mental healer. It denies the right of the mental healer to practice his mental healing as a profession, for pay. And it is idle to assume, as is sometimes done, that the mental healers do not practice mental healing for pay. Mrs. Eddy tells us that pay is itself a help in the healing. "Christian Science," she says, "demonstrates that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health." The healer prescribes no drug for the patient, but he prescribes a fee for himself.

Nor does the fact that the mental healer prescribes no drug take him out of the category of professional physicians. The practice of medicine does not consist in the prescription of drugs. In many cases no drugs are prescribed. The practice of medicine consists in a knowledge of the body and the laws which regulate the functions, and of such counsel to the patient based on that knowledge as will enable him to comply with those laws. Sometimes it involves prescription of medicine to aid; sometimes it consists wholly of advice what food to eat and what bodily habits to maintain. Any one who undertakes for pay to heal disease is a medical practitioner, whether he administers drugs or not, whether he calls himself allopath, homeopath, eclectic, or mental healer, whether he calls the trouble which he is called in to remedy a disease or a mortal thought.

We hold, then, that the State has a right and a duty to determine, by such tests as it chooses to prescribe, who is competent to practice the healing art, and that men-

tal healers ought not to be permitted to practice mental healing as a profession and for pay until they can persuade the community that disease is a mortal thought and that it is an adequate remedy to pay the healer's fee and think immortal thoughts. Even then such mental practitioners should be required to pursue such courses of study and submit to such tests as the community chooses to prescribe.



Valets and Heroes

Goethe's famous interpretation of that cheap proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," is so familiar that it is almost safe to take it for granted that every one knows it; but the truth in that interpretation is so profound that, like all other great commonplaces, it ought to have endless repetition. No man is a hero to his valet, said Goethe, because it takes a hero to recognize a hero. In other words, the man with the spirit of a valet finds the valet in all his associates; the man with the spirit of a hero finds a touch of heroism in his fellows. Most of the judgments of men and women which are uttered in conversation are worthless as estimates of character; their only value lies in the light which they throw upon the temper and point of view of the would-be judges. The wise man never accepts the judgment of other people about his fellows, except in those very rare cases in which he finds a man or woman of distinctly judicial temper directed by large intelligence. The wrongs inflicted by inadequate and misleading judgments are frightful when one stops to think of them. In every community there are men and women who are totally misunderstood by their neighbors because some energetic and voluble person has formed and conveyed to the community a misleading impression in regard to them. When one remembers how the estimate of a character affixes itself to that character and becomes accepted as a standard judgment, it is amazing with what carelessness such opinions are expressed. The lack of care on the part of some people in passing judgment upon their fellows is so great that it amounts practically to unscrupulousness.

No one should ever express an opinion about another unless he is willing to put

his name to it, and to have it accepted by the community as a final judgment based upon full knowledge of all the facts. If voluble men and women would take this attitude, the easy-going judgments which pass current in familiar conversation would cease to be heard. It is well to remember also that a man not only stands in a position of the greatest responsibility to his neighbor when he passes judgment upon him, but that he also reveals his own spirit and his own standards to any one who is keen enough to detect them. A man whose judgments are generous must have a certain generosity of nature; a man who finds the world full of mean people is himself a mean soul. Society, as Goethe suggested, for the valet is made up of valets, and for the hero, of heroes. Life is great or little as we look at it; men and women are ignoble or noble according to our own inward nature. There are two elements in every human life, two possibilities in every human career. The wise man will not shut his eyes to the two sides of life; but if he is himself rooted and grounded in kindness, good intention, and generosity, he will be certain to find a preponderance of these qualities in those about him. Our judgments of others afford a capital test of our own condition. If we find ourselves growing censorious, it is time to take account of our spiritual circumstances, and to ask whether we are not in need of some kind of spiritual remedy; the sick man never sees anything straight or whole. When things are thrown out of perspective, and men and women begin to look morally distorted, there is some trouble with the observer, and he will do well to consult a physician. The man who sells himself believes that every one has his price; the incorruptible man knows there are some who cannot be bought.

And even if the incorruptible man were mistaken, his attitude is eminently sounder and nobler than that of his ignoble fellow-judge; for men and women tend to become what we believe them to be. Treat a man with profound respect, make him feel that you trust him, and you give him co-operation of immense immediate force to become what he knows you think he is; distrust a man, and make him feel that you distrust him, and you do all in your power to make him worthy of your distrust.

Society is lifted up, not only by effort, but by faith. To believe in men is the first step toward helping them; and this suggests the permanent limitation of the pessimist—the man who not only believes that the conditions of men are bad, but that they cannot be made better. It is always well to see the worst and believe 'n working for the best; for this attitude combines clear knowledge with healing power.



The Spectator

One of the most delightful things about a midsummer vacation to most busy men is the feeling that they have earned the right to be lazy for a while. To be idle with a good conscience is one of the most satisfying of earthly experiences. To lean o'er rustic stiles and watch other men working in the fields, and yet not feel conscience-smitten for being an idler, inclines one to be at peace with the universe; to lie outstretched under a spreading tree listening to the musical gurgling of a brook over a stony bed, and feel that one is not obliged to find either books in the running brook or sermons in the stones, is good for both body and mind. A vacation that is a vacation, the Spectator thinks, is one in which a man resolves simply to have a good time, without trying to evolve schemes for workaday success, or to store impressions, or to bottle up pigments for "local color," but just to enjoy himself in a harmless way, taking no anxious thought for the morrow, or for to-day or yesterday either. Perhaps this is, after all, one of the most fruitful ways of spending an outing. The mystic would call it "letting the breezes of the infinite blow through the soul;" the practical man would call it letting the soil of the mind lie fallow; in either case the method brings refreshment and new power to the man.



The Spectator has friends who do not approve of this plan, and who take along on their vacation journeys a lot of books for "summer reading;" but the Spectator is so willing to cut loose from this sort of thing that he hardly opens even a newspaper while on his outing. It is surprising how easily one can break off the newspaper habit if he sets himself resolutely

about it. The news has a different flavor, anyway, when one is away from home; somehow the crimes seem horrible and not fascinating when one sees them presented in unfamiliar headlines and against a background of green trees; and the great events which would arouse one's eager curiosity when at home are seen indifferently and as through a glass, darkly, when he is at the seashore and wearing his smoked spectacles to save his eyes from the glare. The Spectator has been perfectly delighted to see how readily he could turn from printed pages to men and women and sky and shore and wayside flowers, and forget to think, and just be happy in living.

But though he took no notes and registered no "impressions," the writing habit is strong in the Spectator, and now that he is in the harness again he is tempted to condense some of his nebulous memories into a drop of printer's ink—if printer's ink comes in drops—the Spectator isn't quite sure. One thought that came naturally to the Spectator during one of his excursions was of the delightfully interesting way in which history's panorama unfolds itself to those who wait till the panorama is painted and then look back. Life is so much more entertaining because we haven't all of us the gift of prophecy, and cannot see ahead! If we could, there would be no pleasant surprises. And then we wouldn't believe our second-sight if we had it. It would seem too incredible. The Iroquois Indians who a few hundred years ago had undisputed possession of the beautiful valley which afterward became the scene of the Battle of Saratoga could not have believed, the Spectator thought as he drove over the battlefield, that their hunting-grounds would in a few years utterly pass away from them, and become the scene of a great contest that was to decide "American" destiny—a destiny in which they, the original Americans, were to have almost no part; and the few thousand heroic patriots who there paved the way for a free continent could as little have credited the wondrous changes of our century, or realized that a great gay summer city would spring up near to their battlefield, from which pilgrimages would be made to their monument with its for-

ever-to-be-unfilled niche for one of the bravest of their leaders, who was yet to be known as the basest of Americans. And if our eyes were opened to another century, would they not see just as strange and unrealizable transformations? How interesting it all is, and will be!

⊙

The Spectator passed a few days in another place where the lesson that the old order changes was also most impressive. Ichabod!—the glory has departed—would perhaps be the name with which the survivors of the *ancien régime* of Nantucket would like to rechristen the island. They love to tell of the brave days of old, when Nantucket's ships were on every sea, when the flourishing port had more inhabitants than the city of Brooklyn of that time, when the old houses were full of treasures brought from every land, the spoil of her roving captains, and when the great intellectual lights of the Nation were proud to be called upon to address a Nantucket audience. And now, they say, the great fleet of ships has passed away, the commerce is extinct, the old houses have been burned down or broken up, the treasures have passed into alien hands, and the island has become the haunt of—the summer boarder! A dismal fate indeed—for all but the boarder! And yet the Spectator found that some things remain. There are a few of the old houses left with the "walk" on the roof, from which the skipper's wife could look far out to sea to learn whether her Jack was to be home again. There is the town crier, with his quaint cry, as the Spectator happened to hear it one evening, of "Roll of bills—forty dollars—lost this afternoon. Finder will be rewarded. Apply to Cliff House." There is the two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old house, the oldest on the island, with its familiar legend of the drunken Indian falling through the closet where he was hiding with murderous intent, and its pathetic bric-à-brac of figureheads and nameboards of vessels wrecked on the island. There is 'Sconset, with its queer little boxes of houses, its Town Pump, and its antediluvian railway running to Nantucket town. There is the Historical Room in the abandoned Quaker meeting-house, with its curios from all over the world, and especially its century-old log books

bound in sailcloth, telling of the voyages of daring Nantucketers to the South Seas, and containing much curious information besides the to-be-expected entries of "Gentle Gails from the Southwest" and the rough pictures of whales in the paragraphs describing their capture, and of whales' flukes when the prey escaped. And there is Nantucket's marvelous Guide-book. That merits a paragraph by itself.



The Spectator is somewhat familiar with the extravagances of summer resort pamphlets, but for what he might call balloonatic effervescence, which carries the reader far above the laws of gravitation and grammar, the Guide to Nantucket excels. The first page rivets the attention, and the rest are like unto it. "Nantucket," it begins, "that queenly island whose ineffable supremacy over other seashore resorts, is steadily forging ahead in universal popularity, is to-day one of the most sought after watering places. The rich sights of quaint mannerisms and the unchanged customs of ye years ago, are readily conducive to a complete reversal of the customary visions that confront the metropolitan visitor. On every hand the tourist is encountered by sights that have a refreshing tendency upon the intellect, that to be fully comprehended must be experienced." Even so. The voyage to the island brings out the descriptive powers of a Gautier: "Young and old commingle together alike, each intent upon partaking freely of the occasion. . . . Now for a brief period is observed the broken coast noted for its promiscuity. . . . The varied array of spectacular scenery and natural splendor are so happily blended that, when contemplated in their ensemble, they cannot but elicit the unmitigated enthusiasm of the observer. . . . Gaily tripping with swan-like ease, the boat pursues its southeasterly course" until the landing is reached, when "their pent-up spirits burst their bonds and they are an incorrigible mass of struggling humanity." And of the ringing of the silver-toned Unitarian Church bell (a bell that, like most things in Nantucket, has a history) the Guide affirms: "It is nine o'clock! Clanging clearly with monotonous bing-bang, the curfew rings out." And much

more of the same delightful quality, which the Spectator refrains from quoting for fear he should be charged with inserting an advertisement in his chaste columns. This Guide-book is certainly one of Nantucket's "uniquest" productions, and sufficiently attests the change from the days when in its Athenæum were heard the voices of Everett, Phillips, Lowell, and Emerson.



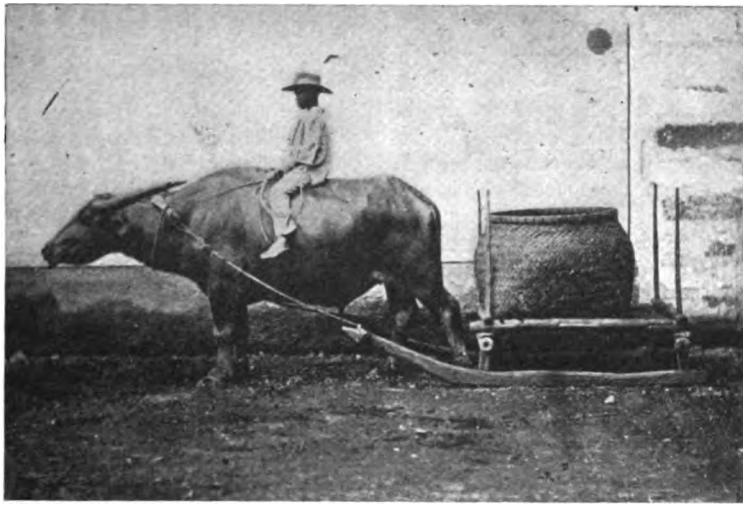
Is it permitted to the conscientiously lazy vacationist to hear a summer lecture? As a general thing, no; especially must he not attend a lecture given within walls, be they of wood or stone. But if he can lie under the spreading branches of a great pine, gazing at vistas of clouds and sky while listening peacefully to the murmur of peripatetic philosophers, is not Idleness justified of herself? And though he may not wish to spend many hours even in this innocuously studious way, he gains certain benefits by living in the neighborhood of such a lecture platform. The table talk, for instance, that he hears is apt to be more edifying in the vicinity of philosophers than in that of others. And so the Spectator is glad that, after all, his outing, which began among the thoughtless throngs of a popular watering-place, with its appeal to the eye and the ear in the shape of fashionable sirens, swift horses, and seductive music, should have ended under the Lysekloster pines at Greenacre, Maine, amid prophets and prophetesses from both Occident and Orient. To the man who is determined to be lazy for a week or two, for conscience' sake, refreshment comes from association both with the daughters of laughter and with the sons of wisdom.



Cuban Industrial Relief Fund

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THE BACKWOODS FILIPINO

By Leonard R. Sargent

IT has been my privilege to have been intimately associated with the Filipino people for a short time at a most interesting period of their history. With the permission of Admiral Dewey, I spent the greater part of the months of October and November of 1898, in company with Paymaster W. B. Wilcox, U.S.N., in the interior of the northern part of the island of Luzon.¹ It will be remembered that at that date the United States had not yet announced its policy with regard to the Philippines. The terms of the treaty with Spain were being negotiated by our commissioners at Paris, and the fate of the islands hung in the balance. In the meantime the native population, taking matters into their own hands, had declared

their independence from all foreign jurisdiction, and had set up a provisional government, with Aguinaldo at its head. Although this government has never been recognized, and in all probability will go out of existence without recognition, yet it cannot be denied that, in a region occupied by many millions of inhabitants, for nearly six months it stood alone between anarchy and order. The military forces of the United States held control only in Manila, with its environs, and in Cavite, and had no authority to proceed further; while in the vast remaining districts the representatives of the only other recognized power on the field were prisoners in the hands of their despised subjects. It was the opinion at Manila during this anomalous period in our Philippine relations, and possibly in the United States as well, that such a state of affairs must breed something akin to anarchy. I can state unreservedly, however, that Mr.

¹ The author of this article, it should be stated, is a Naval Cadet. The report made by Mr. Sargent and Paymaster Wilcox was regarded by Admiral Dewey as of great value, and the Admiral commended them for "the success of their undertaking, their thoroughness of observation, and the ability shown in their report."—THE EDITORS.

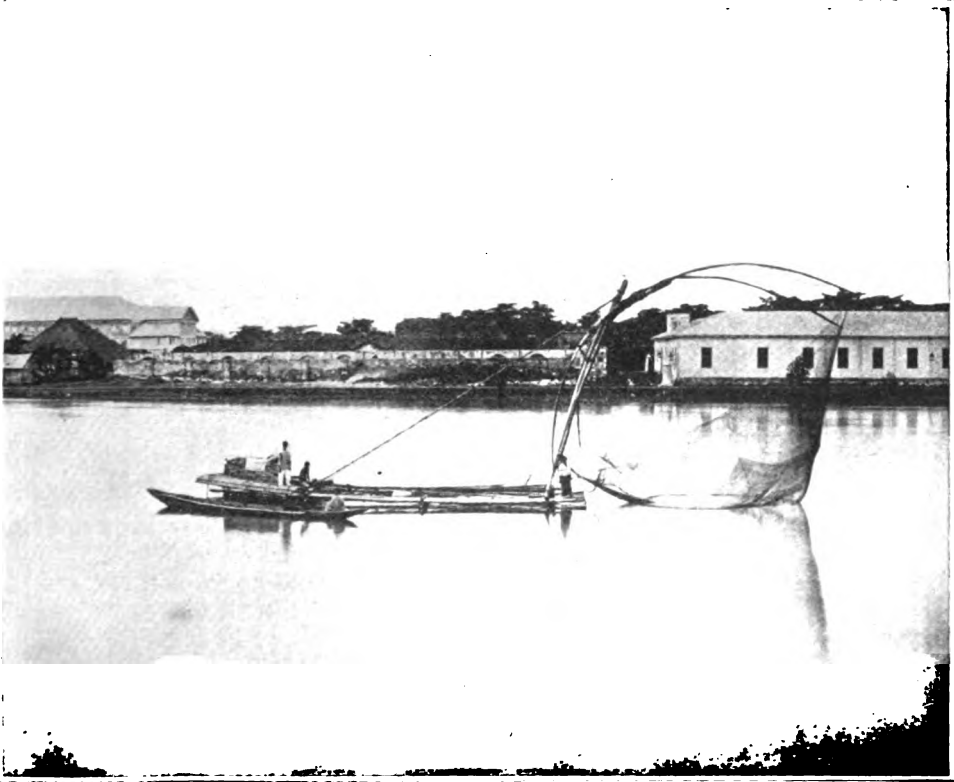
Wilcox and I found the existing conditions to be much at variance with this opinion. During our absence from Manila we traveled more than six hundred miles in a very comprehensive circuit through the northern part of the island of Luzon, traversing a characteristic and important district. In this way we visited seven provinces, of which some were under the immediate control of the central government at Malolos, while others were remotely situated, separated from each other and from the seat of government by natural divisions of land, and accessible only by lengthy and arduous travel. As a tribute to the efficiency of Aguinaldo's government and to the law-abiding character of his subjects, I offer the fact that Mr. Wilcox and I pursued our journey throughout in perfect security, and returned to Manila with only the most pleasing recollections of the quiet and orderly life which we found the natives to be leading under the new régime.

Some years ago, at an Exposition held at Barcelona, Spain, a man and woman were exhibited as representative types of the inhabitants of Luzon. The man wore a loin-cloth and the woman a scanty skirt. It was evident that they belonged to the lowest plane of savagery. I think no deeper wound was ever inflicted upon the pride of the real Filipino population than that caused by this exhibition, the knowledge of which seems to have spread throughout the island. The man and woman, while actually natives of Luzon, were captives from a tribe of wild Igorotes of the hills; a tribe as hostile to the Filipinos as to the Spaniards themselves, and equally alien to both. It is doubtful to what extent such islanders are responsible for the low esteem in which the Filipino is held; his achievements certainly have never been well advertised, while his shortcomings have been heralded abroad. The actual, every-day Filipino is not as picturesque a creature as the Igorrote. The average human imagination has a remarkable affinity for the picturesque; and the commonplace citizen of Luzon is too often overlooked in the presence of the engrossing savage. If the observer's attention can be drawn to the former, however, much that is of interest will be found in his comparatively homely life.

In our journey we traveled first across the province of Nueva Icija, by far the poorest and least interesting of all the provinces we visited. And yet even here we were greatly surprised by the intelligence and refinement of the inhabitants. While our entertainment at first was meager—for want of the wherewithal to provide a more generous one—we could nevertheless detect the same spirit of hospitality that found vent in elaborate manifestations in the richer towns which we visited later. We were particularly struck by the dignified demeanor of our hosts and by the graceful manner in which they extended to us their welcome. We had unlimited opportunities for conversation with the citizens of the towns, and we found everywhere a class that gave evidence of considerable culture and a certain amount of education. Their education included those branches only which were taught at the schools conducted by the priesthood at the capital towns of the provinces, and was of rather an impracticable nature. The Spanish language, Spanish history (appropriately garbled), Church history, and the dead languages evidently formed its leading features. The natives of this class seemed to have made the most of the opportunities offered them, and they had the subjects above mentioned completely at command. This enabled them to give a trend to their conversation that served at least to indicate their aspirations. On the other hand, their ignorance of modern history and politics, and particularly of current events, was astonishing. What they knew of the United States had been learned, like the Latin, from Spanish teachers, but was not equally reliable. Not only in the backward province of Nueva Icija, but elsewhere throughout our journey, we found the same fund of misinformation on the subject. This related in great measure to the attitude of our Government toward the two races of people that have come under its jurisdiction with an inferior political status, namely, the negroes and the Indians. Of the condition of the negroes since the war the Filipinos seem not to be aware. They express great curiosity on the subject of the Indian question, and have evidently been taught to see in the unhappy condition of that race the result of deliberate oppression, and a warning of what they

may expect from our Government if they submit themselves to its legislation. Of ourselves, the citizens of the United States, they have been told that we possess neither patriotism, honor, religion, nor any other restraining or refining influence. A character has been given us consistent with the acts attributed to our Nation. The natives are now undoubtedly becoming enlightened as to our true character, but it will probably be a long time before

frame of the hut are formed of bamboo poles, and an excellent floor is made from long, thin strips of the same wood laid together with their curved surfaces upward. The roof is thatched with grass, and the sides of the hut are formed of leaves of the "nipa" plant plaited together. Screens made of the same material serve in place of windows, sliding back and forth on bamboo guides in front of apertures cut in the walls. A short



THE PASIG RIVER
Fishermen raising great net.

their last suspicions are removed. In the meanwhile we cannot but hope that the good faith of our Government in any proposition it may make to the Filipino people will be accepted in advance. When it becomes a question of our fairness and our honest intentions toward them, the burden of proof must rest on us.

The towns of Nueva Icija are small and unimposing. They are composed principally of "nipa" huts, built on "stilts" to evade the vapors that rise from the marshy ground. The "stilts" and the

bamboo ladder gives entrance to the hut, which consists of two rooms, one forward of the other. The front room is raised a step higher than the rear one, and is provided with as smooth a floor as possible, to be used principally for sleeping purposes. The back room contains the native stove, the only piece of furniture in the hut. This consists of a section of the trunk of a large tree hollowed out into the form of a bowl and lined with mortar. Many "nipa" huts are far more elaborate, but the one described is of the

summoned to the aid, frequently forms the home of a large family.

It is the simplest, yet an important and the simplest form in the construction of these tools. The value of the same may be seen from the use of all tropical countries, but they are often adapted upon the spot to meet special needs. I cannot refrain from mentioning one use to which I have seen it put in this province. In the province of one town through which we passed we noticed a number of huts whose owners had made some attempt at cultivating the land in their immediate vicinity, but not a fence of bamboo to separate them from the road. There was one very particularly remarkable about the fence except that fences of any kind were not common in that country; but we were struck with astonishment on noticing a gate through which a native had passed, come following behind him, without any effort on his part. We proceeded at once to investigate the phenomenon, and discovered that the result which had so surprised us had been accomplished by the following unique arrangement: A long bamboo cord had been made fast to the gate and to a point near the top of a bamboo sapling growing in the yard, so that the cord was taut when the gate was shut. The gate opened outward, and could be passed through only by bringing sufficient pressure to bear to bend the sapling. When the pressure was released, the sapling would spring back to its erect position, closing the gate with a slam. With the means at hand, a Yankee might well have been at a loss to devise a neater or more effective scheme.

The province of Nueva Icija is low and marshy, and rice is almost the only agricultural product. At the time of our visit, the entire population, both male and female, was engaged in the threshing of rice, which, under their artistic manipulation, becomes a most picturesque proceeding. The implements used resemble, on a large scale, the pestle and mortar of a chemist. The mortar is replaced by a section of a log of hard wood, hollowed out into the shape of a bowl or trough; the pestle by a club about four feet long, with ends about six inches in diameter, and the middle part scraped down to the shape of the hand and worn smooth by constant friction. The rice is thrown into

the mortar as it is cut. The club, held in the middle, is raised well above the head in the right hand and cast vertically down upon the rice; caught up with the left hand as it rebounds, thrown again, and caught up with the right. The workers make an interesting picture, half a dozen of them perhaps beating in the same mortar, their dark skins glistening in the sunlight, and every firm muscle working as their bodies move in the graceful action of their labor. These people are musical by nature, and there undoubtedly is harmony in this rhythmical beating of wood on wood. The sound penetrates to the most distant places, and seems never to cease. It comes to you like the beating of a muffled drum, and brings before your mind the supple figures of the native girls casting their clubs in that graceful movement, down with the right hand, up with the left, down with the left hand, up with the right. I only once saw the workmen emphasize the musical element that characterizes this labor. On this occasion a party of four natives, two young men and two young women, were beating at the rice in one long trough, while an old man sitting near with a musical instrument like a guitar strummed the time.

In traveling from Nueva Icija into the neighboring province of Nueva Vizcaya, and from there on through the greater part of the latter province, we passed through a rough and mountainous country. Our progress here was deplorably difficult, but the numerous views of magnificent scenery to which we were treated more than repaid us for our labors and hardships. I never before had suspected that Luzon Island contained within its borders such harmonies in landscape as it has been my good fortune to see. There are spots in the mountains of Nueva Vizcaya from which the aspect of the surrounding country overwhelms an observer with all the power of music, and thrills his artistic sense into ecstasy. The deep-rooted prejudice that many men possess against all that is tropical, I think, would disappear in every case under the influence of the clear atmosphere and healthful soil of this beautiful province.

From Nueva Vizcaya for the next three weeks of travel we passed from one hospitable town to another, and enjoyed a round of novel entertainments. Our



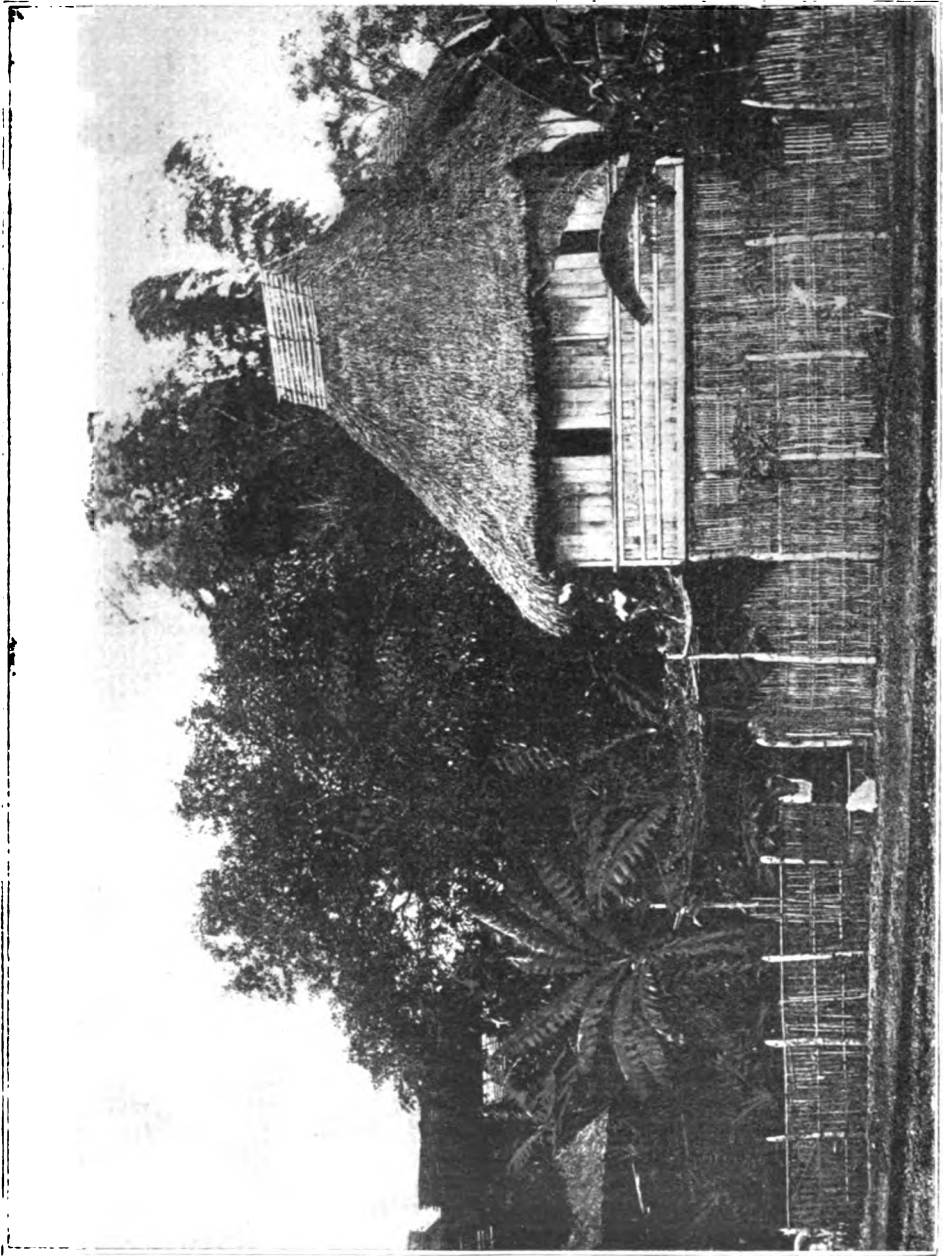
A FILIPINO VILLAGE

route now carried us through the valley of the Rio Grande Cagayan—probably the largest area of level country in Luzon Island. With the exception of the region in the immediate vicinity of Manila, and of the narrow strip of land along the western coast, this valley, previous to the revolution, was the firmest and most ancient seat of Spanish authority on the island. Its towns throughout give evidence of the labor that has been expended on them. There are comparatively few “nipa” huts, and many substantial frame buildings. Each town, moreover, has an elaborate church and convent, usually built of brick. Many of these churches date back into the last century; one which I remember particularly bearing the date 1780 as that of its completion.

Our entertainment in the different towns varied according to the facilities at hand; but in all cases music was a leading feature. In the absence of all accessories, the village band would be called into the building in which we were received, and would play tune after tune

well on into the night, while we conversed at our ease with the village fathers. At the little village of Cordon, which has a population of only a few hundred, we passed one of the pleasantest evenings of our journey. In this instance four accomplished little girls gave the entertainment its particular charm. Soon after our arrival the entire village trooped into the large room of the public building that had been turned over to our party. The floor was cleared for a dance, and the band commenced with a waltz. After the waltz was finished two of the little girls danced a minuet, and sang a very pretty dialogue accompaniment. The movement of the minuet was very slow and stately, and the little dancers went through it with charming effect. As an encore when the minuet was finished they sang a Spanish love-song together. The ages of these little girls were eleven and twelve respectively, and they did not look at all older than their years. They were dressed as grown-up young ladies, however, with their hair elaborately arranged, and with long trains

A TYPICAL
THATCHED
HOUSE
AND
ORIENTAL
GARDEN



to their cotton gowns. When I asked their mother if this style of dress had been adopted as a masquerade, she said, "Oh, no. I expect both my little girls to be married very soon." After all, some of the customs of the Filipinos are rather picturesque.

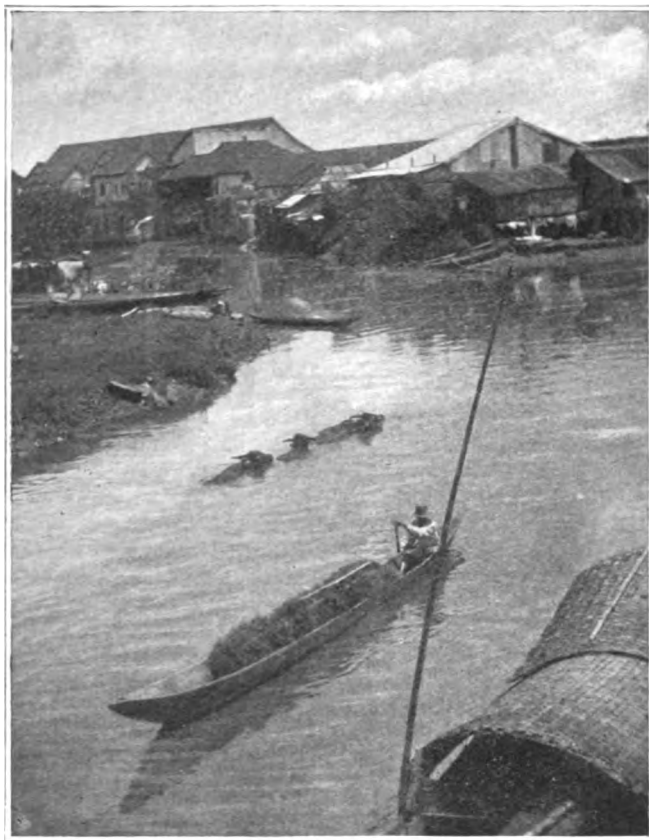
After a short rest these girls and two others of about the same age danced the "contrabandista," using castanets. We enjoyed this dance very much. The dancers arranged themselves at starting in the form of a square, and frequently returned to that figure. Passing and re-passing each other, twirling unexpectedly about, and posing for an instant, only to resume the rapid step, their tiny, erect figures moved with charming grace and quickness in time with the music, and their castanets kept up a lively accompaniment. When directions were needed they were received from an old man, who occupied the position of dancing-master in the village. A guitar and a flute supplied the only music for the dance. At times even this was dispensed with, and, in its stead, the dancing-master sang a plaintive air in his native dialect. The music and dancing continued until we requested an opportunity to rest. On other occasions we have been shown many dances peculiar to the country, and have found that, while they are all graceful and interesting, none are in the least grotesque or barbaric.

The towns of Ilagan and Aparri, with their wealthy and pleasure-loving population, provided the most elaborate entertainment. Ilagan is the capital city of the tobacco-raising province of Isabella, and is situated near the head of navigation of the Rio Grande; Aparri is situated at its mouth in the province of Cagayan, and is the only seaport of the valley. These towns are laid out in regular streets, and have many squares of substantial frame buildings. They have each a population of between ten and fifteen thousand. We spent three days at Ilagan, and I think that it was here that we were brought into closest touch with the Filipino character. The cultured class, which I have spoken of before, was strongly in evidence; and I think that, before leaving, we had discussed views with nearly every member of it. They all realized that they were passing through a crucial

period in the history of their people, and young and old were eager to acquire all possible knowledge that might assist them to think clearly at this crisis. Their realization of the gravity of their position did not, however, rob their character of its natural gayety, nor make them forget their duty as hosts. On the evening following our arrival a ball was given in our honor, which was attended by all the élite of the town. There were present about fifty young women and twice that number of men. All were dressed in European fashion. The girls were pleasant and intelligent; the men comported themselves in all respects like gentlemen. It was hard to realize that we were in the very heart of a country generally supposed to be given up to semi-savages. At intervals between dances many songs were sung; usually by one or two of the guests, while all frequently joined in the chorus. The national hymn was repeated several times with great enthusiasm. The ball lasted until nearly three o'clock in the morning, and broke up with good feeling at its height.

On the second evening we were invited to attend the theater, where two one-act Spanish plays were presented by the young society people of the town. The theater itself had been constructed by the villagers only a few weeks before. It was a large bamboo structure, one end of which was used as the village market, while the stage occupied the other end. The stage arrangements were good; curtain, side-scenes, and footlights all *en règle*. In the performance of the play we saw our friends—these typical young Filipinos—in a light in which very few of our Nation have had an opportunity to view them. They comported themselves with credit in a position where humor, intelligence, and artistic ability were the requisites of success.

During our stay at Ilagan we lived at the house of the mayor. This building was of great size, and was built of magnificent hard wood from the neighboring forest. One wing, containing a reception-room and two bedrooms, was turned over to us. The reception-room was very large, with a finely polished floor, and with windows along two sides. It contained a piano and a set of excellent bamboo furniture, including the most comfortable



FONDO

Showing Native Canoe and Water Buffalo in one of the City Canals.

chairs and divans imaginable. There were two tall mirrors on the wall, and a number of old-fashioned pictures and framed paper flowers. In this room our friends gathered in the afternoon, and took measures to make the time pass pleasantly for us. Whenever the conversation threatened to lose its animation, there was always some one at hand ready to accede to our host's request to play on the piano or to sing.

There was one form of hospitality which we met both at Ilagan and at Caparri that we would gladly have avoided. I still shudder when I recall the stupendous dinners that were spread before us night after night. The Filipinos pride themselves on their cookery, and it is indeed excellent. There could be no cause for complaint on that score. There is never any suspicion of the greasy and garlicky flavor to the food that characterizes a Spanish meal. Our host at

Ilagan employed three cooks, each of whom in turn officiated at the preparation of one of the three dinners which we ate in that town. It is impossible to say which one deserved the palm. The shortest of the three dinners numbered fifteen courses, and seemed interminable. In addition to fish, rice, chickens, and other domestic products of the country, there was served game of many sorts, including doves, snipes, deer, mountain buffalo, and boar. It was astonishing how many of the dishes were "*conñida del pais*," and must be sampled by the visitors to secure a just conception of the Filipino talent in matters of the palate. We felt on leaving the table as if the horn of plenty had been thrust against our lips and its contents to the last crumb forced down our unwilling throats. I notice in my diary an entry made

after returning from a dinner in one of the western provinces, where more moderation was displayed, which reads: "We had been in dread of encountering another such feast as those at Ilagan and Aparri, but found, to our great relief, that this meal lasted through only eight courses."

A Filipino dinner is usually served shortly after noon, and is followed by the siesta. The next meal comes about nine o'clock, but is ordinarily preceded about three hours earlier by light refreshments of chocolate and sweetmeats. The native is very fond of the latter, which he prepares from cocoanut meat and sugar. His table is always set—at least when guests are present—with a tablecloth and napkins, and the customary supply of knives and forks. He is very temperate in his use of liquor. An alcoholic beverage is made from the sap of the "nipa" plant, and imported wines are served in the houses of the rich in the large towns.

None of these are used to excess, however; and I have never seen an intoxicated Filipino.

Throughout the valley of the Rio Grande, as well as the province of Nueva Vizcaya, the wilder regions are inhabited by Igorrotes. These savages are not powerful enough to attack a town of any size, but they are a formidable menace to the smaller villages, and particularly to travelers. Unarmed individuals cannot go with impunity from one town to another, but must travel in parties and with an armed escort. For this reason, communication between the towns of these provinces is comparatively rare. Many provinces—such as Nueva Vizcaya—are shut off from their neighbors by ranges of mountains whose passes lie in the Igorrote territory and are eminently exposed to attack. At certain seasons of the year these attacks become especially numerous, on account, it is said, of the religious ceremonies observed by the Igorrotes. These ceremonies require the presence of human heads; and, accordingly, the whole tribe, moved by a deep feeling of piety, proceeds, with its armament of arrows and lances, to waylay whatever unhappy Filipinos may come within reach. One of these seasons of religious manifestation lasts nine days. It had become so notorious and had cost so many lives that a few years ago a law was passed prohibiting travel on certain roads between prescribed dates.

Many tribes of Igorrotes have been brought partly within the pale of civilization; principally in the western provinces. These tribes, in their semi-civilized state, are called Trugmanes. They live in primitive villages, and are presided over by leaders chosen from their own tribe. I have seen many of these people. The chiefs dress in Filipino garb, with cotton trousers, and a shirt falling outside of all. The chief is always seen carrying his staff of office—a gold headed cane. The tribesmen wear only loin-cloths. They are finely built and very powerful men.

The dangers incident to travel have had much to do with the confusion of dialects that prevails on the island, and this confusion is consequently more marked in the eastern than in the western provinces. The educated class of Filipinos can speak two languages that are universal throughout

the island in their own class; these are Spanish and Tegalog. The ignorant natives, on the other hand, have only their own provincial dialect. These dialects are so different one from another that they must be separately studied to be understood. Dictionaries of many of them have been made by the Jesuit priests. Through the servants of our party, we had at command five dialects in addition to the Spanish and Tegalog. Yet, in passing through one province, we failed utterly to make ourselves understood by a native whom we accosted, although we plied him patiently with these seven languages.

There is but one individual who seems never to be daunted by the obstacles and dangers that separate him from the province toward which he sees fit to direct his footsteps. I refer to the Chinaman. In almost every village we visited we found at least one of that race; and in the larger towns there were many. They are the merchants of the island; presiding over every shop, and drawing money from every village. They are deeply hated by the Filipinos, and were the object of a strict emigration law under the administration of Aguinaldo's provisional government. The steamer Oslo, which took our party from Aparri, brought to that port a number of Chinese immigrants, destined in the greater part for Manila. The supercargo, however, desired to leave fifty of them at Aparri, and offered the governor of that place fifty dollars per head for that number if he would permit them to land. His offer was promptly refused.

Our party proceeded on the Oslo from Aparri around the northwestern corner of the island and landed on the coast near the northern end of the province of South Ilocos. From here we proceeded by land southward through the western provinces. During this part of our journey we were thrown into closer association than previously with the military element of the population; of which I hope to have an opportunity to speak further in a subsequent article.

The towns on the western coast are even larger than those on the Rio Grande. Vigan, the capital of South Ilocos, has a population of about 28,000, and Candon, further to the southward, is not far behind this figure. The Mayor of Candon was

of the hustler type, and was evidently on the outlook for an opportunity to "boom" his town. On our departure he presented us with a written description of its exceptionally desirable location from a business standpoint. Every town gave evidence of the bitter fighting that had taken place between the natives and the Spaniards; many of the larger buildings, which had been used for defense, being riddled with bullet-holes.

We no longer passed from town to town through unsettled stretches of country. The fields on both sides of the road were under cultivation and were dotted with laborers, while on the road itself there were always many travelers. The laborers in the fields worked in the shade of large screens of nipa leaves, which they carried with them from place to place. Many of the travelers we passed were women. To give freedom to their limbs in walking, the skirts of their dresses were so arranged that the rear end could be drawn

up between the knees and tucked into the belt in front, leaving the legs bare from the knees down. Their graceful carriage, which never failed to elicit our admiration, is due, to a great extent, I think, to their custom of carrying burdens upon their heads. This method of transportation has become a second nature to them, and is applied to articles of all descriptions. I have seen a native woman, with her hands swinging freely at her sides, walk briskly along with a pint bottle of gin balanced carelessly upon her head. On the other hand, their loads are often of great weight and towering height.

The Filipino maidens of high degree do not differ from their laboring sisters in

the matter of a graceful carriage. Many of them are pleasing in feature as well. Their education, however, seems to be responsible for a lack of vivacity, at least in their conversation with young men. They have evidently been taught to appear as cold and distant as possible in such society. On one point only they are always ready to meet you on terms of friendly equality; and that is when you make bold to suggest a smoke. They are always glad to accept a cigarette or small cigar, and, if you are not prompt in offering one, in all probability will produce one from their own supply, and ask your permission

to light it. This habit quickly ceases to attract your notice, except under unusual circumstances. At a town in Isabella my attention was drawn to a number of young girls returning from their first communion. They were clothed in dresses of pure white, and long veils hung chastely down below their shoulders. I drank in the details of the picture with de-

light, until I came to the thick haze that overhung it. Through the meshes of each veil a tube of tobacco was thrust, and every pair of dainty lips gave its continual contribution to the cloud of smoke that dwelt around the little group like a halo of universal sanction.

The men whom we met in the western provinces—our hosts at the different towns—possessed in general the same characteristics that we had observed in their countrymen further to the eastward. We noticed, however, a marked difference between the inhabitants of the two districts in the matter of the prevailing religious sentiment. Throughout the valley of the Rio Grande the ordinary ceremonies of



A FILIPINO TYPE

Drawn from life by H. F. Hedden.

From the "Philippine Monthly Magazine," published in Manila.

worship were almost entirely suspended for want of persons ordained to conduct them. In Ilocos and Union, however, natives had been promptly placed in the sacred offices left vacant by the imprisonment of the Spanish priests; and at the time of our visit they were conducting all the services of the Church. Freedom of thought marked the views of every Filipino that I have heard express himself on the subject of religion, and, although I certainly have met devout Catholics among them, I judge that that Church, on account of the abuses with which it has been associated on the island, has failed on the whole to secure an exclusive hold on the minds of the natives.

In speaking of the Filipino people, I have had reference throughout principally to one class of their society, which I have called the cultured class. If my observations of that class are just, however, I think that inferences can safely be drawn from them that extend their application over the entire Tagalog population. The great mass of this population has been kept in an unenlightened state by deliberate legislation which has effectually deprived them of every possible opportunity for advancement. Those who have acquired education have acquired it at an extravagant cost that has placed it hopelessly beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. There are few, if any, among that number, however, who, while possessing the price of a schooling, have neglected to apply it to that end. I cannot see what better gauge we can obtain at present of the intelligence and ambition of the whole Filipino race than the progress that has been made by its favored members with the limited opportunities at their command. Throughout the island a thirst for knowledge is manifested, and an ex-

travagant respect for those who possess it. I have seen a private native citizen in a town in the interior exercise a more powerful influence than all the native officials over the minds of the inhabitants, simply because he was known to have been educated in the best schools at Manila, and was regarded for that reason as a superior man. The heroes of these people are not heroes of war, but of science and invention. Without rival, the American who is best known by reputation in Luzon is Mr. Edison, and any native with the slightest pretension to education whom you may question on the subject will take delight in reciting a list of his achievements. The ruling Filipinos, during the existence of their provisional government, appreciated the necessity of providing public schools to be accessible to the poorest inhabitants. Had events so shaped themselves as to have provided an opportunity for carrying into effect the plans formed on this point, it seems possible that the mental plane of the entire population might have been raised gradually to a surprising height.

Out of respect to the statements of other people which the narrative of my experience may seem to contradict, I wish to say that I have found the native of the interior of Luzon an astonishingly different character from the one ordinarily met in Manila. Previous to my journey, I regarded those whom I had encountered in that city with great dislike, and after my return I was unable to overcome that feeling. They are not a fair sample of the race; and I cannot expect any one who has formed his judgment on the subject merely from observations of that type to express an opinion similar to mine, as recorded above.

A Poppy

By Edwin H. Keen

Flaunting her cloak of flaming red,
She stands beside the way,
The scarlet woman of the fields
For whom the daisies pray.

Ye bees and butterflies, beware
Her silk so gay and thin!
For in her fickle heart she hides
The deadly sleep of sin,



MOTOR-VEHICLES

By John Gilmer Speed

SEVERAL years ago I met and talked with an intelligent man, who at that time was one hundred and ten years old. For seventy years of his long life he had been an expert machinist, that is, a constructor of machinery. He had preserved all his faculties in an unusual degree, and his memory was particularly good as to his early life, which in his case stretched beyond what we generally call middle age. In our conversation I asked him what he considered was the most remarkable achievement of science in his time. He asked me to walk with him. About two hundred yards from his house was a trolley line. Soon after we reached the line a car came whizzing along at something like twenty miles an hour. "That," said he, pointing at the car, "is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. I come to look at the cars go by every day." I should like to have heard that old man's opinion on the electric or gasoline automobile, but at that time there was none in his neighborhood, and now he is no more. The trolley is a very wonderful method of propulsion, but I consider, and I believe that the venerable machinist would have agreed with me, that the motor vehicle at present used on the city streets and country roads is

even more wonderful. And especially is it wonderful when it is driven by electricity.

Road traction first engaged the attention of engineers, and had it not been for the diversion of this attention to rail traction by the invention of the locomotive, it is likely that we should have had steam road carriages long ago, and good roads to drive them over as well. Cugnot, a Frenchman, built a steam road carriage in 1763, Murdock built a steam tricycle in England in 1781, and Oliver Evans in America applied in 1786 to the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland for a patent on a steam road carriage. Towards the end of the last century Trevithick, sometimes called the Father of the Locomotive, turned his attention to road motors, and in 1801 built a steam carriage, which climbed steep hills faster than a man could walk. Until the inventive attention was turned to railway development there were many attempts to perfect these road carriages, but they had to be made in the face of the opposition of the landowners and those with other vested interests. In 1833 Squire and Macerone built several steam carriages in England, and these attained an average speed of fourteen miles an hour. But the success

of the railroad put a stop to the improvements in these road carriages for nearly half a century.

Indeed, it has only been within the past ten years that capitalists could be induced to invest anything in experiments looking towards the perfection of these motor vehicles. And we, on this side of the Atlantic, were not the first to go into this new-old venture. We let the French and the English take the initiative, and Mr. Duryea, an American automobile maker, says that as lately as four years ago it was almost impossible to get capitalists to look seriously upon a proposition which contemplated the building and the selling of these carriages. They regarded the idea as fanciful and chimerical. In the brief space of four years an immense change has taken place. Three of these years may be said to have been given up to the education of conservative capitalists and the growth of the demand for the carriages on the part of the public. The other year has been a time of immense action, for now there are a great many plants in America working night and day to build the carriages that have been ordered, while there is upwards of \$400,000,000 of capital invested in the business. One manufacturing company accepted an order in July for 4,200 carriages. To fill this order the company will need to spend something like eight millions of dollars for material and labor. It is likely that no new business ever grew to such proportions within so short a time. Four years ago there was no business at all; one year ago the building of automobiles had just passed the experimental stage;

to-day it is a great industry, and the demand for the product of the manufacturers is growing all the while. Those who could keep up with the times must be wide awake, for the best ingenuity of the world is engaged in the improvement of the motor vehicles which were fads yesterday, but are thoroughly practical and serviceable means of locomotion to-day.

In New York a carriage propelled by gasoline, steam, or electricity attracted much attention a year or so ago on the streets; now there are hundreds of such, and the passing of one of them is not noticed any more than an ordinary hansom cab pulled by a horse. In another year there will be four times as many, and it is proposed that some of these shall carry passengers as an ordinary omnibus, and run in connection with the surface and elevated railways, transferring passengers from the one to the other at a single fare. New York is rarely foremost in the matter of urban transportation, and what will ultimately be done in the metropolis will probably be accomplished long before in other American cities, not handicapped by a



A BROUGHAM-HACK
Electric System. Commonly seen in New York streets.



THE DE DION-BOUTON QUADRICYCLE

Invented by Count de Dion, President of the Paris Automobile Society.

slow conservatism. New York capitalists at this time seem to be much alive to the changes that the perfection of the automobile is sure to make. Not only are we to have cabs in abundance and omnibuses, but the trucking may perhaps be done almost entirely without horses. Then we can have smooth pavements which may easily be kept clean.

The manufacturers of the electric automobiles do not seem to be satisfied that they are making machines which will not be obsolete in a few years. Therefore they prefer to rent the machines rather than sell them outright. Many inventors are at work trying to improve them—inventors from Edison all the way through the list. These inventors are not concerned so much with the carriages as with the motors to drive them. It is generally recognized that the combined weight of the carriage and the motor is at present

too great. We know that strong carriages can be made of any desired weight; so the present problem is to lessen the weight of the motor. Then, of course, the carriage can be made lighter, and the cost of construction lessened.

Mr. Edison is at work on this problem. He says, without hesitation, that he will soon show how to build cheaper, lighter, and faster vehicles; but he is not now willing to be more definite than this. What he might say would be interesting to the public, but Mr. Edison does not care to have other inventors start in the same line of experiment he is pursuing.

Independent, however, of what there is in the future of the automobile, the present is most interesting, for the carriages of the day are good, practical machines, capable of doing hard work day after day and making great journeys at a high rate of speed. Already in this country a gasoline motor vehicle has made the journey from Cleveland to New

York, more than seven hundred miles over the rough country roads, at a high rate of speed, and at this time there are two such vehicles on the road making the long journey between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Electric vehicles cannot, under present conditions, make such journeys, as the storage batteries used will only run a vehicle a little over twenty miles. Recharging takes several hours, and the motor must be at an electric station where there is a generating plant; but the motor can be removed and replaced in a few minutes. This is the plan used by the company operating the numerous electric cabs in New York. When the electric carriages come into general use, stations will be dotted all over the country, and fresh electricity will be as easy to obtain as food and drink now are for a horse. That seems long in the future,

but if the progress continues as it has for the last twelve months, we shall have such public stations in a very few years.

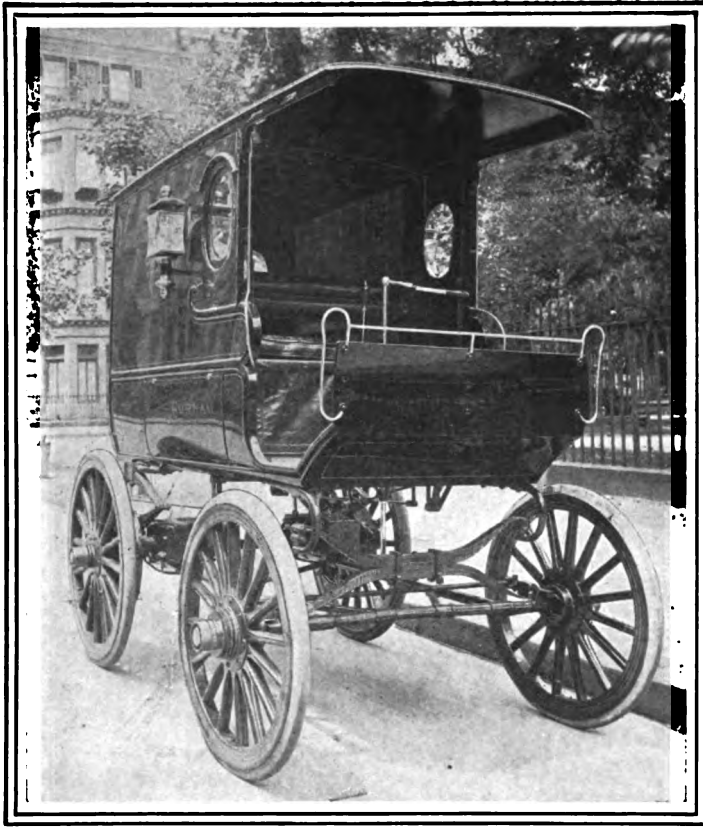
At present the electric carriages are not, as a general thing, sold to the persons using them, but rented by the month or year. One of the largest companies prefers to do this at present, because the managers recognize that improvements are likely to be made very often, and they do not wish to sell to their customers what will be very quickly behind the times. Owning and caring for the carriages themselves, the manufacturers can add the improvements as each is made and keep them always up to date. The company just alluded to does this renting through a subsidiary or transportation company. It was this transportation company which gave the large order of 4,200 carriages mentioned in the beginning of this article. It is in these electric motors that the greatest improvements are

to be expected. Electricity as a motive power appears to be only in its infancy, notwithstanding the marvelous trolley and the improvements in storage batteries; so it is only natural that those engaged in making electric motors for road vehicles should feel entirely sanguine that the perfection of the motor is merely a matter of a short while.

Meantime, however, the makers of other motor vehicles are going ahead as though electricity was not a particularly serious competitor. The gasoline motors have proved very successful both in Europe and in this country. In France the manufacturers are a year behind with the orders, and before the demand grew so rapidly in this country American machines were sent there and sold at a good premium. The chief automobile-maker in France, Count de Dion, was a prisoner in a police court the other day and was fined for working his men overtime. Though



A PRIVATE VICTORIA
Gasoline System.



AN ELECTRIC DELIVERY WAGON

he has 100,000 men in his manufactories, he could not fill his orders in ten-hour days. Many of the makers in this country are also working night and day. The output, however, is behind the demand, and a contract for the early delivery of an automobile can now be sold for a premium. That is particularly the case where the contract calls for the delivery of the carriage in France or England. The public in these countries is more generally interested than it is here at present, and consequently the demand is greater. Moreover, though American manufacturers were slow to go into the business, American designs are recognized as superior. The carriages are neater, lighter, and altogether more ship-shape. Whether they are also faster and stronger is a matter which has not yet been determined; but these qualities are to be tested very soon, as, in the road races between automobiles in France, and in this country too, perhaps, all the various makes

will sooner or later be tested against one another.

The American makers maintain that over our wretched roads the French machines cannot compete against the American, even though they are heavier. They say that, at the great rate of speed used over the splendid French roads, a French automobile on our roads would tear itself to pieces. It seems, on a casual glance, that it is paradoxical to maintain that a heavy French vehicle would be racked to pieces on bad roads, and at the same time that American vehicles must not be much lessened in weight, because of the bad roads. But there is not really a conflict of theory in this position. The vehicles should be neither too heavy nor too light, but just heavy enough to carry the motor itself and the load of passengers without dangerous vibration or overstraining. The American machines generally meet these requirements, and conservative builders are not likely to make them lighter until

they can drive them with lighter motors. It is the old question of light and heavy bicycles over again. It took several years of experience for the public to realize that the weight of the rider should determine the weight of the bicycle. As the chief motor vehicle builders are also bicycle-makers, this lesson does not have to be learned over again.

As at present constructed, a storage battery for an electric vehicle will weigh from 500 to 1,500 pounds, while the vehicles range in total weight from 900 to 4,000 pounds. It would be a very light motor vehicle, however, that would weigh 900 pounds, and it would be adapted only for a one-passenger carriage. A phaeton built for two persons will have a battery that weighs 900 pounds, and the whole carriage will weigh something like 2,000 pounds. Such a vehicle will have a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and will climb a hill with a rise of twenty feet in a hundred feet. At top speed, however, such a vehicle would not run more than an hour, as then the storage battery would be exhausted and would need to be recharged or replaced. A careless driver, however, will get much less than the maximum endurance from

such a vehicle. The personal equation enters into motor-driving, as into pretty nearly everything else in life. A good driver can get fifty miles a day out of a horse, where a poor driver would "do up" the animal in twenty-five; a careful man can wear a suit of clothes two years, while his careless brother would be shabby in two months. This matter of care also applies to the wear and tear on the vehicles themselves. It would be quite unsafe to warrant the life of an automobile in the hands of a careless owner or driver. One man will damage his almost inappreciably, another will wear his completely out and get no more use of it. One manufacturer says that his carriage and driving machinery are "fool proof," but I am inclined to believe his assertion merely a picturesque way of saying that he believes it to be very superior in its simplicity of construction and operation. A little while ago a young man in Newport tried to make his automobile show all its paces at once, that is, go forward and backward at the same time. His fate was like to that of the tenderfoot when first introduced to a bucking mustang. The automobile, however, was more broken up than the driver.



AN ENGLISH STEAM TRUCK

The first cost of an electric carriage varies very much. Buggies and runabouts are advertised from \$750 to \$1,500; phaetons and stanhopes at from \$2,000 to \$3,000; omnibuses at from \$3,000 to \$4,000. The first cost, it will be seen, is greater or less than carriages with horses, according to the value of the horses. There is an idea that horses are now going begging in the market, and that fine animals can be purchased for little or nothing. This is very erroneous. A fine horse is as valuable in the market as ever he was; it is only the very common horse that does not command a good price. A man, therefore, can pay as much as he pleases for a good horse, but he cannot get one for a song. If, therefore, a good driving horse is worth \$250 and a pair worth \$500, we see that a turnout with a horse or a pair of horses does not cost so

very much less than a motor vehicle. The saving is in the keep. A poor horse eats his head off every day, and it costs at least \$30 a month to keep and shoe any horse a gentleman would care to drive. The cost of the electricity at a central station for a vehicle that would do the work of two horses, if the horses could work twice as long as is possible, would be only \$25 a month. There is where the saving comes in—in the cost of the keep and the amount of work performed. Even when common horses are used and the first cost much reduced, a comparison shows that the electric vehicle is cheaper, though the interest on the investment be computed. A two-horse wagon, with two horses and the harness for them, may be bought for \$700; an electric wagon corresponding in carrying capacity may be had for \$2,250. Now, to stable, shoe



A SHOPPING VICTORIA

Electric system.



ALEXANDER WINTON MOTOR-CARRIAGE

Just before starting on its record trip from Cleveland to New York. It is propelled by the hydrocarbon system.

the horses, and keep the wagon and harness in repair for a year, besides adding the interest on the outlay for such a horse wagon, would amount to about \$525. For an electric automobile, where the electricity is purchased at a station, the equivalent cost would be about \$425; if the electricity were supplied by a private plant, the cost would be \$135. Here is a saving of from twenty to seventy per cent. Figures such as these cannot fail to make those who depend on horse-pulled wagons in their business think seriously. Indeed, many of the stores in New York are adopting motor vehicles for delivery wagons. In these calculations the cost of the driver is not taken into consideration. "Any man with sufficient intelligence to fit him to take charge of a horse can be taught to manage an automobile." This is what the manufacturers say. Far be it from me to indorse the statement; for I am persuaded by long observation that, low though the intelligence of the horse is ranked among domestic animals, quite one-fourth of those in use now do the work and the thinking as well.

The company in New York that oper-

ates the electric cabs puts a new man through a course of training before he is intrusted with a cab in the streets. The teacher's cab is very strongly built, with a buffer at each end, so as to lessen the chances of damages either in front or behind. When I saw it, it reminded me of a country exhorter's definition of *double entente*. "A double entender," he said, without any effort at French pronunciation, "is a mean French thing that goes off in front and kicks in the rear." In this double-ender the instructor, by means of levers, can always take control and so prevent accidents. In France there is a regular training-school for drivers near Paris. On a hillside there are dummy figures to make the course as much like a city street as possible. The driver is considered expert when he can go over the course without toppling over any of these dummy figures. As the law of right-of-way is the same in France for automobiles that it is for ordinary carriages, the dummies on the training course are presumably put there merely to exercise the driver in deftness of guiding, and not to teach him to respect the lives and limbs



THE "ROYAL MAIL." STEAM VAN OF ENGLAND

As it appears in actual use.

of foot-passengers. In this country, however, an automobile driver has no more license to run down a pedestrian than has that of any other vehicle. As most of the vehicles belong to incorporated companies, it is a wise economy to employ only expert drivers, for juries exercise a sympathetic discretion in assessing damages when a corporation is a defendant in a suit at law. And a driver of an electric vehicle has both hands full while both of his feet are employed. With his left hand he manages the power lever, pushing it forward one notch at a time to increase his speed. With his right hand he controls the steering lever. His left heel is on the emergency switch, and his left toes ring the gong. With his right heel he turns the reversing switch, while he can apply the brake with either foot that happens to be disengaged. A man can learn to do all this in a week, big job though it seems. If he has had experience in driving horses in a crowded city, he learns more quickly; for the automobile requires alertness of eyes, hands, and mind, as well as natural quickness of movement.

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As has been suggested, improvements in the future are to be expected in the electric motors, but at this time the gasoline motor, for general use both in the city and country, appears to be the most practical and the most economical. It is lighter and cheaper, and no charging station or charging plant is necessary. Gasoline is cheap and is obtainable everywhere. Gasoline carriages are, however, more subject to vibrations, and the passengers are rarely free from the unpleasant odors of burned gases. The most successful of the French automobiles are of this kind, and the long-distance races on the Continent have generally been won by them. A speed of fifty miles an hour has been maintained for short distances, and thirty miles an hour has been kept up for long distances, but even abroad this is exceptional. Of course such rapid traveling is out of the question in this country in the present condition of our roads. And even in France, where the roads are excellent, and an injured pedestrian is the culprit, such a rate of speed is for sport, and not for business, except

when sport is made business. Many of the American manufacturers discourage road racing, and their vehicles are not made for a speed greater than twenty-five miles an hour when doing their utmost. Some, however, are very ambitious to try conclusions with their European competitors as to speed over long distances. Mr. Edison has confessed to the desire to beat the world when he has completed the task upon which he is now engaged. His, however, is to be an electric carriage. As much intelligence is required to drive a gasoline as an electric vehicle, and probably it is a trifle more difficult to keep in order.

The first auto-propelling road carriages were for steam, and there are those who believe to-day that the best automobile will be propelled by steam. Several American manufacturers are preparing to put steam carriages on the market, even steam buggies. In Europe for heavy coaches those designed for steam propulsion are now considered satisfactory. Road steam engines for heavy loads at slow rates of speed have long been used in Europe, where there are hard roads fit for such traffic. For light wagons the use of steam is another matter. Some critics say that the fact that the law requires that each

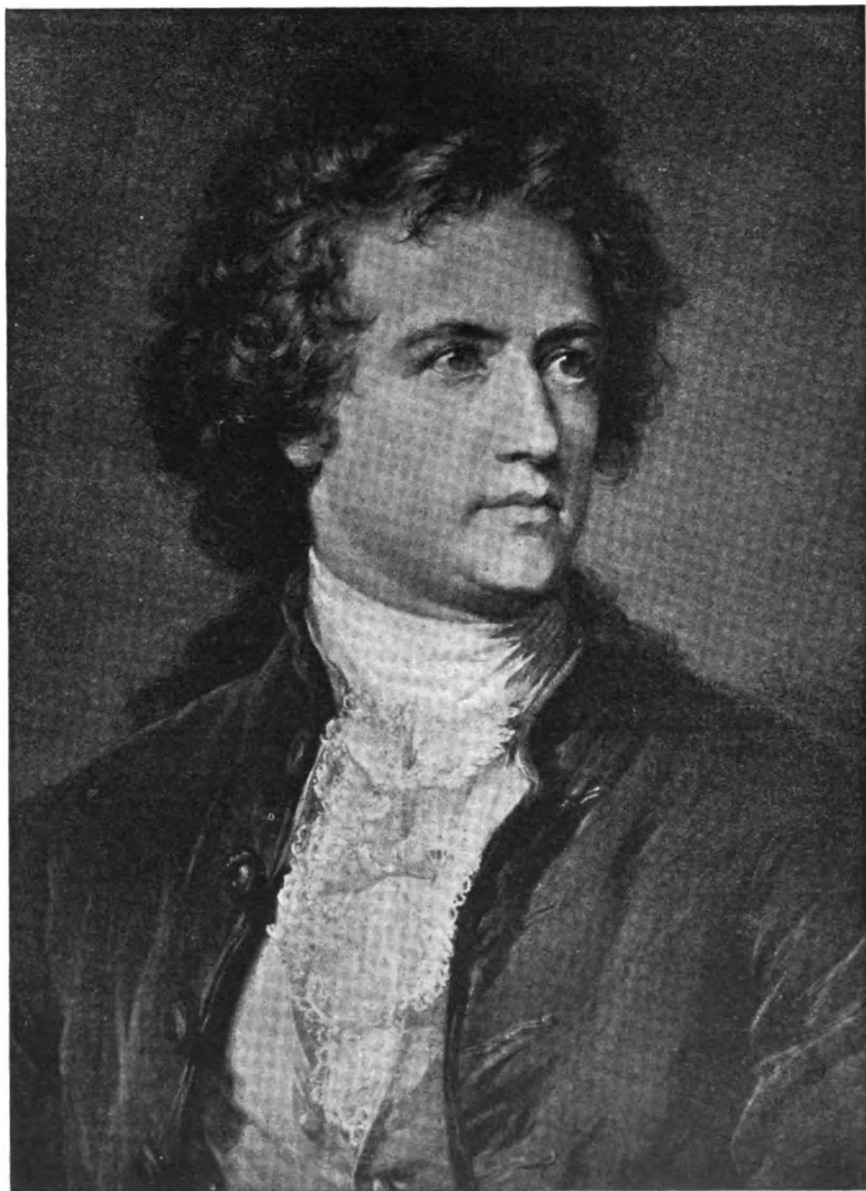
operator of a steam engine shall have a license will prevent steam road motors from becoming popular. This does not seem to be an insuperable objection.

In addition to electric, gasoline, and steam motor vehicles, we have compressed air, carbonic acid gas, alcohol, and ammonia motor vehicles. The first three have been proved to be practical road vehicles; the others are, to an extent, still in the experimental stage, though companies with large capitalization have been organized to do the trucking in great cities with heavy wagons propelled by compressed air. The promoters of this enterprise do not agree that there is anything experimental in their project.

As to the best name for these new road motors there is much discussion. The French Academy has done what it could to settle the matter by deciding that "automobile" is a properly constructed word. This dictum may be binding in France, but here the makers prefer "motor-vehicle." Others, with a fondness for picturesqueness of expression, like "horseless carriage." It may be that none of these will be satisfactory to the public, as each is long, each a big mouthful of syllables. There is sure to be a shorter—one or two syllables at the most.



AN ELECTRIC RUNABOUT



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
Born August 28, 1749.-

The Goethe Anniversary

By Kuno Francke

Professor of German Literature at Harvard University

AT a time when all Germany is preparing to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of Goethe, it seems proper to consider for a moment the essential features in the character of Germany's foremost poet, to pass in brief review those works of his which even now stand out as embodying vital problems and aspirations of modern society. The number and the significance of these works are all the more impressive if we remember that, apart from his lyrics and ballads, which are beyond cavil, Goethe has produced little which from the merely formal point of view is not open to serious criticism.

First, of course, in order of spiritual significance, stands his "Faust." It would be folly to overlook the artistic defects of this drama, the looseness of its composition, the lack of proportion between the Gretchen episode and the rest of the First Part, the absence of outward atonement for Faust's guilt, the motley symbolism of the Second Part. But the fact remains that in all modern literature there is no poem which is so complete an embodiment of what is noblest in modern life: its restless activity, its incessant striving from lower spheres of existence to higher ones, from the sensuous to the spiritual, from enjoyment to work, from creed to deed, from self to humanity.

Goethe's "Faust" is a glorification of individual culture hallowed by devotion to collective tasks. Isolation, selfishness, negation, are shown to destroy themselves. Mephisto, the arch scoffer and deceiver, is defeated, because he has no conception of the all-conquering power of a steadfast purpose. Euphorion, the representative of uncontrolled fancy and willful aspiration, while presuming to soar to inaccessible heights, falls helpless to the ground. Faust is saved, because he makes every new experience a stepping-stone for a higher and more complete form of existence. Sin itself seems to ennoble him. After he has seen Gretchen in the dungeon, after he has been overwhelmed at

the sight of her fate, by "mankind's collected woe," he seems to be raised above all lower desire. Henceforth his life belongs to the world at large, and every new temptation he turns into an opportunity for wider activity. He ends as a champion of democracy; his last vision is that of a free people living on a free soil; and, dying, he proclaims the redeeming power of ceaseless endeavor:

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;

The last result of wisdom stamps it true:

He only earns his freedom and existence

Who daily conquers them anew.

Next to "Faust" stands "Wilhelm Meister." Here, again, it is easy to see artistic shortcomings. We often feel, in reading this book, as though we could not breathe in this atmosphere of erratic dilettanteism. We even feel something akin to contempt for these men and women who keep a most scrupulous account of their own precious emotions, who bestow the most serious consideration upon a host of insignificant trifles, and who, at the same time, only too often are found erring in the simplest question of right and wrong. With the exception of Mignon and Philine, the child of the past and the child of a day, there is not a single prominent character in the book capable of forgetting himself and living unreflectively for the homely duties of the present. But, while this is true, it is also true that the one ideal running through this book, the one goal for which nearly all of its leading characters are striving, is this very self-forgetfulness—self-forgetfulness as the result of fullest self-development and self-expansion.

This is an ideal so far removed from selfishness that it may be called the gospel of a secular Christianity. If the teaching of Christianity rests on the belief that every individual soul has within it the possibility of salvation, the teaching of "Wilhelm Meister" rests on the belief that every individual mind has within it a tendency toward complete manifestation

of itself. The former preaches the necessity of individual salvation in order to bring about the kingdom of heaven, the latter preaches the necessity of individual self-development in order to raise mankind to a higher level. The former is democratic, the latter is aristocratic; but both are opposed to spiritual tyranny of any sort. To both the inner motive, the mental effort, the moral striving, are the things which decide the worth of a man. Both believe in the essential goodness of human nature, which makes it possible for us to preserve our better self even in error and sin; nay, to attain, through error and sin, to deeper insights and loftier ideals.

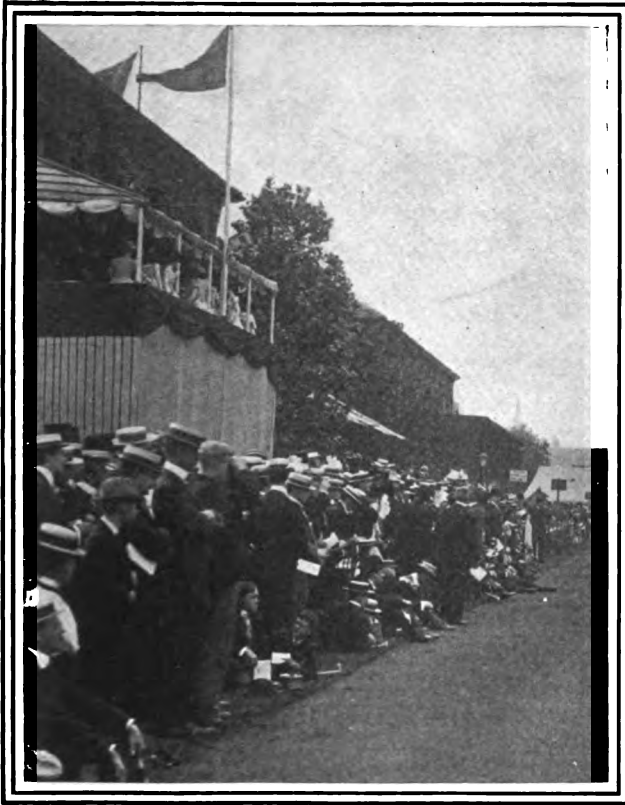
The third place among Goethe's larger works I should give to "The Elective Affinities." With the exception of Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina," I know of no other literary production which brings before us with equally inexorable truthfulness the tragic conflict between elemental instinct and the moral law. But while in Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina" we are confronted with utter hopelessness and annihilation, we are led in Goethe's "Elective Affinities" from moral ruin to moral victory. Otilie, the heroine of the novel, is one of those sensitive natures to whom all knowledge comes by intuition, none through reflection; who act only under the stress of an irresistible impulse. Sure of her own feelings for Edward, assured, moreover, that Edward and Charlotte desire nothing more fervently than a divorce, she does not question the legitimacy of her feelings. Thus she lives on, in her dreamy, plant-like fashion, welcoming every opportunity of meeting her beloved, turning to him as to the light of day, unconscious of the catastrophe that awaits them both; but all of a sudden she comes to see that she has unwittingly sinned, and henceforth her only thought is expiation. She renounces the world; she is going to devote herself to the instruction of the young; for who is better fitted for guiding the young than he who through misfortune has come to know the joy of self-possession? And when she is thwarted in this through Edward's mad desire to win her at any cost, there is nothing left for her but to die. She dies like a saint, by the mere resolve not to live, passing over gradually and placidly into the sphere of the spiritual.

Had Goethe written nothing but "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," and "The Elective Affinities," he would have done enough to entitle him to the foremost place among the literary exponents of the modern view of the world as a living, spiritual organism. But it may truly be said that all his other works, from "Werther" to "Iphigenie," and from "Tasso" to the "Westöstlicher Divan," are imbued with this same exalted conception of human life. Probably no man ever looked at life from so broad a point of view and with so little bias; probably no man ever felt more deeply the divineness of the universe. And surely no other man of the last one hundred and fifty years has rounded out his own personality more consistently and completely.

It is wonderful to see how this personality passed through every conceivable phase of human development without ever losing or exhausting itself; so that the octogenarian could indeed, with the eagerness of a youth, look forward to death as the last and highest consummation. The storm-and-stress enthusiast changes into an admirer of classic antiquity, the impassioned poet into a patient investigator, the son of nature into a statesman and cabinet minister. But here the chain is not broken. The admirer of classic antiquity returns to the worship of the Middle Ages and revels in romantic melodies; the scientist turns poet once more, and glorifies in sublime rhythms the new conception of life which the study of nature has disclosed to him; the statesman becomes a patron of poetry and art, and lays the foundation of a truly national stage which at the same time is to embrace the best of all the literatures of the world. And thus is ushered in the last period of this great life, a period of complete universality, in which the smallest and the greatest, the oldest and the newest, the most distant and the nearest, nature and art, politics and religion, the life of the individual and that of nations, seem to lie spread out with equal clearness before the eye of the serene and joyful patriarch, while there is only one unfulfilled desire disturbing the calmness of his soul—the boundless and indomitable desire for the infinite. Truly, the commemoration of such a life as this belongs not to Germans alone, but to the whole civilized world.

A Picturesque Athletic Contest

By Hamilton W. Mabie



THE ROYAL BOX

In it are the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of York, and Mr. Choate.

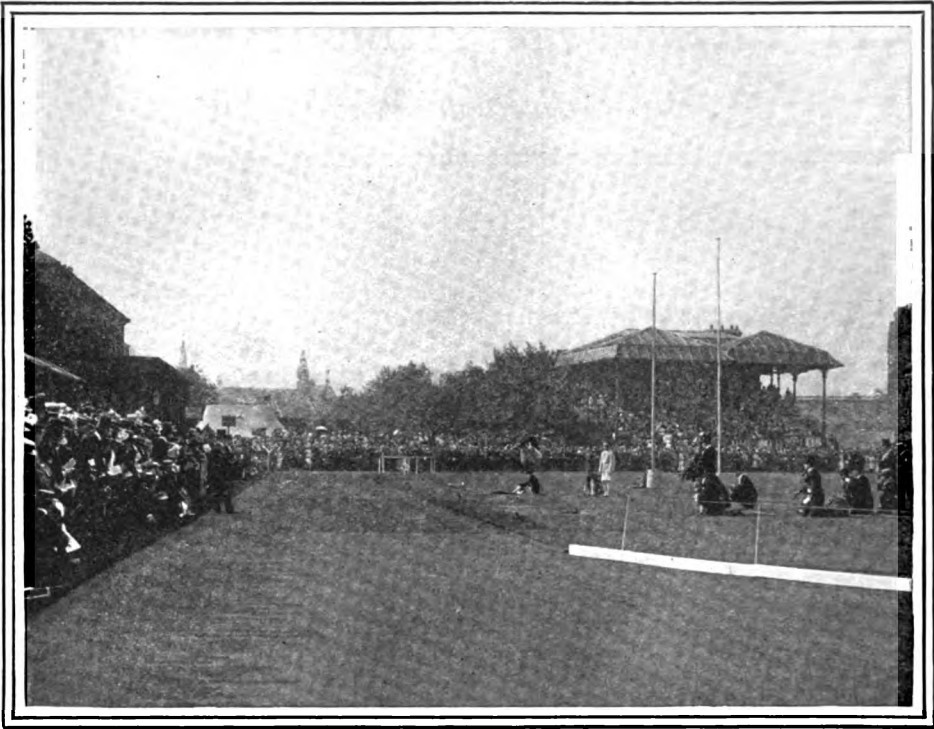
THE results of the series of nine contests or trials of skill and strength between Oxford and Cambridge on the one side and Harvard and Yale on the other, at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, London, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 22, were known in the United States earlier by the clock than they were actually decided here, and will have been matter of history for weeks when this report appears in *The Outlook*; but the charm and significance of the day, the field, the combatants, and the audience will not soon fade from the memory of those who hung upon the issue of the final race as if it were of international moment. It was a struggle in every sense; for it was a well-fought fight, undetermined until the last three minutes of the long two hours and a half; but it was pre-eminently a struggle between friends. The undercurrent of good

feeling was constantly manifesting itself in cheers and counter-cheers for work well done, whether done for one side or the other. There was something stirring in the spectacle of generous rivalry between the representative young men of two great countries. One could not but feel that there was something prophetic in it; an invisible background of unity which gave the contest of strength the harmony of strenuous struggle and entire good feeling.

This thought was happily expressed two days later in the columns of the London "*Standard*," a journal not given to exaggeration or sentimentality:

But young men at the age of university students can mingle in the mimic strife of the cricket-field, the river, or the cinder path without any danger of lasting irritation being produced by failure, or boastful exultation by victory. It is in youth that the best friendships are formed between man and man, and likewise between men of different nations, before the suspicion, the cynicism, and the selfishness which may come in later years have disqualified the soil for the reception of more generous seeds. There are many causes of coolness, not only between different countries, but between class and class, which only greater familiarity between them is needed to disperse. Nothing but good is likely to result from the social approximation which is now springing up between those in whose hands will be the shaping of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Aside, however, from the significance of the meeting between Harvard and Yale and Oxford and Cambridge, the spectacle was full of interest and charm. The after-



THE BROAD JUMP

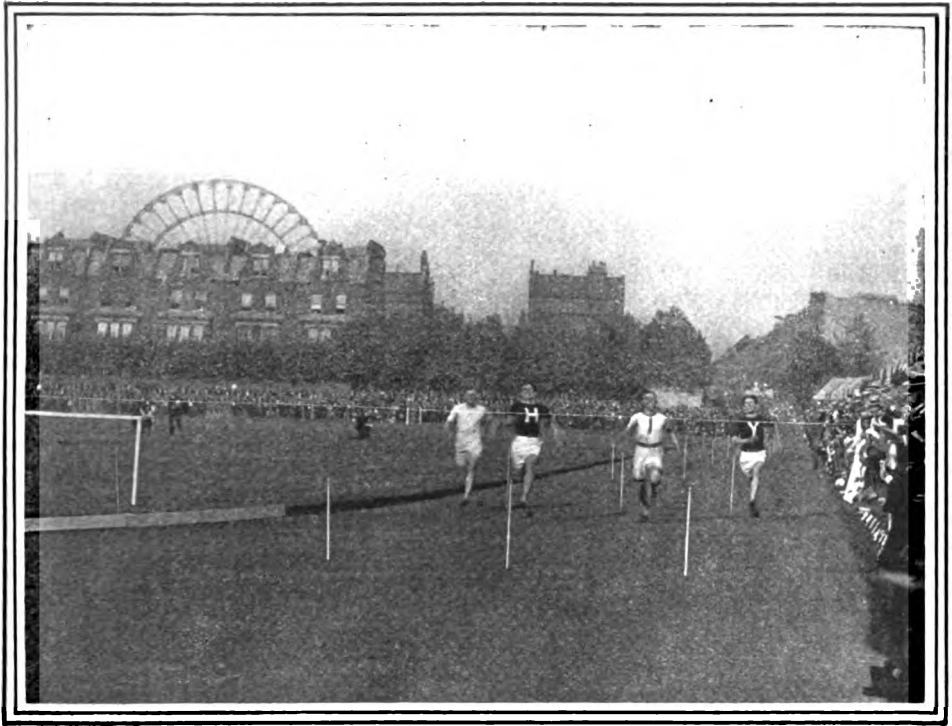
C. J. Daly, Harvard, second. 22 feet 6 inches.

noon was warm to the point of discomfort; indeed, the heat had been so unusual for a succession of days that an almost unprecedented concession was made in the matter of dress. The morning papers announced that the Prince of Wales would not wear the customary frock coat and high hat—a hint which was promptly acted upon, and for once London saw a great concourse of gentlemen in short coats and straw hats. To many Americans the ubiquity of the straw hat, even on the stand set apart for Oxford and Cambridge, must have seemed in its way a most suggestive indication of the change of English feeling.

The heat, which Americans found less trying than their hosts, did not in the least interfere with the interest of the occasion, or diminish the crowds which streamed into the great field and inclosed it in deep lines of eager spectators. London is so vast that the concentration of ten thousand people at a given point does not sensibly lower the tide of moving life in any great thoroughfare; but to those who were going to West Kensington on

that warm afternoon by carriage, hansom, "growler," "bus," or underground, it seemed as if the whole city were pouring itself westward. Cabs and carriages in continuous streams set down their occupants at the two entrances. The crowd was great, but there was no discomfort, and not the least disorder. Even the "half-crown crowd," which stood across one side of the field against the background of houses for three hours in the blazing sun, was not only patient but respectful. It was not a college crowd, and it mistook the American 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! early in the afternoon for irony, and attempted a very unsuccessful imitation of the familiar college cheer; but it soon found out its mistake, and was not slow to applaud American success.

At the head, or, as the English would say, the top, of the field was the stand reserved for the Blues—Oxford and Cambridge men and their friends; next came the royal box, in which appeared conspicuously the Prince of Wales and the American Ambassador—both affable and on easy terms with the distinguished com-



THE ONE HUNDRED YARDS DASH

Won by J. F. Quinlan, Harvard, in 10 seconds.

pany about them, but Mr. Choate seemed a little more at home than any one else. To the right, straight across the long field, stretched the stands set apart to Yale and Harvard, and a stroll along the front of these stands made one wonder if anybody was at home in the States on that particular afternoon. It was an enthusiastic company, and, it may be added, a very good-looking one. He who failed to think well of American girls on that walk must have been dead not only to patriotic feeling, but to many and obvious charms of feature, carriage, and dress. Across the bottom of the field stretched a dense mass of "half-crown" witnesses, including many university men, but made up largely of men and youths attracted by the element of contest; on the opposite side of the field, and completing the immense quadrangle, was the general stand, and a long stretch of level track.

Long before the first hammer was thrown the great field was full to overflowing; the strains from the band stationed in front of the royal box were softened by the distance, while edges

and outlines everywhere were a little dimmed by the rays of the heat. The place was so large and the distance to be traversed so long that one wondered if any contagion of feeling would cross the wide spaces; but, again and again, as the contests went on, cheers seemed to roll in waves around the great quadrangle. At the upper end of the field were two flagstaves, and the alternate appearance of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack was greeted with peals of applause from parts of the field so remote that they seemed like peals of distant thunder.

The men, as they came strolling into the field, were watched with deep interest; Oxford and Cambridge distinguishable by the white dress of the men, trimmed with light or dark blue, the Harvard and Yale representatives in crimson or blue "sweaters." The Americans were confident of their ability to make a great fight, and were not without hope of winning five of the nine events. As so often happens, they failed at the very point where they were most confident of success. It was assumed that the half-mile race

would fall to Harvard, and this belief seemed to be shared by the Englishmen. To the surprise of both sides, the race went to a Cambridge man. If Harvard had come in first, the Stars and Stripes would have gone to the head of the staff five times instead of one, and there would have been a great American jubilee in London that evening.

The fates had, however, decreed otherwise, and the Americans were obliged to be content with the consciousness that they had given their competitors a deal of good, hard work. The hundred yards race, the hurdle race, the high jump, and throwing the hammer went to the Americans, and when the last event on the programme was reached the contest was still undecided. The runners were conscious that they had a three-mile race before them, and started off at an easy pace, the Englishmen a little in the lead, with the Americans at their heels. For two miles there was no change of position, although two men dropped out. When the runners entered on the last mile the interest began to deepen, and when, on the second lap of the final mile, Yale suddenly passed Cambridge and took the lead, a half-mile of American enthusiasm broke into ecstatic shouts. But the advance could not be held; with an ease which drew cheers from friend and foe alike, the Cambridge runner suddenly shot ahead of his competitor, and, in a vast circle of excited spectators, completed the course and won the race.

Then came the most picturesque moment in the day; the moment when the

crowd, disregarding all barriers, swept in one great wave across the field in a frantic desire to honor the victor. The latter was protected by his friends from an enthusiasm which was likely to become uncomfortable if suffered to rise to its full height. That mob of young men represented the best life of two countries, and its generous zeal to honor success won by hard work was characteristic of the English race on both sides of the sea. The crowd melted away as quietly as it had gathered; and the great field, which has been the scene of so many well-fought fights, was soon as quiet as those other fields, far from the great city, where larks were rising that warm summer afternoon.

The courtesies shown the Americans after the games were many, and of a kind which seemed to express the kinship which the best Englishmen are recognizing upon all occasions. The men were of a kind to give their countrymen genuine satisfaction. They stood for the best in bearing and manners as well as in opportunity. There was, apparently, little to choose between the representatives of the English and American universities. The men were conspicuously well-made, wholesome, and attractive, with the unmistakable look of gentlemen. Athletics are often overdone; but the self-restraint, discipline, and hard work which lie behind such contests as those at Kensington show the fiber which has given the English-speaking race pre-eminence, not only in influence, but in responsibility in the affairs of the world.

London, July, 1899.





General the Marquis de Gallifet

The most picturesque figure in the French army is the War Secretary, General the Marquis de Gallifet. He is almost seventy years old. He took part in all the wars of Napoleon III., and in the last one with Germany was as dashing and gallant as in the first one with Russia. He was only twenty-five years old when he was specially mentioned in an order of the day for his heroism before Sebastopol and named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He fought in Africa, Italy, and Mexico. In the last-named country he received a ghastly wound at Pueblo. In 1871 he ruthlessly put down the Commune; it was alleged that he shot down rebels without trial. Hence, when he went into the Chamber of Deputies the other day the old Communists cried: "A bas l'assassin!" (Down with the assassin!) During the yearly army maneuvers he has astonished every one by his wonderful skill as a strategist. He is the greatest authority in Europe on cavalry tactics. He has long been an intimate friend of Colonel Picquart. When General de Gallifet accepted the War Secretaryship in the present Ministry there was, therefore, a great deal of opposition among the anti-Picquart people and among the anti-Dreyfusards. To them the doughty old General remarked: "I am very much honored and in nowise frightened."

The Cadger-Boy's Last Journey¹

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turt Smoke," etc.

HIS poor mother, after blessing herself with the little brass cross upon her beads, arose from her knees and took again her customary seat by Hughie's bedside. Hughie, who had been lying in a state of obliviousness rather than sleep, had his faculties recalled even by the very little noise his mother's motion made. Her gaze was bent upon her lap, where her hands, still holding the beads, lay limply. For several minutes Hughie watched her, noting the weary and worn look which had asserted itself on her features.

"Mother!" Hughie said at length.

His mother started. "Hughie, *a leanbh*,² sure I thought it was sleepin' ye were. What is it ye want, *a theagair*?"³

"Mother, what time is it in the night?"

"It's atween an hour an' two hours afther midnight, son."

"Mother," Hughie said, "the heart o' ye is bruck with this weary sittin' up with me every night—"

"Arrah, Hughie, Hughie!" his mother said, upbraidingly, "what is it ye're sayin'! Whisht with ye, for God's sake!"

"Och, I know it, mother—I know it. If ye hadn't a holy saint's patience, an' God's helpin' han', ye'd 'a' given in long ago."

"What's come over ye, Hughie, to be givin' such nonsense out of ye? Sure, it's not want to put pain on me ye do, is it?"

"What day i' the week's this, tell me, mother?"

"This? It's Friday night."

"Friday night. An' it was on a Monday evenin' I lay down. Mother, was it nine weeks or ten last Monday evenin'? I'm beginnin' to lose count i' the weeks lately meself."

"Och, I don't know, Hughie. Sure, that's all God's will, dear."

"I know it's God's will, mother—an' God's will be done. I b'leeve it's ten weeks; an' if it was his will that it should

be ten times ten weeks, I could bear the sickness. But then, the sickness i' the body is nothin'—nothin' at all—to the soreness i' the heart. An' it's *you* has to bear that. That's what puts worst on me, mother dear."

"Do ye want to put pain on me, Hughie?"

"Och, mother, don't be talkin' that way. Sure I know, an' I can't help knowin' the pains on ye. Ye're as brave a mother—there's no denyin'—as ever was; but let the bravest i' them come through all you come through for the ten weeks gone, an' suffer all you suffered, an' never for all that time stretch themselves six times upon a bed—let the bravest i' the mothers do that, an' see what heart they'll have at the end of it."

"Och, Hughie, Hughie, *a mhic*!¹ I can't stand ye at all, at all. You mane to br'ak me patience now, at any rate."

"No, mother, I don't. But if I didn't say much all the time I've been lyin' on me back here, I was thinkin'—thinkin' a great dale. An' when I go, mother—och, don't mother! Mother, dear, don't go for to cry lake that or ye'll throuble me sore! Sure ye know yerself I must go. Didn't Father Mick tell us both it was God's will, an' be reconciled to it? An' didn't you yourself give in that ye were reconciled to it? An' surely I have a good right to be if you are. Mother, when I go I'll have with me the knowledge of the brave woman ye were, an' of all ye sthrove with an' suffered, an' of how ye did yer seven bests to let no wan see the troubles the heart of ye was comin' through. I'll carry that knowledge to heaven with me, mother dear."

His mother could not answer him, for she was striving hard with the tide of grief which swelled in her bosom and struggled for outlet.

Little Hughie was, to-night, possessed by an exceptionally talkative mood.

"If ye sthuggle on, with God's help, mother, for another year, wee Donal, he'll

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² My child, pron. *à lannir*.

³ My treasure, pron. *à haigur*.

be able an' sthrong an' wise enough then to go on the road."

Little Donal was then lying at Hughie's back, between him and the wall, and sleeping peacefully.

"Wee Donal 'll then be able to take the road with the powny an' cart; an' wee Donal 'll be as good a son, an' betther, to ye, mother, than ever I was. Though, I never kep' any money I could help, mother, barrin' (as I toul' ye the other night—an' as I confessed to Father Mick)—barrin' three ha'pence for tibacky, days I got good sale for the fish. But I couldn't do without the tibacky, mother, wanst I give myself the bad habit. Och, mother, if you would only know lonely nights that I'd be thraelin' *dhreich*¹ an' lonely roads, an' me, too, hungrier than I'd wish—if you would only know the comfort an' the company the tibacky was to me, I knew ye'd forgive me, keepin' an odd wee three ha'pence for it. Now wouldn't ye, mother?"

"Och, Hughie! Och, Hughie!"

"I just knew the kindly heart i' ye couldn't do else than forgive me. But I know, too, I should have always axed yer laive afore I started out on me journey—axed yer laive to let me buy the tibacky for meself. But ye always were so dead again' us smokin' that I was always the coward to ax ye.

"An', ay, many's the long an' many's the *dhreich* journey, mother, me an' the powny had with our wee cart i' fish. An', thank God, many's the pleasant journey, too—far, far more of that sort than of the *dhreich* wans. I mind me many's the lovely moonlight night when we thraveled along the white mountain road goin' through to Pettigo, or goin' up to Enniskillen an' to Cavan. An' where there'd be miles an' miles of that road through the Pettigo mountains where there wasn't a house or a house, or you wouldn't meet a sinner in broad day, let alone i' the night, I used not to have wan bit fear, mother. You always shook the holy wather on me when I had me cap lifted, blissin' meself afore I left the doore with-out; an' then, when that time i' night come that I thought yous was sayin' the Rosary here at home, an' I'd have got on me good lonely part i' the road, I'd take me cap in me han' an' I'd say me own

wee prayers as me an' the powny jogged on, an' afther that I'd know no fear, no matther howsomiver lonesome it might be. An', och, mother, the lonesomeness, in the middle i' the mountains on a clear moonlight night, had somethin' gran' about it."

"Hughie, *a thaisge*,¹ I hope ye're not dis-thressin' yerself talkin'," his mother said, laying a gentle hand on his forehead.

"Oh no, mother! Oh no, mother! It does me good to think over them things now, an' have you listenin' to me. But then, mother dear, maybe it's too tired to listen ye are?"

"Oh no, Hughie; no, Hughie *a mhic*. Tell on—I'd never be tired listenin' to ye."

"Thanky, mother. Och, mother, many an' many's the beautiful journey I had with me wee cart i' fish, if I only begun to tell ye them, settin' off here afore night-fall, an' thraelin' all night, an' bein' in Sthrabane market or maybe Enniskillen market next day, an' sellin' out me wee load, an' maybe clearin' ten or twelve or maybe sometimes fifteen shillin's, an' then, afther a good rest an' a good hearty male, not forgettin' poor Johnnie, startin' on thraelin' back for home the nixt night again, with me gains in me pocket—as happy as the son of a prence; an' havin' an odd wee sleep in the bed i' the cart, too."

"Och, Hughie, it was gran' surely, an' no mistake."

"Ah, *gran'* was no name for it, mother! An' then, too, at the boats—when they came in, the men always give me such bargains, bekase of whose son I was."

"They did, *a mhic*. They did, Hughie, *a thaisge*. God bliss them, an' reward them."

"God bliss them over again, an' reward them, mother. They couldn't be kinder to me. An' I often thought it was betther, afther all, that ye wouldn't let me join a boat meself, mother."

"No, no, Hughie, *a gradh*! No, I wouldn't. Not afther yer poor father, *a gradh*! No, no! God rest him!"

"God rest him, mother! God rest him! An' small wondher you wouldn't let wan belongin' to ye go upon the sae again. It's a cruel, thracherous sae, mother, God knows! Mother dear, don't cry. What's done can't be undone."

"Ay, ay, Hughie. Ay, a cruel, thrach-

¹ Tedious.

¹ My store.

erous sae. But, for all that, we can't say much about it, Hughie—we can't say much about it. Where would we, an' where would all our neighbors be, but for it?"

"That's right, mother. That's right. That's what I've always said when I heerd them complainin' again' it, that, like you, lost their nearest an' dearest be it. It's ill our comin' ¹ to say a hard word again' the sae. Mother, open the doore."

"For what, a *leanbh*? Are you too warm, a *paisdin*?" ²

"No; but I want to see the sae, an' to hear it. There's a moon, isn't there?"

"Yis, Hughie dear; there's a moon, an' a bright wan, thank God," his mother said, going to the door and opening it wide.

"Mother, are ye too tired to rise me up a wee thrifle in the bed, an' let me head rest in yer lap, till I see out?"

"Tired? No, no, Hughie. No, no. Aisy, a *mhic*—gently now. Don't sthress yerself, a *paisdin mhilis*. There now, there now, lay yer head there. Now can ye see the sae away below thonder (yonder)?"

"Yis, yis, mother, thank God. I see it—I see it. The yalla moonlight baitin' down on it has it like flowin' goold. Oh, mother, it's beautiful!"

"It is beautiful, a *theagair*—beautiful!"

The Widow Cannon's house was far up on the Ardaghey hillside, and the sea out at Inver bar and beyond was plainly visible through the door from the corner in which was placed Hughie's bed. A muffled music, too, could be heard ascending from the bar.

Hughie lay quietly gazing, gazing.

After a while two yawls were plainly seen far out darting athwart the yellow path which the moon laid along the waters.

"The boats," Hughie said, "are aff,³ mother, the night."

"Yis, Hughie; they're aff."

Then Hughie again relapsed into silence, watching and thinking. A smile of sweet content, his mother saw with gladness, gradually grew upon his countenance and played about his glistening eyes. And presently, to the sweet murmur of the bar, his eyes closed, and he slept.

The Widow Cannon stirred not one little bit, lest she should disturb the poor boy's slumber—his first for many days and nights. But her lips began to move again in prayer, and a disengaged hand to tell the beads. Occasionally her eyes were turned up to heaven, but mostly they rested upon the now placid, smiling countenance of her poor boy, who slept on.

"Mother?"

"Yis, a *mhilis*? ¹ Is it awake ye are?"

"Why, was it sleepin' I was, mother dear?"

"Ay, sleepin', a *mhic dhilis*. A sweet sleep."

"There ye are—an' I thinkin' I went through it all."

"What, darlin'? Was it dhraimin' ye were?"

"Ay, dhraimin' I suppose it must 'a' been. But I thought—mother!"

"What is it now, a *mhic*?"

"Who's callin'?"

"I hear no wan callin', Hughie dear."

"Listen! Don't ye hear? Hear to that! Who's that? What's that?"

"That? Oh, that's the bar, Hughie dear—that's only the bar ye hear."

"Is it the bar? Well, mother, as I was sayin', I thought I had got up an' fed Johnnie, an' then pulled out the rakin's i' the fire, an' made myself a dhrop i' tay in the porringer, an' then harnessed Johnnie, an' yocked him, an' away with the both of us away to the sthran', to see if the boats was in. An' when we got to the sthran' there wasn't a boat in yet, nor there wasn't a cadger come upon the sthran' with powny or donkey. An' then I saw it was the moon was shinin' bright upon the wathers, makin' it look near like day. There was the big white sthran' sthretchin' from me to the right an' to the left, with niver another sowl on it but meself an' Johnnie, the powny. An' the Inver Warren over beyont me; an' the Fanaghan banks risin' up black behin' me; an' the full tide washin' in an' br'akin' in wee ripples that had a dhreamy, sing-song sound, at me feet. An' then, far, far away, away out on the wather, I could see the yawls an' the boats hard at the fishin'. An' all at wanst, mother, while I was lookin', what does I see but wan

¹ It ill becomes us.
² boy.

³ at the fishing grounds.

¹ My sweet.

particular boat comin' glidin' in swift, sthraight along the sort of yalla river that the moon made from where the wathers an' the skies met, right up to my feet; in along this goolden river I sees the boat comin' faster an' faster, far faster than any of the boats ever does; an' it was comin' rowin' right up towards where I was. I seen there was a lady all in white in the bow i' the boat, an' when it come near she was standin' up an' callin' me with her finger. An' she looked iver such a beautiful lady, mother, when they come nearer still. An' when they did come nearer, into within wadin' distance, an' they turned the boat roun' so that they faced me, an' shipped their oars, I knew every wan was in the boat. An', mother dear, who was it but me father was at the helm! me father himself! An' James an' Pathrick Magroarty was on the afther oars! an' Feargal McCue on the second bow! Just the very four, mother, that went down in me father's boat. An' Micky Dinnien, that got saved, his oar it was lyin' along the thafts with no wan to pull it!

"But the most curious part of the thing, mother, was that I wasn't wan bit surprised to see them. Lookin' at them there, I knew right well—minded right well—that they were dhrowneded; but, all the same, I somehow thought they were still alive—ye know, mother, how dhraims does go that way?"

"Yis, Hughie; yis, Hughie. O God rest their souls, Hughie!"

"God rest them, mother. Well, as I said, when the boat come as far as to be near groundin', they swung her round, be Feargal McCue *shewin'* on his oar. An' then me father, he rises from the helm, an' he says, 'Hughie,' says he, 'we're short of a han' since we lost Micky Dinnien' (him was saved, mind you, mother)—'short of a han', says he, 'since we lost Micky Dinnien,' an'—mother, do ye hear?"

"What! what! *a stoir mo chroidhe*?¹ What is it?"

"Who's that callin', mother? Listen! Now—hear it now!"

"Hughie, Hughie, *a thaisge*, that's the bar ye hear again. The noise is risin' an' fallin', as ye know it always does. That's the bar, *a paisdin*."

"Is it the bar, mother? It sounds to

me very like some wan callin'—very. Well, mother, as I was tellin' ye, me father he says, 'We're short of a han' since we lost Micky Dinnien, and we can come but poor speed on the fishin' grounds. We seen you, Hughie, come down with the powny to the sthran', an' we rowed in, to take ye aboard. Will ye step in like a good chile, Hughie, and pull on the bow oar for us?' But I minded, mother, how you promised, an' made me promise, I'd never take to the fishin' afther what happened; so I had to refuse him. 'Father,' says I, 'I'd like to do as ye ax me, an' take the bow oar, but I can't—I can't. Ye know,' says I, 'how me poor mother's so dead again my ever goin' in wan i' the boats; and ye know her poor oul' heart it's nigh bruck already; an' I'll never have it sayed that I was the manes of br'akin' it out an' out.' 'An' God bliss ye, me son, for mindin' yer poor mother's wishes so,' says me father back again. An' with that, mother, who should appear but yourself up on the bank above me, an' ye called down to me: 'Go with yer father, Hughie—go with ye poor father.' I was ever so glad when I got your laive to go, for I was burning to go. I threw me arms roun' Johnnie's neck, an' I called to ye, 'Mother, come you down an' take Johnnie home, an' don't forget him while me an' me father's aff.' The white lady she was standin' up in the bow of the boat now, and she was wavin' her hands to me to come. 'Come, Hughie,' she calls; 'come, wee Hughie! the tide's laivin', and we'll get sthranded when we should be on the fishin' grounds.' I waded into the wather immediately an' out to the boat—and I was just almost beside the boat—within a step of it or two, an' the beautiful white lady had her hands sthretched out, to give me a help in over the bows, an' I was sthretchin' out my hands tor'st her, when there's comes a smooth swell that shook an' staggered me where I stood, an' I thought I'd 'a' fallen backwards—but the white lady at that sthretched out further to help me, when I wakened!

"Mother, wasn't that or not a wondherful dhraim?"

"Yis; wondherful it was, Hughie—mighty wondherful, me poor fella. It was a very sthrange, oncommon dhraim. An' Micky Dinnien's oar, too, was idle! And they sayin' they'd lost Micky!"

¹ Store of my heart.

"That was the very thing, mother, I thought strangest of all."

"Hughie, we'll say a Pather-an'-avvy for the rest of yer father's sowl, an' the sows of the crew."

'Yis, mother, do."

Then the widow slowly intoned the "Our Father," and Hughie took it up fervently at "Give us this day," and the widow poured forth her soul in the "Hail Mary! full of grace," while poor, wasted, emaciated Hughie clasped his hands and with streaming eyes strenuously pleaded a "Holy Mary, Mother of God;" and both then chorused joyously a "*Glory be to the Fa'her, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, Amen.*"

"Mother," said Hughie, "I'll sleep."

"Sleep then, *a chuisle mo chroidhe*,¹ sleep. Thank God," said his mother.

And ere she had finished the sentence Hughie's eyes had closed, and he was again asleep. She still held in her lap his head, as she had done now for upward of two hours. She bent down and left a light kiss on his pale brow.

"Mother, is that you, there?"

"Yis, Hughie, *a leanbh*. Are ye aisy?"

"Mother, what are ye doin' there? Who's callin', mother?"

"I'm only aisin' yer head, Hughie, holdin' it up—an' restin' meself sittin' here. There's no wan callin', Hughie. That's the bar, ye hear."

"Oh, but there's some wan callin'—callin' me, mother. Listen to it!" Hughie's voice was very low.

"Hughie, *a mhilis*, no. It's the bar. Sure yer own mother knows."

"Is it near mornin', mother? What time is it?"

"It's near mornin', Hughie. The first sthreaks is on the sky."

"The first sthreaks on the sky, an' me lyin' here! an' the boats in! Mother, what day's this? What's come over me, anyhow, that I've lost the memory o' what day it is?"

"This is Monday mornin', Hughie, *a thaisge*."

"An' the morra's market-day in Enniskillen—isn't it, mother?"

"I suppose so, Hughie, I suppose so. But, *a thrisge*, don't, don't be disthressin' yerself about them things."

¹ Pulse of my heart.

"Och, mother, mother, it's not here I should be lyin' at this time in the mornin'—an' I havin' to go buy me load yet, an' be as far as Pettigo afore nightfall, an' be goin' up Enniskillen sthreet with the first light the morra mornin'. Mother, mother, let me up. Put me on a dhrop i' tay, an' butter me a bit of oat-cake, an' I'll give a grain i' corn to poor Johnnie. Mother, why don't ye let me up, I say? The boats is in two hours ago. Lock out. There isn't a sign i' wan of them on the wather!"

"Whisht, whisht! Oh, Hughie, *a thaisge*, whisht an' lie quiet. Don't ye know, *a gra th*, ye're *far through* with the sickness? Oh, Hughie, *a paisdin*, whisht, whisht with ye!"

"Mother, I must be on the market pavement of Enniskillen this time the morra mornin'. Mother, why will ye hould me, an' you hearin' them callin'? Don't ye hear, mother? Don't ye hear? 'Hughie! Hughie! Hughie!' Don't ye hear them, mother?"

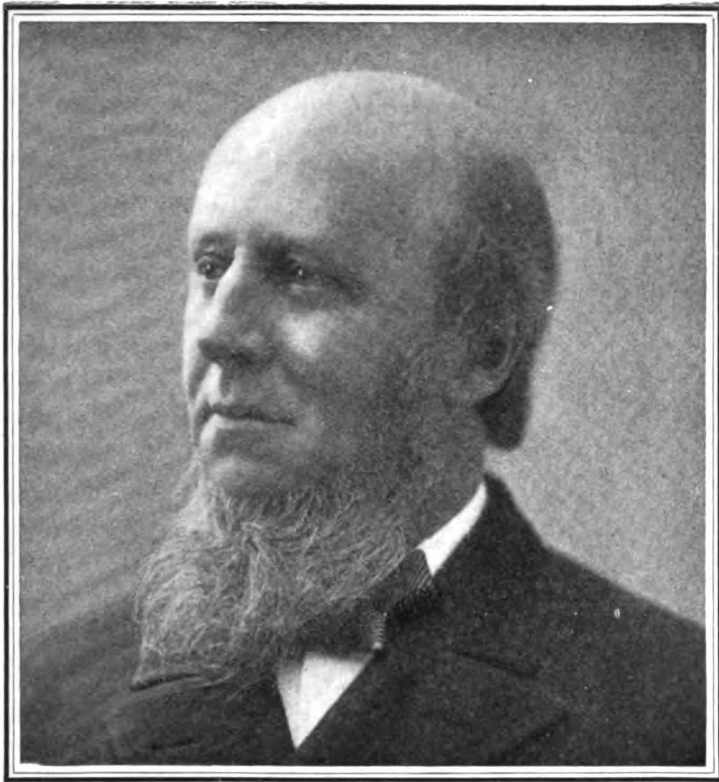
"Och, Hughie i' me heart, lie down quiet. Or what's comin' over ye, Hughie? No, no, Hughie! ye musn't, ye can't go for to rise, *a leanbh*!"

"Hear to them, mother! Hear to them! 'Hughie! Hughie! Hughie!' Don't ye hear? Ay! ay! Och, call you from the doore for me, mother—call you, mother dear, for my voice'll not let me call loud, whatever's come on it. Call 'Ay!' mother, an' tell them I'm comin' as soon as poor Johnnie's fed."

"Yis, Hughie, *a thaisge*, yis. If you lie quiet I'll call to them."

"Mother, what do ye mane? Lie quiet! an' the boats in!—an' the light on the sky—an' me havin' to be goin' up Enniskillen sthreet this time the morra mornin', mother!—forty long mile, an' a tirsesome journey for poor Johnnie. It's a long journey, mother, but—I—must—"

His poor mother had to force Hughie back upon the bed. It didn't take much force, indeed. Then he became quiet, suddenly. The look of anxiety and unrest slowly passed from his features. His two hands closed in a faster clasp upon one hand of his mother, which in the struggle he had caught. A smile of sweet peace settled upon his white, wasted face, and the cadger-boy started upon his last journey.



THE HON. JAMES B. ANGELL
President of the Council

International Council of Congregationalists

By Amory H. Bradford

CONGREGATIONALISM was the Church polity of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the early days in New England. At one time in the history of our country it numbered more adherents than any other form of ecclesiastical government; and at all times it has been conspicuous for the intelligence of its members, the intellectual strength of its leaders, the amount of its gifts for charities and missions, and in its influence on the life of the Nation. For a hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrims it was the dominant Church polity of the New World. To-day the number who prefer this form of government is much larger than those who bear its name.

All Baptists are Congregationalists, as are also Unitarians, Universalists, and the large and rapidly growing body known as

Disciples of Christ. The Episcopalian and Presbyterian communions have felt the influence of Congregationalism, and in many respects are as distinctly independent as the descendants of the Pilgrims themselves.

One of the claims of those who advocate the unity of Christendom on the basis of the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral is that the Episcopalian body has practically united Congregationalism with Episcopacy; while one of the most eminent officials of the Methodist Episcopal Church not many years ago thought it necessary to warn his people against the Congregationalizing tendencies which are at work in American Methodism. Considered as a body whose adherents may be counted, it has a respectable but not the first place among modern Protestant com-

munions; considered as an atmosphere, it is doubtful if any other Christian denomination is so pervasive or influential.

The first International Council of Congregationalists was held in London in 1891. Its President was the late lamented Robert W. Dale, D.D., of Birmingham, England. It is difficult to say positively where the suggestion of such a gathering was first heard. It was mentioned by Drs. Hannay, of London, and Dexter, of Boston, at the National Council at St. Louis. It seems to have assumed a more definite

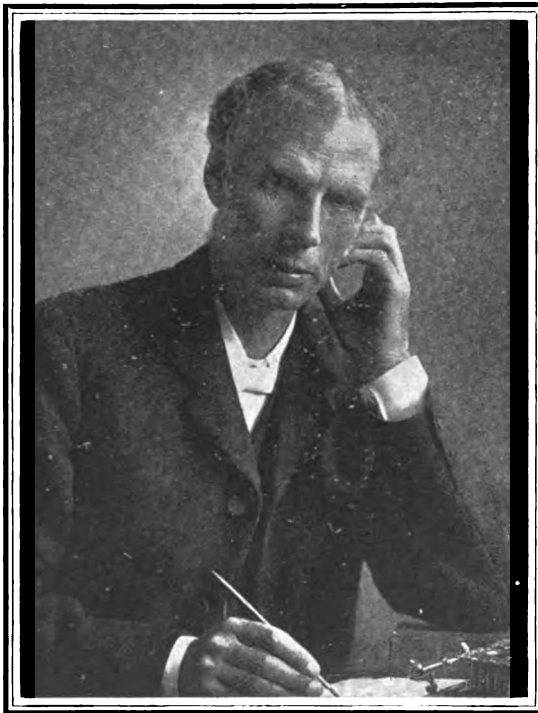
form at a meeting of Australian Congregationalists some time later. It was surely advocated in Canada. Perhaps the feeling that the time had arrived for world-wide co-operation was atmospheric and simultaneous. At the meeting in London, in 1891, delegates to the number of three hundred were in attendance; one hundred from the British Islands, one hundred from the United States, and one hundred from the rest of the world. That first gathering was

memorable in many ways. The papers presented were of enduring value. The consecrated scholarship of the denomination was well represented. Among the memorable papers and addresses were those of the President, Dr. Dale, on "The Divine Life in Man;" that of the late Professor Stearns, of Bangor, Me., on "The Outlook in Theology;" the sermon by Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, which was especially remarkable for its ultra-Calvinism; the closing addresses by Drs. W. E. Griffis and Joseph Parker, and the

principal Fairbairn. Since that meeting the inroads of death have been many and serious. Drs. Dale and Allon, Professor Stearns, Principals Reynolds and Neuth, the Rev. Herber Evans, the inspired Welshman; Thomas Green, W. F. Clarkson, and many others, have entered into the larger life.

The second Council will meet in Boston beginning September 20. The President will be the Hon. James B. Angell, LL.D., President of Michigan University, and the preacher will be the Rev.

A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, at Oxford, England. The officers are selected by the Committee of Arrangements. At the last meeting of the Council the President was an Englishman and the preacher an American. The Committee on the Programme for the approaching gathering is constituted as follows: the Rev. Drs. G. A. Gordon, A. E. Dunning, Arthur Little, and H. A. Hazen, of Boston; P. S. Moxom, of Springfield, and Amory



THE REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS

H. Bradford, of Montclair. The Council will number four hundred, of whom two hundred will be from the United States. No business will be transacted except a little that may have reference to its own perpetuation. The sessions will be entirely occupied with the presentation of papers on the great practical and speculative subjects which have relation to the religious life of the individual and to the kingdom of God. After the delivery of the prepared addresses there will be opportunity for discussion of nearly all the subjects by the members of the Council.

The following outline will convey a hint of what the meetings will be. The first evening will be devoted to a reception, at which there will be speaking by the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the City, and the address by the President of the Council, the Hon. James B. Angell.

Thursday—Morning: Fundamental Principles in Theology, Dr. George Harris. Message of the Old Testament for To-day, Professor F. C. Porter. **Afternoon:** The Historical Method in Theology, Dr. George P. Fisher. Theology the Order of Nature, the Rev. Professor Alexander Grosman. The Evangelical Principle of Authority, Dr. P. T. Forsyth. **Evening:** Sermon, Principal A. M. Fairbairn.

Friday—Morning: The Christian Idea of the State, Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P. Municipal Government as a Sphere for the Christian Man, Messrs. W. Crossfield, J. P., and Samuel B. Capen. **Evening:** Distinctive Characteristics of Christianity, the Rev. Messrs. Charles R. Brown and John D. Jones. The Influence of the Study of Other Religions upon Christian Theology, Dr. Fairbairn.

Saturday—Morning: The Church in Social Reforms, Albert Spicer, Esq., M.P., and Professor Graham Taylor, D.D. **Afternoon:** An excursion to Salem.

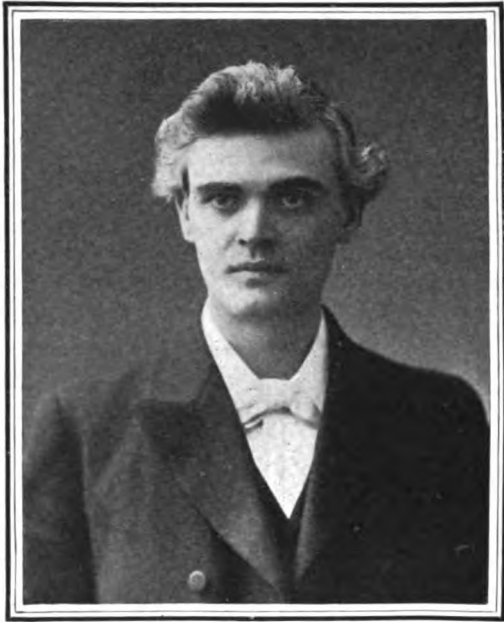
Sunday—Morning: No session. **Afternoon:** The Lord's Supper at the Old South Church.

Monday—Morning: Tendencies of Modern Education, Professor John Massie, M.A., J. P., and the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell. **Afternoon:** The Influence of Our Public Schools on the Caste Spirit, Drs. F. A. Noble and L. D. Bevan. The Religious Motive in Education as Illustrated in the History of American Colleges, President W. J. Tucker. **Evening:** Addresses by eminent educators—Presidents Eliot, Hyde, Slocum, and Henry Hopkins, D.D.

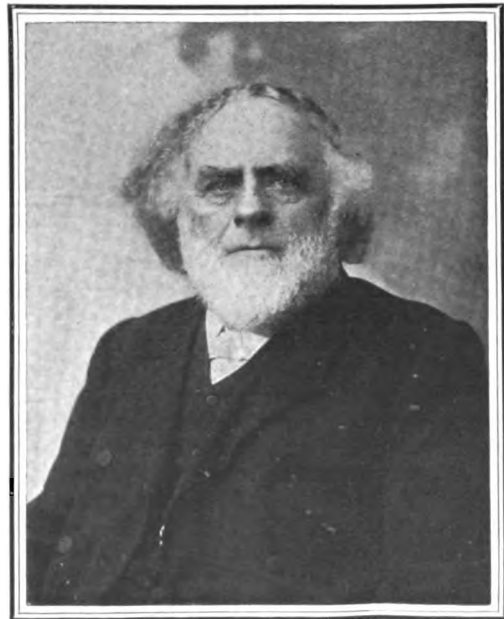
Tuesday—Morning: The Pastoral Function, Congregational and Civic, the Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., and Dr. Reuben Thomas. The Spiritual Life in Our Churches, the Rev. Joseph Robertson. **Afternoon:** Woman's Work, Mrs. E. Armitage and Miss Margaret J. Evans. Woman's Work in Foreign Missions, Dr. Grace Kimball. **Evening:** The Young People, Drs. C. H. Patton, C. E. Jefferson, and Rev. C. Sylvester Horne.

Wednesday—Morning: Obligations and Opportunities of Congregationalism: In Great Britain, Robert Bruce, D.D.; In America, Professor Williston Walker; In Canada, Dr. J. H. George; In Victoria, the Rev. John J. Halley; in other countries, speakers to be named. Scottish Congregationalism, the Rev. James Stark, D.D. **Afternoon:** Independence and Fellowship, Drs. A. J. Lyman and John Brown. Duty of the Stronger to the Weaker Churches, Rev. H. Arnold Thomas. **Evening:** Reception by the Congregational Club. Greetings from Other Denominations: Bishop Lawrence, Drs. A. H. Strong, C. Cuthbert Hall, F. G. Peabody, and a Methodist representative.

Thursday—Morning: International Relations and Responsibilities, Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Christian Attitude Toward War in the Light of Recent Events, Dr. Alexander Mackennal. **Afternoon:** Adap-



THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL



DR. JOHN BROWN

tation of Methods to New Conditions in Foreign Missions, the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson. The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work, Dr. Charles M. Lamson, and a missionary to be named. *Evening*: The Living Christ, Alfred Cave, D.D. The Holy Spirit in the Churches, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.

Friday—An excursion to Plymouth.

The American speakers are so well known to the readers of *The Outlook* that I will limit my introduction to the visitors from abroad.

A prevalent opinion among those who have mingled only with members of the Anglican communion is that Non-conformists in England may be very good people, but that they are narrow, commonplace, commercial, and belong mainly to the lower orders of English society. The delusion, which has been carefully nourished by the friends of the Establishment, will disappear in the presence of the cultured and eloquent men who will represent the English Congregational churches at the approaching Council. There are no choicer spirits in any communion than those who hold to the Pilgrim principles in Old England. For convenience I will divide those who will attend the meetings into four groups—the elder ministers, those of middle age, the younger, and, lastly, the laymen.

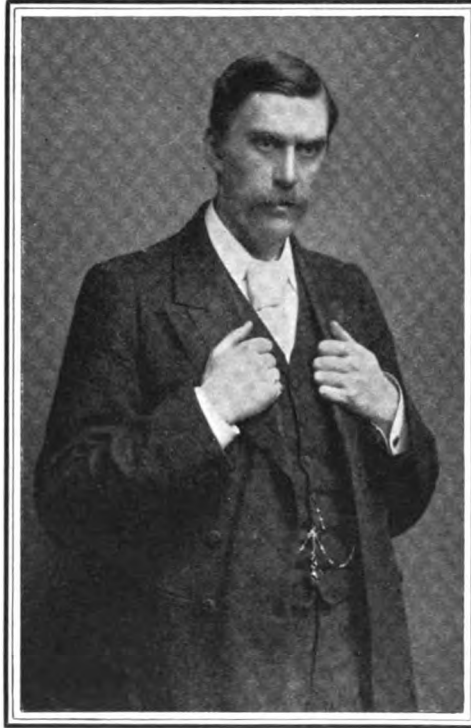
In the group of the elders I find the names of a great quartette of scholars and preachers. The first place belongs to the man to whom more than to any other now living this Council owes its existence and success, Alexander Mackennal, D.D., of Bowdon, Cheshire. Dr. Mackennal was the Secretary at the first Council, and will be the English Vice-President of the second. The church of which he is pastor

is near Manchester, in one of the most beautiful residential districts of England. A common saying runs something as follows, "Not every man can be Vicar of Bowdon." Few ministers in more conspicuous centers wield so large an influence as Dr. Mackennal from his suburban parish. He has represented the English churches at two of our National Councils, namely, the one at Worcester and the one at Portland, Ore. He has been Chairman of the Union of England and Wales,

and was selected as the successor of Dr. Hannay as Secretary of that body—an honor which he declined. He is now perhaps the chief statesman of English Congregationalism. The second member of this quartette is the most eminent theologian now living among English-speaking people, Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford. No other theological teacher of our time has so wide an influence as this Oxford Professor, whose voice has been heard not only in England but also in this country, and who has just returned from his duties as Haskell lecturer in India.

Dr. Fairbairn will be the preacher of the Council, and will also speak on Comparative Religion, of which subject he is a master.

The third member of the quartette is Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, the biographer of Bunyan and the historian of the Pilgrim Fathers. He is the pastor of the famous "Bunyan Church." In his fair city in the Midlands he has lived until his name has become the pride of his fellow-citizens, while Dissenters and Churchmen alike delight to do honor to the man and his ministry. In historical scholarship, spiritual insight, and charm



THE REV. C. SYLVESTER HORNE



THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D.D.

of style few writers or preachers of our times surpass Dr. Brown.

The fourth member of this group is Dr. Cave, Principal of Hackney College in London, and a theological writer whose works are well known both in his land and ours.

In the list of ministers of middle age I mention first Professor Massie, of Mansfield College, who has an international reputation among Biblical scholars. His special department is New Testament Exegesis. Next comes the Rev. W. J. Woods, the successor of the late Dr. Alexander Hannay in the Secretariat of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It is enough to say of him that his service as Secretary has justified his election to the distinguished position which he holds.

Following him is Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, whom I think I may call the great Secretary of the London Missionary Society; an unsurpassed administrator, and a man whose wisdom and sympathy are recognized wherever the work of the London Missionary Society has penetrated. Dr. Thompson more nearly resembles the late Dr. N. G. Clark, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, than any other missionary secretary whom I have known.

The Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, who is

to speak on the Tendencies of Modern Education, has made this subject a specialty, and is an earnest and able advocate of the best methods of popular education for all the English people. While in the pastorate he was a "citizen-pastor." He is now devoting his entire time to social and educational questions in their religious aspects.

The Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, of Bristol, is the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the current year. His lofty character and singularly accomplished and genial manners, combined with eminent spirituality and large ability, have made him one of the most popular men in the English churches. For more than thirty years he has ministered to the same people in Bristol, and his beautiful personality is the pride of the city in which he lives.

The last name in this group of men in middle life is the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D., pastor of Emmanuel Church, in the University City of Cambridge. In intellectual clearness and strength Dr. Forsyth ranks next to Dr. Fairbairn among English Congregationalists. I have often thought that his true place is in a professor's chair. Dr. Dale regarded him



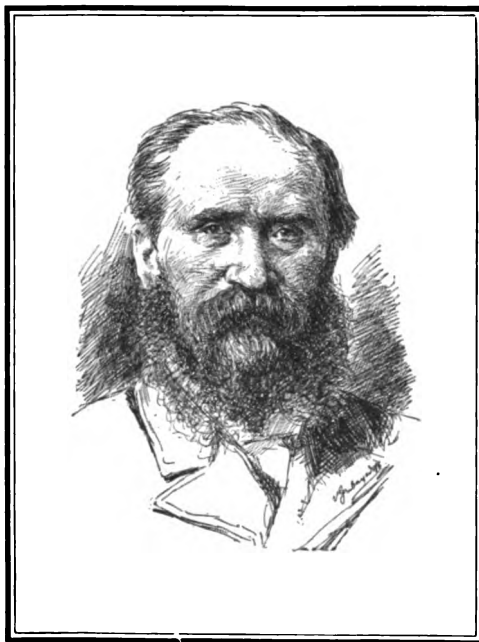
THE REV. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D.

as the ablest of the younger ministers of the Kingdom. He has long been in poor health, and works under great difficulty, but with surpassing intensity and power. His sermon at a recent meeting of the Congregational Union in Birmingham on "The Holy Father" was one of the most memorable discourses ever given before that body. A quiet, retiring man of singular genius, he is a preacher for teachers and scholars, who has found a congenial field in a pulpit under the shadow of a venerable university.

Passing now to the younger ministers, we find on the programme but one. Kensington Congregational Church, in the Court Suburb of London, whose pulpit has been a throne of power for many distinguished English preachers, among whom have been Drs. Raleigh and Stoughton, now enjoys the services of C. Sylvester Horne, M.A. This is the most intellectual and aristocratic church of the denomination in London. It called Mr. Horne when he was a student at Mansfield College, and waited nearly two years for him to complete his studies. It made no mistake. For ten years he has maintained the best traditions of that historic church, and is still hardly more than thirty-five years of age. Two other young men, whose names were at first on the programme, but who have been prevented from attending, are the Revs. J. H. Jowett and R. J. Campbell. The former succeeded Dr. Dale as pastor of Carr's Lane Church, in Birmingham. For three years he has been in that pulpit, and the church is as full, the people as interested, and the work in all departments as successful as in the days of Dr. Dale and John Angell James. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, has suddenly come to the front

as one of the most remarkable preachers of the present day. He is, I believe, a graduate of Christ Church College, Oxford, and was trained a Churchman, but has since become a Congregationalist from conviction. It is said that not since Frederick Robertson preached in Brighton has that city been so moved by the ministry of any other preacher. Still another name was originally upon our programme, and its removal was a serious disappointment. The presence of the Rev. Robert F. Horton, D.D., would have been a rare addition to the meeting. Considerably

under forty-five, he has made for himself a large and growing place in the English-speaking world. I do not know whether the Rev. Alexander Mearns will be present, but, if he is, he will receive the heartiest kind of a welcome from those who know something of his wonderful work among the poor of London, and who remember him as the author of "The Bitter Cry of Out-cast London," the most remarkable work of a decade in its influence on the social life of the world's metropolis.



THE REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D.

Of these men it may not be invidious to say that Fairbairn is the pre-eminent theologian, that the good work of Wardlaw Thompson is known in all lands, and that the splendid promise of Horne and Jowett and Campbell gives hope for the future of a race of preachers among the English churches as great as any in the past.

Of the laymen who will attend, Mr. Albert Spicer is a member of Parliament, and perhaps the most prominent layman in English Congregationalism. He lives in a palatial home at Lancaster Gate, near the Marble Arch, in London. He is a leader among the churches, has

been well nigh around the world in their service, and is as consecrated in his religious service as he is uncompromising in his political duties.

It was once said that with the Pilgrim Fathers "the finest of the wheat" of Puritanism came to this country. The mention of these men, of the positions which they occupy, and of the work which they have achieved, shows that much fine wheat was left on the other side, and that Binney and Raffles, Baldwin Brown, James Parsons, Rowan Hamilton, John Angell James, and Robert W. Dale have able and worthy successors. The true Apostolic Succession in England rests upon a firmer foundation than the hands of the Anglican bishops.

Australia will be represented on the programme by the Rev. L. L. D. Bevan, D.D., formerly of New York and now of Melbourne, and by its best-known theological teacher, Professor A. Grosman; and Scotland will have for its speaker the Rev. James Stark, D.D. Woman's Work is to be presented by women. Mrs. Armitage is well known in England, and the name of Dr. Grace Kimball has become a synonym for all that is sublime and unconquerable in heroism. She enjoys, perhaps, the unique honor of being the most hated woman in the world—by the Sultan of Turkey.

I have space for only a word concerning American members of the Council. The name of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs does not appear on the programme. Dr. Storrs was the first choice for President, and accepted the office. Later, however, in obedience to the positive orders of his physician, he withdrew his acceptance. Among the Americans who will read papers are: the Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago, Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches; that splendid trinity of College Presidents, Tucker, Hyde, and George Harris; Professor George P. Fisher, who divides with Dr. Storrs the honor of being known as the Nestor of American Congregationalism; the Rev. Harry Hopkins, D.D., of Kansas City, and son of the great President of Williams College; the Rev. Alvah J. Lyman, D.D., of Brooklyn. Among the younger ministers it is enough to mention



THE HON. ALBERT SPICER

Patton, of St. Louis, Jefferson, of New York, and Brown, of Oakland.

English Congregationalists in politics are nearly all Liberals. The strength of the Liberal party is among Nonconformists. The distinction between Liberal-Unionists and Gladstonians has nearly disappeared. It is therefore enough now to say that they are chiefly Liberals. All Nonconformists in England are of necessity politicians, since they are made Dissenters by the existence of a State Church. If the question of disestablishment could be eliminated, lines would no doubt be differently drawn, but for the present they cannot be. Disestablishment must always be a part of the programme of the party which expects the votes of the Nonconformist Churches of all denominations.

Leaving politics and coming to theology, a few general facts may be stated. Few English Congregationalists are Calvinists, but all are strongly Trinitarian; few are willing to dogmatize concerning eschatology, but all are loyal to the person of Christ and proclaim his deity enthusiastically and constantly. Most Christian thinkers in England of all denominations incline either to the doctrine of conditional immortality or of ultimate

restoration ; but, on the other hand, very few have any sympathy with the older Universalism. They believe in the doctrine of retribution ; that it holds in this world and all worlds ; and that while there is sin there must be suffering. The Andover controversy would have been impossible there. Edward White and Robert W. Dale accepted the doctrine of conditional immortality ; others believe in final restoration, and all teach the universality and eternity of retribution for sin. They are divided on this subject about as the other denominations.

The following seems to me to be a fair statement of the theological attitude of most English Christians : They are loyal to the Bible, but not afraid of criticism ; they hold firmly to the Trinitarian doctrine of God, the essential deity of Jesus Christ, the objective value of the work of Christ, and sure retribution for sin ; but a large proportion accept either the doctrine of conditional immortality or ultimate restoration, and this is true even of the most conservative thinkers among all denominations.

I once heard Dr. Bevan, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, say that theologically the English Churches were thirty years in advance of the American. The opinion is quoted for what it is worth. More generally than the American churches, the English have an intelligent and strong faith in the continuous ministry of the Holy Spirit, and what I delight to call the growing revelation.

In the nature of things, the results of

the Council will never be formulated. There will be no attempt to settle anything by a show of hands. Some of the greatest subjects of human thought will be discussed in a reverent and prayerful spirit ; then the Council will be dissolved, and its proceedings will be published, and that will be all—when looked at from one point of view. But American, English, Australian, Canadian, Norwegian, and many other churches will be brought nearer together by these meetings ; there will be an enlargement of horizon, a clarification of the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, and after a while it will be evident that the Council has helped the cause of Anglo-Saxon unity, consequently of world-wide unity, and that it has helped the churches to put their emphasis on essential rather than non-essential teachings. It will gladden the hearts of many in America as they see that their English brethren, without losing their hold on that which is vital, have laid aside many theories which have hindered faith ; and, most of all, in many ways and in many lands it will help toward such an appreciation of the Sanctity of Man and the State as will make all missionary, philanthropic, and political service easier and more efficient.

To those who have a passion for statistics, and who believe in votes, this Council, no doubt, will be a disappointment ; but to those who have faith in principles, in influence, in the conscience, and in the ability of the Christian revelation to justify itself at the bar of reason, it will be a great and abiding inspiration.



The Publican

By William J. Long

*I would be strong, O Lord!
Strong-souled to trust Thee in the midst of foes,
Strong-armed to strike at every wrong and sin—
Yet gentle, Lord!
For all injustice give me fire and sword;
For wrong that touches me, the grace to wait;
And for Thy poor, who stumble in the way,
A hand all strength, a heart all tenderness.*

*I would be brave, O Lord!
To speak Thy word 'gainst every lying creed;
To hate the hypocrite and all his kind,
Though in the guise of Fortune's self he come
With both hands full of gifts, of wealth or place;
To be regardless of all consequence
When for Thy truth I stand, though all alone—
Yet generous, Lord!
And not unmindful of that yesterday
When 'mongst Thy foes I stood, and truth opposed.*

*I would be true, O Lord!
Would seek to find, would find to do Thy will;
To every idol, though within Thy church,
"Nehushtan!" cry; nor ever think of rest
Till Thy light floods the world, and all men see—
Yet humble, Lord!—
What's truth to me another soul may vex
That has not lived or battled in my place—
And tolerant of all who seek and fail;
Clear-eyed to seek 'neath error's every form
The seed of living truth that's hidden there;
To find in every erring son of man
What Thou didst find in me—a son of God.*

*O Master mine! that found me in the way
Oppressing where I might have served my race,
Receiving tribute, though I had enough,
From hands that ached with toil and penury,
My answered prayer I saw within Thy face,
Thy face all power and faith and gentleness,
And from Thy face it leaped into my soul—
My prayer, my hope, and my sufficient creed,
To be like Thee.*



EZE, A ROCK VILLAGE

Peasant Life on the Riviera

By Elbert F. Baldwin

THE French Riviera is supposed to be a winter place, and so it is. In truth, however, it is an all-year-round place. Its summer climate is hardly so hot as New York's has become, and its favored shore has always a sea breeze to cool the air.

The peasants who live here (and who say they would not live anywhere else) enjoy life summer as well as winter, and, instead of "laying by" half the year, have labor for every season. They are in general an industrious rather than a lazy folk. Their summer habits are more humane than one might think. Mornings and evenings are, of course, the proper times for work, noon and night for rest and sleep. The peasants are considerate, too, of their beasts: horses, mules, and donkeys are fitted out with hats, much like those the women wear, as a protection against too much sun. In the villages, oven-fires to die down so as to give less to the houses, and the

nearest bakeshop does duty for an entire community.

Provence, of which the Riviera is the world-renowned shore-part, is a country by itself. It looks askance at the rest of France. While these peasants are often as garrulous and loud-voiced as Tartarin of Tarascon himself, they are also at bottom saving, shrewd, conservative, independent. They are a people apart. They remind one of the clannish thrift of the Scotch. The various mountain tribes, for instance (and Provence is largely mountainous), live preferably by themselves. They have their own customs, inherited from their Moorish ancestors, or perhaps from the original Ligurians themselves, and they do not look with favor on alliances, matrimonial or other, with the degenerate people of the plain.

In getting acquainted with the Provençals it is a good plan for the stranger to take third-class tickets when journeying by rail hereabouts. At daybreak or even

earlier the women will be coming to the markets of Nice and Cannes and returning by the morning trains. Tourists are taking the same trains, too, but will miss much local color by not herding with the peasants. How the latter bundle into the narrow compartments, their great market-baskets hardly wider than their comfortable selves, and both just able to squeeze in at the door! They all seem to know each other, no matter how far apart their stations. A common use of the railway makes many friendships, and the chattering and laughing and showing of white teeth are equaled only in Italy. The compartment is soon as full as it can be of men, women, babies, and baskets, and when smoking begins and garlic rises the good air gets towards the vanishing point. However, one forgets even such patent discomforts in the general delightful expansiveness of the people. They are a strange combination of the wary and the impulsive. The first trait has infallibly been brought out by several hours at the morning market; the second is now in evidence. If the stranger speaks Provençal, he may possibly be the recipient of some naïve confidence before his journey's end is reached; but if he does not speak the language of this country, he may live on the Riviera, as some French folk have done, for two decades and more, only always to be regarded as a foreigner, of whom a sly advantage can be taken from time to time.

The women of the Riviera, if not of all Provence, are more noteworthy than the men. With the agility of young girls, great-grandmothers will alight at cross-road stations and march off with the uncrowned-queen air of the Jules Breton peasant in the Luxembourg. In solid physique and staying qualities these yield to no women. Their short petticoats, white aprons and caps, a gay handkerchief about the neck and an enormous bundle balanced on the head—you may see them anywhere, brawny, broad-chested, bearing down on you like a ship under full sail. As a rule, they work harder than the men, yet they age without breaking down. There are many about here ninety and a hundred years old, still strong, hardy, and tenacious of life. Such women are the physical if not the moral saviors of France.

You may travel about with the traveling peasantry, but it is only on their farms, and in the little towns one, two, three hours away from the fashionable seaside places, that one learns to know the stay-at-homers. Here one finds the real Riviera folk, and in this climate—kind to them always, not too cold in winter or too warm in summer—they live a free, independent life. Who would not, liberated from the fear of blizzards at one season or hot waves at the other? Ordinary indoor avocations are performed out-of-doors, whenever possible; indeed, there is a general turning of indoors out-of-doors. It is better so, for the houses are generally draughty, leaky, ill-smelling.



MONACO

Seen through the aloes



PICKING JASMINE AT GRASSE

Nothing outside of Spain is as gaunt, bare, cheerless, as their interiors. On the other hand, nothing in the world is as attractive, engaging, fascinating, as is the immediate environment of those very houses.

Outdoor life invades the village church itself. The pious worshiper there is not infrequently disturbed by little children at play, rushing boldly into the house of God (an open, not a shut, house, as are most Protestant churches) and scampering out again before either priest or verger can catch them. *Vox populi is vox Dei* here. There is one, there are not many voices, as with us. The town's one church is the church of all the people in the town. Again, the Provençal believes more than do most Frenchmen in the motto of France, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," not only in matters political, but also social and religious. The Roman Catholic religion is, in some respects, excellently adapted to this belief. Churches may reek with bad incense, and offend the fastidious with tawdry images, but they are certainly no rich men's exclusive clubs, as may be found nearer home. More than one leaf out of the Roman Catholic book might be taken

by Protestant pioneers. The latter must offer a religious service appealing to the senses as well as to the soul, if serious headway is to be made among the free-thinking but æsthetic French. Yet the Roman Church seems securer on the Riviera than elsewhere. Free-thinking has not gained ground here in the same proportion as in the manufacturing and socialistic districts further north.

With the exception of the seaside resorts, Riviera towns are mostly rock-villages, and look, I fancy, pretty much as they did in the days of the Greeks and Romans. In town-building, the early inhabitants crowned their hill-crests for two reasons: first, because they could be more easily defended; and then, so that they would not encroach upon the rich soil below the crags. Each town had and has its watch-tower, and a system of signals was understood by the various villagers as against the robber barons, just as another system of signals existed among the latter, by which, from their still more inaccessible eyries and castles, they communicated with one another. After centuries of conflict, this arraying of class against class finally and fittingly resulted



PEASANTS AT GRASSE

in the triumph of democracy. So emphatic was this triumph that to-day no part of France is more alive to the spirit of equality than is Provence. The peasant is quite as good as any lord. True, the tall towers still stand, the most prominent objects in Grasse, Auribeau, Mougins, Gourdon, and other towns, but they are now bell-towers for a more spiritual power. Their sonority fills the air, morning, noon, and night, no longer for the brutalities of war, but to call men to prayer, to bid them begin or cease from their peaceful labors.

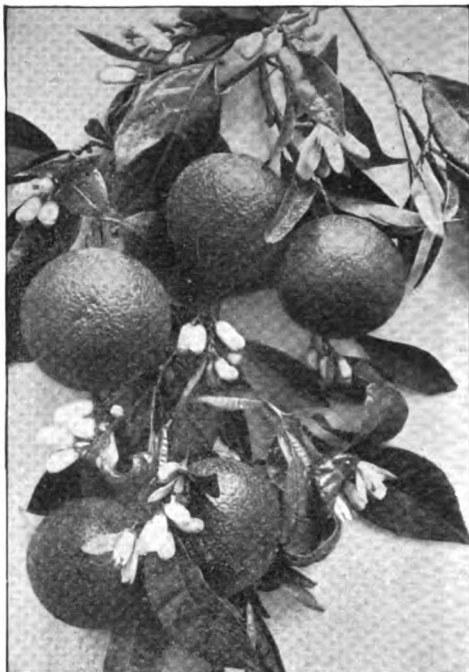
The land is of moment to three classes—proprietors, farmers, and husbandmen. As to the first, proprietorship in France means something quite different from the existing status in any other European country, for in no other are four-fifths of the rural owners actual cultivators of the soil. The multiplicity of little farms in France surprises the foreigner. They have been, in this century, the country's economic salvation, and, if the large holders only knew it, their salvation also, for they have been so many arguments against envy, hatred, malice, and all un-

charitableness. The French Revolution accomplished some good things, and not the least was the opportunity offered to farmers and husbandmen to be themselves proprietors. When farms are rented, the leases run three, six, or nine years, the proprietor paying all taxes. These taxes amount to about one-fifth of the farm's annual value, and the average of mortgages may be put down for another fifth. Riviera farms produce wheat, corn, oats, grapes, olives, oranges, mandarins, lemons, figs, almonds, apricots, plums, mulberries, peaches, pepper, flax, vegetables, salad-stuff, and flowers—for the last named are raised here in genuine crops.

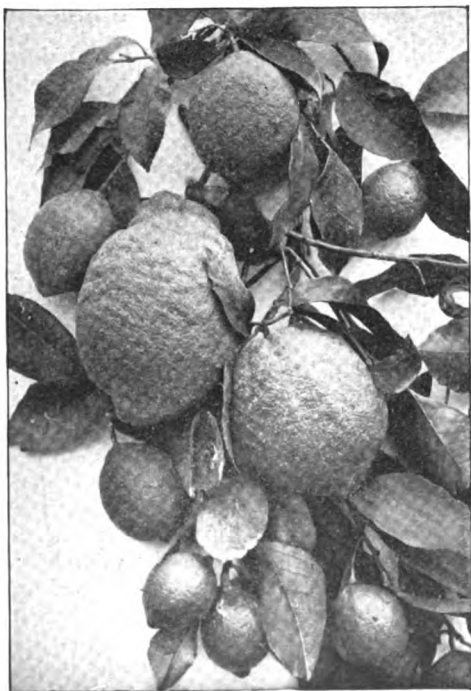
During the greater part of the year the wheat supply is quite insufficient for the people's needs, and at any time it is actually higher in price than is the price here of our Dakota product, which has had to pay transportation charges, national and local duties. Corn is ripe towards the end of June, but while the quality is not so bad, the fields themselves are weedy to a degree which would make an American farmer beside himself. The gathering of the grain crops is the principal summer



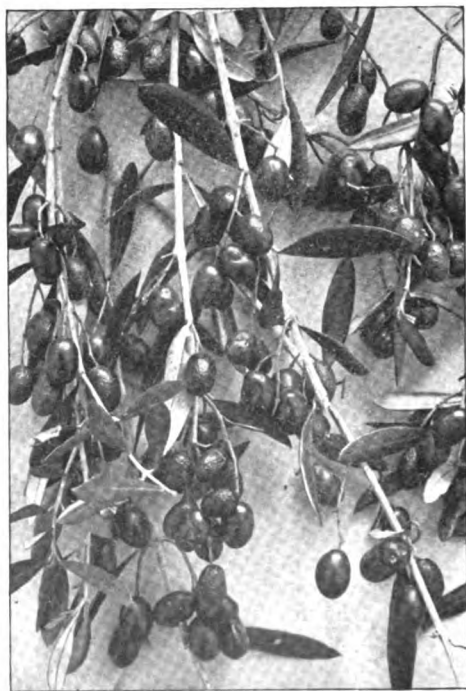
PEPPERS



ORANGES



LEMONS



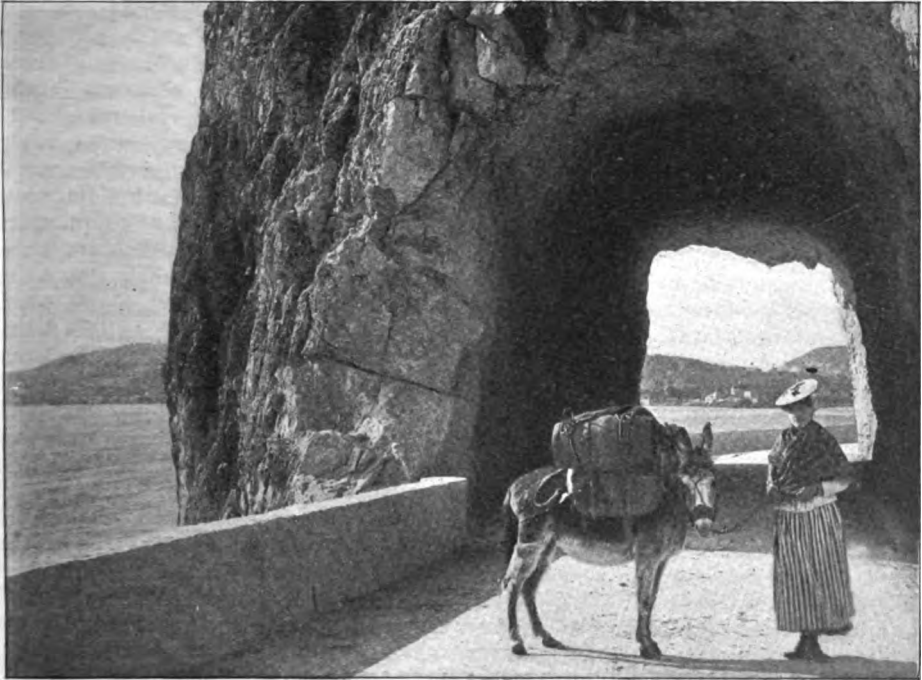
OLIVES

FRUITS OF THE RIVIERA

employment. As in Scriptural times, so now, the stranger may witness Riviera grain trodden out by oxen or horses on the stone pavement or esplanade in front of all the large barns.

Like the wheat supply, that of wine is only half sufficient for this population. The lack is not so serious, however, since France makes it good without calling on foreign countries. It may not be realized that her wine-culture means between four and five million acres devoted to the growth of the vine. While the Var and Vaucluse parts of Provence have many a

delicious oil. The berry is not so large as the Spanish, but is more delicate in flavor. The Greeks are said to have brought the olive-culture here, when they began building Agathopolis (Agay) and Antipolis (Antibes). There is nothing more restful than an olive orchard. The Mediterranean sunlight sifts in and settles serenely there. Seen through olive branches, Mentone, Eze, Cagnes, take on new picturesqueness. Out of the rich red soil underneath the trees are springing violets and narcissus and giroflés. In the near neighborhood there are white



THE LOWER CORNICE ROAD

good vineyard, the eastern and rockier departments of the Basses-Alpes and the Alpes-Maritimes have few. Some of the peasant inhabitants buy a great store of grapes in the autumn, each family making its own wine for the year. The phylloxera has played havoc here, as everywhere. To counteract this pest a potass manure is used, also sulphate of carbon. Our own Catawba grape is more of a proof against the enemy than any native varieties, and hence has been extensively introduced.

What the Riviera can produce, however, and export too, is the olive and its

and pink clouds: the almond and peach trees are in blossom. Beyond and above the cultivable flower-belt a still more venerable quiet reigns among the now terraced olives. Only the wild sweet alyssum and daisies flower there, their whiteness rather ghostlike because of a row of funereal-looking cypresses, green-black against the orchard's gray-green. Still above and beyond, the olives themselves are checked by lack of shelter; instead, the Diaz-like cork-oaks and the white heather and the rose cistus are seen there.

The peasant, armed with his pruning-hook, is already attacking his trees. The

harvest is over. It has lasted from the end of October to the first of February, and has given constant employment to men, women, and children, to young and old. One often notes hardy nonagenarians gathering the precious purple berries, alongside wee children engaged in the same task, neither seeming fit for any kind of labor. The olives are heaped in some cool spot and then put into bags and baskets which are sent to the mill. An ordinary tree will yield, say, thirty pounds of fruit and produce half as much oil. Like the Egyptian with his palm, so the Provençal uses every part of his olive. The oil-mill, with its horsehair presses (an unsavory place, it must be admitted), shows this. In addition to the value of the wood, fruit, and oil, out of the crushed stones a fuel is made, while the refuse is used later as manure for the trees. So the process goes on, year after year, olive to olive returning.

If there is thus a tradition of Greece, the still-worked potteries of Vallauris, the amphitheatres of Fréjus and Cimiez, the bridge of Clausonne, the monument at Turbie, and the traces of the Via Julia and the Via Aurelia right through Provence, remind of Rome. The peasants whose farms bordered those famous high-ways tilled the soil just as these modern peasants do, and hence Virgil becomes the most appropriate of reading matter as we stroll along Riviera roads. Here one lives the Georgics and the Bucolics. Their old pastoral scenes are here faithfully reproduced. If there is any one distinguishing mark of your Provençal peasant, it is his reverence for tradition. He has a robust, honest satisfaction in doing just as his fathers did, and in letting the over-fed, over-conscious, over-civilized crowd at Nice and Cannes go its decadent way. The crops are the same as of yore, the tools the same—the plow and pruning-hook of the Bible are realized here. Like a Roman in his toga, so a touch of cold will bring out paterfamilias in his long striped cloak of homespun stuff. You may see its counterpart in Palestine to-day. But, whatever we may think about the women, the men are far from having the majestic carriage of the Arabs.

If olives and roads and potteries bring back classic times, palms and aloes and gardens speak of the Moorish

civilization which once flourished here. Out of steep hill and mountain-side those clever economists and landscape-gardeners quadrupled the production of the plain. Moorish manners still live in the *danse moresque*, which you may sometime see of a pleasant Sunday in a mountain village, but the more popular *farandole* comes from a yet earlier period.

The great golden drops against glossy foliage are so many evidences that this is an orange country. The fruit is far from rivaling our Florida or California product, but it is delightfully toothsome all the same. While it sells well, the blossoms sell better. The perfume-factories of Grasse use annually nearly six million pounds of flowers, mostly orange-blossoms, but also roses, violets, verbenas, jasmine, jonquils, cassia, and tuberoses. The benefit to employed as well as to employers may be noted in the fact that the savings bank is the finest building in the place, and that there is no grinding poverty at Grasse. The Grassois are famous for their candied fruits, their almond and olive oil, their soaps, and, above all, for their perfumery. Half a million dollars' worth of their products goes to the United States alone. In the factories, as in the supplying flower-fields (the latter covering over sixty thousand acres), men and women have an equal chance at employment.

Most of the roses used in the perfumeries are like our damask variety. They are picked at dawn and stored, all dew-damp, in cellars. How satisfactory to the sight the rose-fields and terraces are, perchance against a hazy olive background, perchance in the foreground some picturesque wayside shrine, at which the girls will kneel before beginning their labors! The roses go well with another stretch of green-gray in front—a fringe of African aloes marking the roadside. Beyond, it may be, there stand sentinels of tall eucalyptus, or, better yet, solemn, dark-green parasol-pines. The nearer landscape is, likely enough, yellow with mimosa, and the further and higher yellow with furze. The scent of thyme and rosemary is borne down upon us. Still beyond, the porphyry hills are glowing every hour with sunset hues, yet in the distance there is always a moonlight effect from the snowy summits of the Maritime Alps.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

VII.

The Iron Centers

Triumphant
democracy

The first part of my visit to the iron district about Pittsburg might easily be turned into a chapter of "Triumphant Democracy."

Indeed, there is no chapter in Mr. Carnegie's book that records industrial triumphs equal to those in his own mills. On the mechanical side they were far more impressive than the machinery exhibits at the Chicago Exposition, and there was absolutely nothing at Chicago that compared with them in depicting the superiority of American to European methods of production. Nor was this superiority merely spectacular. In talking with the managers I found that the fear of European competition was a thing of the past. They were all, so far as I know, protectionists; but their protectionism had none of the insistent quality that was to have been expected in the old citadel of that creed. It was almost like the bimetallism of Colorado bankers. They believed that it was for the good of the country, but they had no need of it in their own industry. A large part of their product they were selling abroad, and their president told me that they could sell the whole of it—or about three-fifths of the entire steel product of Pennsylvania—in foreign markets, if they cared to do so. The English price of rails was \$22 a ton. The cost of transporting rails to England was over \$5 a ton; yet they were able to overleap this barrier and sell their steel in the London market. Instead of needing a tariff to protect them against English competition, they were able to pay the twenty-five per cent. tariff which the railroad and shipping charges imposed in order to enter into competition with the English on their own ground.

Protection
needless

Such triumphs for American industry are not, indeed, peculiar to the Carnegie works. When I had visited the iron-works in the South,

I had found that they, too, were making heavy shipments abroad; and a week later, when talking with an extremely accurate as well as fair-minded official of the Illinois Steel Company, I learned that the great competitor of the Carnegie Company was able to pay the freight charges from Illinois to Belgium and still undersell the Belgians. The statement of the case made by the Illinois official was peculiarly compact. In the Belgian works, he told me, the average wages are less than 75 cents a day. In the Illinois works the average wages are in the neighborhood of \$1.75 a day. Yet the product of the Illinois works could be sold in Belgium for less than the product of Belgian works. I did not have the opportunity to visit the Illinois works, or I would probably have seen paralleled the sights that impressed me so much at Homestead and Braddock. But at the Pennsylvania works it did not require an acute observer to see the reason for these triumphs of American methods and American men. Everything seemed to be done by machinery. In the Southern iron-works great numbers of negroes were employed with wheelbarrows to carry heavy loads of fuel or ore or metal from one place to another; but in the Carnegie works there was a great network of overhead tracks, on which nearly everything could be shifted in any direction by steam. And the steam itself was often generated in boilers heated by the gas that came from the coke and ore used in making the steel. As you looked about the great buildings, that which was memorable was the human soli-

tude in which these activities were carried on. Works covering acres, and costing in the neighborhood of a million dollars, would have hardly a hundred men scattered about them. Unfortunately, I had never seen European iron-works, so that an exact comparison was impossible. But when I thought of the swarming of men in every European industry I had seen, and even when I thought of the relative swarming in the iron-works in the South, I felt sure that where there was only one employee for something like ten thousand dollars of capital in these Carnegie works, there would be nearly ten in most parts of Europe. The contrast was mainly due, of course, to the fact that the dearness of labor about Pittsburg forced the introduction of costly machinery to economize it. But this machinery would not have proved an economy had not this dear labor been highly skilled and able to bear heavy responsibility during the long hours. The light-eating, heavy-drinking, apathetic labor of Continental Europe could not have been intrusted with this strenuous work. My escort explained to me, indeed, that nearly all the work was simple, but he recognized that in many of the positions a moment's inattention or the slightest error in judgment would cost the works incomparably more than the man's wages. In its nervous intensity the work was hard, and where it was hardest, in the sense of involving the greatest responsibility, the men in charge were almost uniformly American—or at least English-speaking. The irresponsible work was largely in the hands of the Huns and Poles, and of the negroes, who, like them, had been kept down by centuries of oppression. The superiority of American workmen, therefore, as well as the superiority of American methods, was at the basis of this triumph of American industry.

It was obvious, however, that the triumphs were chiefly due to the management, and I therefore learned with the greatest interest the plan upon which the allied works were organized. The allied plants included nearly every industry essential to the production of steel, from the firing of the coke-ovens to the operation of the railroad. At the head of every department was a man who had been taken into the firm because of his business

promise, and who was paid according to the profits of the works under him. Each of these heads of departments was also given an interest in the company, and thus a quality of work was secured which mere salaries would not bring. No one connected with the management except Mr. Carnegie himself, said President Schwab, of the Steel Company, had ever invested a dollar. The company was really a partnership rather than a corporation, and not one of the partners held his position by reason of inheritance or wealth. Only three of the thirty-three heads of departments were even graduates of technical schools or colleges, and one of the superintendents had been a common machinist only a few years ago. The whole organization recalled Napoleon's definition of a republic when he said that the French Revolution meant "a career open to talent of every sort."

All that I saw of the management of the company carried out this idea. Restored feudalism I was surprised, indeed, at the number of young men who had forged their way to the top. But talent has as little regard for the lines of age as for those of caste. Ability to do the work was evidently the prime requisite, and while the men at the heads of the departments had too much social finish to permit the supposition that many of them had risen from the ranks of workmen, it was evident that their weekly luncheon together was planned for its business suggestiveness and not for social diversion. A similar impression was made by the superintendents about the works. In fact, during the two days that I was under the escort of the men in charge, I received but one unfavorable impression. This came from the spirit in which the workmen did their work. They were cheerless almost to the point of sullenness. When the men looked at us it was rarely with the look of pride in their work or contentment with their wages or cordial feeling toward those over them; yet the work was full of responsibility, the wages high, and the managers were singularly efficient. The sullen attitude, indeed, was absolutely intangible, and when my escort said that he had not observed it, there was absolutely nothing that I could cite as evidence. When, however, I left the circle of those who could explain the works, and took my lodgings in the

A Napoleonic
republic

town of Homestead, where the workmen would explain themselves, I found that the impression I had gained was the only one that had been possible. I had entered an entirely different industrial realm. The atmosphere was at times heavy with disappointment and hopelessness. Some of the men seemed afraid to talk. Even the Catholic priest—to whose class I am accustomed to go for fair statements of the relations of men to their employers—was unwilling to make any statement. The one thing he did say was something he supposed self-evident—namely, that the men's earnings were much lower than before the great strike. The absence of freedom resembled that of the small mining villages in the eastern part of the State. It was in sharp contrast with the independence of the old trade-union towns in Massachusetts, and of the new factory towns in the South where the relations between employers and employed are still cordial. If all that I saw while with the managers of the Carnegie works might be described under the title of "Triumphant Democracy," nearly all that I saw while with the men might be described under the title of "Feudalism Restored."

One of the first men whom I found to talk with was the famous Hugh O'Donnell, who was the spokesman of the strikers at the time of the Homestead riots and during the long strike that followed. He was not living in Homestead, but had merely returned from the East for a visit of a day or two with his mother. He told me that the Carnegie managers had made it impossible for him to get work from any steel company in the country. That he could not get such work was obvious, for since the strike he had been making his living much of the time as a reporter, though he was an expert roller—and rollers, the managers assured me, still received nearly \$200 a month for their critical work of exploding the "scale" that forms about the steel and measuring with absolute accuracy the beams, rails, etc., that are made. The leader of the great labor war of seven years ago was still a man considerably under forty. His face was handsome and his speech unusually ready. He did not, however, impress one with the reserve power of a born

leader. He knew little about present conditions at Homestead, except the belief of his friends and sympathizers that a low and dishonorable class of people had come to take the strikers' places. On this point I learned from unbiased people that he greatly exaggerated the extent of the change, though from his standpoint, of course—as from that of Mr. Carnegie a few years before—all workmen were dishonorable who had broken the commandment, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job." What O'Donnell knew most about was the history of the great strike, and I naturally went over with him the claims of the management respecting it. These were, in brief, that the strike had been fought, not to reduce wages, but to effect "a sensible classification," and that the trade-union had not only resisted such a classification, but had demanded the right to appoint the foremen. As to the first of these claims, O'Donnell, without hesitation, admitted that there was a good deal of truth in it. The union, he said, made a mistake in resisting a new classification. It was inevitable, because of the changing methods of production. Under the old system the roller was practically an independent contractor, receiving so much for every ton, and often receiving exorbitant pay when better machinery increased the output. Under the new system he was reduced to a mere wage-earner under a general superintendent for a whole division. The new classification, therefore, was largely a dethronement of the rollers, but, as is always the case, the best-paid men were also the best organized, and most ready to strike for their claims. They led in the strike, and the men receiving lower pay followed, until both were disastrously defeated, and the last vestige of trades-unionism in the Carnegie works was destroyed. The defeat, said O'Donnell, was practically inevitable, because other iron centers were already disorganized. The union might have given in, but the uncompromising attitude of the management, which was thoroughly hostile to their union, practically forced the strike upon them. As to the unreasonableness of the old classification, what Mr. O'Donnell said was in a marked degree a confirmation of what the managers had told me. As to the other important point, however—the charge that

the union had demanded the right to appoint the foremen—Mr. O'Donnell met President Schwab's statement with a flat denial¹. There was no truth in it whatever, he said. The Knights of Labor might somewhere have made such a demand, but no trade-union had ever assumed to exert such a power. Between conflicting statements like these there seemed no possibility of harmony, except on the supposition that the union's criticism of particular foremen had seemed to the management equivalent to an assertion of the right to appoint them.

On the question of wages also there was difficulty, such as I experienced nowhere else, in harmonizing the statements of employers and employed. During the previous seven weeks of my journey the employers had agreed pretty closely with the employed in reporting reductions in wages since 1892. In the cotton-mills of New England the cut had been twenty per cent.; on the cotton-fields of the South and among the carpenters and masons of Southern cities it had been nearly forty per cent. The only great industry in which there had been no cut had been among the anthracite coal miners, and here the employers agreed with the employed in reporting a fearful reduction in the number of days the men worked. When, however, I reached the Carnegie works, where the great Homestead strike had taken place, I was surprised to be told at the office that average wages were actually higher than six years before. The department head in charge of the wage-rolls told me this. When, however, I went among the workmen, I found that the truth of this statement was indignantly denied. They admitted that wages were higher in the Carnegie works than anywhere else in the country. All the other steel-works, said one of them, must pay lower wages in order to compete. But when they came to compare present wages with those before the strike and the depression, they asserted that sweeping reductions had taken place. These reductions, however, were relatively light among the lower grades of labor. For example, a young fellow in the engineers' department, whom I met the first evening, told me that the common workmen, who used to get \$1.40 for ten hours, now get \$1.32; while the

engineers, who used to get from \$1.90 to \$2.75, now get from \$1.70 to \$2.25. The heavy reductions complained of were among the men doing the most responsible work—especially among the rollers. One workman in this department gave me a detailed statement of the changes, which ran as follows: "The man who had my job," he said, "used to get 19 cents a ton, when the capacity [output] was supposed to be forty tons a day, but we often ran to eighty. From 19 cents the first cut was to 5½ cents and the next to 4½. Then there was a ten per cent. raise. Now it is down again. Since the beginning of the year it has been about 4 cents. The capacity is now 120 tons." The roller, he went on, used to get 22 cents a ton net, and now gets approximately 5½ cents. If these statements were accurate, then men who used to get from \$7.60 to \$8.80 a day, or even more, now get from \$4.80 to \$6.60. I noted that the present wages of the rollers agreed with the employers' estimate of \$200 a month if the rollers worked every day, and also that the old wages above referred to were no higher than the Carnegies claimed to be paying at the time of the strike. But otherwise there was no harmony between this man's statement and that of his employers. Inasmuch as his manner seemed as judicial as theirs, and only ceased to be so when he got to talking about the black hatred of the men for the despotism over them, I determined to learn what unprejudiced town people thought about the matter.

Among the merchants I thought that I observed the same absence of free speech as existed among the working people. However, among those who talked with me who had been in business before the strike, there was not the least diversity of opinion about the severe reduction of wages. The first one I talked with put the case in darker colors than the workmen. "Where we used to sell \$2,500 worth of furniture in a single month, we now sometimes barely sell \$100 worth. We lost \$8,000 at the time of the strike. We hadn't the heart to try to collect of the people when they weren't getting any wages, and some of them lost everything, including the homes on which they had made payments. A good many went away, and those who got their places again have

Old wages
and new

What the
merchants
said

rarely got ahead and come back to pay up." When it became evident that the small shopkeepers took the same view as the workmen, I went to a man of wealth, whose sympathies were certain to be with the company, and whose knowledge of savings bank and real estate matters made his opinions of exceptional value. His statement of the case was singularly judicial, and to me was convincing. The local merchants, he said, were apt to exaggerate the losses of their customers, because cheap trolley connection with Pittsburg caused a great deal of the buying to be done there. Nevertheless, it was perfectly clear to any one doing business in Homestead that the men were not getting as much money as formerly. He could not understand how any one could suppose that they did.

But it was not the lowering of wages that caused the most bitter complaints among the men. Their wages, even when lowered, were not low, and most of them realized it. Their real grievances were the long hours, the Sunday labor, the strain under which they were compelled to work, and, above all—or rather at the basis of all—the want of freedom to organize. Nobody in Homestead dared openly to join a trade-union. The president said, without reserve, that he would discharge any man for this offense, and the men all understood that this was the foundation principle of the present order. So far as I could see, no secret union had yet grown up. The men who spoke most bitterly about the prohibition of unions said nothing to intimate that they themselves were still members. The union movement, to all appearances, was dead except in the hopes of the workmen. The management, I afterwards learned, believed that it was dead even here, and that most of the men were glad to have the union outlawed; but I saw nothing to support this view. Some of the men I met did not wish to be connected with trades-unions. But there was not one of them but regarded the loss of the right to organize as a restriction of freedom.

There was one man with whom I spent a great deal of time talking who almost personified the cause of unionism. His name was Tom Crawford, and he was one

of the most likable men I met on my journey. He had been at the head of the Advisory Committee during the strike, and it was evident that he, rather than O'Donnell, must have had the real direction of affairs. He had been born in England, and felt somewhat keenly his want of schooling—though it is doubtful if schooling would have developed his executive ability more than the post-graduate course he had been compelled to take. "I have always," he said, "hoped to educate myself, but, after my day's work, I haven't been able to do much studying. . . . After working twelve hours, how can a man go to a library?" Curiously enough, but typically enough, he spoke of himself as "getting too old now," though he was only thirty-six. I expressed my dissent from this view, but he replied, "I don't know any roller over forty. If I can keep it up four years longer, I shall own my house, and be able to quit independently. . . . I have known old rollers, but they have all gone. An old man cannot become anything but a sweeper." This observation agreed pretty well with what I myself had seen in the mills, and, when I referred to it in talking with the official of the Illinois Steel Company, a week later, he practically confirmed it. It is possible, therefore, that the "increase of production" that seems to come from men working twelve hours a day is more than lost through enforced idleness at middle age. Moderate work until fifty-five might produce more material goods—as well as healthier and better men—than excessive work till even forty-five, followed by a protracted old age of partial idleness and frequent dependence.

Both Tom Crawford and the Illinois Steel Company's official believed that in the iron-mills work is becoming harder as time goes on. It is not, however, requiring more intelligence. Both men believed that, with the new machinery, less skill is needed, but closer attention. "We used to be able," said Mr. Crawford, "to take time to eat our meals like civilized human beings, but now we can only snatch up a bite as we work. . . . Last Friday, when my assistant sloped on account of trouble he got into, and I had a green hand to help me, I wasn't able for twelve hours to get from my post an instant, for any purpose." Both of these men also be-

An 'old' man
at forty

Work growing
harder and
hours longer

lieved that the hours were being lengthened. The Illinois Steel Company official said that the twelve-hour day was always usual in blast furnaces, but that the eight-hour day was formerly common in steel-works. Now the twelve-hour day is almost universal in this country, though the eight-hour day is universal in England. Crawford's statement was virtually the same, and the reason he assigned for the lengthening of hours here as contrasted with the establishment of the eight-hour day in England was the general defeat of unionism in the iron trade here, contrasted with its triumph in Great Britain.

Crawford was not employed by the Carnegie Company, and therefore was able to speak freely in favor of unionism. He, too, went over with me the struggles of 1892, and told of his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of homicide and treason. In his case the imprisonment lasted but a single night—a hotel-keeper whom he did not know having gone on his bail, with the remark, "That man's face is good enough for me." During the one night of imprisonment, however, he did not sleep at all, because the prison bed was foul with vermin. "I have always worked for a living," he said, "but we have kept clean." As I looked about the parlor, I felt that his pride on this point was fully justified. The story that followed, however, was of less interest than his comments upon present grievances. The chief grievance, as I have said, was the length of the hours; but the feature of the long hours he complained of most bitterly was the Sunday labor. "Even the blast furnaces," he said, "could be coked down, if the managers wished it; and if the mills would close at one o'clock on Saturday, as they do in England, there would be no need of Sunday repairing. . . . If the Evangelical Alliance, that is trying to get the mills to run less on Sunday, would apply to some of the workmen, they would find that we want to work on Sunday less than the managers say. . . . I don't believe in Sunday work. It is against the law of the land and against the law of God. The man who gives the people libraries and compels them to work on Sundays is false." This feeling against Sunday labor, which was so strong in Crawford, seemed

to be general. One of the first Irishmen I talked with spoke of the increase of Sunday labor as a result of the overthrow of unionism. "The union," he said, "always restricted Sunday work." Still another workman spoke of the complete disappearance of the old rule of double pay for Sunday work. Since the union's disappearance it was rare to have even "time and a half" allowed for Sunday work. As I heard their complaints about Sunday labor I was reminded of the fact that western Pennsylvania is the stronghold of Presbyterianism, and I was glad to see that the Calvinistic tradition that gave Anglo-Saxon workmen their free Sunday was here an influence in behalf of the Celt, the German, and the Hun.

No town I have ever visited observed Sunday much better than the town of Homestead. It is emphatically a town of saloons. Yet on Sunday not a single saloon among the many I passed bore the faintest sign of being open. My own "hotel" was merely a saloon and restaurant, with a few bedrooms on the second story. Yet, when I returned to it at noon on Sunday, and again when I returned about five o'clock, I was absolutely unable to get in. The proprietor had gone off for the day, his son had gone off, and both the servants had followed their example. At noon I was able to get a lunch elsewhere, but when I returned toward evening and was unable to wash and dress in preparation for dinner with an official, I felt that Sunday closing in Homestead was perhaps a trifle too effectual. In the main, Homestead was an unattractive town, but its enforcement of Sunday laws was far from being its only hopeful feature. The private houses—except the shanties on the company grounds occupied by the strike-breakers in 1892—were much better than those of the mining towns, and the schools were in the happiest possible contrast. The buildings were good and the teachers competent. The high-school attendance was small, it is true, for a place of five thousand people—hardly a quarter what it would be in New England or the West—but in the grammar grades there was no thinning out because of child labor in the works. This evil was unknown at Homestead, and even the Hungarians were apt to keep their children in school longer

than the law required. In one of the schools I visited there was a well-conducted manual-training course, established by the generosity of President Schwab; at the mills there were weekly chemistry classes conducted by mill officials; and in their homes a goodly number of boys were pursuing scientific courses under the Scranton School of Correspondence. This school is widely advertised, and some of its agents allow themselves to promise far too much to the boys who follow its curriculum; but what I saw and heard of its workings convinced me that it was really a great educational institution. Everybody whose judgment I trusted said the papers sent back to the school by the pupils were criticised by first-class men, and that the boys were not only well guided, but kept interested in their work. Some of the workmen I talked with were inclined to ridicule the boast of the officials that workmen could rise from the ranks. When I referred to the superintendent who had been an assistant machinist a few years before, they told me that he was Mr. Carnegie's cousin. A workman could not rise, they said, unless he toadied to the management. Yet all the pessimism about what a workingman could do did not involve hopelessness about the future of a workingman's children. The boy who, after twelve hours in the mill, had the grit to do good work in the correspondence school was in the line of promotion, and the exceptional boy who could not only follow drawings, but manage men, might become foreman or even superintendent. Besides the schools thus open, there were the libraries established by Mr. Carnegie. The one in the beautiful building at Homestead was hardly in working order at the time of my visit, but the work that was being done by the corresponding institution at Braddock showed me what it would accomplish. At Braddock the library supplied books to as many persons as there were families in the city, while the lecture hall, the swimming-bath, the billiard-rooms, etc., seemed to afford the residents all the advantages of a lyceum, a gymnasium, and a club-house. The terms at which these advantages were offered were of the most nominal description—\$1 for three months to employees and \$2 to others. The library was free to all. I had appreciated Tom Crawford's

sarcasm about the offer of these things to men who worked twelve hours a day, but they certainly seemed of immense advantage to the families of workingmen, if not to the workingmen themselves.

All that I saw at Homestead convinced me that Mr. Carnegie was unusually sincere in his desire for the welfare of his employees. President McKinley is not more so in his desire for the welfare of Luzon. But the fatal defect which Mr. Carnegie attributes to the President's policy in the Philippines permeates his own policy at Homestead. The government at Homestead aims to be government for the people, but its fundamental principle is that there shall be no government by the people. He who joins an organization of the employees at Homestead to resist the absolute supremacy of the employers is warned in advance that he can accomplish nothing except his own ruin. This policy is not, indeed, that which Mr. Carnegie employed when he was directly in charge. In an unusual degree he sympathized with the organization of the men for self government. But the imperialist policy in its most absolute lines is the one pursued and avowed by the present head of the Carnegie company. Charles M. Schwab, by reason of his ability and convictions, quite as much as by reason of the position he occupies, is probably the foremost representative of those who would extirpate every tendency toward industrial democracy. It was my pleasure to have a long talk with him after my talk with some of the union sympathizers at Homestead, and I never heard unionism so vigorously dealt with. Furthermore, the position he took was one that had the support of his conscience as well as of his interests. He believed that complete individual independence was the only method of developing strong manhood, and his hostility to trade-unions—because they undermined individual responsibility—extended to all fraternal organizations. He did not, indeed, oppose corporations—in which all the stockholders agree to act as a unit according to the decision of the majority; but when I asked him about trusts, I found that he was nearly as hostile to them as to the labor unions, and his reasons were almost identical. The trust, he said, made its individual

Mr. Carnegie's
imperialism

members look to artificial prices for their profits, instead of looking to improvements in their own methods of production. Sooner or later the artificial prices stimulated outside competition, which forced the pool to collapse and left its members worse off than if they had never joined it. The trade-union, he thought, had a like effect upon the workmanship of its members. Their tendency to restrict apprentices was thoroughly hostile to the public welfare, and their arbitrary rules embarrassed the introduction of machinery. When I asked him whether he had ever known trade-unions to strike against improved machinery, he said that he had not known them to do so in this country, but that it had happened in England, and that the power of the English unions was causing the decay of manufacturing in England. I referred, of course, to the decades of unfulfilled prophecy that the trade-unions would have this influence upon English industry, and questioned whether the present forebodings would be justified. He assured me, however, that in the iron industry the decline was already apparent, and that German iron-works, as well as American, were rapidly gaining on their English competitors. A brilliant future awaited the German works, and a dismal one the English, because the German works were not hampered by the unions, while the English were simply in their fetters. If the iron industry in America was to go forward, it, too, must be free.

The arraignment of trade-unionism was little short of brilliant until President Schwab turned to conditions in Homestead. Even here he showed how thoroughly he was convinced of the righteousness of his policy. The great body of the employees, he said, were glad to have the unions suppressed. In support of this view he cited the report of an English expert who had been given permission to go through the mills and talk with the men at their work. When I queried whether a census taken in this way was reliable, he stated that during the Homestead strike two hundred of his hands at Braddock had sent in their names, offering to go to Homestead, open the mills, and crush the strike. To me this offer of workingmen to incur the hatred of their fellows seemed evidence of servility, but to him it was evidence that

non-union men were glad to help overthrow unionism. The discontent that I had found he believed to be exceptional. He did not believe that hours had been lengthened or Sunday work increased, and he was sure that the books of the company showed that the average wages were higher in 1893 than in 1892, in 1894 than in 1893, in 1895 than in 1894, and so on, advancing with each succeeding year. In short, he was convinced that the suppression of the union had been a benefit to the employees as well as to the company, and he was therefore prepared, for the good of the governed, to suppress with an iron hand any attempt on their part at self-government.

After this talk with President Schwab I had another day in Homestead, and I spent a good part of it among members of the middle classes, in an attempt to harmonize the conflicting statements of employers and workingmen. As regards the contentment of the employees, I found nothing to justify the optimism of the officials. The ablest and broadest man I met—a young Baptist minister who had once been a coke-burner, and who still knew as much about the lives of laborers as he did about the higher criticism—told me that he had to make it his mission to give the men all the encouragement he could, and keep them from thinking about their grievances, though he believed that many of these were real enough. The discontent and discouragement prevalent made the men skeptical and bitter. The more I heard upon this point, the more I was convinced that the officials were too far removed from their employees to know anything about their sentiments. As regards wages, the singular contradiction in statements was finally explained. I was talking with an old clerk in the Carnegie works, and the warmth with which he praised the chemistry classes conducted by the officials led me to expect from him a repetition of the official statement about wages. When I asked him about this matter, however, his view proved to be that of the men; and when I spoke of the reported increase, he said that the books of the company showed an increase since 1892, but only because a day's work was so frequently reckoned at twelve hours instead of eight, and because the men in 1892 had lost five

The conclusion
of it all

months on account of the strike. As regards the extent to which hours had been lengthened and Sunday work increased, I gradually reached the conclusion that the officials had underestimated it much less than the partisans of the union had overestimated it. Even here, however, while the old unionists exaggerated their losses, they were quite right in thinking that the death of unionism would mean the death of all hope of a future shortening of hours. Legislation might accomplish the reduction, but legislation of value to workingmen is rarely secured except when powerful organizations of workingmen demand its enactment and compel its enforcement. Acting as individuals without organization, the workmen are helpless. Every man among them may be convinced that shorter hours and a free Sunday are for the good of their class, but no man among them will cut

his own wages and risk his own job unless assured that his fellows will co-operate. You might almost as well attempt to run the Government by permitting each citizen to contribute what he pleases, as attempt to advance the general interests of labor by permitting each workman to contribute what he pleases. The bulk of men are willing to do their share, but require assurance that others will do theirs. This assurance of co-operation can come only through organization. So long as the organization of iron-workers is prohibited, the exhausting and demoralizing twelve-hour day and Sunday labor are bound to remain. Trade-unions have their features of danger, as I was shortly to see in studying the labor movement in Chicago, but the prohibition of trade-unions, as exemplified at Homestead, leaves the working classes without the hope of a better future.

The Average Man

By Hamlin Garland

His face had the grimness of granite;
 It was bleached and bronzed by the sun
 Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders,
 And his hands showed the work he had done.
 His dim eyes were weary and patient,
 And he smiled through his pallor and tan
 A wistful, sad smile, as if saying,
 I'm only an average man.

I can't be a hero or poet,
 Nor a dictator wearing a crown.
 I'm only the hard-working servant
 Of those set above me. I'm down,
 And it's no use complaining—
 I'll get along the best way I can,
 And one o' these days 'll come morning
 And rest for the average man.

He wages all battles and wins them,
 He builds all turrets that tower
 Over walls of the city to tell
 Of the rulers and priests of the hour.
 Without him the general is helpless,
 The earth but a place and a plan.
 He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,
 This sad-smiling average man.

Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
 With teeth set close, and my breath
 Held hard in my throat, and I uttered
 A vow that shall outlive death.
 I swear that the builder no lon er
 To me shall be less than the plan;
 Henceforward be guerdon and glory
 And hope for the average man.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Queen and the Twelve Caskets

By Mary Allaire



HERE was a wood-cutter's hut in the deep woods—a very tiny house, and about it there were only the wild flowers growing, and the moss on the roof and about the door-stones. A very poor house, you would say, but it held a priceless jewel, a darling little baby girl, who was so beautiful that the people who lived in the woods said she was touched by fairies because her mother died when she was a baby. Not only was baby Olga the most beautiful of children, but she was one of the best of children. She was happy and kind. When a tiny baby she would lie in her rough cradle with its bed of pine needles covered by a shawl, and sing and listen until her father said, "She is spoken to by some one." He did not know that all the songs that the birds had sung in the pine-trees were sung to her over and over in the pine bed, that he wished he could change to down. You see the fairies had not touched the father's ears.

The baby grew, and the father had to build a gate, lest the baby should wander away in the woods while he was working and be lost. He did not know of the dwarf in the far woods who passed his home every day, and looked at the baby. The dwarf was very ugly, and most children ran when they saw him, because they never looked in his eyes. Olga, when first she saw him through the little wooden gate, looked right in his eyes, and then held out her arms to go to him. His face glowed with a soft light, and for a moment was beautiful. "One black spot," he murmured, as he looked in Olga's eyes; "it must never be two;" and a shadow fell on him as he walked hurriedly into the woods.

Olga grew stronger and more beautiful every day. One day the wood-chopper

went into the woods in his new green suit, and without his ax. When he came back at sunset there was a beautiful woman with him. He smiled as she looked in his face. As they came nearer, the woman stopped and looked at the beautiful child at the gate. Olga shivered and gave a little cry, at which her father ran forward and caught her up in his arms. "Thy beautiful mother; to love thee," he whispered. But Olga hurried into the house.

The mirror which the new mother loved told her every day that the little girl was the more beautiful, and she hated the child more and more, and grew uglier and uglier to her. One day, as the little girl came in from the woods crowned with flowers, the mother drove her out of the house and into the deep woods. In the woods the little girl saw a bear, and began to run. She ran and ran, until she saw an open door. Through this she went, shutting it quickly after her. In the corner was a pile of skins. On this she sat down, and soon, tired out, dropped to sleep. The dwarf who owned the house and the woods came home. There on the pile of skins was the beautiful child he loved so much. Now he would have something to love and care for. He became happier, and sang gayly at his work, and forgot that he was deformed and ugly. The little girl loved him, and her joy and happiness made her even more beautiful than she had been. One command only he gave her—she must never open the door when he was away.

One day, when she was alone, the little girl heard a voice asking her to open the door. Olga hesitated a moment, and then went forward toward the door. "How the wind blows!" she thought, as she heard the branches beating against each other. "Please open the door. The pearls will get wet," said the sweet voice. "I

brought them for you." Olga opened the door at once. There was her stepmother scowling. She quickly threw the stout string she held around Olga's neck twice, gave a twitch, and Olga fell, gasping for breath. The wind blew furiously; the dwarf suddenly appeared running toward the hut, an open knife in his hand. He cut the string on Olga's throat, and carried her to her couch of pine needles, saying, sorrowfully, "The one black spot." Little Olga put her arms around his neck and showed him how sorry she was because she had not obeyed him. He told her that she must never again open the door when he was away; that he loved her, and because he loved her, he wished to keep her from harm.

The next week the dwarf was away again. She heard a voice, winning and sweet, asking her to open the door. The wind began to blow at once, and Olga listened. "Open the door, little girl," pleaded the voice.

"I cannot," answered Olga. The wind sang softly.

"I have a beautiful pony to take you through the woods. I brought it to you," pleaded the voice. Olga got up quickly. At once the wind began to blow, the branches of the trees to beat the house, but Olga would not listen. She dropped the bar and opened the door. There was her stepmother holding a bear, big and brown, by the ears, a stout rope in her other hand. In a moment the little girl found herself tied on the bear's back, and he was tearing through the woods. The bushes scratched the little girl, but not her face—for her fairy godmother had decreed that her face should always be beautiful.

On and on went the bear, bounding in terror because of the burden he could not throw off.

Coming through the woods from another direction was a gay party of hunters. Suddenly the bear tumbled over. The little girl did not move or cry out. The party rode up, and the most beautiful of all the hunters, the one in the most splendid suit, knelt on one knee before the little girl, saying, "I have found my Queen."

Tenderly the little girl was lifted from the ground, and on to the back of the King's horse, for he would have it so. He walked beside her, and his escort far behind.

They reached the palace, where the King's stepmother greeted them, and knelt before "her future Queen," she said; for the King's stepmother had fairy powers, and knew the future.

"You are beautiful, my dear, the most beautiful woman in the world, sweet and good; but there is one black spot." The little girl knew what she meant, and blushed.

Now she lived like a princess; she studied all the difficult things princesses have to learn to make good queens.

At last the day came when she was to marry the King. There were great preparations, and when everything was ready the King's stepmother came to her and said, "Remember the black spot; do not make it two black spots." Olga hung her head.

The next day the King and the Queen were walking in the garden, when the King, kissing the Queen's hand, said, "My love, we will reign as one. Here are the twelve caskets in which are the secrets of the kingdom. Eleven thou mayst read and know, as I do. The twelfth must not be known to any in the kingdom, for great sorrow will come when the casket is opened."

The caskets were carried by twelve pages to the Queen's room. The days were so filled with pleasure that the Queen did not have time to open the caskets; she did not even remember them.

One day the King was busy with the treasurer, and the rain kept the Queen indoors. She saw the caskets, and went up to the table on which they stood; each held a paper, which the Queen unfolded. They were most uninteresting. "Aforesaid parties of the first part," read the Queen. "How stupid! Oh, how stupid!" yawned the Queen. She stood before the twelfth. "I'll just peep," she said. She raised the cover, and out flew a beautiful bubble. It floated out of the window, and the Queen laughed, showing her pretty dimples, saying, "The first secret that was interesting! It looked like a bubble." The Queen that night saw that the King looked worried. She was more loving and tender than ever. "I did not mean to trouble you, my love, but a great waterspout has swept over many miles of coast line, and the people are suffering."

The months went past. A darling baby came to make the King and Queen happier, if that were possible.

The Queen grew more beautiful and more tender with the King, and he loved her more than ever. She kept close to him always, and was the happiest of women. It was her wish that the baby should be in her sight always. The people loved her more and more, for she was a mother Queen, not merely a Queen.

One day the King, the Queen, and the Prince were in the royal carriage. There was a shadow on the King's brow. The sun had been shining brightly, but now it had disappeared. Every few minutes the King glanced at the Queen.

"My love, did you open the twelfth casket?"

"No, no!" laughed the Queen. The laugh was turned to a shriek: the little Prince was gone. The King and Queen sat alone in the royal carriage. In wrath the King stood up. "You are wicked! The casket was opened. Leave the kingdom!"

The Queen was driven out of the city, and into the deep woods, where the King had found her.

Now the people sorrowed more than ever. The Queen, the beautiful Queen, was gone; the King was shut in the palace, and there was no Prince for the people to love.

The dwarf sat in the woods watching the palace. "One black spot," he muttered, "but now two." The King's good stepmother leaned from her casement window, looking toward the coast. "One black spot, and now two, and yet so beautiful and loving! Oh, the moans of the people!"

The King's stepmother determined to find the Queen. Day after day the stepmother hunted for her lost daughter, as she called her. Through the woods she

called, and the wind carried her voice far. You would have thought it was the wind, but it was really the millions of fairies who love to help the good and kind and forgiving, who repeated the call over and over again like echoes through the woods.

One day she persuaded the King to go hunting. He went into a cave, out of a storm. There he saw, far in the darkness, a white figure. He went nearer and nearer. The light at last enabled him to see that it was a woman. As he bent over her she whispered, "I did open the twelfth casket. I opened it. Sorrow, sorrow ever since!"

The King took her in his arms and kissed her. "My love, I was cruel," he murmured.

"Never. Always kind, but I brought sorrow and sadness and loss to the kingdom." The King bent his head, and the Queen sought forgiveness with her eyes. There was a low, faint murmur in the cave, and the whir of wings. "The winds of peace and truth, obedience and love," whispered the Queen, and a soft breeze moved through the cave. The hunters' horns called for the King. He raised the Queen to her feet, and, leading her to the mouth of the cave, he called to his nobles, "The joy of life has returned," and they all knelt before the Queen, who rode again on the King's horse to the city, the people shouting with gladness and pointing to the palace.

The King hurried his horse. As they entered the palace gates, there stood the royal Prince holding the hands of the dwarf and the King's stepmother. "Pure, spotless, true, and strong. A queen mother," they said, as they put the Prince in the arms of the Queen.

When the Queen turned with the young Prince in her arms, the dwarf, the stepmother of the King, and the King saw that she stood straighter and taller and was more beautiful than ever.



Books and Authors

An Appeal to the Fathers¹

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, of Boston, has given us the fruit of many years' study in a critique upon the working of our political institutions which is worthy of the attentive consideration of every thoughtful patriot. It is conceived in the spirit of Lord Bacon's aphorism: "Since things change for the worse spontaneously, if they be not altered for the better designedly, what end will there be of the evil?" That our institutions were admirably designed, and that they have on the whole worked beneficially, Mr. Bradford has no doubt. As little doubt has he that, like all human constructions, they need repair and readjustment, and show signs of weakness under the increased strain of a changed time. The readjustment that he urges, and in which he is supported by an array of expert testimony, is not in any change of the Constitution. The difficulty of changing it he regards as one of its chief merits. His proposition is that we should "learn to work the Constitution as it is." The leading principle on which our government is based may be said to be the separation of executive and legislative power; the leading cause of failure, that we have never carried the principle into effect, "except in the town governments peculiar to New England." What we have in practice, as distinguished from what we have on paper, is government by the legislature, which in the States has reduced the executive to insignificance, and in the Nation has greatly encroached upon the theoretical independence of the executive, as Professor Woodrow Wilson showed ten years ago in his book on "Congressional Government."

The incapacity of the legislature, whether State or National, for governmental functions seems to be generally suspected, to say the least. Mr. Bradford enlarges upon this. Its members are not elected for special fitness; they represent at most only local interests; personal responsibility for the general welfare is correspondingly minimized; general inter-

ests are constantly sacrificed to local and private interests by log-rolling and lobbying; there is an increasing tendency to profligate expenditures, and the anarchy already existing in its conduct of financial matters is characteristic of the anarchical character and tendency of the present working of government by a legislature. So far has this gone that in our largest States there are practically two executives, the official one and the non-official, so that the Governor finds either his rival or his director in the Boss, who, by the aid of adherents in the legislature, is often able to dictate or to neutralize his action.

In this fact, so odious to all but place-hunters and spoilsmen, Mr. Bradford justly recognizes a distorted reflection of the idea of the framers of our National Constitution, of which our State Constitutions are more or less padded copies. Their theory of the executive contemplated a leader of that public opinion which is the working and the conservative force in a republic. They certainly did not expect that leadership to be exercised by a legislature in which public opinion is at best represented only in incoherent fractions. Nor did they expect his prerogatives to be shorn as they have been in the matter of appointments by the legislative usurpation styled "the courtesy of the Senate," or that his sphere of control would be also narrowed by the operation of a Civil Service Reform promoted mainly by his own abdication of power to avert worse evil through legislative interference. As the alternative to the growth of personal government by an irresponsible bossism, with political ruin in the sequel, Mr. Bradford deems it urgent to reinstate in practice the constitutional theory of personal government in place of the impersonal and irresponsible government by legislature that has largely supplanted it. In other words, he would restore to the executive, both State and Federal, its proper initiative and leadership, for safeguarding the exercise of which the legislature in the rôle of a vigilant critic can doubtless be relied on.

To accomplish this no new measure is

¹ *The Lesson of Popular Government.* By Gamaliel Bradford. In Two Volumes. \$4. The Macmillan Company, New York.

deemed necessary, but only a revival and permanent establishment under suitable regulations of the practice followed by Washington and his Cabinet. This was, in fact, proposed in 1881, in a bill to give the Secretaries of the executive departments seats on the floor of the Senate and the House, with the right of debate on matters relating to their business, and with the duty of answering inquiries and giving information thereupon. This bill was signed by all the members of the committee reporting it, but was never heard of after its introduction. Mr. Bradford enters at great length into the reasons that may be urged for it and against it. It would, of course, make it impossible to pay election debts by Cabinet seats. Only men of the highest ability could "fill the bill." The chief benefit would be in locating responsibility. A politician President could hardly play into the hands of Congressional intriguers, were independent members or the minority to have the right of publicly "heckling" his representatives on the floor. In recommending such a measure Justice Story emphasized this point in 1833, saying, "If corruption ever eats its way silently into the vitals of this republic, it will be because the people are unable to bring responsibility home to the executive through his chosen ministers." Add to this that the President, if represented in public debate by his lieutenants, is no longer in a retirement which discloses his views and policy only in an occasional message. Brought into direct and open contact with all important public questions, he has at least the opportunity of a real leadership in place of a titular.

"Then," argues Mr. Bradford, "would become possible that which is at once most needed and most lacking in our politics—personality." We regret lack of space to quote at length. The same measure is, in his mind, even more urgent in the State governments. Thus to invigorate and purify State administration is required for the maintenance of that political equilibrium between the States and the general Government which is an essential part of our constitutional theory, but is threatened by the centralizing tendencies that have been at work since the Civil War. Mr. Bradford quotes from the late Governor Russell's address to the

Massachusetts Legislature in 1893, urging the importance of "the reform of existing machinery for the discharge of executive duty—machinery now without system, and destructive of that executive responsibility and supervision which the Constitution devolves upon the Governor, and for the proper exercise of which it meant to make him at all times amenable to the people." But since legislatures care nothing about that, Mr. Bradford thinks that some candidate for the Governorship will have to carry the demand directly to the people, and make it the winning issue in the canvass, before the change can come. The beginning of such a return to the way of the fathers of the republic seems to him more practicable and promising if tried first in the States rather than in the Federal sphere.

We lack space to follow Mr. Bradford in regard to city executives and city charters, or in his criticism of various propositions for curing our political disorders, as by the election of Senators by the people, proportionate representation, the initiative and referendum, etc., none of which he regards as a plaster that will cover the sore. Aside from his main proposition, there is nothing which seems to him of great moment but a return to the abandoned principle of election by a majority, with a second ballot when necessary between the two highest on the poll, as in Prussia. The abandonment of majority for plurality rule, with evils notably illustrated in New York City, has had, he judges, a more pernicious political effect than any other single measure. To the student of our constitutional theory and practice, the value of Mr. Bradford's work is in its cogent plea for return to the true theory of government by a responsible executive, as still practiced in the New England town, from the false practice of government by an irresponsible legislature, which inevitably falls a prey to bossism in the pay of private, class, and corporate interests against the interests of the people—a practice which grew from a traditional fear of the executive, and now is doubly condemned by the fact that executives are no longer feared and legislatures no longer trusted.

But, as the average reader does not sit down to a work of eleven hundred pages, a considerable section of which is given

to an instructive study of popular government in other countries, we strongly recommend Mr. Bradford to make an abridgment of his elaborate and convincing argument for popular use.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending August 18. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has published, through Messrs. Harper & Brothers (New York), a stout volume of four hundred and fifty pages on *The War with Spain*. It is the only complete history of the war yet offered by so able a historian, and it will undoubtedly commend itself to deservedly wide reading. It is really not necessary to read it to obtain a graphic and comprehensive idea of the march of events. This may be gained by looking at the eighty full-page illustrations, many of them of exceptional merit. They are by such artists as Messrs. Remington, Zogbaum, Thulstrup, Chapman, and Christy. However, they only whet one's appetite to know more in detail about the picturesque events of the war itself, its conduct, campaigns, and battles. The first part of Mr. Lodge's volume comprises a discussion of the Cuban question, and the relations which have existed between the United States and Spain during the present century. The account of recent happenings is given with evident intimate knowledge of the inside history of those happenings. The author's position on the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, and his wide acquaintance with present makers of history, have stood him in good stead in writing this book. While his style is clear, compact, and vigorous, he allows it at times to lapse into a somewhat spread-eagle and spouting vein; in so much it detracts from the work's historical value. Mr. Lodge brings out well, however, the salient fact that the final expulsion of Spain from the Americas and from the Philippines is but the last act in the long strife between those who have stood for liberty and those who have stood for tyranny.

Jacobus de Voragine, who died in 1298, after seven years of office as Archbishop

of Genoa, was the author of a "*Historia Longobardica seu Legenda Sanctorum*," better known by its later title of *The Golden Legend*. This was a compilation arranged to supply a course of religious reading for the church calendar year. Its material consisted of acts of the martyrs, patristic writings, church lessons, and popular traditions. In this last field fancy probably had more than fair play, but, taken as a whole, the work became not only a storehouse of mediæval lore, but also a picture of contemporary as well as traditional religious conditions, ideals, and history. As Renan says, the stories in the *Golden Legend* are marvelously instructive as regards the colors and manners of the period to which they belong, and, as Mr. Madge, in the preface to his selections from the *Legends*, reminds us, it was the favorite manual of the most popular literature of the Middle Ages. Few books have passed through so many or so famous editions, and no one was more frequently printed during the last quarter of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth. The earliest printed copy is a substantial folio, dated Basle, 1474, two centuries after its compilation by Jacobus. The largest edition was Caxton's, in which the original matter was expanded to no less than four hundred and forty-eight chapters. As Caxton himself said of it, "*The Legende named in latyn, 'Legenda Aurea,' that is to say in englysshe, 'The Golden Legende,' . . . as gold passeth in valewe alle other metalles, so thys legende excedeth alle other bookes.*" The most recent edition, before the one issued last week, was that fine example of Kelmscott Press work in 1892. The edition now before us consists of a judiciously made selection, exquisitely printed on exquisite paper. Both Mr. H. D. Madge, the editor, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York), the publishers, are to be congratulated on the appearance of this altogether charming little volume.

A valuable standard work on anthropology has appeared in the "*Cambridge Geographical Series*"—*Man Past and Present*, by A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. Its field lies largely in the dim prehistoric times, whose story modern science has been toiling to decipher from such vestiges as can be found. As a sequel to

the previously published volume on "Ethnology," which was concerned mainly with mankind as a whole, the present volume deals chiefly with the four great divisions of mankind. These—the Negroes, the Mongols, the American aborigines, and the Caucasic peoples—are regarded as having been specialized in their several geographical areas at some time between the Old Stone and the New Stone Age; not less, probably, than one hundred thousand years ago. Their common ancestry is held to have overspread the world at least three hundred thousand years ago, in a period when the globe was warmer than now and with more of intercontinental land. The cradle of the race is placed in the now vanished Indo-African continent—where the late Professor Winchell placed it a dozen years ago. Confirmation has been given to this view by human remains discovered in East Java in 1892. The first two chapters deal with this primitive race, and the remainder of the work with the main groups and sub-groups derived from it. By critical discussions of the facts the author seems to have reconstructed the ethnical history of the Mediterranean peoples, and to have lighted up some obscure questions concerning African, Asiatic, and American races. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Elements of Public Finance, by Professor Winthrop More Daniels, of Princeton, is satisfactory in its plan and clear in its historical statements, but is at times unexpectedly feeble and careless in its discussion of present problems. For example, in discussing the general property tax, the author, after saying that the taxation of personalty burdens unfairly the farmers—who uphold it—continues as follows: "Another piece of unfairness involved in the general property tax is that those who hold their property unencumbered by mortgages or debts pay taxes upon their entire property. Those whose property, on the contrary, is mortgaged, pay taxes only on the unencumbered part of their estates." If there is any State in which the borrowing of money rids the citizen of taxation on his property, it should be named in the text. In discussing the railroad problem the author assumes that all stocks and bonds of railroads represent "capital invested," and declares the danger of extortionate rates

if pooling is legalized rather imaginary than real, because the rates "would continue to be subject to review by the Federal Commission." He has evidently not read what the Commission itself says of its powers to review rates, in the light of recent decisions. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The Modern Farmer, by Edward F. Adams, is a wordy and commonplace discussion of the business relations of the present-day farmer to the world at large. It contains, however, several chapters of value on the co-operative associations through which fruit and vine growers of California are now marketing a large part of their product. According to the author, the sales of the co-operative fruit associations now aggregate \$5,000,000 a year. (N. J. Stone Company, San Francisco.)

In 1857 Mr. William Allen Butler wrote *Nothing to Wear*. The poem instantly obtained a wide popularity, which it has retained ever since. It is now published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in a new and charming edition, together with others of Mr. Butler's verses—there are many good things in the book besides "Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square." We read the following dedication: "To my wife, this volume, published in the fiftieth year of our wedded life, is inscribed." It is a satisfaction to know that in this exhausting world there are husbands and wives who round out half-centuries of united life.

Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses* have a distinct charm of manner. One sees in the author the versatility and ready adaptiveness which mark the political leader, the man of the world, the lover of literature, and the close student of literature. Burke, Burns, Wallace, Gladstone, Stevenson—such are the subjects of the "Appreciations;" while the addresses are on such topics as "Bookishness and Statesmanship," "The Duty of Public Service," and "Parliamentary Oratory." Lord Rosebery is evidently an easy public speaker; his reported speeches are uniformly free from stiffness and restraint. In every case he evidently had something definite to say, some common-sense message to give, and he carried out his intention simply and effectively. This volume is, we believe, the one the sale of which was enjoined through the courts because of an interest-

ing copyright decision to the effect that a newspaper whose reporters make for it a verbatim report of a public address holds the rights for that report to the exclusion even of the speaker himself. (John Lane, New York.)

A congenial literary task for Sir Edwin Arnold is the translation of Sa'di's *The Gulistan*, the famous Persian classic, in which are verses, anecdotes, tales, moralizings, epigrams, and other choice morsels of Eastern lore and romance. Sir Edwin describes Sa'di as "really the Horace and Marco Polo of the Far East combined," and his "Rose Garden" as a literary curry, a kabab of versatile genius, where grave and gay, humor and wisdom, laughter and tears, are threaded together on the skewer of wit, and spiced by a soft worldliness and gentle stoicism that make the dish irresistible, however jaded the mental appetite." The translation has all of Arnold's customary facility and felicity of phrasing. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The College Warden, by Dr. Henry A. Fairbairn, tells in a distinctly readable way the story of the life of Robert B. Fairbairn, who was for many years Warden of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. Dr. Fairbairn died last winter at the age of eighty, fifty-five years after his ordination to the priesthood. This book is neither a formal biography nor a perfunctory tribute; it is written with a keen eye for that which was picturesque, individual, and instructive in Dr. Fairbairn's long life of usefulness. His educational experience, his zeal in philanthropic work, his skill in gaining influence over boys and young men, his sense of humor, are all well brought out. Thus the memoir is a character-study of positive and general interest. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

Cordially welcome is a new edition of George William Curtis's *Prue and I*. The book is of the kind that may become old but does not become antiquated. It is rich in Mr. Curtis's gentle humor, wide sympathy, and sound social philosophy. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Julian Ralph has collected half a dozen or so of his magazine stories into a volume called *A Prince of Georgia and Other Tales*. They are cleverly written, and one or two of them at least are worth

re-reading. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

To the fine "Outward Bound" edition of Mr. Kipling's works, published by Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), has been added *The Day's Work, Part I*. This contains about half the matter in the book recently published under that title, with one story not heretofore included.

Tousled Hair is the unfortunate title given to the description of life in a boys' boarding-school, by Frederick Stanley Root. (F. Tennyson Neely, New York.) The story has so much of the real boy spirit and is so just to boy nature that the putting of the story in such a cover is unjust.

A translation of Japanese fairy tales by Susan Ballard, of the St. Hilda Mission, Tokyo, is published under the title of *Fairy Tales from Far Japan*, illustrated from Japanese originals. Translator and artist are so dominated by the modern spirit that the book, founded on the folklore of a people whose characteristics mark them from the rest of the world, is devoid of any national characteristics; the illustrations, at times, suggest a modern caricature. Fleming H. Revell Company (New York) are the publishers. They also publish *Three Times Three*, a Loyal Temperance Legion story in nine chapters by nine writers.

Books Received

For the week ending August 25

- ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Sheldon, Charles M. John King's Question Class. 75 cts.
A. I. BRADLEY & CO., BOSTON
Tomlinson, Lena. The Triangle. \$1.
Thurston, I. T. A Village Contest. \$1.25.
Rand, Edward Augustus. The Whistle in the Alley. \$1.
WILLIAM DRYSDALE CO., MONTREAL
Tait, Rev. James. Christianity Without Conscience. \$1.
HINDS & NOBLE, NEW YORK
Stout, G. F. A Manual of Psychology. \$1. (The University Tutorial Series.)
THE INLAND PUBLISHING CO., TERRE HAUTE, IND.
Practical Physical Exercises. Arranged by Louis Leper and William H. Wiley. 80 cts.
A. N. MARQUIS & CO., CHICAGO
Who's Who in America, 1899-1900. Edited by John W. Leonard. \$2.75.
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA
The Shakespearean Plays of Edwin Booth. Three Volumes. Edited by William Winter.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Norman, John Henry. Money's Worth.
FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Connor, Ralph. Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkicks. With an Introduction by Prof. George Adam Smith. \$1.25.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA
Thoburn, Wilbur W. In Terms of Life.
THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
BOSTON
Wells, Amos R. The Missionary Manual. 35 cts.
Chapman, Rev. J. Wilbur, D.D. The Secret of a Happy Day. 50 cts. The Spiritual Life of the Sunday School. 35 cts.

The Religious World

French Protestants and the Dreyfus Affair

In emphasizing the Protestant connection with the Dreyfus affair, the "Chrétien Belge" prints a list of distinguished names. First of all it calls attention to MM. Scheurer-Kestner, ex-Vice-President of the Senate, and Francis de Pressensé, one of the editors of the "Temps," both Protestants, and originators of the movement for revision of the Dreyfus trial. They took that stand when it was a manifest compromise of their material interests to do so, and they have held it unflinchingly ever since. To these names we would add that of Maître Leblois, the friend and lawyer of Colonel Picquart. M. Trarieux, another friend of Picquart and ex-Minister of Justice, who has also long been outspoken for revision, has been supposed to be a Protestant. He is, however, an independent, though a constant attendant at Protestant worship. Ex-Premier Brisson, a man of unswerving integrity and austere morality, is a Protestant, as is also M. Krantz, lately Minister of War. Both have been energetic Dreyfusards. President Loew, presiding over the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, worthy and impartial as he showed himself to be, was dispossessed because he was unable to find against Dreyfus. President Loew is a Protestant, as are M. Jules Siegfried, the well-known Senator and philanthropist, M. Jules Laroche, formerly Governor of Madagascar, and Dr. Gilbert, the distinguished physician and friend of the late President Faure. Dr. Gilbert affirms that, before the "affair" became open talk, the President said: "Dreyfus has been condemned upon charges not communicated to the defense." Dreyfusards in the domain of education are Dean Bruston, of the University of Paris; Professor Buisson, also the head of the primary schools of Paris (who was recently and repeatedly insulted because of his convictions); and M. Stapfer, Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Bordeaux. The last named was summarily suspended from office and salary because he alluded to the "affair" in one of his lectures in a way to show his sympathy. Professor Marillien, the soul of the anti-alcohol

movement, was insulted and spat upon by his anti-Semitic students at the University because of his sympathy for Dreyfus. Professor Raoul Allier, of the Theological Faculty of Paris, and Professor Albert Réville, the eminent author of the "History of Religions," belong to the same group.

Paris Protestant Pastors

Of the distinguished family which has given so much mental and spiritual influence to France, MM. Gabriel Monod, a professor at the University of Paris, Édouard Monod, pastor of the Protestant church on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and Théodore Monod, pastor of the Protestant church near the Place Bastille, have played considerable parts. Other pastors who have strongly declared themselves for Dreyfus are MM. Robert Hollard, of the Latin Quarter, Georges Migot, of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, Charles Wagner, the well-known author and orator, Babut, Trial, Houter, and Comte. The last named is at the head of the Social Purity Movements, and is also the editor of the journal of that league, the "Relèvement Social." He was deprived of his salary by the Government for his adherence to the "League for the Rights of Men." To measure properly the part which these men have played, says a leading French journal, one needs only to note the hatred that they have attracted from their opponents; and this, too, gives a fair estimate of the importance of their intervention. Protestants number, it is true, but a few hundred thousand, as contrasted with many millions of Freethinkers and Clericals, but the Protestants of to-day, as the Huguenots of old time, stand, not only for a purer Christian faith, but also both for love of freedom and for reverent respect for law and order. Instead of the spread of the Protestant spirit, we find among most Frenchmen to day a glorification of the army as typifying national vanity, and a subservience to military tyranny. In the long run, however, the world must take cognizance of such an action as that of Madame Godard, a Protestant, who offered

her home at Rennes to Madame Dreyfus, when all hotels there had been closed to the prisoner's wife. Upon French Protestants the duty is specially incumbent of revealing to France that character and courage which should make impossible the return of another Dreyfus infamy.

Religious Liberty in Japan

At the beginning of August the Home Department of the Japanese Government issued an edict compelling all religious sects, Christian or otherwise, to bow to the decrees of the local governors of Japan. The pronouncement says that any person desiring to engage in the teaching of religion must forward to the local governor all particulars concerning his church, its finances, its scheme of faith, plan of extension, and personal and religious history of the applicant and other officers connected with the particular church. If it is wished to build any edifice for religious purposes, the following particulars must be answered:

Why such building is necessary; date when building will be completed; name of building, where situated, and all necessary information relating to the land and building, and also the plan of the structure; the name of the religion, the method of its control and maintenance; when there is a chief preacher, his qualifications and the method of his election.

If the building is not completed within the term stated by the applicant, the permit will be nullified. In case there is a change of clergymen or an increase in their number, or if any change occurs bearing on any of the tenets of the church, or, in fact, if anything is wanted, the clergymen, or those in charge, must go to the Governor for permission. Speaking of these requirements, members of the Japanese Embassy at Washington declare that their Government has no intention of restricting foreigners in the freedom of worship, but that it wishes to be in possession of all the information possible. Mr. Nakagawa, Secretary of Legation, says that, previous to the new treaties entered into by Japan with other governments, all foreigners were subject only to the laws of their own countries, and could not be tried by Japanese courts. Churches and church property of foreigners were also subject only to the Governments to which the heads of the churches belonged. Under the new conditions, however, all church property of foreigners must be

registered with the Japanese officials in the same way in which Japanese church property is registered, and the foreigners must conform to the same laws to which the Japanese in their religious work conform. Mr. Nakagawa adds that there is no intention on the part of the Japanese Government to interfere with the religious creeds and beliefs of foreigners. These foreigners in Japan can worship as freely in their own churches as in this country. They will be in no way restricted by the Japanese officials, but they will be required to conform to rules regarding legislation which, while not hampering them at all, will be beneficial in affording to them the protection of the Imperial Government.

The Roman Catholic Church in South America

In Ecuador a movement has been started to restrict the clerical representatives of the Roman Catholic Church to their priestly functions, and thereby to free political life from their domination. Restrictive legislation has been achieved. During the past two years the clericals have twice vainly tried to overthrow the present Government in Ecuador, but in both cases the revolutionists were defeated by the Government forces. In their turn the priests have appealed to the Vatican, and some of them have even threatened closing their churches. The report that certain prelates had recommended the separation of the Latin churches in South America from the jurisdiction of the Spanish Primate is declared by Monsignor Zubaria, Archbishop of Durango, Mexico, to rest on a misapprehension of fact. The Archbishop himself has just returned from Rome, whither he went to attend a Council of the Latin-American Archbishops, which had been convened by the Pope to consider the conditions of the Church in South America and Mexico. It is interesting to note that this was the first meeting in three centuries of Latin-American church dignitaries. It was attended by fifty-three Archbishops, each of whom presided in turn. Monsignor Zubaria says that the question of separating the Latin churches in South America and Mexico from the jurisdiction of the Spanish Primate is no question at all, for the very good reason that, though the Archbishop of Toledo still possesses the title of Patriarch of the

Indies, such a title is purely honorary, and he has nothing to do with the South American or Mexican churches. Those churches belong to ecclesiastic provinces, each of which is independent of the others. Monsignor Zubaria admitted that the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America does not wield the power which it formerly had with the various governments. He believed, however, that it had not lost ground with the people. While all will agree to the truth of the first statement, there will be many to doubt the truth of the second, and the Ecuador event seems to be a case in point.

Mormonism

A report read last week at the Methodist Utah Conference held at Salt Lake City includes some interesting statistics as to the number of converts from Mormonism, compared with the number of perverts to Mormonism. This is the first time that statistics on the subject have been gathered. Returns from twenty-eight churches of various denominations show that of their present membership seventeen and one-half per cent. are from Mormon sources, while during their history total gains from Mormonism and its apostates equal fifty-two and a half per cent. of their present enrollment. On the other hand, the instances of perversion to Mormonism from orthodox ranks have been less than a half of one per cent. of the numbers that have come from it. These statistics show a far larger proportion of converts from Mormonism than the present numerical strength of the orthodox churches would indicate. The proportion ought really to be enlarged, because many who have embraced Christianity have been compelled by loss of employment, social ostracism, and business boycotting to migrate from the State, and thus have been lost to church statistics. The proportion, however, is gratifyingly surprising; it might have been expected that when business and professional success and political preferment are enhanced by alliance with the dominant Church there would have been more additions to it. The Methodist Conference did not fail to memorialize the House of Representatives at Washington to expel Mr. B. H. Roberts, the representative, not only of Utah, but of polygamy.

Dr. De Costa's Resignation

Last week the announcement was made of the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York City. Because of the prominent part Dr. De Costa took regarding the ordination of Dr. Briggs, his resignation is not only of local but of general interest. However, Dr. De Costa says that the Briggs affair had nothing to do with his resignation. He asks to be relieved of the responsibilities and cares of his rectorship solely on account of his age. Six years ago Dr. De Costa resigned, but his vestry would not allow him to go; they will now probably give to him the place of Rector Emeritus of the church. He came to New York City in 1863, and, in addition to his clerical labors, assumed the editorship of the "Christian Times," continuing in that work for several years. Later he edited the "Magazine of American History." In 1881 he became rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where he has been ever since. Dr. De Costa has been a prolific writer. In addition to many sermons and religious writings, he has published a volume of poems and a novel. During the war he was Captain in the Fifth and Eighteenth Massachusetts regiments of infantry. Dr. De Costa's name seems Italian or Spanish in origin; as a matter of fact, he is a descendant of the Huguenots.

Mount Hermon

The new chapel, a birthday gift from friends in Great Britain and this country to Mr. Moody, is not at Northfield itself (as inadvertently stated in a paragraph in this department), but at Mount Hermon, five miles away. Because the girls' school at Northfield and the boys' school at Mount Hermon are both the product of Mr. Moody's untiring benevolence, people who know of the schools only by name often think they are one and the same. The management is entirely distinct. Mount Hermon, with the addition of the new dormitory opened last autumn, will probably be the larger school, by one hundred pupils, when it opens in September. It ranks as one of the best-equipped preparatory schools for young men in the country, and now enters upon the plan of running all the year round.

Correspondence

Metaphysical Healing

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to your late article on Metaphysical Healing, is it not perfectly clear, from the reading of the numerous medical bills presented, that suppression rather than regulation, so far as Christian Science is concerned, is the real and determined purpose of those who support them?

If, as you claim, Christian Science healing constitutes "medical practice," why should not its duly accredited representatives enjoy the same recognition accorded the representatives of other schools?

On the other hand, if Christian Science healing does not constitute "medical practice," it must be recognized as a religious exercise which is privileged and protected by the most sacred declarations of the Constitution.

Prayer for the healing of the sick has always been a distinct feature of religious faith, and it has never been thought of as "medical practice" or in any way objected to until it became so definite in its purpose and so marked in its beneficent results as to be brought into competition with other means of cure which for so long a time have monopolized the business; and this matter of competition manifestly explains the anxiety and interest of the medical fraternity.

When sincere Christian people assert their privilege and duty to heal "all manner of diseases" in themselves and in others, so far as their aid is solicited, as Christ healed them, and as he repeatedly commanded his followers to heal, it would seem that they are not overstepping the liberty which is guaranteed to every type of faith. In your statement that the community has the right and the duty to afford protection to little children against the neglect of their parents, it seems to be tacitly assumed that mental treatment is no treatment at all!—which is a palpable begging of the question. As conceded by the most eminent representatives of all schools of therapeutics, these schools are not scientific but empirical, and no one need leave home to find abundant evidence not only of blundering diagnosis and experiment, but of the pitiful inade-

quacy of these systems at their best. On the other hand, Christian Scientists challenge investigation as to the efficiency of their method, and stand ready to give proofs that unnumbered cases of chronic disease pronounced incurable have been healed.

It becomes, therefore, a very serious question as to what constitutes "neglect." Christian Scientists have reached the profoundest conviction that to ignore mental treatment and administer drugs is to be culpably neglectful of the body, as well as untrue to their best understanding of Biblical teaching. To interdict their privilege under these circumstances becomes a very serious infringement of that freedom of faith and individual liberty in which our institutions are grounded. Further, this protest and persecution comes, not from the people, but from limited classes—physicians and ministers—whose worldly interests are affected, in greater or less degree, by the rapid growth of this "new-old faith." That the doctors are especially sensitive on this point is seen in the associated efforts of all the warring factions of *materia medica* to secure repressive legislation in the interest of a common weal. Your final statement regarding the matter is gratifying to all lovers of freedom and fair play. In view of the unnumbered instances of wonderful cure effected, in view of the sanity and sincerity of the great body of its representatives, and in view of the emphasis it lays upon the teaching and practice of Jesus Christ and the ideal of personal purity and unselfishness which he presented to men, is it not more than manifest that Christian Science does not and cannot "endanger the health and well-being of the community," but will aid in that war against the sensual and the material to which all Christian and all other high-minded effort is committed?

J. B. W.

[See editorial page for comment on this letter.—THE EDITORS.]

At a meeting of the guests of Lake Mohonk Hotel, August 21, at which Mr. Booker T. Washington spoke, a collection of \$1,750 was raised for the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Does "faith," as used in the New Testament, mean the same as "to believe" or "belief," when used in reference to salvation?
2. Which is more primary in its meaning, faith or belief? If such discrimination can be made, which is exercised first in the process of conversion, faith or belief?

J. P. R.

1. Yes. 2. Faith is the primary word. In faith an ethical element is always present; not always in belief. Faith, therefore, is the word to express the obedient consent of the will, which is the thing of moment in conversion or turning to God. Various beliefs may be preparatory to this act, but the act itself is an act solely of faith. In the New Testament "faith" regularly denotes trust in a person rather than belief of a proposition.

Please recommend some healthy reading for a young woman who is fascinated with the Roman Catholic Church and in a most morbid religious state.

P. M. S.

The terms of this question are such as seemingly to preclude a helpful answer. The right sort of reading for an unknown person in a morbid state of mind is difficult to divine. For an inquirer of serious purpose in good mental condition we should heartily recommend Professor Foster's recent work, "The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church Explained and Discussed for Protestants and Catholics" (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia).

Kindly inform me of the publishers of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," by Thomas Jay Hudson.

N. H. M.

The A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago.

There is a young divinity student . . . who says for benediction, "Now may the peace of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost be with and abide with us forever." Is this correct?

L. N. Y.

It is in theological rather than Scriptural phraseology. It is derived from the so-called Athanasian Creed of the eighth century, in which Trinitarianism attained

its extreme development. In an orthodox church, as in the present case, it cannot be complained of as not correct.

I should like to inquire if there is a good short work on the miracles, designed to convince those who disbelieve in miracles.

M. M. P.

The most satisfactory "short" treatment of the subject that we have met is in a discourse on "Miracle and Life," in a volume entitled "New Points to Old Texts" (T. Whittaker, New York, \$1.25). On "the miracles," taken severally, there is no short work that is valuable to-day. Dr. Bruce's "Miraculous Element in the Gospels" ably aims to remove the difficulties of the subject, but is not a short work (Armstrong, New York).

Who is the author of the poem "In the Downhill of Life," which ends in the following words:

"And this worn-out old stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow."

L. B. L.

Please give me the name of (1) a book treating the New Testament as thoroughly as Canon Driver's "Introduction" treats the Old. (2) Some books especially helpful for a study of the teachings of the New Testament.

R. F. C.

Salmond's "Introduction to the New Testament" is designed for this. It may be advantageously supplemented by McGiffert's "Apostolic Age." This, together with Stevens's "Theology of the New Testament," Smyth's "Christian Ethics" (Scribners), and Mathews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" (Macmillan), will probably be sufficient for a general view.

Please mention two or more arrangements of exercises for family worship with appropriate prayers and short comments. This is desired for a family of adults who have been unused to the practice, but might, with a suitable help of this kind, undertake it.

SUBSCRIBER.

The Rev. R. W. Clark's little volume, "The Church in Thy House" (T. Whittaker, New York, 50 cents), is a very helpful compilation of Scripture selections and prayers, though without comments, for the successive mornings and evenings of a month.

The Home Club

Growth and Physical Training

There is a most important article in the June number of the "Forum" by Dr. William O. Krohn, Psychologist of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane. The subject is "Physical Growth Periods and Appropriate Physical Exercise." The writer has examined over 32,000 children in the State of Illinois, and his deductions are those of a scientist who questions before he forms an opinion. His attention was drawn to the physical growth of children, and the care of them during the period of growth, by the patients under his charge, whose mental condition he believed was often due to neglect, or failure to give the body needed training, or the still greater evil of the wrong kind of physical training at specific periods of development. The failure to recognize this periodicity in growth lies at the root of the physical failures during school life. He points out that the muscles of the upper arm are ready for training one year and a half before the muscles of the fingers; the shoulder muscles, six months before the muscles of the elbow; these muscles, five to eight months before the muscles of the wrist; while the wrist muscles develop six months before the finger muscles. This development proves the necessity of much work during this period of growth, and justifies the protests of the oculists as to the nervous strain of small pricking and sewing during the kindergarten age. Large needles, large stitches, large writing and large drawing tools should be used by young children. The finger muscles should not be called upon to work at this period. The work should be done by shoulder and arm muscles.

Dr. Krohn divides the growth period and the exercises for each period into three periods and classes. From six to nine, all the exercise should be to develop growth, increase circulation, and for purposes of recreation. During this period exercise is of peculiar importance to the child's whole future. That the child does not have the watchful care that this period demands is proved by the fact that examinations by specialists here and

abroad have proved that the school-children tire more easily at eight than at seven; the heart especially showing fatigue. The result is loss of mental interest. Some children never recover. The lightest forms of exercise alone are permissible—simple games of motion. During the period of from nine to fourteen three kinds of exercises are necessary: exercises tending to growth and blood formation; exercises that tend to improve poise and carriage; those involving skill. Dr. Krohn protests against trials of endurance at this period of physical development. If entered upon, games of endurance must close before exhaustion. Drill and calisthenics aid in training to secure muscular quickness. Baseball is particularly recommended for the close of this period. The period between fourteen and twenty this writer calls the period *par excellence* for physical training. To quote: "The crying need of exercise during this period is in the purpose, above all, of inciting strong activity of heart and lungs; and, to be of any real benefit, the exercise must conduce to the development of skill, daring, and courage." Dr. Krohn, with feeling born of knowledge, points out that a rich store of physical power will enable the child to resist not only physical disease but "various forms of psychological taint that may result from the stress of social conditions in which he may be compelled to pass his later life, real mental abnormalities that would certainly befall him if his powers of resistance should be weakened, owing to a poorly developed body."

The First Acquisition

Superintendent Gilbert, of the Newark (N. J.) public schools, in an address delivered before the Schoolmasters' Association, attributed the loss of pupils between the grammar and the high school, not to the desire of the pupils to enter business, but to the fact that the pupil sustained a shock that severed his interest by a sudden plunge into school work that threw him on his own resources. The reply to this made by some of the masters present was that the failure to teach self-reliance, the

habit of work, the love of study for the sake of acquiring self-mastery, of learning how to use books, how to use the knowledge the pupil possessed in the elementary schools, all contributed to the failure of many grammar-school pupils to continue through the high school. They had not learned how to apply either their minds or their knowledge to new questions; they had acquired a habit of dependence which in the nature of things was wholly out of place in the high school. What was needed was the kind of training that put the pupil in possession of himself. The high school must in the nature of things drop all the nursery elements, and leave the pupil free to work out in a measure his own problems. What the elementary school must do is to teach the pupil how to study, and the relation between different studies. Pupils must learn, above all things, how to use what they do know in progressing. It is not only that each study is taken by itself, but each grade is taken up by too many pupils as isolated factors in an unknown and too often unknowable whole. The trouble with us is that no aim is kept before the children, unless it be a certificate which often represents, in truth, nothing but a good memory. How to study is the first step in education. Master that and education becomes almost a royal road.

Why Not?

The Woman's Club of Jersey City decided several months ago to improve the condition of the streets in that city. The members began by speaking to every sweeper and cartman who was careless in doing his work, reporting to the Commissioner all who did not improve. A man who was spoken to knew that his number went on file, and that when a certain number of reports to the Club's committee about that one number went in, with date and place where negligence occurred, he would be reported to the Commissioner. It took but a short time for the men in the department to learn that this Club was in earnest. To the sweepers every woman was a volunteer inspector always on duty and not lenient. The result of this energy was a marked improvement in every direction.

The children of the schools were interested, but as the city did not provide cans

for papers and fruit-skins, the method was to arouse interest, create a standard, develop civic interest and community pride.

A committee of the Club visited the Street Commissioner to urge further improvements, when the Commissioner suggested that the contract for street-cleaning be taken by the women. The papers report that the proposition is being seriously considered. In small towns women have taken the contract and have succeeded; a garbage contract was taken by a woman in Chicago, and the results were so eminently successful as to arouse the active animosity of the district leaders, and it was discovered by the authorities that such a contract must not be renewed.

If the experiment is made in Jersey City, and successfully for the good of the city, it will give a new factor to the municipal problems, by throwing out of the political horizon a large field of patronage. A large percentage of the people in all our great cities would see in this an evil far worse than dirty streets.

The Eyesight of School-Children

At a recent meeting of the Optical Society of New York a paper was presented by a physician who had examined the eyes of over seven hundred school-children. He stated as a result of his work that he believed about twenty-five per cent. of the children of school age were suffering from defective vision. He held that this defective vision was at the bottom of much of the friction between teachers and parents, for the reason that objects are conveyed to the child's brain in confused lines, producing a muddle of ideas and a consequent headache. This causes a distaste for school in the child and a belief on the part of the parents that the fault lies with the teacher. This physician advised: "Before starting in school the eyes of children should be carefully examined by one competent, and any errors of refraction or accommodation existing corrected. This examination should be repeated each succeeding year or until the child reaches maturity."

Not only should the condition of the eyes of the child be known when it begins school life, but also the condition of light in school-rooms, and the kind and quality of light used at home when studying reading.

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The Dreyfus Trial In spite of the charge from the French Supreme Court to the Rennes court martial that evidence could be taken only on the question, Did Dreyfus betray army secrets to a foreign power? that court martial has continued to fulfill the desires of the prosecution by taking evidence upon four charges of guilt. These are: (1) The authorship by Dreyfus of the *bordereau* (or memorandum of French army secrets found in 1894 at the German embassy); (2) the communication by Dreyfus of these secrets; (3) the additional proof found in the secret *dossier*, or bundle of papers bearing on the case; (4) the alleged confession of guilt by Dreyfus. As to the first of these matters, the authorship of the *bordereau*, last week's testimony bore specially on the notes in that document on the pneumatic brake of the "120 gun," and on a firing manual for field artillery. As to the 120 gun, Lieutenant Bruyère and Captain Carvalho both said that its inspection was easy for any officer to obtain, and that detailed explanations concerning the brake were given to the officers present when the gun was fired. On two such occasions Lieutenant Bruyère noticed the presence of a group of non-artillery officers. As to the firing manual, not only was a copy given to each battery, but all officers could obtain as many copies as they liked. Each witness had bought copies. Major Hartmann, of the artillery, whose testimony before the Court of Cassation is supposed to have influenced that Court's decision as much as any, affirmed that the author of the *bordereau* did not know what he was writing about, since he spoke of the "120 short gun," when he meant the "120 long gun." Major Hartmann's evidence was to the effect that Dreyfus was not the author of the *bordereau*, and that the artillery information mentioned in it was accessible to many

officers of all arms. General Deloye, Director of French Artillery, showed that an officer like Dreyfus would not have made the technical blunder of referring to the hydro-pneumatic brake as the "hydraulic" brake, as the author of the *bordereau* did. General Sebert, of the Marine Artillery, criticised the *bordereau* from a professional standpoint, doubting that its author could be an artillery officer because of the employment of expressions which an artilleryman could not have used. General Sebert closed his testimony as follows:

I reassert most emphatically that the *bordereau* was not written by an artillery officer or by an officer who passed through the Polytechnic School. I have been sustained in giving my evidence by my firm belief in the entire innocence of Dreyfus, and I am glad I have had strength enough to bring here the stone which I have to lay on the edifice of reparation which you are constructing so carefully and conscientiously.



The Communication of Secrets

The formal indictment of Dreyfus as the betrayer of army secrets to a foreign power (by which phrase Germany is understood) contains the following passage:

As regards the journeys of Captain Dreyfus, it is clear from his answers under cross-examination that he could go to Alsace by stealth almost whenever he wished to do so; and that the German authorities shut their eyes to his presence there. This faculty of clandestine travel may properly be made a charge against him.

As a matter of fact, whenever Dreyfus desired to visit his old home, once the French Mulhouse, but, since the war of 1870, now the German Mühlhausen, he was obliged to apply to his superior officer, who forwarded a request to the German authorities for a passport. Without such authorization, any French officer attempting to enter Alsace would have been

apprehended as a spy. A groom named Germain deposed to seeing Dreyfus at the German army maneuvers. Germain testified that he had been employed in a livery stable at Mulhouse, had saddled a horse for the prisoner, and that he knew him to be Captain Dreyfus, as Major d'Infreville had told him so. Maître Demange, senior counsel for the defense, inquired whether the witness had not been prosecuted for embezzlement. At first Germain denied this, but afterwards admitted it, whereupon the counsel also showed that he had been sentenced a second time for the same crime. Dreyfus's comment was as follows:

Every year, both while studying and attending the Gunnery and Artillery Training Schools, I passed one or two months at Mulhouse. But I can positively affirm that I never was present either in an official or semi-official capacity at the German maneuvers.

The prisoner's testimony, however, was not altogether necessary, so far as this particular witness was concerned, for Germain's employer testified that Dreyfus had never hired a horse at that livery stable, and that all the groom had said was untrue. Major d'Infreville followed, and declared that he never knew Dreyfus at all, and hence could not have identified him.



The "Confession" Last week's work at Rennes had not much to do with the secret *dossier*. As that bundle of papers has already been found to consist of perjuries and forgeries, its apologists wisely let it largely alone. They made their great stand, however, on the fourth and final charge against Dreyfus, namely, that he had made a confession of his guilt to Captain Lebrun-Renault, of the Republican Guard, who had been intrusted with the task of conducting Dreyfus from his prison to the courtyard of the Military School where he was degraded. The wording of this confession, which has been printed and reprinted ever since January, 1895, is: "If I have given up documents to a foreign power, they were of no consequence, and were delivered in order to obtain more important ones." On the first day of the present trial Dreyfus declared that, while he continually protested his innocence, he did tell Captain Lebrun-Renault that Colonel

du Paty de Clam came to him in his cell, urging him to admit that, if he gave documents, it was in order to obtain others. This suggestion Dreyfus had emphatically repudiated. As stated before the court last week, Captain Lebrun-Renault's account of the prisoner's words, after the degradation, reads: "I am innocent. In three years my innocence will be acknowledged. The Minister knows it well. He told Du Paty de Clam to tell me so, some days ago in my cell. He said to me that, if I had communicated documents to Germany, they were of no importance, and that they were given to obtain more serious and more important ones." On this "confession" Dreyfus commented thus:

I have already explained the meaning of these words concerning the Minister. It was the answer I gave when Colonel du Paty de Clam visited me in prison, when I also said I was innocent. I completed this declaration by a letter which I wrote to the Minister in response to this visit, again asserting my innocence. Colonel du Paty de Clam asked me if I had given up documents without importance in the hope of obtaining others of more importance. I told him no; that I wanted the fullest investigation.

Permit me to express my emotion on seeing that, after five years, a person who heard words of mine beginning with a protestation of innocence, . . . transformed those words in repeating them to his superiors, without asking of me, the person most interested, a clear and succinct explanation, a proceeding which must rouse in any honest man a sense of shame. Where did Captain Lebrun-Renault get the idea that this was a confession? If that was his idea, why did he not make it certain by a direct question? Why, if my words made no definite impression on his mind, did he permit his superiors, without any protest on his part, to pervert and transform them into a formal avowal of guilt? I say that this is an action against which the conscience of all honest men must protest!

In reply to this denunciation Captain Lebrun-Renault had not a word to say.



Major Forzinetti Following this testimony came that of Major Forzinetti, Governor of the Cherche-Midi prison when Dreyfus was confined there. Major Forzinetti testified that, while in prison, Dreyfus always seemed to have the bearing of an innocent man, and always asserted his innocence. Immediately after his degradation, however, Dreyfus gave way to such despair that it was necessary for the witness to remain with him until three o'clock in the morning. Drey-

fus admitted that, after his degradation, he wanted to commit suicide, but that, if he succeeded in enduring all the torture inflicted then and later, it was owing to his wife, who made him understand his duty. He then added :

It is also to Forzinetti I owe that I am here to-day. I determined, after my condemnation, to commit suicide. It was Forzinetti who pointed out to me what my duty was. It was he who told me to walk with my head high at the execution of the sentence and cry out my innocence.

Major Forzinetti further deposed that Colonel du Paty de Clam asked him to surprise Dreyfus in his sleep, catching him off his guard by throwing the light of a bright lamp in his face. The witness also testified that Captain Lebrun-Renault denied any admission of guilt made by Dreyfus to him. Captain Lebrun-Renault admitted this, explaining it by General Risbourg's order to him to deny it to every one. The sum of the week's testimony was thus distinctly favorable to Dreyfus.



Alleged New Evidence Nothing about the management of the Dreyfus case by the accusers on the General Staff has been more significant than the fact that as each piece of evidence alleged to tell against the prisoner has been examined, and its futility exposed by the defense, some quite new and apparently startling evidence has been produced, in its turn again to be brought to naught. On Monday of this week, when the trial was coming toward its end, the public was startled by the assertion that an entirely new secret *dossier* existed, which is now called the general espionage *dossier*. Secret sessions were ordered to be held to examine this late-in-the-day evidence. Still another surprise was sprung upon the defense on Monday in the testimony of a witness who called himself Cernuschi, but who is said by some late despatches to be an irresponsible and hardly sane person of another name. This witness says that in 1894, in Paris, where he was staying as a political refugee, he was told by the Austrian military attaché at Paris (Colonel Schneider) that Dreyfus and three other French officers were systematically supplying foreign embassies with the military secrets of France.

Why such a dangerous and injurious statement should have been made by the attaché to a person who was practically a stranger does not appear. The defense demanded an opportunity to investigate the antecedents and character of the witness. Moreover, this introduction by the prosecution of foreign testimony led M. Labori to demand that the defense should have the opportunity to introduce testimony from foreign sources, which would absolutely deny, not only this particular testimony, but all alleged evidence showing that Dreyfus communicated secrets.



Catherine Harbor Russia is not only starting the world by such great transportation enterprises as, in railways, the Trans-Siberian and the Central Asiatic systems, and, in canals, the internal waterway which is to connect the Black and the Baltic Seas; she has also nearly completed another adjunct of transportation, namely, the new ice-free port of Catherine Harbor on the Arctic Ocean, to which a railway from St. Petersburg will be built at once. The naval and commercial advantages of this last manifestation are important. The Russian fleet in the Baltic is always compelled to pass through narrow and easily blocked channels, but now a naval station will shortly be opened to which war-ships may sail from the open ocean, and from which a seven-day journey will bring them to the North Sea. On the coast immense shoals of fish, especially cod and herring, come in spawning-time. Next to the fishing trade expected, the Government hopes that a lumber trade will be developed from the hitherto almost inaccessible forests of Olonez and Archangelsk. These forests stretch from Lake Onega to the Ural Mountains; they are mostly pine. At Catherine Harbor the sun does not rise at all for two months in winter but during the entire year the harbor is kept free from ice by the warm Gulf Stream. When work began at Catherine Harbor there were no inhabitants there. The Russian Government, however, following its magnificent if sometimes oppressive autocracy, erected dwelling-houses and then transported the entire population of the nearest town, Kola, forty miles north, to the new town.

The War in Luzon From the Philippines the chief news reports of last week were of a defeat of insurgents in Mindanao by the soldiers of our new ally, the Sultan of Sulu; of a threatened attack on Imus by the insurgents, which has not been carried out; and of an expedition to inflict punishment upon Cebu insurgents, or brigands, who had waylaid and killed several men, and are said to be intimidating friendly natives from their hill strongholds in the interior. From Washington it is reported that the naval authorities are urging an effective blockade of the ports of Luzon to cut off the insurgents from the supplies and ammunition which, it is admitted, now constantly reach them by sea; many small vessels are now available for the purpose; the only objection seems to be the possibility that the step might possibly lead to a recognition of the insurgents' belligerency by some foreign power. One additional major-general and probably five additional brigadier-generals will be appointed by President McKinley for the new volunteer army which is being organized. General Funston, who is just leaving Manila for San Francisco with his Kansas regiment, strongly favors the use of cavalry in the campaign, a measure to which General Otis is opposed. He thinks that the insurgent armies will be dispersed within the year.



Legal Aspects of the Philippine Question At the meeting of the American Bar Association in Buffalo last week none of the subjects discussed attracted more interest than the legal and constitutional questions involved in the relations of the United States to the Philippines. Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, who presided in the absence of Ambassador Choate, while he declared it to be his sincere hope that separate autonomy might be safely had for these islands, added that we can surely trust Congress to grant it when the proper time may come, and that meanwhile "the plain duty that devolves upon this country is to suppress this revolt; with firm, strong hand put down this insurrection, and, when our sovereignty is acknowledged and our supremacy made manifest, with kindly guidance and generous aid lead these people of the Asiatic

seas to self-government." Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, was equally emphatic as to the immediate duty of our Government. Senator Lindsay made an extremely able and well-reasoned argument upon the constitutional questions involved—the best argument, indeed, that has been brought out during the whole expansion controversy so far as relates to law, Constitution, and precedent. We quote some passages of special interest:

To substitute the control of the United States for the control of Spain in the Philippines; to introduce American institutions in the room and stead of Spanish methods; to replace absolute and unlimited power with the restraining principles of constitutional liberty, will not be to contravene great fundamental principles. It will be the first step in securing to the inhabitants of those distant countries the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It will be to the people of these islands the dawn of a morning which in God's providence will ripen into a day of deliverance from tyranny and oppression, at the hands of either a foreign master or a home-bred despot.

To secure the inalienable rights of man, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. To the want of consent by the Filipinos great importance is given. Their want of opportunity to express consent receives no consideration. We cannot presume that the offer of law and order through stable government to a people who have never enjoyed the blessings of either would be rejected could they be afforded the opportunity to consider the offer and freely to express their will. Insurgent chieftains may challenge our admiration and arouse our sympathy, but they and their followers cannot be permitted to decide for eight million people whether they are willing to accept orderly government administered under the restraint of American institutions. Our forefathers did not take up arms against the British King for the mere assertion of the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Their claim was that when any form of government becomes destructive of the ends of government, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.

The United States did not ask the consent of the inhabitants of Louisiana, or Florida, or New Mexico, or Upper California, to the cessions made by France and Spain and the Republic of Mexico, nor was it understood, when we assumed sovereign jurisdiction over those people, that we were violating the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Orderly government faithfully administered in the interests of the governed superinduces consent. New Mexico and Arizona have been governed as Territories more than fifty years, Congress has governed the District of Columbia more than a hundred years, yet the Declaration of Independence is neither dead nor sleeping. It

remains the thought and spirit of the Constitution, and continues to command the reverence of all our people.

I do not claim that the Government of the United States is specially adapted to a colonial policy, or that its methods of administration qualify it, in any marked degree, to hold and govern dependencies in any portion of the world, proximate or remote. On the contrary, it is of doubtful expediency to hold colonies or dependencies at all, and such holding can only be justified by necessity. When, however, duty admits of no escape without the sacrifice of National honor or dignity, the necessity then exists.



Cuban Affairs In his proclamation of August 17 to the Cuban people, President McKinley announces the reason for taking the proposed census to be its value as a preliminary step in the performance of the duty of the United States towards Cuba. This duty the proclamation defines as follows:

The disorganized condition of your island, resulting from the war, and the absence of any generally recognized authority aside from the temporary military control of the United States, has made it necessary that the United States should follow the restoration of order and peaceful industry by giving its assistance and supervision to the successive steps by which you will proceed to the establishment of an effective system of self-government.

This seems to American readers as clear as it is just. Cuban newspapers, however, the press despatches state, interpret the President's words in accordance with their respective political wishes. Thus, the "Patria" and the "Discussion" construe the proclamation as a definite reaffirmation of the Congressional joint resolution, and as assuring the granting of independence at an early day; while the "Nuevo Pais" and the "Diario de la Marina" comment on the alleged ambiguity of the proclamation's phraseology, and call attention to the fact that the word independence nowhere appears in it. Of interest in this connection is the recent report from General Fitzhugh Lee, which, in response to a request from the War Department for suggestions as to the future course of the United States, recommends that as soon as the census is taken a general election be ordered for a President, Vice-President, and delegates to a Congress; that the United States should continue to garrison the island for the present, and should keep strict supervision

over the affairs of Cuba until a republican form of government has been adopted by the people thereof; and that "the future of the Cuban Republic shall be vested in the people and their representatives so far as it relates to the question of an American protectorate or annexation to the United States."



The Revolution in San Domingo The resignation of President Figueroa, of San Domingo, indicates the complete success of the revolutionists in that island. General Figueroa, who succeeded the assassinated President, General Heureaux, by virtue of his position as Vice-President, is now in turn succeeded by General Vasquez—note that the Spanish-American President is almost invariably a General. General Vasquez is the head of the provisional government organized by the revolutionists. It is reported, but seems hardly credible, that the assassin of Heureaux is a member of the Provisional Cabinet. It is hoped that the sane and reasonable course of holding a Presidential election will follow. That this will happen, however, is very far from being sure, as those who have power are prone to keep it. Indeed, it is a striking commentary on San Domingo politics that no one seems to feel sure that General Jimenez, who has been the ostensible head of the revolutionary party, although he has been in Cuba, will not obtain the Presidency—the reason given being that he may find his subordinate, General Vasquez, now in turn his enemy and rival. There is no doubt that the success of the revolutionary movement in the island has been general, although there has been little serious fighting, and, for the present at least, the government established by the late General Heureaux is destroyed. The insurgents had occupied many towns before the surrender of President Figueroa, which gave them possession of the capital. General Jimenez again last week made an attempt to leave Cuba for San Domingo, this time from Santiago. He was promptly arrested by order of General Wood, but, according to Cuban despatches, was again released by order of Governor-General Brooke, and will probably be in San Domingo when these lines are read. To observers at this distance it certainly

seems that General Wood was in the right, as General Jiminez had been loudly proclaiming his intention of overturning the government of San Domingo, with which the United States was still in friendly diplomatic relations. Some of the representatives of the revolution who are in this country declare that the chief cause of the uprising is race feeling; that practically all the men who have been in power are negroes, and that the feeling of revolt among the whites against negro government is at the bottom of the movement. The leaders, however, are unwilling to lay stress upon this point, as the negro population in the island is so large; and they make serious charges of corruption against Heureaux's government. The currency question is also an important factor in the disturbances. The silver and paper currency of the island is greatly depreciated as compared with the gold standard, and it is alleged that enormous quantities of currency have been issued without any basis but the credit of a doubtful government.



Porto Rico Governor-General Davis has sent to the Secretary of War a full report of the plan of reorganization of the civil service which went into operation about the middle of August. The object was to reduce expenditure and simplify methods. The State, Treasury, and Interior Departments have been changed into Bureaus and put under the supervision of a new officer to be called Civil Secretary to the Military Governor. The effect of this and other changes is to centralize the power more directly under the control of the Governor-General. Appointments have been made, General Davis states, purely on considerations of merit and experience and without regard to political parties. The Board of Charities has been also reorganized with a view to carrying out promptly and systematically the distribution of relief supplies. The central depot is at San Juan, with sub-depots in chief towns of all districts. Reports from the towns in the path of the hurricane show that the loss of life and the destitution have not been exaggerated. In special despatches to the War Department General Davis renews his request for 100 tons of food weekly until further

notice, and says it will take \$1,500,000 to relieve the suffering. He adds:

The most pressing need is for food, and the aggregate cost of all that will be required to bridge over the period until a new supply of fruits and vegetables are grown will be an enormous sum. While thousands of families were left homeless, their houses were generally made of poles and thatched. The places where the destruction was greatest are far in the interior, reached only by pack-mules. It will be next to impossible to transport lumber to those regions. Such lumber as has been shipped will have to be used near the sea-coast, and the people whose houses were blown away must replace them with the same material as that destroyed, which they are doing and will do if the hungry are fed. If the charitable people of the United States relieve the hunger of all who would famish, a vast work will have been accomplished, and all that I think we should be expected to attain.

The report upon Porto Rico by the Insular Commission which has been studying the island's needs and possibilities for the last half-year has just been made. It recommends that military should give way to civil rule, and proposes a system of courts, schools, and public improvements based on American models. The code would abrogate, of course, the old Spanish law throughout. "It is a matter of imperative necessity," says the Commission, "that these people be speedily relieved from their present conditions and from the systems of oppression under which they have been laboring for hundreds of years. A horde of officeholders is eating up the substance of the people; the taxes, gathered from every possible source, are not used for their benefit, but for their oppression, and they are receiving nothing in return for the great burdens imposed upon them."



The Ohio Democrats When the Ohio Republican Convention was dominated by the combination of Senator Hanna and George B. Cox—the Croker of Cincinnati—there seemed to be an opportunity for the Democrats to recover the State upon the issue of boss rule. This opportunity they have let slip by putting in nomination for Governor Mr. John R. McLean, the proprietor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer." Mr. McLean represents in the Democratic party the same influences as Mr. Hanna and Mr. Cox in the Republican. He is one of the few

very rich Democrats in the State, and his nomination is due to the power that his money and newspaper gave him in securing the support of politicians in various parts of the State. His chief opponent was Colonel James Kilbourne, of Columbus, a man of character, culture, and conviction, who, although a successful manufacturer, became a Democrat on the tariff question, and is now especially strong with organized labor, because of the generous treatment of employees that has always characterized his factories. Had the choice between them been submitted to direct primaries—as is now required in the selection of State candidates in South Carolina and Georgia—Colonel Kilbourne would have won with ease, but in the delegate conventions the rich newspaper proprietor who has always backed the machine was able to control. At the State Convention at Zanesville Mr. McLean was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 402½ votes against 227 for Mr. Kilbourne, and 172 for five minor candidates. Largely because of Mr. Kilbourne's defeat and Mr. McLean's nomination, both of which have seemed inevitable for weeks, Mayor Jones, of Toledo, has consented to enter the field, taking for his emblem "The Man with the Hoe," and for his platform principles looking toward a co-operative commonwealth. How large a vote he will poll depends—unfortunately for him—not upon the personality of the candidates, but upon the anxiety of the voters to record themselves upon the National issues put forward by the great party conventions. The Democrats last week not only reaffirmed their devotion to the Chicago platform in general and the free coinage of silver in particular, but condemned the war in the Philippines, and demanded that "the Cubans and Filipinos be not only permitted but encouraged to form independent republics."



The Price of Meat The recent rise in the price of meat, amounting to nearly two cents a pound in Eastern cities, has caused a great deal of condemnation of the meat "trust," and led the Butchers' Association of New York and vicinity to plan a co-operative system by which they may purchase and slaughter their own live stock. The condemnation

of the trust because of the rise has been overstrained in many quarters. It is probably true, as the Armour's virtually admitted to one of the Congressional committees, that the five great Chicago packing-houses arrange together the price of meat; but at the present time, as Secretary Wilson states, there are natural reasons why the price of meat should rise. There is a great deal more money in circulation than there has been for several years, and the demand for meat has probably increased more than the demand for more necessary food products. This, however, is the smaller part of the change that has taken place since the beginning of 1892. According to the statistics kept by the Department of Agriculture, the farmers of this country have been selling off their live stock faster than it has been renewed. The figures are striking:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Swine.
1892.....	37,700,000	44,900,000	52,400,000
1899.....	28,000,000	39,100,000	38,700,000

This remarkable falling off, during a period in which the number of American farms has materially increased, would seem to indicate that the raising of live stock has been even less profitable than other branches of farming—and for this the beef combination may be responsible; but for the present rise in prices, when an increased demand finds a depleted supply, the "trust" is surely not to be arraigned. However, there is much truth in the statement of New York butchers that there is an exasperating difference between the prices they pay for meat and those the Western cattle-raisers receive, and no little truth in the statement of the cattle-raisers that the trust pays them less for meat than local butchers paid years ago, but charges consumers as much as ever. The present movement, therefore, to enable New York butchers to deal directly with Western cattle-growers deserves every encouragement. The California fruit-growers, after a good many trials, have established co-operative exchanges through which they reach their Eastern markets; and New York butchers ought to be able, by similar effort, to reach their Western supplies. It is reported that the subscriptions of butchers to the proposed co-operative company have already passed the million-dollar mark, and they promise to make a firm stand.

Preserving Places of Historic Interest

In October Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who is well known in London as the founder of a school and guild of handicraft and as much interested in the preservation of ancient London, and who is carrying on now some of the work of the Kelmscott Press, which William Morris started, will visit America to rouse interest in the work of "The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty." Canon Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite, Keswick, who is known as a sonneteer and ballad-writer, and also as the author of the "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" and "Life and Nature at the English Lakes," will accompany him. The "National Trust" was projected by him, and he has from the first been its honorary secretary, but the idea of it came from America, and both the lecturers feel that all that is needed is that the work shall be known to enlist the sympathy of their American cousins. The "National Trust," with the Duke of Westminster at its head, and with Sir Robert Hunter as chairman, and with a council of men and women well known in English public life, exists "to promote the permanent preservation, for the benefit of the nation, of lands and tenements, including buildings of beauty or historic interest;" and, as regards lands, "to preserve as far as practicable their natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life;" and for this purpose to accept from private owners of property gifts of places of interest or beauty, and to hold the lands, houses, and other property thus acquired, by gift or by purchase, in trust for and enjoyment of the nation." The root idea was borrowed from the Society entitled "Trustees of Public Reservations" in Massachusetts, which, under the guidance of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wigglesworth, and others, did such good work as to induce the State to step in and to create a permanent Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners. A committee formed in each great city of America to co-operate with this central and representative committee of the "National Trust" could do much, both by its public opinion and its public spirit, to stimulate England to preserve its gems of scenery and its jewels of historic scene. Miss Octavia Hill, who is a

member of the council, writing of the "National Trust" in the "Nineteenth Century" for July, says:

The "National Trust" has not been more than five years at work, but we have made a small practical beginning which we believe will gradually develop. We have received from one lady a gift of a beautiful cliff at Barmouth; we have purchased a headland of fourteen acres in Cornwall, commanding the best view of Tintagel; we are appealing now for help to secure a wooded hillside in Kent, with a splendid view; we have bought and entirely preserved from ruin a lovely old fourteenth-century clergy-house in a ford of the Sussex Downs; we have purchased a piece of primeval fenland, to preserve plants, moths, and birds peculiar to the Cambridge marshes, and have received a gift of a spur of a Kentish hill commanding a lovely view over the country—this was given in memory of a brother, by a lady and gentleman who wished to make this a memorial to him. . . . Beautiful indeed! it is free for all time to the step of every comer, a bit of England belonging to the English in a very special way.



Discrimination Against Americans

The Inter-State Commerce Commission last week rendered two decisions regarding railroad discrimination in favor of foreigners. One of them related to the higher charge levied upon "export" flour than upon "export" wheat. The difference, says the Commission, is often four cents a hundred pounds, which causes wheat to be shipped abroad and milled in England, when naturally it would be made into flour here and shipped in that form. This unjust discrimination against American millers the Commission condemns, and declares that the rate on flour shall not exceed the rate on wheat by more than two cents a hundred pounds—the maximum difference in the cost of the service. The other case, however, was more important and the decision less satisfactory. It appears that the roads are charging half as much again for shipping wheat to Eastern cities for sale there as is charged for shipping it through those cities for sale abroad. For example, the published rates per 100 pounds now stand as follows:

	Domestic rate.	Export rate.
Chicago to New York..	17 cents	12 cents
Mississippi River to Boston.....	21½ cents	12 cents

The Commission holds that "during the season of closed lake navigation the export

and the domestic grain rates to New York should ordinarily be the same," but that "rates to other ports, including Boston, . . . may perhaps be properly made lower on export than on domestic traffic, to enable them to compete for the export business." In other words, while the domestic miller must be given the same rates as the English miller, the domestic consumer may be charged half as much again as the English consumer. A great deal might be said, indeed, to show that such discriminations enable roads to increase their business without unfairly injuring the business of their competitors and without overcharging the patrons paying the higher rates; but, when all has been said, the feeling remains that domestic consumers are entitled to the same rate as foreign consumers, when the same service is rendered them.



The Plague It is now admitted that genuine cases of the bubonic plague have occurred in Astrakhan, the chief town of the Russian province of the same name, and the Roumanian Government has in consequence put a quarantine guard on its Russian frontier. In China also the plague has some foothold—seventy-three deaths in four days are reported from New-Chang from the disease. In Oporto, Portugal, there have been a very few cases, but the demonstrations made by the people there against the enforcement of sanitary and precautionary measures augur badly for the future. Similar demonstrations have been made by mobs in Alexandria, Egypt, where the plague has existed, though in a mild form, for several months; in July it was thought that Alexandria had become free from the infection, and the sanitary precautions were relaxed, with the result that new cases at once appeared. Nowhere has the plague been so fatal as at Bombay and Mauritius, where the proportion of deaths to cases has been five out of six, while the epidemic continues this year to ravage whole streets in the lower quarters. The general opinion of competent experts is that there is little or no danger of the infection gaining a hold in any city where the water, sewerage system, street-cleaning, and other conditions of living are according to modern hygienic standards.

The President's Speech

The report of President McKinley's address at Pittsburg printed in another place in this number of *The Outlook* has been submitted to the President and returned from him to the editors of *The Outlook* with emendations and corrections. It may therefore be accepted as absolutely authentic and exact.

This address of the President is important, not because it contains any really new information, but because it states certain facts with an authority which no unofficial statement can possess, and with a frankness unusual in public addresses by the executive head of a great Nation. In this respect President McKinley has followed the example of President Lincoln, who was accustomed occasionally to puzzle politicians and confuse opponents by similar frankness in public speech.

There has been in certain quarters a curious misapprehension of the facts of recent history, due, in our opinion, less to intentional misrepresentation than to a certain passionate doctrinairism which has forbidden a patient, open-minded inquiry into the facts. It has been assumed that the present war in the Philippines is a war of conquest, undertaken for our commercial profit, in which we have been the aggressors, and in which our soldiers whose term of service had expired have engaged reluctantly and under compulsion; then it has been argued with great seriousness that such a war is un-American and unjust. No one doubts that such a war would be un-American and unjust; but there is no such war. The critics have proved with elaborate argument what they might have assumed, and have assumed as admitted what they should have attempted to prove.

Under these circumstances it is well that we have from the Chief Magistrate of the Nation a clear and concise statement of facts respecting recent events in the Philippine archipelago. He who desires to know whether the resolve "for the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the establishment of peace and tranquillity and a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States" is right or wrong should study that question in the light of the President's statement of the facts which have led to this resolve;

and if that statement is questioned, the unprejudiced inquirer will require, to awaken his distrust in its accuracy, something stronger than unproved assumptions or newspaper reports of unknown correspondents, whether journalistic or military. The facts as stated by the President are that we purchased the archipelago from the only Government which had ever in its history been recognized in or over it; that the volunteers, after the term of their enlistment was over, remained in the islands, "cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically," to maintain law and order and defend the flag; that, had they not done so, "chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man and not with the consent of the governed;" that for weeks they maintained their self-control under the most exasperating conditions. "Subjected to the insults and duplicity of the insurgent leaders, they preserved the *status quo*, remembering that they were under an order from their Government to sacredly observe the terms of the protocol in letter and spirit and avoid all conflict, except in defense, pending the negotiations of the treaty of peace. They were not the aggressors. . . . The first blow was struck by the insurgents, and it was a foul blow."

There is nothing in this statement of facts which will surprise any regular reader of The Outlook. He will find it abundantly verified by the history of events as it has been continuously given in these columns for the last year and a half. In view of this statement, it is clear that the question for the Nation to decide is not whether a war of aggression on a free people is to be sanctioned and sustained—a proposition which no intelligent American will defend; but whether, having succeeded by treaty and purchase to all the responsibilities of the only government which had ever existed in the islands, we have any right to surrender those responsibilities to a small minority of the inhabitants who, rifle in hand, endeavor to expel us and to assume authority over the rest of the inhabitants. We believe that America will, by an overwhelming majority, reply to that question, whenever it gets the opportunity, in the words of the President:

"They assailed our sovereignty, and

there will be no useless parley, no pause, until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established."

● The Transvaal

Ever since the outrageous, though unauthorized, Jameson raid of January 1, 1896, with its insufficient penal consequences to the ringleaders, the Boers have been justly suspicious of the British. The raid, indeed, elicited universal sympathy for the Boers. It should not be forgotten, however, that their hands were hardly immaculate. In 1881 the Transvaal Government agreed with Great Britain (1) that no treaty into which it might enter with foreign States should be valid until it received the approval of the British Government; (2) that there should be a limit to the Transvaal's rights to deal with natives; and (3) that the Boers should not encroach on the boundaries of their neighbors. Yet in that very year a raid was made by the Boers into Bechuanaland, a movement suppressed by Sir Charles Warren and his men. Unsuccessful in the west, the Boers turned to the east, invaded Zululand, and actually annexed the best part of that country. The increasing numbers and importance of the British forces then kept the Boers well within their own borders, but the latter soon found a far more oppressive method of aggression.

In 1881, five years before the discovery of the gold-fields, when there were comparatively few Outlanders (or foreigners) in the Transvaal, the franchise was obtainable after a year's residence. In the same year the agreement between Great Britain and the Transvaal provided that there should be equality of treatment for all whites. The new form of aggression consisted in an increasing burden put upon the Outlanders, so that, until two months ago, to obtain the franchise meant for them a fourteen years' residence, the consent of two-thirds of the Boer voters, and the approval of the Government. No such restrictions were placed upon the Boers themselves. The result was that the Outlanders, paying nine-tenths of the taxes, have had no voice in the levying of taxation. So great has the recent British menace of war been, however, that President Kruger has receded step by step

from his untenable position, until, last week, he offered an additional concession over the reform of two months' ago. This last concession grants a five years' franchise to the Outlanders, and thus enfranchises one-third of them. The gaining of this "irreducible minimum," demanded by Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner, in his recent interview with President Kruger, removes, however, but one of the causes of friction. Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, now urges the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry to effect general reforms, including the franchise, for if that is the chief, it is only one of a dozen reforms demanded by the Outlanders.

They also ask (2) such a redistribution of seats for the gold-fields in the Volksraad (or Transvaal Parliament) as will give to them a proper representation. At present there is none at all. The Transvaal now offers one-fifth, but the Outlanders represent three fifths of the population.

(3) The next demand is that for a Constitution safeguarded from sudden changes. At present an ordinary resolution of the Volksraad may change the existing Constitution.

(4) A fourth demand is that the heads of the Government shall be responsible to the Volksraad.

(5) A fifth demand is that for independence of the courts. At present, if a judge does not respect any chance vote of the Volksraad, he is dismissed from office. The Chief Justice was so dismissed.

(6) Cancellation of monopolies constitutes the next demand. There has been much oppression from the railway, liquor, match, brush, and soap monopolies, and, above all, from that on dynamite, as mining is the great Outlander industry. In Cape Colony dynamite is imported at a profit for sixteen dollars a case; in the Transvaal it costs twenty-five dollars to the mine-owner.

(7) The Outlanders also ask that the English language shall be put upon the same plane of equality with the Dutch. Nine-tenths of the Transvaal's business is transacted in English, yet the official tongue is Dutch.

(8) The eighth demand contemplates the removal of religious disabilities.

Other demands are (9) for a reorganization of the present corrupt civil service; (10) for an untrammelled press; (11) for educational reform, and (12) for free trade in South African products.

The Outlanders have long but vainly urged these reforms upon the Transvaal Government. When patience ceased to be a virtue, they appealed (last spring) to the British Government by a petition signed by twenty-one thousand Britons in the Transvaal. Even after the Jameson raid it seemed to many imperialists—Mr. Chamberlain, for instance—that patience had not really been exhausted. In May, 1896, the Colonial Secretary said in one of his speeches, "To go to war with President Kruger to enforce upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his State . . . would be immoral. . . . That is not my policy and never will be." Despite inconsistency, however, it now seems to him, and also to most Britons, irrespective of party, that, in pressing the complaint of inequality of treatment, they have taken time enough for sober second thought. The fact that, with the exception of the London "Chronicle" and the Manchester "Guardian," the Government has the support of every prominent newspaper, shows the earnestness and sincerity of the British sense of injustice. If a war be necessary, Britons know better than any others how to count the material cost. Aside from the loss of men and munitions, they realize that the flow of gold from the Transvaal (the world's largest producer of the metal) would be checked. During the past seven months no less than fifty-five million dollars' worth has been received in London from Johannesburg. Britons also know that such a war would be the signal for restiveness among the Dutch citizens at Cape Colony. They outnumber all the other whites. Moreover, such a war might precipitate outbreaks among the natives, who outnumber the entire white population ten to one.

The greatest difficulty of all may be the question of British suzerainty. The Boers base their protest on the fact that, in the Anglo-Boer Convention of 1881, the suzerainty of Great Britain was distinctly stated, but in the Convention of 1884 there was no mention of it. To this Great Britain replies that, while it is true that the word

"suzerainty" was not mentioned in the later Convention, the thing itself was amply emphasized in the article which prohibits the making of any foreign treaty by the Transvaal without British consent.

We hope that a war will not be necessary to secure needed reforms. Although its result would ultimately be a British triumph, such a conflict would arouse well-nigh undying hate between the two races in South Africa.



Pastoral Letters

To the Reluctant Skeptic

I want to believe, but I cannot. It seems as though my faculties for believing divine truths were atrophied. For years I have been fighting this unbelief. What shall I do?

These sentences, selected from a single letter, may serve to interpret the spirit of many letters, and the perplexities of many souls who never tell their perplexity to others. It is to such reluctant skeptics that I address this response.

There are two methods of reaching the truth—the theological and the vital, or the theoretical and the practical. The former method assumes that thought precedes action, the latter that action precedes thought; the former makes ethics the foundation of morality and theology the foundation of religion, the other makes morality the foundation of ethics and religion the foundation of theology. The postulates of the first method are, I must know God before I can pray to him, I must understand Christ before I can trust in him, I must accept the Bible as a trustworthy guide before I can follow its guidance. The postulates of the second method are, I must pray to God in order to know him, I must trust in Christ in order to understand him, I must follow the guidance of the Bible before I can know that it is a trustworthy guide. The one method assumes that the light is the life of men; the other says, with John, that the life is the light of men.

Doubtless this antithesis is here put somewhat too sharply; doubtless these two processes—the vital and the philosophical, the religious and the theological—in actual life go on together, and are really indistinguishable parts of healthful spiritual growth. But it is also certain

that Christ laid his emphasis on the second method; that is, he put religion before theology, morality before ethics, life before an understanding of life.

If one takes up the four Gospels and reads in them, or reads either one of them through, for the purpose of ascertaining what was Christ's method, the theological or the vital, one will probably be surprised to find how little of direct instruction in theology Christ's instructions contain. He calls his disciples to follow him, and it is not until they have followed him for a year that he even asks them what they think of him. He speaks to them of God as a Father, but it is not in a definition of God; it is in counsel how to pray. He never argues the question of immortality, except to answer foolish objections brought against it by the Sadducees in a vain attempt to trip him up; he simply talks to men as though they were immortal, and treats all the affairs of this life as though there were an eternal perspective behind them. He never once debates the question of the inspiration and authority of the Bible; he simply uses it to illustrate or to enforce his practical teachings concerning life and its duties. Nearly all his instructions point to some activity; they are addressed rather to the will than to either the intellect or the emotions. His unmistakable object is to induce men to take some action, rather than to possess some emotion or to entertain some opinion or conviction.

I may refer briefly to three specific addresses to illustrate this principle, but I believe that it will be found to pervade equally all Christ's teaching. The first is the Sermon on the Mount. He begins this sermon with blessings pronounced, not upon sound opinions on even such fundamental topics as God and immortality, but upon the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the peacemaker; that is, upon traits of character which inhere in the will and manifest themselves in action. Lowliness of spirit, meekness, mercifulness, peaceableness, are neither opinions nor emotions; they are compatible with a great variety of creeds, and are to be found alike in emotive and unemotive men: they are dispositions to a certain type of activity. He goes on to urge on his disciples, not certain tenets, but certain courses of conduct—they are to let their

light shine, to seek kindly relations with offended brethren, to live purely in social and domestic relations, to keep from evil the tongue and the heart, out of whose abundance the mouth speaketh, to treat even their enemies with kindness and to regard them with benevolence, to pray with simplicity and in secret, to give their lives wholly to God's service, not to worry, not to judge others, to treat all men with justice and good will, to measure other religious teachers by the kind of lives their teaching produces; and, finally, the sermon ends with the remarkable declaration that "whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock." What is this but saying, by a figure impossible to misunderstand, that the foundation of character is not believing certain opinions, but doing certain things? What is it but saying that deed is the foundation and creed the superstructure, not creed the foundation and deed the superstructure?

The second discourse is one delivered at the end of Christ's ministry, in which he portrays the final judgment. Here men are separated on the right hand and the left, according to what they have done in life for their fellow-men; and, lest in future ages theology should insist that this feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick and the imprisoned was based upon a conscious faith in Christ which, in speaking to his disciples, Christ takes for granted, he makes it clear that neither those who fulfilled the law of love nor those who failed to fulfill it thought of Christ in either what they did or what they omitted to do.

The third discourse of Jesus Christ, and the one which may, perhaps, be regarded as the most theological of any reported in the four Gospels, is his conversation with the eleven at the Last Supper, reported in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John. In this the same principle that spiritual life is built on doing God's will, not on either opinion or emotion, is not less marked than in the other two.

Judas saith unto him (not Iscariot), Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our

abode with him. . . . If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. . . . Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Thus, in his last and most sacred discourse, in the intimacy of those last hours with his faithful friends, Christ lays the foundation of the deepest spiritual life on doing his commandments, as, in his inaugural address delivered before a great congregation, he laid the foundation of the social world-life of his followers.

Modern psychology, if I understand its teaching aright, confirms scientifically this method of character-building; for it teaches that action often precedes and produces both thought and feeling. The man who spits out his momentary anger in venomous or profane words does not get rid of it; he intensifies it by expressing it. On the contrary, if he suppresses the expression, he does or may do something to suppress the impulse itself, and presently even to regard intellectually the real or fancied insult in quite a different fashion. Both his emotion and his intellect get their color from his activity, and are modified, if not made, by it. Though on the subject of physiological psychology I speak with reserve, I believe that I am right in saying that it is at least a well-accepted theory, if not a demonstrated fact, that every such activity reacts on the brain in molecular changes there, which tend to harmonize it with the action and to make the repetition of such action easier in the future. This fact is illustrated by the well-known history of the battlefield, on which the soldier enters at first with reluctance, "uncommon stiff and slow," but, after the first shots have been fired and the first blood has been shed, becomes for the moment often wild with the "revenge that knows no rein," partly inspired thereto by the passion of his comrades and partly instigated thereto by his own deeds of vengeance. I cannot doubt that the practice in the Church of repeating the Apostles' Creed together has done much, in accordance with this law, to strengthen faith in the essential facts of historic Christianity, partly by the sympathy extending through the congregation, partly by the mere expression in verbal phraseology of the faith embodied in that creed.

I have taken considerable space to

elucidate and enforce this method of character-building, which regards thoughts and emotions as the superstructure and action as the foundation of life, because theology has generally assumed the reverse to be the true order. Indeed, so radical and revolutionary is the very simple truth which I attempt to put before my readers, that it is doubtful whether I shall even get their consent, in many cases, to consider it. The mind, anchored to a traditional and unseen hypothesis, is moved from its apparent position for an hour or two by a new idea sweeping by it like an increasing tide, but presently reverts to its former status, from which it has really never been moved. But any reader who has followed and even tentatively accepted the theory of this paper can easily apply it himself to the great religious problems. Let me recur to a specification which I used in the opening paragraph—prayer, Christ, the Bible.

He who accepts the method which I have here indicated will not wait until he has become convinced that God hears prayer, or even that God is. He knows that he himself has aspirations. These aspirations he will not suppress. To some of them he can give no expression to even his dearest friends; in some cases because they are inexpressible, in other cases because they would not be and could not be understood. He will not wait until he has become acquainted with God before he utters them. He will, in the quiet hours which he reserves for self-communing, breathe these aspirations outward and upward. If he can find only an altar to an unknown God, to the unknown God he will give them expression. And in these hours of communion, so silent and secret that he knows not whether he is communing only with himself or with another also, he will welcome the quietness of spirit, the larger hope, the strengthened purpose with which at times he will come forth from this mere endeavor to give expression to his unexpressed and best self, as possible answers to his prayers, unborn, yet perhaps not unknown to his unknown God.

He will read the story of Christ's life. Instead of stopping to consider the question, What think ye of Christ, whose son is he? he will follow where that life leads. He reads, for instance, Thackeray's ironical advice: "What a man has to do in society

is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it." Then he reads Christ's counsel to his disciples: "When thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest place, that when he that bade thee cometh he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher." Christ's counsel commends itself to his social taste and to his ethical judgment, and he resolves to follow it, and does follow it. Thus he reads Christ's life for the purpose of getting light on his own life and inspiration for his own living. He begins to live on Christian principles, to attempt to carry out Christ's spirit; and he relegates all consideration of Christ's miraculous birth, supernatural character, and divine authority to the future. He makes his question, not, What shall I think about Christ? but, How shall I live like Christ? If he does this, he may never get a Christian creed, but he will gradually grow into a Christian life; and whether the creed follows or not is quite a secondary matter.

Or he reads Paul's declaration that the Bible is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. He resolves to use it for this purpose, and see whether it is as good as Paul thought it was. He declines to consider the debated questions respecting the inspiration and authority of the Bible. Leaving those in abeyance for the present, he reads its spiritual ideals, and finds that they reprove his life; its spiritual counsels, and finds that they suggest better paths in which to walk; its directions concerning practical life, and finds in them much to guide him in moral perplexity. If he finds in it some things which seem to him incomprehensible or even unworthy, he leaves them for future consideration; or, should his conscience reject them altogether, he does not therefore reject what does illuminate and inspire.

In brief, I advise the reluctant skeptic, who desires to know the truth in order that he may do right, to reverse the order and give his whole present attention to doing right that he may know the truth, in the faith that right conduct, though a long road, is the best road to wise beliefs; that faith in God comes from praying, faith in Christ from following, and faith in the Bible from practically using it.

L. A.

Cuban Industrial Relief

The following letter from the Rev. Horace Porter, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, tells clearly the actual conditions in Cuba, and shows the effectiveness of the methods adopted by the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund. Mr. Porter visited Cuba and the farms of the Relief Fund for the express purpose of obtaining positive personal knowledge of the facts:

The pitiable condition of Cuba is due to a remarkable combination of causes. One was the abolition of slavery. This was in 1885—but fourteen years ago. Righteous as that was, it nevertheless caused in Cuba, as in our own Southern States, a period of distress until agriculture could readjust itself to new conditions. Almost simultaneously with the ending of slavery came the great permanent decline in the price of sugar. These two causes brought hardship, even ruin, to many plantations. Supreme over all other causes of Cuba's desolate estate have been Spanish tyranny and taxes: Spanish tyranny, which, studying to crush out all personal liberty among native Cubans, had imprisoned, executed, or exiled multitudes of Cuba's noblest citizens; Spanish taxes, which by their enormity have been for generations a wasting consumption upon the business life of Cuba. There was no honorable course left for the Cubans but that of rebellion against Spain. Hence the terrible wars of 1868 to 1878, and of 1895-98. The homes in rural Cuba are now nearly all of them in ruins. The plantations are abandoned. By the tactics of Weyler probably two out of every three of the rural population of Cuba have been laid in their graves during the past three years. What remains of that population is still largely within the reconcentrado huts which outskirt the cities and villages. In some neighborhoods conditions have decidedly improved. In others there is still great destitution. Many of the survivors are as yet but living skeletons. Many of the children have that hideous enlargement of the abdomen which tells the sad tale of starvation. I saw a family at their principal meal, which consisted of a few green bananas. These were spread upon a rough board. They had no table, no crockery, no cooking utensils. I saw a room where eleven widows lived. Up to noon of that day they had eaten nothing. I saw an emaciated young woman, an orphan of about seventeen years, who is paralyzed. She cannot walk or even stand. She lives in a bare, cheerless room which is absolutely without furniture or utensils of any kind excepting her crude cot and her chair. With her thin, bony fingers she tries to weave a straw hat, one per day. She gets eleven cents for it. This is her living. I visited numerous homes where there are many sick and hungry and almost naked people. In some huts we found people of evident culture.

In some cases such people have been able to return to their land, build a hut beside the ruins of the old home, and begin life anew. But many are too weak and too poverty-stricken to do so.

"Will the Cuban work?" This is a fair question. My own observations lead me to say emphatically that the rural Cuban is a willing worker. Repeatedly I saw Cuban men, women, and boys crowd about the Outlook farm-yard by daybreak eager for work. They would plead for it. They would withdraw in sorrow if denied work. Granted it, they labored faithfully day after day. Some, so emaciated and sickly that I wondered at their strength, worked faithfully, though slowly, all day long. One of the saddest sights was that of aged women hoeing in the fields. Under present conditions there is little or no color-line among Cubans. On the Outlook farm one sees working agreeably side by side white men, colored men, black men. The same is true among the groups of women. Outlook Farm Number One is doing a noble work. There is urgent need for an Outlook Farm "No. Two" near Matanzas. A Cuban physician one day surprised me by the following remark: "You know The Outlook? It is an American paper, very fine. I love to read it. It is written in such sweet English and good spirit." He sees an occasional copy of the paper at the industrial farm.

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The Spectator

The Spectator recently received a note from a lady whom he knew to be full of occupation, and marveled that his busy correspondent spelled out the date, "February the twenty-seventh." He has noticed that this has for some time been the feminine fashion. Had the question been put to the leaders of it, "Why don't you save your time by writing, as formerly, Feb. 27, or, as some more economical spirits do, simply "2/27"? the answer might have been, "Why should we save time when we have more of it than we know what to do with?" Whether the

innovation be a device of the time-killers, or whether it be an ambitious imitation of the ponderous formality of Presidential proclamations elaborately spelling out their *anno domini* date, might be an interesting problem for persons of leisure.



This social phenomenon set the Spectator to thinking why the art of abbreviation should be in certain points less cultivated in our labor-saving, time-saving modern wor'd than anciently. In a superficial view it would seem to be particularly dear only to the railroads and the colleges, which supply the curious but unversed mind with conundrums in the letterings attached to freight-cars, and to the names of distinguished or favored persons. The irreverent are emboldened thereby to misinterpret "D.D.," for instance, as "Deplorably Dull," but wags sometimes come nearer the truth. The Spectator remembers a friend who pointed him to a locomotive inscribed N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., with the remark, "That's what defeated Mr. Blaine—New York, Cleveland and Hendricks, Rum, Romanism, Rebellion." But the Spectator believes that the Romans of Cicero's time could give points in this matter to any who think they can set a better fashion than that of laboriously writing all phrases in full. Where our correspondent writes, "I am well, and hope you are the same," Cicero wrote "S. V. B. E. E. Q. V."—a fortunate fashion, indeed, for one who had to scratch his epistle in capitals on waxed tablets. It was a decidedly economical fashion, too, when the thing in hand was a sepulchral inscription in stone, and perhaps not unworthy of suggestion to those who in these days of coffin trusts would lessen funeral expenses. The Roman stone-cutter's bill was considerably reduced when it was the fashion to engrave "Erected in Memory of the Well Deserving" in four letters, "B. M. M. P."



So many-sided an art as that of abbreviation requires to be exemplified by whoever treats of it. The Spectator observes a large public demand for it in certain lines, as in editorials, sermons, prayers, as well as an intense private demand in

those literary filtering stations known as editors' rooms, the writers to which would do well to remember the old Yale professor's criticism: "Disquisitions are directly as quality and inversely as quantity." The only visible points where the contrary tendency to elongation is conspicuous are sky-scrapers, suspension bridges, Atlantic liners, and purses. The Spectator has even heard Cæsar's three-word despatch to the Senate announcing his victory, and Descartes's three-word argument for his own existence, criticised as each capable of abbreviation to one significant vocable—a criticism which may have originated in that strenuous region of our country where the demand on an intruder to vacate the premises is compressed into the monosyllable "Git!" "Leave to print" *ad libitum* is happily restricted, like the franking privilege, to the honorable contributors to the "Congressional Record." The Spectator thinks that all others, whom a natural facility of expression has predestined to write either for the types or the waste-basket, would do well to practice early and often with the blue pencil. A master with that instrument has suggested to novices that a good beginning may be made by scratching the word "very" at least nine times in ten, as an encouragement to more effective achievements in benevolent self-suppression. In view of a certain preacher's excuse for a long sermon, that he had no time to make a short one, the Spectator deems it probable that an anti-fat regimen of this sort would inure to the effectiveness of many public speakers, lay as well as clerical.



The Spectator finds something pathetic in the innocuous desuetude to which an unbelieving world has relegated the many-columned recommendations at the end of the Century Dictionary for a further abbreviation of English spelling. A few journals of repute have shown a trifling "curtesy" to this high authority, and gone so far as to print "tho" for though, while one or two colleges have sent the Spectator their "catalog," but the literary public seems to regard these rare compliances merely as harmless idiosyncrasies. The Spectator confesses himself baffled to give a rational account of this general repudiation of the wisdom of the British

and American Philological Associations. It cannot be in league with the interest of the Typographical Union to resist any cutting down of work. Neither can the cause be indifference to the sufferings of children under the monstrosities of English orthography. Nor can an æsthetic preference for the picturesque account for the fact, for "iland" matches well in that respect with island. On the whole, the Spectator is fain to regard it as a case under the

principle referred to in St. Paul's remark that the foolish things of the world have been chosen to confound the wise. The only alternative, though less probable, supposition seems to be that the orthographical reform carried through by Noah Webster has so exhausted the capacity of the nineteenth century that its continuation must devolve, with that of the pension list, upon the unwasted energies of the twentieth.

President McKinley on the Philippines

[The following report of the address delivered by President McKinley at Pittsburg on Monday of last week, at the exercises in honor of the return from Manila of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, was sent to the President by the editors of The Outlook and has been returned to the editors by the President's Secretary with revisions and corrections. As it stands here, therefore, it is exactly authentic in the fullest sense. Editorial comment will be found elsewhere in this number of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.]

Governor Stone and my Fellow-Citizens: I am glad to participate with the families, friends, and fellow-citizens of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers in this glad reunion.

You have earned the plaudits, not alone of the people of Pennsylvania, but of the whole Nation. Your return has been the signal for a great demonstration of popular regard from your landing at the Golden Gate on the Pacific to your home-coming, and here you find a warmth of welcome and a greeting from joyous hearts which tell better than words the estimate of your countrymen and their high appreciation of the services you have rendered the country. You made secure and permanent the victory of Dewey. You added new glory to American arms. You and your brave comrades engaged on other fields of conflict have enlarged the map of the United States and extended the jurisdiction of American liberty.

But while we share in the joy that is yours, there remain with us softened and hallowed memories of those who went forth with you, not found in your ranks to-day. Your noble Colonel, devoted to his men, beloved by his command, and respected by his superior officers, gave his life to his country, with many others of his comrades. The Nation sorrows with the bereaved. These heroes died for their country, and there is no nobler death.

Our troops represented the courage and conscience, the purpose and patriotism, of their country. Whether in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, or at home awaiting orders, they did their full duty, and all sought the post of greatest peril. They never faltered. The Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines have made a proud and exceptional record. Privileged to be mustered out in April, when the ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged, they did not claim the privilege—they declined it. They voluntarily remained in the service, and declared their purpose to stay until their places could be filled by new levies, and longer if the Government needed them. Their service—and they understood it—was not to be in camp or garrison, free from danger, but on the battle-line, where exposure and death confronted them and where both have exacted their victims.

They did not stack arms. They did not run away. They were not serving the insurgents in the Philippines or their sympathizers at home. They had no part or patience with the men, few in number happily, who would have rejoiced to see them lay down their arms in the presence of an enemy whom they had just emancipated from Spanish rule and who should have been our firmest friends.

They furnished an example of devotion and sacrifice which will brighten the

glorious record of American valor. They have secured, not alone the gratitude of the Government and the people, but for themselves and their descendants an imperishable distinction. They may not fully appreciate, and the country may not, the heroism of their conduct and its important support to the Government. I think I do and so I am here to express it.

The mighty army of volunteers and regulars, numbering over 250,000, which last year responded to the call of the Government with an alacrity without precedent or parallel, by the terms of their enlistment were to be mustered out, with all of the regulars above 27,000, when peace with Spain was effected. Peace brought us the Philippines, by treaty cession from Spain. The Senate of the United States ratified the treaty. Every step taken was in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution. There was no flaw in the title, and no doubtful methods were employed to obtain it. It became our territory and is ours, as much as the Louisiana Purchase, or Texas, or Alaska. A body of insurgents, in no sense representing the sentiment of the people of the islands, disputed our lawful authority, and even before the ratification of the treaty by the American Senate were attacking the very forces who fought for and secured their freedom.

This was the situation in April, 1899, the date of the exchange of ratifications—only 27,000 regulars subject to the unquestioned direction of the Executive, and they for the most part on duty in Cuba and Porto Rico, or invalided at home after their severe campaign in the tropics. Even had they been available, it would have required months to transport them to the Philippines. Practically a new army had to be created. These loyal volunteers in the Philippines said, "We will stay until the Government can organize an army at home and transport it to the seat of hostilities."

They did stay, cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically. They suffered and sacrificed, they fought and fell, they drove back and punished the rebels who resisted Federal authority, and who with force attacked the sovereignty of the United States in its newly acquired territory. Without them then and there we would

have been practically helpless on land, our flag would have had its first stain and the American name its first ignominy. The brilliant victories of the army and navy in the bay and city of Manila would have been won in vain, our obligations to civilization would have remained temporarily unperformed, chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man and not with the consent of the governed. Who refused to sound the retreat? Who stood in the breach when others weakened? Who resisted the suggestion of the unpatriotic that they should come home?

Let me call the roll of honor—let me name the regiments and battalions that deserve to be perpetuated in the Nation's annals. Their action was not a sudden impulse born of excitement, but a deliberate determination to sustain, at the cost of life if need be, the honor of their Government and the authority of its flag:

First California, California Artillery, First Colorado, First Idaho, Fifty-first Iowa, Twentieth Kansas, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Montana, First Nebraska, First North Dakota, Nevada Cavalry, Second Oregon, Tenth Pennsylvania, First South Dakota, First Tennessee, Utah Artillery, First Washington, First Wyoming, Wyoming Battery.

To these must be added about four thousand enlisted men of the regular army who were entitled to their discharge under the Peace Proclamation of April 11, 1899; the greater portion of whom participated in the engagements of the Eighth Corps, and are still performing arduous services in the field.

Nor must the navy be forgotten. Sixty-five devoted sailors participated in the engagement of May 1 in Manila Bay whose terms of service had previously expired, continuing on duty quite a year after that action.

For these men of the army and navy we have only honor and gratitude.

The world will never know the restraint of our soldiers—their self-control under the most exasperating conditions. For weeks, subjected to the insults and duplicity of the insurgent leaders, they preserved the *status quo*, remembering that they were under an order from their Government to sacredly observe the terms of the protocol in letter and spirit, and avoid all

conflict, except in defense, pending the negotiations of the treaty of peace. They were not the aggressors. They did not begin hostilities against the insurgents pending the ratification of the treaty of peace in the Senate, great as was their justification, because their orders from Washington forbade it. I take all the responsibility for that direction. Otis only executed the orders of his Government, and the soldiers, under great provocation to strike back, obeyed.

Until the treaty was ratified we had no authority beyond Manila city, bay, and harbor. We then had no other title to defend, no authority beyond that to maintain. Spain was still in possession of the remainder of the archipelago. Spain had sued for peace. The truce and treaty were not concluded. The first blow was struck by the insurgents, and it was a foul blow. Our kindness was reciprocated with cruelty, our mercy with a Mauser. The flag of truce was invoked only to be dishonored. Our soldiers were shot down while ministering to the wounded Filipinos. Our dead were mutilated. Our humanity was interpreted as weakness, our forbearance as cowardice.

They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no useless parley, no pause, until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established. The misguided followers in rebellion have only our charity and pity. As to the cruel leaders who have needlessly sacrificed the lives of thousands of their people, at the cost of some of our best blood, for the gratification of their own ambitious de-

signs, I will leave to others the ungracious task of justification and eulogy.

Every one of the noble men, of the regulars or volunteers, soldiers or seamen, who thus signally served their country in its extremity, deserves the special recognition of Congress, and it will be to me an unfeigned pleasure to recommend for each of them a special medal of honor.

Men of the Tenth Pennsylvania, while we give you hail and greeting from overflowing hearts, we do not forget, nor will you, the brave men who remain and those who have gone forward to take your places, and those other brave men who have so promptly volunteered, crowding each other to get to the front, to carry forward to successful completion the work you so nobly began and so faithfully prosecuted. Our prayers go with them, and more men and munitions if required, for the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the establishment of peace and tranquillity and a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States—a government which will do justice to all, and at once encourage the best efforts and aspirations of these distant people and the highest development of their rich and fertile lands.

The Government to which you gave your love and loyalty welcomes you to your homes. With no blot or stain upon your record, the story of your unselfish service to country and to civilization will be, to the men who take your places at the front and on the firing-line, and to future generations, an example of patriotism and an inspiration to duty.

The Wisdom of Joy

By Priscilla Leonard

I bade farewell to Joy,
The lovely, laughing boy,
And welcomed in his stern-faced sister Sorrow,
Saying, "Though sore my heart,
Men say thou canst impart
A higher truth than life from Joy can borrow."

Now Sorrow's lore I know;
Yet from the long-ago
A few revealing words of Joy I treasure;
More precious year by year,
Divinely deep and dear—
Ah, Sorrow! all thy wisdom they outmeasure!

THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN¹

XI.

From Matanzas to Santa Clara

OF all the leaders of the Cuban insurrection, the man who interested me most, and the man whom I most desired to meet, was General Maximo Gomez; and when we left Havana it was our intention to go by way of Matanzas and Cardenas to Remedios, where the veteran was said to be at that time in camp. Upon learning, however, from Mr. Quesada that the General had already left Remedios and was on his way to Havana, and that he would probably spend Sunday in Santa Clara, we determined to proceed at once to the place last named, in order to meet him, and to witness the triumphal public reception that the Santa Clara people intended to give him. Early Friday forenoon, therefore, we drove to the terminal station of the Matanzas railway and took the train for Cardenas.

The "norther" which had set in Wednesday morning was still blowing, and although the rain had ceased, there was no break in the clouds; the temperature had fallen to 55°; and everybody at the station and on the train was shivering with cold. Under the dark, lowering sky of a northern November day, the great level plain of the Matanzas sugar belt, with its weed-overgrown cane plantations, its ruined mills, and its scattered patches of storm-beaten, ragged-leaved banana-trees, presented a dreary and uninteresting appearance; but the monotony and desolation of the landscape were relieved a little by the long rows of royal palms which marked the boundaries of the abandoned estates and fringed with tossing plumes of green the sea-like line of the distant horizon. Here and there might be seen a solitary sugar-mill that had escaped the torch and dynamite of the insurgents, or half a dozen

big-wheeled ox-carts, into which gangs of ragged laborers were putting short lengths of leaf-stripped cane; but evidences of life or cultivation were few and far between. Fire and sword had devastated the whole region, and often, for miles at a time, we did not see a fence, a farm-house, or an inhabited building of any kind.

The towns and villages through which we passed, and in which the whole population of the country was segregated, presented the appearance of permanent fortified camps. When the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced our approach to a station, and we looked out of the car windows to see what it would prove to be like, the first thing that met our eyes was a fortified line of circumvallation, consisting of half a dozen or more square blockhouses, standing three or four hundred yards apart, and connected one with another by a deep trench. The approaches to this trench were defended on the outer side by a single or double line of strong barbed-wire fencing, and on the inner side by a low earthen wall, behind which, under the protection of the flanking blockhouses, a thousand men might lie in safety while they swept with their Mausers every foot of the ground over which an attacking party would have to advance. Each blockhouse was encircled by a barbed-wire entanglement and a moat; its walls were pierced, at about the height of a man's head, with narrow, horizontal slits for rifles; and its pyramidal roof supported at its apex a cupola just large enough to hold the head and shoulders of a sentinel or lookout. When the lines of earthworks between the blockhouses were held by an adequate force, and the blockhouses were in communication one with another by telephone, as they often were, the town could hardly be taken by assault without the co-operation

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of artillery, and artillery the insurgents seldom had. Outside the line of intrenchments no house, tree, thicket, or other object that might shelter or conceal an attacking force was allowed to stand; but inside the line, as we approached the station, we always passed through an extensive reconcentrado suburb, consisting of a hundred or more palm-thatched huts, separated one from another by short stretches of coarse, wiry grass, or interspersed with little cactus-hedged garden-plots in which the fresh green of lettuce, cabbages, and sweet potatoes was brightened by the deep blue of spiry lupines or the orange glow of African marigolds.

Passing slowly through the wide belt of reconcentrado huts which encircled the village or town, we stopped at last in front of the station—a one or two story building of wood or stuccoed brick—whose loop-holed walls and fort-like aspect seemed quite out of harmony with the little flower-garden, or small ornamental park, in or beside which it often stood. On the platforms of the stations in the larger towns, such as Union and Bolondron, there was generally a motley, heterogeneous crowd of ragged fruit-peddlers; poor reconcentrados with coarse brown sugar-sacks wrapped around their shoulders; armed Cuban soldiers in dirty linen suits, mildewed sombreros, and down-at-the-heel slippers, who were acting in the capacity of municipal police; smartly dressed insurgent officers, going to meet General Gomez at Santa Clara; two or three Cuban ladies with dark eyes and heavily powdered cheeks, who seemed to be expecting friends; and now and then an American soldier from the post-garrison, whose neat uniform, erect carriage, and disciplined bearing contrasted strangely with the loose, dirty shirts, lounging attitudes, and go-as-you-please behavior of the negro police.

Most of the stations had already been decorated with flags in anticipation of the coming of General Gomez, and I was gratified to see that the Stars and Stripes were nearly, if not quite, as much in evidence as was the banner of the insurgents. Some of the American flags lacked the requisite number of stars, and bore stripes that had been cut out of old sheets and red damask tablecloths; but that only made them the more interesting and significant, because it showed that the people

were determined to do honor to the liberating army of the United States, even if they had to sacrifice all the sheets and tablecloths in their scantily furnished houses.

As soon as our train stopped at a station platform, the cars were invaded by a small army of impudent boys, whistling American airs, and begging pertinaciously for "fi' cents;" thin-faced reconcentrado girls selling unwholesome-looking sweet-cakes of domestic manufacture; and older peddlers, of both sexes, offering delicate, finger-long bananas, twelve-inch sections of juicy sugar-cane, wild oranges whose golden exterior concealed a heart full of bitterness, green coconuts pierced with holes and provided with convenient suction-tubes, live chickens squawking indignant protests against being held upside down by the legs, and beautiful Cuban quails in azure skull-caps and scarlet hose, bearing, on their breasts of Quaker brown, black Crusader shields delicately edged with blue. Whether the chickens and quails were brought to the train to supply an actual demand, or whether they were the only things of value that the venders possessed, I do not know; but it would be hard to imagine anything less suited to meet the wants of the casual traveler than an active, long-legged Spanish chicken, in the full possession of all its muscular capabilities and vocal powers. The quail had beauty, at least, to recommend it, and was not too large to be carried in a pocket; but what immediate disposition a railway passenger could make of a scrawny Cuban chicken, whose legs were not even tied, I found myself unable to conjecture. I thought it possible that one of the ungainly fowls might be sold in our car, and that I should get enlightenment by observation; but chickens with their heads on and their vitals *in situ* seemed to be a drug in that market, and not a sale was made. There is no doubt, however, that quails and singing birds are often sold on Cuban railway trains, and that Cubans generally—or at least Cubans who live in the country—are very fond of both birds and flowers. The station-master at Navajas, where we changed trains for Cardenas, had hanging in his office and about the station no less than nineteen cages of birds, including quails, mourning doves, mocking-birds, canaries, and half

a dozen other varieties with which I was wholly unfamiliar; and when I manifested interest in them, he promptly suspended the sale of tickets and went with me from cage to cage, talking of his feathered captives with the utmost affection and enthusiasm. In nearly all the smaller villages through which we passed between Matanzas and Cardenas I saw little bird-houses mounted on poles, and in front of the most wretched-looking huts in the reconcentrado suburbs there were often beds of blossoming lupines, marigolds, and verbenas. This love of the country Cubans for birds and flowers did more to create a bond of sympathy between them and me than all their other discoverable traits put together, and it deserves brief notice, perhaps, as one of the few indications of an æsthetic side to the Cuban character. The color sense of the Cuban peasants is rudimentary—so far at least as perception of harmony and contrast is concerned—and their artistic taste, as shown in the ornamentation of articles of domestic manufacture, is wholly undeveloped; but they do appreciate birds and flowers, and that is something.

After changing at Navajas from a regular unlimited passenger train to an irregular hybrid accommodation drawn by a wheezy, wood-burning locomotive, we jolted slowly northward, past ruined sugar-mills whose high chimneys rose from a smoke-blackened mass of bricks, half-burned beams, and dislocated machinery; across weedy cane-fields or great stretches of uncultivated land sprinkled with royal palms; through fortified villages and towns where the red-roofed houses were half hidden in the foliage of orange-trees, bananas, and blossoming hibiscus-bushes; past lonely graveyards whose stone walls and weather-beaten crosses had outlasted the villages to which they once belonged; around wooded hills, through vine-curtained rock-cuttings, and over marshes filled with waving blades of wild flag, until at last, about the middle of the afternoon, we caught sight of the church steeples and red-tiled roofs of Cardenas. Taking a hack from the station to the Isla de Cuba hotel, and leaving there our baggage, we set out to deliver a letter of introduction, and to make, incidentally, a hurried inspection of what seemed at first glance to be a modern

and, for Cuba, a comparatively clean and well-ordered city.

Although not so picturesquely situated as Matanzas, Cardenas surpasses most Cuban towns of its size and class in symmetry of plan, in architectural effect, and in the width and neatness of its streets. The Calle Real de Ysabel is wider than Broadway, and is, or was at the time of our visit, scrupulously clean; the Plaza del Recreo is an attractive little park whose luxuriant vines, bottle-edged flower-beds, and royal palms banked with foliage plants show unmistakable signs of assiduous cultivation and care; the principal hotel, although expensive, is one of the best in the province, if not in the island; and the town, as a whole, with its electric lights, its gas-works, its wide, clean streets, and its abundant water supply, makes upon the newcomer a pleasant and favorable impression. It has the disadvantage of standing on low, flat ground, a large part of which has recently been reclaimed from the mosquito-infested mangrove swamp which still skirts it on two sides; but since the visit of General Wilson, the able and energetic Governor of the province, it has been cleaned and put in fairly good sanitary condition; and it seems always to have had public-spirited citizens like Dr. Smith, Superintendent of the Municipal Hospital; Dr. Silvela, Mr. Rojas, and Mr. Antonio Freire, general manager of the Cardenas and Jucaro Railway, who have taken a personal interest in its appearance and in the welfare of its inhabitants.

I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Rojas, a wealthy merchant who had been at one time, I believe, Mayor of the city, and under his guidance we visited the municipal hospital, which contained about one hundred and fifty patients, and an improvised orphan asylum in the old Spanish barracks, where four hundred and fifty reconcentrado children were being fed, bathed, vaccinated, and generally cared for as well as the scanty means at the command of the charitable people of the city would permit.

Cardenas seemed to contain fewer destitute reconcentrados than any other town of its size that I had visited in western Cuba, and upon asking Mr. Rojas the reason for this, I was informed that the Junta Formento, or reconstruction com-

mittee, organized there by Mr. Charles W. Gould, had made a business of assisting reconcentrados to return to their country homes. In less than two months they had equipped, furnished with food, and sent out of the city no less than 711 reconcentrado families, comprising 3,578 individuals, and had provided them with means enough so that they could at least exist until they were able to get employment on the sugar plantations, or reclaim their abandoned farms. The beneficent work was still in progress, and Mr. Rojas hoped that in another month or two Cardenas would be free from reconcentrados altogether. He showed me the committee's books and explained their methods, and it seemed to me that the work was being done, not only energetically and successfully, but with strict economy and excellent judgment. Cuban reconstruction committees, however, are not all as industrious and capable as the Junta Formento of Cardenas. I was told by Mr. Hyatt, the Mayor of Guanabacoa, that the committee appointed in that city had accomplished little or nothing, although their task was probably no more difficult than that of the Junta in Cardenas. The disparity of results was due, I presume, to a difference in men.

We left Cardenas for Santa Clara, by the Cardenas-Jucaro Railway, early Saturday morning. Until after we had passed Managua, the eighth or ninth station, there was little change in the general aspect of the country. The region that we were traversing had evidently been at one time a vast sugar plantation; and the salient features of almost every landscape between Cardenas and Managua were neglected cane-fields, chimneys of ruined sugar-mills, and long lines of royal palms, interspersed with graceful clumps of light, feathery bamboo, and dense thickets of dark-green chaparral embroidered with the pink or purple chalices of wild morning-glory vines. Here and there, in the foreground, an arched gateway leading to nothing, or a weed-choked flower-garden full of blossoming oleanders and hibiscus-bushes, marked the site of some sugar-planter's country residence; but the house to which the gate and the flower-garden belonged had long before vanished in smoke and flame, leaving only a few rectangular lines of foundation-stones to show

where it had stood before destruction came upon it.

Beyond Managua there was a sudden and complete change both in the scenery and in the character of the vegetation. The cane-fields and sugar-mill chimneys, of which we had hardly lost sight since leaving Havana, disappeared altogether; palmetto-trees with globular heads of stiff, serrate leaves took the places of the royal palms; the country became wilder, rougher, and more broken; the last trace of cultivation vanished, and just east of the station of San Pedro we entered one of the areas of tangled tropical wilderness known to the Cuban insurgents as "manigua," or "the woods." It was not a dense, dark forest of gigantic tropical trees, like the wilderness southeast of Guantanamo, in the province of Santiago, but rather a great stretch of scrubby Australian "bush," in which there were no trees larger than the cabbage palm or the palmetto, but in which the undergrowth of shrubs and vines was so dense that we could not see more than fifty or a hundred yards from the train in any direction. As a place of refuge, or a base of operations in guerrilla warfare, it seemed to me ideal. The scrub, although dense, was intersected by a labyrinth of openings and passages, through which, I have no doubt, the Cubans, on their hardy little ponies, could make their way without serious difficulty; but it afforded unlimited opportunities for surprise and ambush, and a column of Spanish troops, once swallowed up in it and attacked by a daring and skillful foe, would be irretrievably lost.

I did not so much wonder, after seeing this part of the island, that the Spanish commanders so often allowed a band of insurgents to escape, when, by energetic pursuit, they might apparently have crushed or captured it. In the "manigua" the Cuban was at home, while the Spaniard was confused and bewildered, if not lost; and a compact body of infantry, however strong it might be, would have no more chance with experienced light horsemen in such a wilderness than Brad-dock's troops had with the Indians in the forests of the Monongahela. It was easy enough to march with a strong column through the level, open sugar belt, where an enemy might be seen five miles away; but to throw such a column into the

"manigua," where it could make no use of its artillery, and where it would inevitably fall into a series of deadly ambushes, was to insure its complete destruction.

The "manigua" on the Cardenas-Jucaro road extends, with occasional breaks, from the station of San Pedro in the province of Matanzas to the station of San Domingo in the province of Santa Clara; thus forming, between the two provinces, a sort of natural boundary. Beyond San Domingo, the cabbage-palm, wasp's-nest palm, and palmetto, which seemed to be the characteristic trees of the wilderness, gradually disappeared, the country became more open and settled, the royal palm again took its place as the predominant feature of every landscape, and we began to notice, for the first time in that part of the island, well-cultivated vegetable gardens, fields of Indian corn in tassel, and small but increasingly frequent patches of thrifty-looking tobacco.

About half-past four o'clock in the afternoon we alighted on the platform of the railway station at Santa Clara, made our way with some difficulty through a crowd of negroes, Cuban soldiers, and reconcentrados of both sexes, who were clamoring for news of General Gomez, and, stepping into a rickety hack decorated with small Cuban flags, drove up San Luis Estevez Street to the Santa Clara Hotel. Evidences of American occupation, American influence, and the adoption of American methods were more frequent and noticeable here than in any Cuban town through which we had passed since leaving Santiago. A large American flag floated over the substantial brick building and well-kept grounds of the electric light company opposite the station; smaller flags of the same kind were displayed from the windows of many of the houses; and not a few of the shopkeepers had put up over their Spanish signboards queerly printed and quaintly expressed notices or invitations in English. Some of the latter, as, for example,

LA PAZ

TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY

Cigar Store,

were apparently intended to appeal to the

patriotism of the Cubans; but others, such as

|| All kind of
THING

COME IN BOYS!!

were aimed directly at the American soldier, the varied nature of whose wants had evidently made an impression upon the commercial mind. I could not, however, conjecture to what class of the English-reading public one Cuban tailor appealed when he put up over his shop door the modest announcement

Clothing made for city Fashion
or town's Whim.

In the form and wording of this notice there seemed to be a faint, indefinable suggestion of the Elizabethan age—a sort of ancient flavor of obsolete usage, due, perhaps, to the omission of the definite article, the queer use of the preposition, and the employment of the word "whim" to denote what we now call taste, caprice, or fancy. I could imagine some such sign hanging over the door of a tailor-shop in Oxford or Colchester, in the sixteenth century; but for whom was it intended in a small Cuban town where English was read only by a few hundred American soldiers? The officers and privates of the Sixth Ohio certainly did not need clothing made to accord with "city fashion or town's whim," and nobody else in the place could read the sign. I finally concluded that the proprietor must hope to convince his fellow-citizens of his skill as a tailor by showing them his facility as a linguist—and, indeed, this would not be so glaring a *non sequitur* as it may seem. If he had attained such proficiency in the field of linguistics—a field that he had cultivated, of course, only incidentally, *pour passer le temps*, what must be his skill in the special branch of knowledge to which he had devoted all his talents and upon which he had concentrated all his powers! If I were a Santa Clara Cuban, I am perfectly sure that I should have my pajamas cut and fitted by the tailor who announced in the greatest number of languages his readiness to follow fashion and humor whim.

After a brisk drive of ten minutes through a narrow but clean street already

arched with leafy bamboo and festooned with flags in anticipation of the arrival of General Gomez, we stopped, just short of the plaza, in front of a low, one-story brick building covered with stucco, which our driver said was the Santa Clara Hotel. Ascending two or three steps, we entered a fine, wide hall with hardwood wainscoting and tiled floor, which led to two interior courtyards set with trees and decorated with blossoming tropical plants in big green tubs. There were electric arc lights with porcelain shades in the office and the hall; the spacious dining-room, of which we caught a glimpse in passing, was set with small square tables covered with fresh white linen, from which came the gleam of silver and the sparkle of cut glass; there was a modern writing-room with paneled and frescoed walls, tiled floor, large library table, and chairs of quartered oak; all the bedrooms were lighted by electricity and furnished with comfortable spring beds, good blankets, and neatly draped mosquito canopies; and the whole house had an appearance of neatness, comfort, and good order that was as welcome and inviting as it was unexpected.

Before we had fairly recovered from our surprise and registered our names in the big book at the office desk, we were hailed in English by a familiar voice from the first courtyard, and, turning in that direction, saw crossing it our old friend Warner, of the American National Red Cross, whom I had not seen before since leaving Santiago in August of the previous year. He had just come from Sancti Spiritus, where he had been distributing Red Cross supplies among the starving reconcentrados, and he was then engaged, he said, in similar work among the poor of Santa Clara.

In half an hour Mr. Warner, his assistant Mr. Conkling, Mr. Gray, and I were sitting at one of the little white tables, exchanging questions and answers between the courses of a good dinner, and narrating our several adventures and experiences in Santiago, Guantanamo, Baracoa, Gibara, Sancti Spiritus, Cienfuegos, Havana, and Holguin.

After dinner we strolled out into the plaza to finish our cigars, and came upon a scene that was very characteristic of Cuba in the early period of military occu-

pation, and one that might have been witnessed, I presume, at that hour in the plaza of almost every large town on the island. In the center of the beautiful little park, under the shade of spreading royal palms, there was a large circle, outlined by an ornamental iron fence, in the middle of which stood a gray stone pillar. The fence supported high, slender iron rods, from which hung long festoons of luxuriant tropical climbers; the space inside the circle was filled with flower and foliage beds, clumps of Bougainvillea and hibiscus-bushes bearing salver-shaped blossoms as large as saucers; outside the fence, under the drooping tendrils of wild morning-glory vines, was a circular row of seats occupied by the well-to-do citizens of Santa Clara and their families; and around the circular promenade, just outside the seats, through the white moonshine of the arc lights and the inky shadows of the overhanging vines, marched a never-ending procession of American soldiers in felt hats, yellow Khaki suits, and dirty canvas leggings; insurgent officers in smart new uniforms of silver and blue; heavily powdered, middle-aged ladies in black lace mantillas, fanning themselves slowly with bright-colored paper fans; and dark-eyed Cuban girls in clinging gowns of white, carrying the large snowy flowers known in Santa Clara as "Cuban bells."

It was interesting to see how the children—and particularly the boys—made friends with the American soldiers. No sooner would one of the Sixth Ohio men take his seat on a bench at the side of the promenade than he would be surrounded with children of all sizes and ages. The girls would stand in front of him and chatter at him in Spanish, while the boys would climb up on his knees, or hang over his back, and entreat him in a childish treble to teach them English words or whistle for them American airs. The soldiers invariably treated their little assailants with good-humored toleration, if not with positive affection; and a dozen times that evening I saw a soldier taking lessons in Spanish from three or four little urchins who were climbing all over him, or teaching them in turn to say easy words in English. Give a six or eight year old Cuban boy access to an American soldier, and he doesn't care for any other amusement.

After walking fifteen or twenty times around the circular promenade with the crowd, Mr. Warner and I took seats on one of the benches and began a long discussion of the Cuban character. As a result of his year's experience on the island, he had formed, and did not hesitate to express, a very unfavorable view of Cubans in general and Cuban army officers in particular; while I—more for the sake of argument than for any other

reason—took up the cudgels in their defense. We failed to come to any agreement, and when, at ten o'clock, we returned to the hotel and he bade me good-night in the courtyard, he said, emphatically: "Mind what I tell you, Mr. Kennan! The average Cuban is so mean and tricky that he would cut the claws off from a dying cat and try to sell them to the Americans for fish-hooks! You may think I'm prejudiced, but that's straight."

The Shadow on American Life

An Impression of a Recent Visit

By Ian Maclaren

WHEN I returned from America in May, inspired with the recollection of Western scenery, and charged afresh with gratitude to the American people for their kindness, I gave to my own people certain impressions, some new and some renewed, on the life which I had seen and which must quicken the intellect of every visitor. Among other things I enlarged upon the patriotism of the Americans, who are willing not only to spend treasure, but also to give their best blood for the cause of their country; upon their love of education, which has called forth such gifts, and which has its visible symbol in a handsome school-house that dignifies the newest Western settlement; upon the sense of righteousness which asserts itself in every great national crisis, and saves the nation from going wrong, and the quick intellect which amazes the world by its inventiveness and its enterprise. Having done this full justice to a people whom I love, I dared to speak plainly regarding one shadow, I hope passing and certainly not universal, which seems to some of us to rest on American life; and I think it may be claimed that, if one has given pledges of friendship in the unreserved appreciation of what is good, he may be allowed one privilege of friendship, which indeed might be called a duty, in the warning against what is less than good. And this shadow, which so gravely affects the dignity and beauty of American public life as well as sometimes the character

of the individual, is the strength of the secular spirit, or the tendency to give an undue place to the value and influence of wealth.

One is not to be understood as depreciating the spirit of enterprise which has done so much to develop business and to advance civilization, nor as denying the right of every man to receive a due reward for his labor, or to reap the profit of his foresight. If a man works in any department of activity, whether with his head or with his hands, he is entitled to ask his wages, and he may take his wages without shame. What he ought to be paid will be settled by a standard over which he may have little control; what is within his control is the manner in which he does his work. If he has done it to the best of his ability and with an honest purpose, then he may with a good conscience and with no loss of self-respect accept his recompense, and therewith let him be content. Should any worker pretend that he is indifferent to wages altogether, and does not care whether he be paid or not, one is inclined to suspect him of affectation and unreality. Should any one be ready to work under the wage fixed by the standard in his department, then he is foolish, and may be doing a wrong not only to himself, but also to other people.

The secular spirit appears, not in a man's industry, nor in his payment, but in the attitude of his mind toward the money which he has earned and received. Suppose, to take a concrete illustration,

one is engaged to do a piece of work, and the price is fixed at one hundred dollars, because that is the rate arrived at by the judges of value, then a man is not secular in taking his wages for the work done. But if he undertakes this work, not because he loves it, or because he knows how to do it, but simply in order that he may obtain one hundred dollars; if he does this work as cheaply as possible, both in regard to time and substance, instead of putting his soul into it, and satisfying, so far as he can, his paymaster, then has he fallen under the secular spirit, and his work has thereby been vitiated. Suppose, again, that he has done his work excellently, and perfectly fulfilled his contract; still, if he counts the one hundred dollars of more value than the work which he has done, and is forever talking and thinking and planning about dollars, and is ever making dollars to be the end and motive and standard and satisfaction of life, then again he has been dominated by the secular spirit, and his character will be gravely affected. Every calling in life should have its ideal, so that a man may work, not for what he has to get, but for what he is to do; and, if he be a true workman, his final reward will be found, not in what he has got, but in what he has done. The clergyman ought to preach, because he is charged with a message; and the man of letters to write, because he has something to say about life; and the lawyer to plead cases, because he wishes justice to be done; and the physician to use his skill, because he desires to relieve suffering; and the merchant to buy and sell, that he may supply the wants of the community. If a calling has no ideal, then it is not one to be pursued, and does not deserve the name of calling; and if a man is not touched with a sense of this ideal, he is not really a free worker, but ought rather to consider himself a mere mercenary.

There is no country where this secular spirit is not a menace in modern times, drying up the springs of the finest inspiration, and vulgarizing the most spiritual calling; and I take it that there is no man who does not realize at times, with personal shame, how this spirit, like an unwholesome atmosphere, is apt to tarnish his best motives. There is not a country in this matter blameless, and no man who

does not often suspect himself; but the friendly visitor to the United States, who is proud of her achievements and delighted by her brightness, stands aghast at the open and unabashed front of secularity. It seems to him as if not merely coarse and unlettered men, whose souls have never been touched either by religion or by culture, but that all men, with a few delightful exceptions, bow the knee to this golden calf, and do it homage. Nowhere is there such constant and straightforward talk about money, nowhere is such importance attached to the amount of money which a man has acquired or possesses, nowhere is it taken so absolutely for granted that the object of a man's work is to obtain money, and that, if you offer him enough money, he will be willing to do any work which is not illegal; that, in short, the motive power with almost every man is his wages. One is struck, not so much by what is said in plain words (although dollar is a monotonous refrain in conversation) as by what is implied; and what is implied is this—that, if you know the proper sum, any man can be induced to do what you want, even although his health and his rest and his family and his principles stand in the way.

There are especially two spheres of life where the secular spirit ought to be kept in check, and where it seems to one visiting America to have a dangerous influence. One is politics; and here every one will agree that, if it is to be well with the commonwealth, it is necessary to cherish the highest ideal of citizenship. We all hold that the judges who administer the law of the country must be raised, not only above personal corruption, but also above its faintest suspicion, and that when bribery, in its most subtle and indirect form, approaches the judgment seat, justice is polluted at her very spring. Ought it not also to be laid down in our minds with equal stringency that they who make the laws must be as pure as they who administer the laws, and that for a legislator to be affected by personal interest in the discharge of his public duty is as horrible as for a judge to receive a bribe in the trying of a case. There are Europeans—fewer every day—who are willing to believe any evil of the public life in the United States, and the writer regards these men with indignation;

but he has often been pained to learn what reasons they had to excuse, if not to justify, their uncharitable censures. It is freely told—and if these things be not true, it is a scandal that they are said to strangers—that one Legislature is simply the obedient servant of a great railway corporation; that a wealthy trust has offered direct bribes to the law officer of another great Legislature, and that, in one Legislature after another, trusts, railways, rich men, and private interests can control the making and the changing of laws. Americans speak of the municipal government in certain large cities as a scheme of organized plunder, and will tell you what fortunes have been made through the manipulation of municipal affairs and municipal funds. They will point out to you on Atlantic steamers subordinate officers of police who are crossing in luxury for a European tour, and whose means have been obtained from fees levied on saloons and evil houses. If one-half of these charges be true, then the secular spirit in its grossest and most offensive form is staining political life, and this surely ought to be a cause of grave concern and alarm to the commonwealth.

The other sphere where this unworthy spirit has intruded with considerable daring is the Church of Christ, and its presence here is surely a chief irony in history. If the Church is anything, it ought to be unworldly, since it was founded as a spiritual society and to be a home for the soul. Of course the Church must have her organization, and her affairs ought to be managed with as much care as that of any other corporation. Her servants ought to receive a just support, and in most churches Christ's ministers have never been overpaid. There is nothing dishonorable in the minister of religion receiving a salary, although there is sometimes something very dishonorable in the poverty of the salary which is offered by the laymen; nor is there anything unworthy in a minister making provision for his family, so that when he dies they may not be left paupers; and there would be something sinful in his neglecting his own household. When one speaks as if a minister should be perfectly indifferent to all worldly affairs, and hardly know what he possesses, then that person is talking cant and nonsense. At the same time,

there is no place where the subordination of the material ought to be so strictly in force, and where domination is more scandalous. It is unchristian, and can do nothing but injury, that a minister should be tempted from one church to another solely by pecuniary considerations (the congregation which has no doubt that it can so buy him ought not to receive any minister at all); that the efficiency of a congregation should be estimated by the number of sittings let or the credit balance at the end of the year; that a minister's work should be judged, not by its spirituality, but by its smartness, and that the man who creates the greatest sensation should be judged a better minister of souls than he who builds up character. And, above all, it comes little short of a religious disgrace that a rich man, because he is rich, and for no other reason, should be able to bully a minister, and practically give him notice to quit; and that, not because the minister has not preached the Gospel, or done his work as a pastor, but because the church under his care has not prospered in dollars. When the visitor to the United States happens himself to be a minister, nothing makes him more indignant than to see how his brethren are alternately tempted and browbeaten by this secular spirit, which is not unknown in other lands, but seems to have attained a perfect height of insolence in America.

Nothing is more encouraging in American life than the insurrection of conscience in a moral crisis, and the great reformation which it then works. When the Augean stable reaches a certain intolerable condition, then American citizens arouse themselves and cleanse it thoroughly; and there can be no question that, whenever any issue of righteousness is put before the nation, the nation decides rightly. What the friends of America desire is that there should be no relapses and sleeping times of the public conscience, but that the strenuous spirit which will always deal with larger abuses should be more constantly brought to bear both upon political and ecclesiastical life, and the secular spirit be so driven both from Church and State that no man shall be rich enough to hold the poorest minister of Christ in bondage, no body of men strong enough to deflect the smallest Legislature an inch from the path of duty.

A Singular Literary Survival

By C. E. Means

IN the South Atlantic States, before the Civil War, there were scattered here and there a singular class of people—a set of squatters without character, without possessions, without aspirations. Most of them could barely read, and their writing was crude in spelling and character.

The habitations of these people were tumble-down log cabins, considered unfit for the occupancy of the negroes. The good-natured landowner would allow a family to remain without paying rent, until the illicit trading with his negroes for goods stolen from him became too annoying to be endured. Warning would be given to the offenders to leave the premises at once. They would go without protest, to be succeeded in a few weeks by others of the same ilk. In fact, these people moved in circles, and in five or six years were pretty apt to be doing business at the old stand.

These people were called "poor white folks," the "poor whites," "poor buckra." Never "crackers;" the latter were more Americans. "Poor buckra" they were always called by the negroes. Buckra was, with the black man, the generic name of the white man. "Poor buckra" belonged to this class of people specifically, and was a term of obloquy. Between the negro and the "poor buckra" there existed a bitter class hatred—a hatred born, perhaps, of the familiarity that breeds contempt. The "poor buckra" were necessary to the negroes, as the receivers of the stolen wares which the negroes considered to be only the perquisites of servitude. They knew perfectly well that the "poor buckra," after disposing of cotton, corn, peas, and other articles consigned to him as middleman, always kept the lion's share of the profits.

The "poor buckra" had no visible means of support, and this surreptitious trade with the negroes was his avenue of income. He was cunning enough to keep within bounds, and rarely made himself sufficiently criminal to provoke the planters to seek any legal steps to repress the petty thievings. Work was unknown to

him. Now and then one might maul rails for a few days at a time, but the regular occupation of the men was hunting rabbits and squirrels and fishing. The women spun a very little, wove less, and begged, in a whining way, a good deal from the gentry. To the landowners these people were subservient in demeanor but malicious in deed. It was from these people that the conscripts of the Confederate service were drawn, and they were also deserters if opportunity offered.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his "Making of the Great West," says that "the 'poor buckra' are the descendants of indentured servants and redemptioners who had fled from the plantations on the coast from their severe masters and squatted on the hills at the foot of the mountains." Their hatred of the wealthier class he considers as a heritage from generation to generation. Certainly there still exists among these people a pure English strain of names and phrases not found among other uneducated whites of the South. Take the names of women: Selina Horn, Susannah Rochester, Elizabeth Abernathy. Grand-sir (grandsire) is used instead of the cracker's granddaddy or grandpap.

Most interesting of all survivals, however, are the old English ballads still sung by these people. A slight local coloring has crept in, words substituted for others of analogous sound; but the spirit, the sense and sensibility, of the romance song are entirely preserved.

For the purpose of comparison, the ballad "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor" is transcribed from Percy's *Reliques*.

Dr. Percy says, by way of introduction: "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor is given from an ancient copy of black letter in Pepys's collection entitled 'A tragical ballad on the unfortunate loves of Lord Thomas and fair Elinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl.' In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song and reduce it to different measure—a proof of its popularity:"

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester
And a chaser of King's deere.

Fair Elinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved his deere.

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both in one:
Whether I shall marry with faire Elinor,
And lett the browne girl alone?"

"The browne girl she has houses and lands,
Faire Elinor she has got none.
And therefore I charge thee on my blessinge
To bring the browne girl home."

As it befell on a high holiday,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Elinor,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Elinor's bower
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so ready as faire Elinor
To lett Lord Thomas within.

"What newes? What newes? Lord Thomas,"
she said,

"What newes dost thou bring to me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my weddyng,
And that is bad newes for thee."

"O God forbid, Lord Thomas!" she said,
"That such a thing should be done.
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And thou to have been the bridegroom."

"Come riddle my riddle, deare mother," she
said,
"And riddle it all in one:
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wed-
dyng,
Or whether shall tarry at home?"

"There are mayne that are thy friends, daugh-
ter,
And mayne a one your foe;
Therefore I charge you on my blessinge
To Lord Thomas his weddyng don't goe."

"There are mayne that are my friends,
mother,
But were every one my foe,
Betide mee life, betide mee death,
To Lord Thomas his weddyng I'll goe."

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in greene,
And as they rid through every town
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To lett faire Elinor in.

"Is this your bride?" faire Elinor cried.
"Methinks she looks wondrous browne!
You might have had as faire a woman
As ever trod the ground."

"Despise her not, faire Ellin," he said,
Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love youre little finger
Than all her whole bodye."

The browne girl had a little penknife,
It was both long and sharpe,

And betwixt the short rib and the long
She prick'd faire Elinor's hearte.

"O Christ thee save!" Lord Thomas he said.
"Methinks thou look'st wondrous wan.
Thou usest to have as fresh a color
As ever the sun shone on."

"O art thou blind, Lord Thomas," she said,
"Or canst thou not very well see,
O dost thou not see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee?"

Lord Thomas he had a sworde by his side,
As he walked about the hall.
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders
And threw it against the wall.

He sett the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his hearte.
There never three lovers together did meet,
That sooner again did part.

Now let us look at the "poor buckra"
version of this ballad:

Lord Thomas rode up to far [fair] Elinor's
door,
And *tingled* on the ring.
There was none so ready as far [fair] Elinor
herself
To let Lord Thomas in.

"What news? What news?" fair Elinor cried,
"What news, what news?" cried she.
"I've come to ask you to my wedding!"
"Oh, very bad news!" said she.

"Come mother, oh mother, riddle these words;
O riddle this riddle for me:
Shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or tarry at home with thee?"

"I'll riddle your riddle," her mother said,
"I'll riddle the riddle in three:
Don't go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
But tarry at home with me."

Fair Elinor dressed herself in white,
Her servants she dressed in green,
And as she rode all through the town
They took her to be some queen.

She rode up to Lord Thomas' door,
And tingled on the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas
himself
To let fair Elinor in.

He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her up the hall,
And thar he sot her at the head of the bed,
Amongst the neighbors all.

"Is this your bride?" fair Elinor cried.
"Why, she looks wonderful brown.
You might have married as fair a girl
As ever the sun shone on!"

The brown gal had a little penknife,
It was both keen and small;
She stuck it in fair Elinor's heart,
Amongst the neighbors all.

Lord Thomas he had a little keen sword,
It was both keen and small;

He took and cut off the brown gal's head
And kicked it against the wall.

As he went shuffling [shuffling] over the floor,
The p'int stuck in his breast.
*Was ever three earthly lovers so soon
Sent to their heavenly rest?*

The first four verses of Percy's ballad, used to introduce characters and circumstances, are lost in the poor buckra version. It opens with the visit of Lord Thomas to fair Elinor, and her question, "What news?" at once brings the announcement of his wedding. She cries out, "Very bad news!" and thus the information of their love is understood. Her mother's warning is shorter but quite as positive. Her determination to go, as announced in her dressing servants and self in their best, is quite as positive as if she had spoken out her disregard of her mother's advice.

"Tingled at the ring"
is more euphonious than

"Knocked there at the ring."

Fair Elinor's arrival at Lord Thomas's door has the reiteration of the Percy version, but a more dramatic turn is given when—

"He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her up the hall,
And thar he sot her at the head of the bed,
Amongst the neighbors all."

This marked honor shown by the bridegroom to his old sweetheart ignited the spark that was fanned to so fierce a flame by fair Elinor's own bad-mannered and ill-natured strictures on the bride's swarthy skin in comparison with her own fairness.

The Nemesis,

"Cut off the brown gal's head
And kicked it against the wall,"
is more realistic than
"He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders
And threw it against the wall."

The last verse of the poor buckra version evidently has been tinkered on by some one of pious proclivity.

"Earthly lovers" hurried off to "heavenly rest," despite jealous rage and murder, even if Lord Thomas's death was accident and not suicide, smacks of revival meetings, at the outer edge of which the poor buckra sometimes, perhaps, "got religion."

Another curious ballad survival is seen in the following poor buckra version:

"Whar have you been, McDonald, McDonald,
Whar have you been, McDonald, my son?"

"I have been out hunting, mother—
Make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"Whar are your greyhounds, McDonald,
McDonald,
Whar are your greyhounds, McDonald, my son?"

"They are still out sunning, mother—
Make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"Whar did you get your dinner, McDonald,
McDonald,
Whar did you get your dinner, McDonald, my son?"

"I dined with my sweetheart—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What did you have for dinner, McDonald,
McDonald,
What did you have for dinner, McDonald, my son?"

"We had white fish and poison—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your father, McDonald,
McDonald,
What will you will your father, McDonald, my son?"

"I will him my gold staff—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your mother, McDonald,
McDonald,
What will you will your mother, McDonald, my son?"

"I will her my gold watch—
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your sister, McDonald,
McDonald,
What will you will your sister, McDonald, my son?"

"I will her my jewelry;
Mother, make my bed soon;
I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

"What will you will your sweetheart, McDonald,
McDonald,
What will you will your sweetheart, McDonald, my son?"

"I will her a keg of powder
To blow her sky-high!
For I'm a weary, weary wanderer,
In a pain to lie down."

This ballad seems to be a combination of two ballads given in the second volume of Professor Child's "English and Scottish

Ballads," first edition, "Lord Donald" and "Lord Randal:"

"Whare hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald,
my son?"

O, where hae ye been all day, my jollie young
man?"

"I've been awa courtin'—mither, make my
bed sune;

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would
lie down."

The questioning varies from the other text about what he has eaten. His testamentary gifts also vary; the last verse has the same spirit of revenge, but the means to be used coincide more with the times when the ballad was made:

"What will you leave to your true-love, Lord
Donald, my son?"

What will you leave to your true-love, my
jollie young man?"

"The tow and the halter for to hang on yon
tree,

And lat her hang there for the poysoning o'
me."

The ballad of "Lord Randal" introduces the word "weary" in the refrain as in the poor buckra version:

"Whare got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my
son?"

Where got ye your dinner, my handsome
young man?"

"I dined wi' my true-love—mother, make my
bed soon,

For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would
lie down."

With the changed conditions of industry in the South, the poor buckra will probably in a score more of years disappear. So far, I do not believe that they have been induced to become factory operatives. The crackers gladly take the position, but the poor buckra lives mostly on the edge of towns—in the winter selling little packages of pine, in the spring bringing ferns, in the summer blackberries. As the country becomes more populous and thrifty there is less room for him.

Books and Authors

William Morris¹

In all externals Mr. Mackail's "Life of William Morris" is nearly ideal; the type, form of volume, and cover-stamp are such as the founder of the Kelmscott Press himself would have approved; while the line engravings are admirably suited to their purpose, and give delightful glimpses of Kelmscott Manor, both exterior and interior, and of the Red House at Upton, which Morris built and decorated for his bride—the parting from which was such a grief to him that he would never revisit it even for a day—while the portraits include fine reproductions of such masterpieces as Watts's painting of Morris and Rossetti's portrait of Mrs. Morris. The work is, in truth, one for the book-lover to examine carefully and hold precious among library possessions.

Turning from form to substance, we believe that the final verdict will be that Mr. Mackail's work falls short by some distance of the ideal, but it is in the main satisfactory. Certainly the author has put thoroughness and sympathy in his work, and he has had at his disposal abundant authentic material. The chief

defect is a lack of perspective and proportion, a tendency to dwell too long on less important phases and periods of Morris's versatile life, and thus to slight other and more vital phases. This is not to be wondered at when we remember how many were those phases, how productive that life. "Poet, artist, manufacturer, Socialist, and author of the 'Earthly Paradise'" Morris has been termed in a biographical compilation, but even this terse summary is far from being all-inclusive. With such a man as subject a biographer has no easy task to bring out all sides of his work and thought saliently and in due relative value. Particularly does the reader miss as full and critical an account of Morris's literary achievements as one could wish—the facts are here, but the interpretation is unequal and slight.

The man Morris, however—his personality as apart from his achievements—Mr. Mackail brings out in clear colors: his impetuosity, his indomitable energy, his quick temper, his enthusiasm for each new undertaking, his unflinching honesty of purpose, his love for the beautiful in art and nature, his "earth-hunger," his passion for "good work," his happiness in following his bent and in pushing his

¹ *The Life of William Morris*. By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Two Vols. \$7.50.

way to producing something tangible, lasting, and sound—something, if might be, both beautiful and useful. And whether he were making books, wall-paper, furniture, fabrics, or art-glass, he must know the technique in every point; he dyed with his own hands, he could and did weave, print chintz, carve, set type, as well as design and illuminate, while his painting was by no means inferior (Rossetti long urged him to make painting his sole profession), as was shown by his lovely “Queen Guinevre,” reproduced in this book; in architectural work he was also an adept, and for a time after giving up his Oxford plan of entering the Church he was fully resolved to make architecture his profession. There are those, to be sure, who lament that Morris turned his energy into so many crafts, holding that his literary genius was never given its full scope; but the author of the “Earthly Paradise,” “The House of the Wolfings,” and “The Story of the Glittering Plain” needs no apology for giving also to the world such splendid specimens of book-making as the Chaucer on which his last thoughts were engaged, or for establishing a new standard of taste in English house-furnishing and decorating, or for expending his strength and money in trying to bring about through Socialism a better distribution of the benefits of civilization among the workers. “No work which cannot be done with pleasure is worth doing” was his favorite motto; and the best proof of his unbounded sympathy with humanity is the wide range of the things he loved to do and in which he excelled. In a letter to a friend (quoted by Mrs. Zueblin in an article on the factory at Merton Abbey, printed in *The Outlook* about the time of Morris’s death) he used these words: “I am an artist or workman, with a strong inclination to exercise what capacities I may have and a determination to do nothing shabby, if I can help it; or, if I do anything shabby, to admit that I have done so, and to be sorry for it. This appears to me to be the Socialist religion.” This is sound industrial doctrine, and there was romance as well as practical force in the way that it was applied. As Mr. Mackail says, speaking of the beginning of Morris’s business career, “The eagerness of the maker, the joy of craftsmanship, had come

to him, and come to stay—so it was that, in half-unconscious adaptation to the conditions of modern life, the monastery of his Oxford dreams rose into being as a workshop, and the brotherhood became a firm registered under the Companies act.”

Three bits of extract may combinedly give an idea of Morris’s personality better than analysis or description. Of his passion for external nature he wrote:

Oh me! Oh me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

Contrast with that this glimpse of a vigor which occasionally drove all before it:

Once at the Red Lion Square he hurled a fifteenth-century folio, which in ordinary circumstances he would hardly have allowed any one but himself to touch, at the head of an offending workman. It missed the workman and drove a panel out of the workshop door.

And finally add to the portrait this succinct statement of Morris’s view of the relations of art and Socialism written in 1896 in reply to an American correspondent:

Society, so called, at present is organized entirely for the benefit of a privileged class; the working class being considered in the arrangement only as so much machinery. This involves perpetual and enormous waste, and the organization for the production of genuine utilities is only a secondary consideration. This waste lands the whole civilized world in a position of *artificial poverty*, which again debars men of all classes from satisfying their rational desires. Rich men are in slavery to Philistinism, poor men to penury. We can none of us have what we want, except (partially only) by making prodigious sacrifices, which very few men can ever do. Before, therefore, we can so much as hope for any art, we must be free from this artificial poverty. When we are thus free, in my opinion, the natural instincts of mankind toward beauty and incident will take their due place: we shall *want* art, and since we shall be really wealthy, we shall be able to have what we want.

The Great Discourse is a compilation by an anonymous author. He has distributed the sayings of our Lord into over a hundred sections, each admitting of a caption, pointing to some specific department of truth, or trait of character, or line of duty. The author makes no pretension of criticism or of interpretation, and his work is in no sense a harmony or a commentary. He has discharged his task, not only with reverence, but with good sense. In it

we feel conscious of what he tells us, namely, that the work is the outcome of his own search for spirit and life. We believe that it will have a wide use beyond the author's personal needs.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were (with some exceptions) received by The Outlook during the week ending August 25. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Mr. Lucien Young has published, through the Doubleday & McClure Company, of New York, *The Real Hawaii*. Mr. Young was a lieutenant on the U.S.S. Boston, stationed in Honolulu during the revolution of 1893. The chief value of his book lies in his account of that revolution. He was an eye-witness of it, and he was also an important participant in it. His volume is dedicated to the late John L. Stevens, then our American Minister to Hawaii, and also to the late G. C. Wiltse, Commander of the Boston. The object avowed in the preface is to do justice to their memories. The book is prepared from notes made at the time. A proper regulation forbids the publication of such manuscripts by officers of the Navy Department without the authority of the Secretary of the Navy. This publication was refused under the Cleveland Administration, but has been granted by Secretary Long. Mr. Young's account states that Queen Liliuokalani purposed by a *coup d'état* to set aside the Constitution; that she had small support even from the natives in so doing; that the result of her effort was the counter revolution which issued in her dethronement; that, as a consequence of these two revolutions, there was danger of anarchy, bloodshed, and peril to American citizens and American property; that no troops were landed by Commander Wiltse until it became manifest that the *coup d'état* government was unable to protect itself, and could not protect life and property; and that thus several thousand American citizens and many million dollars' worth of American property were in danger. Furthermore, according to Mr. Young, while the troops were landed simply for the protection of Americans and their interests, Commander Wiltse was scrupulously careful not to give any sup-

port to either of the parties in the controversy. It is true that the testimony is not that of an impartial witness, but of one who frankly avows his prejudices to be those of a strong believer in the view represented by the American or so-called missionary party; but it is also true that at the more important points it is confirmed by the somewhat naive autobiography of Queen Liliuokalani, of which notice has already appeared in these columns.

Who's Who in America is modeled after the eminently successful English "Who's Who." It includes 8,602 brief biographical sketches of men and women of the United States, Canadians being excluded. It would be easy to point out faults of omission and admission—we note, for instance, that such well-known New York clergymen as E. B. Coe, Charles E. Jefferson, H. A. Stimson, William Lloyd, Rabbi Mendes, Henry Mottet, Arthur Ritchie, Merle St. C. Wright, and C. H. Eaton are not in the book—but in a work of this extent and scope such faults are almost inevitable. In the main the editor, Mr. J. W. Leonard, has done his work with skill and discretion. The usefulness of the book as a work of reference, and especially in newspaper offices, can hardly be exaggerated. A necrology from January 1, 1895, to January 1, 1899, is a welcome addition. (A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago.)

Anything from the author of "In His Steps" is sure to command wide attention. The Rev. C. M. Sheldon's latest volume is entitled *John King's Question Class*. John King is a clergyman, and his class is of course composed of inquiring young men and women. Some of their questions are as follows: "A boy is beginning to read trashy books. I have tried to get him interested in Scott and Cooper and Trowbridge, but he does not seem to care for any of their works. How can I get him to read good books?" "Is not football brutal and degrading, as shown by recent games played between college teams?" "What are the two best books for the average young man to read?" "Is the possession of money really a necessity to happiness?" "Do you believe in a personal devil?" John King answers these and many other questions, and his answers are generally to the point. The author endeavors to make the questions

and answers incidental to the telling of a story, and it is an interesting story. (The Advance Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Across the Campus, by Caroline M. Fuller, is a book full of the charm of the life at a woman's college. A group of girls are followed through their four years' varying experiences, from the tentative Freshman days to the end of the Senior year. Very natural, wholesome, sane creatures they are. Their growth in grasp and perception, and their loyalty towards one of their number who fails in uprightness, are shown in a way that cannot fail to delight any one who cares for a girl's story of the most attractive kind. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Black Rock, by Ralph Connor, is a Canadian story having as its theme the history of a crusade against the liquor evil in the northwestern territory. It is full of tragical and sad incidents, but at the same time it is, considered merely as a story, vigorous and abounding in incident. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

Two good stories for young people are *A Village Contest*, by I. T. Thurston, and *The Whistle in the Valley*, by Edward A. Rand, both published by A. I. Bradley & Co., of Boston. The former is more particularly adapted for boys, the latter for girls, while both have considerable humor and story interest.

Two little books have just been published, the one of practical help to Sunday-school workers, and the other of no less practical help to missionary society workers. The first is entitled *The Spiritual Life of the Sunday-School*, and is by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Chapman. The second is by Mr. A. R. Wells, and is entitled *The Missionary Manual*. Both are published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor of Boston.

In Terms of Life is the title of a book compiled by the friends of the late Wilbur W. Thoburn, of Stanford University. It consists of his sermons and lecture-fragments, to which are appended certain appreciations of Thoburn himself by members of the University. His loss must have been a real one, for in the sermons and lecture-fragments we discern a crisp, energetic, manly style, revealing an admirable character. (Published by Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.)

The great merit of Dr. G. F. Stout's

Manual of Psychology (Hinds & Noble, New York) is that it is not only clearly but entertainingly written. This exposition of psychology is from the genetic point of view. After some introductory chapters, the author divides his exposition into the departments of general analysis, sensation, perception, ideational and conceptual processes. The result of a study of this book is that even a tyro may begin really to live himself into psychological problems. To the student already familiar with psychological formulas, however, the result must be the gain of a power to deal with the subject even when accustomed formulas fail him.

Ecce Clerus; or, The Christian Minister in Many Lights, by A Student of the Times, is a series of interesting papers on a variety of subjects specially concerning pastors, and relating to their character, their functions, their methods, and their achievements. It bears the marks of a ripe experience, and is pervaded with a warm evangelical spirit. In referring to the question of the future state of the wicked as "the bugbear of the present-day evangelical pulpit," the author discloses his conservatism. His discussion of itinerant as compared with settled pastorates indicates a Methodist connection. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

The reply of Dr. John P. D. John, ex-President of Depauw University, to Robert G. Ingersoll, which has been given as an address more than five hundred times, is now in book form, entitled *Did Man Make God, or Did God Make Man?* It is characterized by much of fitness and force, but is hampered by a defective theory of divine inspiration. We do not think that Mr. Ingersoll can be adequately confuted by any one who feels bound to maintain that the Israelites massacred the Canaanites by divine command, and that the creation story in Genesis is in full harmony with modern science. (Frank Caldwell, Indianapolis.)

A series of six addresses on sanctification by self-surrender to the Holy Spirit, given at parlor meetings in Cobourg, Canada, has been published under the title *Happy; or, The Holy Spirit in the Heart*, by the Rev. Melville A. Shaver, minister of the Congregational church in that place. Over against the author's fear that few Christians know the Holy Spirit

may be set the encouraging fact of a great and increasing output of books of this sort. This one is characterized by brevity, simplicity, and practicalness. (William Briggs, Toronto.)

Money's Worth, by John Henry Norman, "expert in the science of and practice with money, author of 'Norman's Unit of Weight System,' 'Norman's Universal Cambist,' etc.," is, as its title-page implies, a badly written and egotistical volume, containing quotations from the author's former works and authoritative tables by which to reckon the value of the coins of different countries in terms of one another. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Two interesting and often even thrilling records of missionary devotion, daring, and suffering come from the press of the F. H. Revell Company (New York). In *Missions in Eden* Mrs. Crosby H. Wheeler, who has been for forty years a missionary of the American Board in Harpoot, tells of life and work in the valley of the Euphrates, with many picturesque glimpses of Armenian domestic and social customs. In *Among the Wild Ngoni* Dr. W. A. Elmslie, an English medical missionary, gives an account of the history of the Livingstonia Mission in British Central Africa. Native beliefs and superstitious practices are described, with many curious incidents. Both books are illustrated.

A lucid exposition of the mechanism of mind is given by M. Alfred Binet, Director of the Laboratory of Physiological Psychology in the Sorbonne, in a compact monograph on *The Psychology of Reasoning, Based on Experimental Researches in Hypnotism*. He holds that "the fundamental element of the mind is the image," resulting from an excitation of the sensory centers of the brain cortex; that "reasoning is an organization of images," determined by the properties belonging to them; that "the images have merely to be brought together to become organized," and then "reasoning follows with the inevitable necessity of a reflex." *E.g.*, an orange being presented to the eye, there is first an image of a yellow round; this calls up an image of a fruit before eaten; then the image of an actual orange succeeds, and the reasoning process completes itself in the identification of this third image with the first: this image of a yellow round is

the image of an orange. Such is the translation into psychological terms of the formal syllogism of logic. We cannot find, however, that M. Binet recognizes any motor behind the movement of the mental mechanism. He rejects, indeed, the theory that the mind is passive in perception, but its activity is for him merely an activity of "images," which he describes as living elements, which "attract each other," etc. It would seem, then, that previous to the formation of images by stimulation of the brain cortex there is no mind, nor any after the brain is stilled forever. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Books Received

For the week ending September 1

- AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
 Heyse, Paul. L'Arrabbiata. Edited by Max Lentz. 30 cts.
 Roark, Kuric N. Method in Education. \$1.
 D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
 Montaigne. The Education of Children Translated by L. E. Rector. (International Education Series.) \$1.
 THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASS'N, CHICAGO
 A.L.O.E. The Robbers' Cave.
 FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK
 Aucassin and Nicolette. Rendered into Modern French by Alexandre Bida. Translated into English by A. Rodney Macdonough.
 Educational Nuggets: From Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Herbart, Spencer, Harris, Butler, Eliot. Compiled by John R. Howard. 40 cts.
 GINN & CO., BOSTON
 Speer, William W. Advanced Arithmetic.
 HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
 Forman, L. L. A First Greek Book.
 HOME JOURNAL PRINT, NEW YORK
 Choate, Isaac Bassett. Obeyd, the Camel Driver. \$1.
 THE LITERARY SHOP, CINCINNATI
 Herrick, S. M. Thoughtful Hours.
 THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
 Bax, E. Belfort. The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526.
 State Trials, Political and Social. Selected and Edited by H. L. Stephen. In Two Volumes.
 Deuar, George A. B. Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. \$3.
 Shakespeare. The Works of. Volumes VI. and VII. \$1.50 each. Edited by C. H. Herford. (The Eversley Edition.)
 Plutarch's Lives. Volumes VII. and VIII. Englished by Sir Thomas North. 60 cts. each.
 Turgenev, Ivan. The Diary of a Superfluous Man and Other Stories. Translated by Constance Garnett. \$1.25.
 G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
 Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. \$4.
 NOVELLO, EWER & CO., NEW YORK
 Standard Anthems by Gounod, Martin, Stainer, Stanford, and Others. 5 cts. each.
 FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
 McCulloch, Catharine Waugh. Mr. Lex. 35 cts.
 Waugh, Thomas. The Power of Pentecost. 30 cts.
 Moody, D. L. Men of the Bible. 30 cts.
 Super, Charles W. Between Heathenism and Christianity. \$1.25.
 Beardslee, John Walter. The Bible Among the Nations. \$1.
 Torrey, R. A. Ought Christians to Keep the Sabbath. 10 cts.
 Vance, Rev. James I., D.D. Royal Manhood. \$1.25.
 SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON
 Draper, Andrew S. The Rescue of Cuba.
 CHARLES C. TRENT, NEW HAVEN
 Mutch, William James. The Testing of a Soul. 50 cts.
 D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., NEW YORK
 Baker, M. N. Portable Water. 50 cts.

The Religious World

Over-Supply of Clergymen

The ideal conception of the ministry is the free service of men in God's name, but the actual condition of the ministry is an occupation demanding salaries and wages. It is one of the many businesses of life, conducted upon a salary basis, a profession among other professions, and it is subject, as are all other businesses, to the problems and evils of unemployment. There are men out of work in the ministry, but there are no more men out of work than in other callings. The spirit of combination is in the air; it has affected the clerical profession, as it has all other employments. Church unity and concentration have resulted in throwing good clergymen out of work. Such concentration has already been mentioned in these columns in comment upon the statement that at present there is an over-supply of clergymen for Congregational pulpits. While combination and concentration are responsible for some of the unemployment, we do not believe that the great proportion of the surplus is made up of well-educated, well-trained ministers. It is natural that Congregational churches should prefer such to the immigrants from other denominations (perhaps one-third of their annual addition coming in this way), to men trained in seminaries but not in colleges, to graduates of Bible schools, etc. Not only in the Congregational, but also in other churches, most of any surplus of clergymen is due, first, to the seminaries with their stipends, and, secondly, to the churches with their lowered ideals of what a minister ought to be. It has been claimed that the theological schools do not present such high standards as law and medical schools. This imputation ought to be refuted, but it never can be until that relic of barbarism is checked; namely, the indiscriminate giving of money to support theological students and to make ministers. To change the present sending out of numbers, rather than quality, our seminaries should take the same stand in regard to pecuniary aid to students which has been taken by some colleges. There should be an exclusive scholarship basis for preferment. Above

all others, theological students should *work* their way to an education and to their profession. It is a sad criticism on common sense whenever we find the standard both of scholarship and of self-sacrifice in the ministry below that of other professions.

Clerical Efficiency

As to self-sacrifice, many men seem to enter the ministry so that they may escape the merciless competition which weeds out the incompetent from other professions. They are sure that the Church will support them, not only when they begin to study, but also when they are once inside the clerical fold. An artist, a scholar, or a social reformer knows that he is not as sure of pay as a cook or a carpenter would be, but he prefers to take the risk and be true to his ideal, whether he be paid or whether he starve. The clerical unemployed, however, are apt to seek salaries first, believing that all other things shall be added thereto. There is, indeed, an over-supply of competitors for salaries and for attractive places. However, every clergyman is a missionary, and hence is ordained not to be on the lookout for an arrangement for his own comfort. His business is to preach the Gospel. Therefore he must make his own place. As in any other calling in life, in the ministry success is determined by a man's efficiency. The test comes, perhaps, not so much in the cities as in small towns where the income of the church is slender, and the opportunity for effective leadership of men greater than in the cities. Whatever drainage there may be goes to those cities to lie idle or to live on odd jobs. The Church is thus really full of useless clergymen of whom it cannot rid itself; on the other hand, there is abundant room for good, earnest, God-serving men, and these are hard to get. The reasons for an over-supply of clergymen are, first, not so much the lack of opportunity as the lack of the particular opportunities which men fancy they must find; and, second, because so many clergymen lack the necessary qualifications, the scholarship, the self-sacrifice, the eagerness to work anywhere.

No man called of God to the work of His ministry ever sought in vain for that work. The men who are out of work are in such a condition chiefly through their own fault. The field is not merely the parishes and missions in existence, but the world.

Negro Advancement

Many Southern Christians are beginning to realize their mistake when they failed to inaugurate mission work among the negroes directly after the war between the States. With the exceptional opportunities furnished by the warm relationships which still existed in some measure between former master and slave, they might have prevented many subsequent troubles, besides materially improving the race in morals by continuing the religious ministrations which they had carried on among them in ante-bellum days. Moreover, they owed something to the negroes for the fidelity with which they had stood watch over Southern homes during the entire four years of the war, when the whole civilized world expected to see the latter rise up in insurrection on account of the supposed brutalities of which they had been the victims in servitude. But conditions were such at the close of the war that Southern people were in no humor for viewing the question in what now appears to have been the proper light ; and so, without deliberating over the matter, they promptly committed the religious welfare of the negroes into the hands of those who had emancipated them. Since the Civil War much has been accomplished toward the improvement of the race in educational directions. Colleges and universities endowed by Northern philanthropists have sprung up in addition to those educational facilities which Southern people have provided. But the criminal reports show that the negroes have, unhappily, not made the same progress in morals which they have made in text-books. This is due, in part at least, to the insufficiency of those agencies which have heretofore been employed to reach the great masses of the race with competent instruction on religious lines. And herein lies the duty of Southern people. They occupy the same geographical environment which the negroes occupy. They are largely dependent upon the negroes for domestic, agricul-

tural, and commercial labor. What benefits the negroes will benefit them. They possess the confidence and esteem of the negroes, and they can labor among them much more conveniently than can those of other sections. Since they have everything to gain from the elevation of the race, they are certainly the ones who are mainly charged with the duty of looking after its religious welfare. Especially marked has been the interest which Presbyterians have shown in the matter of taking up mission work among the negroes. A good illustration of what Southern Presbyterians are doing is furnished by the mission school recently started among the negroes of Atlanta by the Central Presbyterian Church. This school was organized in July, 1898, with Mr. R. E. Rushton, one of the prominent business men of Atlanta, as superintendent. Seventy pupils were enrolled on the first Sabbath. Since that time the average attendance has increased to one hundred and thirty. Seven white teachers are employed in the school, three men and four women. Besides the regular Sabbath-school exercises, which are held on Sunday afternoons, prayer-meeting services are held weekly on Tuesday evenings, at which the attendance averages between thirty and forty. Encouraged by the good results which Presbyterians have met with, other denominations in Atlanta are agitating the matter of engaging in like work. What is true in Atlanta is also true of other localities. Southern Christians are now impressed with the duty which rests upon them to do what they can in promoting the religious welfare of the negroes ; and, having at length reached this conviction, they will not be slow in making up for past shortcomings.

Pundita Ramabai

The increasing interest of America in Eastern peoples causes the friends of the Pundita Ramabai's work in India to hope that new circles may be formed and new helpers obtained to support the schools which she has established among the child widows in India. The Shâradâ Sadan cares for seventy-five pupils, and the Mutki Home for three hundred and sixty-five, with an annual need of twenty thousand dollars, only five thousand of

which has so far been promised. All of our readers are presumably familiar with the suffering of the children whom the Ramabai is helping; and in a land like this, where women enjoy unlimited freedom and opportunity, the call comes with exceeding force to aid those who endure the restrictions of India. The Executive Committee of the Ramabai Association appeals to women's clubs in the United States to include among their other endeavors this work for the women of India. The Chairman of the Association, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, will gladly speak before any interested circle or club or organization on her experience in India, and her personal knowledge of Ramabai's work. Mrs. Andrews's address is 36 Rutland Square, Boston, Mass. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. E. Hayward Terry, 222 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Religion in German Schools and Universities

At a recent prayer-meeting in Cannes, France, an Englishman stated that he had not found a real Christian at any German university. Whoever judges German religion from a foreign standpoint will surely err. No people really pay less attention to externals, but no people think and believe more profoundly. Germany is not lacking in religious influence. The only criticism that may be made is that she sometimes spends her strength too methodically, clumsily, pedantically. For instance, in the examinations of all schools the knowledge of religion plays so large a part that no teacher may be empowered to teach unless he has a thorough comprehension of that subject. The rectors of middle schools have almost always been theologues, and the examiners always. In the country districts school-inspection is entirely in the hands of theologues. Instruction for confirmation lasts a year anyway, generally two years. School sessions are opened with obligatory prayer. In general, it may be stated that little opportunity is lost to impress the intimate connection of religion with education upon the scholars' and the teachers' minds. While from its governmental side no German university has any irreligious bias, the religious control to which a young German has submitted at school ceases when he enters the university. He is now treated as a man of mature judgment; he

may choose religion or he may not choose it. Christianity among the Germans is, before everything, free. In the university, therefore, they have insisted upon entire liberty of conscience. Again, most Germans believe that their religion should be a matter of the heart, not necessarily of the mouth. Hence, even those eminent professors whose books have gained the admiration of American students sometimes puzzle the latter by an unfriendly attitude toward outward manifestation of religious feeling. To many Germans an American prayer-meeting would be torture. On the other hand, there is hearty religious union and upbuilding in the various clubs and Verbindungen. Another help toward club religious life is found in the adjunct work done by young clergymen in a large parish, assisting the rector—a work deservedly more and more in vogue there as here. Indeed, this grouping is even more welcomed in Germany than in America, since there have been more candidates for places in the Fatherland than there were places to be filled. How has this been possible if there has been no religious life? Such life in German universities may be differently expressed from that in our own; but at least it is as deep in freedom, freshness, sincerity, spirituality. The fact that every year hundreds of American students sit at the feet of such loved religious teachers as Harnack, Kaftan, Pfeiderer, and Weiss, and come away not only mentally strengthened but spiritually refreshed, is a sufficient answer to critics who still look askance at the religious influence of German universities.

Note

In the programme of the International Congregational Council which appeared in our last issue it was stated that the address on Missions would be delivered by the Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D.D. The death of Dr. Lamson caused great sorrow, especially among those who had hoped to hear him at the Council. The Committee has been very fortunate in inducing the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., to take the place of Dr. Lamson. Dr. Storrs was to have been President of the Council, but the condition of his health obliged him to withdraw his acceptance of the honor. He has, however, consented to speak on Missions, and the English delegates will thus have the opportunity of hearing the most conspicuous orator of the American pulpit on a subject which is dear to his heart.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

The inclosed clipping purports to give, in part, "The Creed of the Freethinkers," as formulated by Mr. B. F. Underwood, of Boston:

All sacred books, so called, are products of evolution; many of them are valuable as records of past thought and as expressions of religious life; they are all human, fallible, and their teachings are to be accepted only so far as they accord with reason and truth. All religious systems are outgrowths of the human mind, natural in origin and development.

My "query," in no consciously unfriendly or prejudiced spirit towards the "higher criticism," is this: Wherein does this "creed" differ, in the last resort, from the conclusion one must draw from the principles enunciated in such works as Professor Kent's fascinating "History of the Hebrew and Jewish People," and I may add Dr. Driver's "General Introduction to the Old Testament," etc.? Is there any other standing-ground if these "principles" be accepted unqualifiedly?

W. H. M.

It differs as a half-truth differs from the whole truth. It differs by ignoring the immanence of God in the process of evolution, and the consequent divineness of the evolution from rawness to ripeness, gradually eliminating earlier error until the full-orbed truth appears in the filling of the human spirit with the divine in Jesus the Christ. Undoubtedly the evolution is "natural," but "nature is spirit," and the process of what we call revelation is one of spiritual evolution, in which the human spirit draws inspiration from the divine within. The Scriptures themselves constantly appeal to the *moral* reason, or conscience, for attestation. The Protestant principle, also, is that the seat of spiritual or rational authority is not external, but internal. But one must emphasize against some "freethinkers" the importance not of *mere* reason but of *more* reason, more light than many a half-informed mind is content with.

An important correction in the text and the translation of several passages in the Old Testament is made by Canon Cheyne in the "Expositor" for August. In 2 Kings vi., 25, in which an ass's head and dove's dung are described in our Revised Version

as commanding a great price for food during the siege of Samaria, the corrected text will read: "A homer of lentils was sold for fifty shekels, and a quarter of a cor of carob pods for five shekels." The pods of the carob-tree were the "husks" that the swine ate (see Luke xv., 16, Revised Version, margin), used for human food only in extremity. So Canon Cheyne corrects our reading of Isaiah i., 19, 20: "If ye be willing and obedient, the best [fruits] of the land shall ye eat: But if ye refuse and rebel, carob pods shall ye eat." (Instead of the last clause our Bibles read, "Ye shall be devoured with the sword.") This emendation, Canon Cheyne goes on to say, must also be made in a passage where it will afford a great relief to the reader—2 Kings xviii., 27, with which Isaiah xxxvi., 12, agrees. The corrected text gives this translation: "Rab-shakeh said, etc., 'Has he not sent me to the men who sit on the wall, that they may eat their carobs and drink their sour wine with you?'"

In The Outlook for May 20 I see the question, "What means 1 Cor. xi., 10?" I venture to send another explanation of this passage, by Samuel Sharpe, the distinguished English Bible student, whose translation of the Bible preceded the Revised Version. I give it from memory, viz.: The word translated "*angels*," is sometimes used for "*preachers*," our "evangelist" coming from the same root. The meaning of the text is: "For this cause ought a woman to have a *veil* on her head, because of the *preachers*;" i. e., the preacher from his elevated position could see her, although the men in the congregation could not, on account of the partition dividing men from women. The text reads like the answer to a question. There is an old German word for veil, "*macht*," which seems to have been derived in the same way. In The Outlook for June 17 I see James Freeman Clarke's "Legend of Thomas Didymus" referred to as giving the views of those who discard miracles. Dr. Clarke himself was a firm believer in most of the miracles of Jesus, discarding only those which seemed to belong to that nimbus of false miracles which grows up around true miracles. In "Thomas Didymus" he gave what he conceived to be the position of a rationalist inclined toward skepticism. His own views in regard to miracles are clearly and fully stated in "Orthodoxy: Its Truths and Errors," Chapter IV. L. F. C.

The last part of the above is com-

mended to the attention of several who have recently written to us on the subject of miracles.

Does the doctrine of the deity of Jesus imply that Jesus, while on earth, possessed all the attributes of the Deity, including omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence? For instance, are we necessarily to suppose that, at any moment of his earthly career, Jesus fully comprehended the movements of the planetary system or the principles of the higher mathematics? W. H.

The doctrine, as now held by the majority of orthodox theologians, adopts from Philippians ii., 7, Revised Version, the "kenotic" theory, so called from the word there translated "emptied himself." According to this, deity in Jesus was subjected to the necessary limitations of a human organism and mind; to which most would add, such limitations also as were inseparable from human life at that stage of history, such as ignorance of modern science.

What is Priestley's rank as a theologian, and what the value of his "Notes on Scripture"? W. P. E.

We suppose you refer to Dr. Joseph Priestley, who was one of the earliest and most influential Unitarians in this country, as well as in England previously, and to his "Harmony of the Evangelists in English, with Critical Dissertations," published in London in 1780. This was a work of high rank at that time, but it has been in many points superseded by the results of critical research during the past century.

Kindly tell who Edmond Stapfer is, and what his standing, especially in the theological world. E.

Some months since we answered the question by stating that he is Professor of Protestant Theology in the University of Paris, and identified with the liberal evangelical school. He is known in this country by his books on the life of Christ, published by the Messrs. Scribner. His high rank as a theologian is well recognized.

Kindly explain just what is meant by the terms "High Church," "Low Church," and "Broad Church," when used in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church. W. W. W.

These terms, though more commonly used in reference to members of the

Episcopal body, are applicable and sometimes used toward others also with the same general significance; a "high churchman," for instance, denoting one who makes a more or less exclusive claim of divine right for the peculiarities of his own sect. "Low churchman" is the antithetical term, with the further difference that in the Episcopal communion it also indicates an emphasis on evangelical preaching, while the high churchman is disposed to emphasize the sacraments. "Broad churchman" is a term that may include either of the above varieties, according as the comprehensiveness and liberalism which it indicates are in ecclesiastical or theological matters.

Please name some volumes most useful to a student of the moral, social, and political history of the Israelites before the Christian era; those which will indicate in what they were superior to the peoples of their time.

X.

Israel as a whole was not superior to all peoples of her time. Of this the writings of the canonical prophets bear evidence. While the kingdom stood, false prophets were in the majority, and contributed largely to its downfall. The glory of Israel was in its small nucleus of gifted souls, who kindled and kept the light of a pure religion. These were the great prophets to whose work Jesus builded on, "to complete" it, as he said. See Kent's "History of the Jewish People" (Scribners), Cornill's "History of Israel" (Open Court Company, Chicago), W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel" (Macmillan), Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnams).

St. Matthew's, St. Mark's, and St. Luke's Gospels relate the temptation of Jesus. . . . Have you any conception of how these writers obtained their knowledge of the events as related by them? T.

It is most natural to suppose that Jesus imparted an account of his mental conflicts to the disciples in intimate conversations. The story of the temptation must be understood as relating what Jesus went through in his mind and imagination while he was reflecting in solitude upon the possibilities of his approaching career. It could have been only in imagination that he stood upon the pinnacle of the temple, etc.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



Caddie's Bear

By Emma C. Dulaney

When Laddie went into the kitchen one morning he found Mammy Chloe standing at the big pine table busily engaged in scraping and cleaning some big object lying upon it. This strange thing excited the little boy's curiosity, and he called the little sisters to see it too.

Brownie stood off at a distance and looked at it wonderingly, while wee Flossie peeped at it from the shelter of grandma's big apron.

"What *is* that thing with such big eyes, grandma?" asked Laddie.

"That," said the dear old lady, with a smile, "is Caddie's bear."

The children edged away from the table a little further, and Laddie said:

"A bear—where did it come from?"

Mammy Chloe laughed and stopped her work long enough to say: "Yo' auntie can tell yo' all 'bout dese kinds ob bears, chil'en."

"Can she?" exclaimed the little boy.

"Yes, indeed," answered the old black woman; "she can tell yo' a story 'bout one."

"Oh," said Brownie, "let's go and ask auntie to tell it, Laddie." And off the children went to look for Aunt Carol where they knew they would be sure to find her—in her wheel-chair on the big shady porch.

"Aunt Carol," began Laddie, as soon as he caught sight of her, "Mammy Chloe was fixin' a *dreadful*-lookin' thing with awful big eyes in it, and she said it was a bear and you could tell us 'bout it—will you tell us, auntie?"

The little boy was almost breathless after his long speech, and Aunt Carol made him and the little girls sit down and rest a few minutes before she began the story they wanted to hear.

Then she said: "Now you may tell me what sort of a 'bear' that awful thing was, and then I will know what story it is I am to tell you."

So the children described the object

which Mammy Chloe was cleaning and which grandma had called "Caddie's bear."

"And you want to hear about that wonderful animal, do you?" asked Aunt Carol, laughing merrily.

"Yes, ma'am," said Laddie.

"Is it a truly story, auntie?" asked Brownie.

"Indeed it is," said Aunt Carol.

"Then it ought to be 'once on a time,'" said Laddie.

"So it shall begin that way," said Aunt Carol, as she smoothed Flossie's silken curls. "Shall I begin now?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy, as he and Brownie drew their stools closer to the wheel-chair and Flossie nestled closer to Aunt Carol's knee.

"Well," said she, "once upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Caddie—like our Brownie, she, too, had brown eyes and long brown curls which seemed too heavy for the head they grew on.

"This little girl loved her books and was never happier than when she could creep away to some quiet spot with them. When she was a very little girl she lived with her parents in a large city, but when school was closed she used to come to this very house to spend her vacation with her grandmother.

"She was such a quiet little girl that every one was glad to have her come for a long visit, for, as her grandmother once said, 'Caddie never *meddles*, and, for that reason, my mind is always easy about her.'

"But there came a time when she *did* meddle, and *such* a terrible fright her meddling gave her! She liked to make herself useful, and her grandmother would let her dust the furniture, and dry the dishes, and do lots of little things about the place to help her.

"One day, after helping with the dishes, she said: 'Is there anything more that I can do for you, grandma?'

"'Well,' said the grandmother, 'if you

want to, you may shell some peas for dinner. I am going to see a neighbor who is sick; when you get the peas shelled, you can wait for me, if you wish, or, if you feel too lonesome, you can go upstairs to your aunt.'

"'Oh, I'm not 'fraid,' said little Caddie. 'I'll wait till you come back.'

"'Very well,' her grandmother said; 'I reckon I won't be gone so very long.'

"When Caddie was left alone she sat down in the kitchen door to shell the peas; in a little while she heard such a funny noise that she stood up and looked all around, but could see nothing to cause it, so she sat down again and went on with her work.

"Still the noise kept on, and it sounded as if it were something saying, 'Bubble, bubble, bubble-de-bubble,' until poor little Caddie was so puzzled that she scarcely knew what to think or do.

"'Sounds like somebody's tryin' to talk to me,' she said as she listened to the funny noise. 'Maybe—oh, I do wonder if it's a fairy!' And then she tried to make out what was being said, but all she could understand was 'Bubble, bubble-de-bubble!'

"Once she happened to look toward the stove, and she saw the white steam coming from under the lid on a big iron pot; and, as she stood looking at it, she said: 'I wonder what grandma is cooking in that big pot?'

"Then the little imp that coaxes people to meddle with things which are not their own told her to lift up the lid and look into the pot to see for herself.

"As she went toward the stove she saw that the lid made little jumps as if it was being pushed up from the inside by something, and the funny noise she had heard seemed to grow louder.

"What a racket there was inside the pot! 'Bump, bump! bubble-de-bubble,' went that something in it, until Caddie's curiosity could no longer be held in check, and, taking a cloth from the table, she lifted the jumping lid up and peeped into the big pot.

"No wonder the little girl was scared, for bobbing up and down in the water that was in the pot was a great big head with two tremendous eyes that seemed to look straight through her. As it bobbed up and down the noise was louder, and

the awful head seemed to say: 'You meddlesome little girl! How dare you take the lid off my pot?'

"Poor Caddie! She gave a look at the dreadful thing, and then, with the lid tightly held in her hand, she started up the stairs toward her auntie's room, crying loudly: 'Oh, Aunt Beth; it's a bear—a great big bear!'

"Up the steps she ran, screaming all the time, and fell upon the broad landing almost out of breath, and so scared that she could not tell her auntie what she had done.

"Just then her grandmother came back from her errand, and hurried upstairs to see what was the matter, and when she saw the pot-lid in the little girl's hand she said: 'Why, Caddie, child, what made you bring the pot-lid upstairs?'

"And then, between her sobs, Caddie told what she had heard and done. 'I was so scared I forgot I had the lid in my hand, grandma,' she said; 'all I wanted to do was to get away from that awful bear with its two big eyes, so I ran as fast as I could to Auntie Beth.'

"And how grandma and Auntie Beth did laugh when poor Caddie had told her story! And her grandmother said:

"'Why, little girl, that's not a bear; it's only a calf's head I'm cooking.'

"'But it's so—so big,' sobbed Caddie, 'and it bobbed up and down so fast, and its great big eyes just looked at me like's if they could see to my backbone.'

"Then her good grandmother took her back to the kitchen and showed her that the awful eyes were only big holes where eyes had been; and then she explained to her how it was that the boiling of the water in the pot had made the noise she had heard, and that it was the escaping steam that made the lid jump up and down.

"And she told her, too, how wrong it was for little folks, and big ones too, to meddle with anything, and how she hoped her little Caddie would never again be tempted to do so. And the little girl wiped away her tears and promised that she never would.

"And," said Aunt Carol, looking into the childish faces about her, "Caddie has always tried to keep that promise."

"Did you know her, Aunt Carol?" asked Laddie.

"Indeed I did," was the answer; "and

I will never forget how frightened she was that day. It has been a long time since then, but she has never seen a calf's head since without laughing over the time when she peeped into the dinner-pot and saw the big thing she thought was a bear that said to her, 'Bubble, bubble, bubble-de-bubble!'

Can any of my readers guess who "Caddie" was?

Through a Pane of Glass

Very few of us know how beautiful the bottom of the ocean is. In southern waters we can see much deeper than in our northern waters.

In Bermuda a wooden box about twelve or fifteen inches deep, with a glass bottom, is used to look at the water life. This box is trailed after the boat or held at the side, revealing wonderful, beautiful plants, fish, sea flowers, caves and mountains and sea forests.

In the island of Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, boats for travelers are used having a pane of heavy plate glass about twelve feet long inserted in the bottom, raised so that in running in and out shore it will not be struck by rocks. The passengers sit on either side of this pane of glass, and watch the wonderful sea life over which they are passing. These boats are used at night, when the water is illuminated. Every move of the boat, the water dripping from the oars, brings the most beautiful colors in view. Sometimes it seems as if great worms were floating in the water. These appear and disappear; coming to the top, they are caught, and prove to be sea worms, that, held in the hand, emit about as much light as a smoldering sulphur match.

Another thing revealed by these glass-bottomed boats is the destruction caused by some of the sea insects, such tiny creatures that you scarcely see them. They eat into the great trunks of trees used to build wharfs, and so honeycomb them that the wharf falls into the water after a time. The piles of the wharfs are ablaze with light given out by these tiny creatures at night.

One Way to Wash Dishes

Some of our naval officers were in Mexico several years ago. They went to visit some villages of one of the peoples

or tribes of Mexico who were interesting because they clung to their old habits of living. Their houses were huts. There were great numbers of wild geese in this section, and these officers decided to go shooting. They came back, and the Mexican women, while the geese were being cooked, made some tortilla, a bread peculiar to Mexico. It is made of corn ground by hand between stones, and baked on a flat stone before the fire. The cakes are made very thin. When the geese were cooked, the pieces were laid on the plates of tortilla. When the officers had eaten their meal, they ate their plates.

Selling Snow

In warm countries like Italy, ice is very hard to get, and costs a good deal of money. One of the princes living in northern Italy near the mountain ranges sells snow. The snow is packed in baskets and carried by mules at night to coast villages, where it is shipped to the cities and sold at three and five cents a pound. This prince has the entire right to this trade.

What They See

People who live out-of-doors all the time, like some of our Indians and the wild peoples of Africa, say beautiful things of changes in the great out-of-door world that we hardly notice. In Africa one tribe call thunder "the sky's son," morning "the day's child," twilight "the eyelashes of the sun." One native of Africa called ice "water fast asleep."

Sweet Confidence

By Thomas B. Chrystal

A-six-year old young lady
Stood near the music-stand
In Central Park, one Sunday,
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,
As if she were afraid;
Then to a Park policeman
The little maiden said:

"Do you like candy, mister?"

"No, not a bit," said he.

"Well, then," she cried, "I'll trust you
To carry mine for me!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

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The Dreyfus Affair We comment elsewhere on the infamous verdict pronounced last Saturday at Rennes in the case of Captain Dreyfus, charged with having divulged French army secrets to a foreign power. As throwing light on the case, last week's testimony was important. To be sure, the deposition of Colonel du Paty de Clam turned out to be principally a reiteration of his version of the case as given before the Court of Cassation, but evidence of the first order was furnished by M. Trarieux, ex-Minister of Justice, who was able to show, through his relations with the Italian Ambassador, an official declaration by the Italian Government that its agents never had relations with Dreyfus. Colonel Jouaust tried to check the flood of M. Trarieux's eloquent denunciation of Esterhazy, but the orator's stinging words were greeted with a storm of applause. Particularly interesting testimony then came from M. Cochefort, Chief of the Detective Department, who described the dictation scene at the office of Colonel du Paty de Clam, in October, 1894. Dreyfus had received an invitation to call there at a certain time. On arriving, Colonel du Paty de Clam asked him to write a letter at his dictation. Dreyfus had scarcely finished when his superior came toward him and cried, "In the name of the law I arrest you! You are accused of the crime of high treason." Dreyfus replied, "An officer is not arrested in this way. Give me an intimation of the infamy that you pretend I have committed. I am innocent. I am the victim of an infernal plot." Cochefort added that on a side table was a revolver, and Dreyfus, noticing the weapon, cried, "I will not take my life. I will live and prove my innocence." It is remarkable that at convenient times, Henry should have been provided with a razor, Lemercier-Picard with a rope, and Dreyfus with a revolver.

Dreyfus and Germany Ten days ago the semi-official "Kölnische Zeitung" had declared that, after the failure of the Italian Major Panizzardi and the Austrian Colonel Schneider to convince the French people, the German Colonel Schwarzkoppen's further intervention in behalf of one innocently sentenced would seem to be futile, especially since Germany had already done more than could be expected by Count von Bülow's solemn declarations, given as representing the Empire and the Emperor, and Colonel Schwarzkoppen's word of honor in his statements in November, 1897, that he never had any relations with Dreyfus. However, after the court had admitted as testimony the fantastic tale of Czernuski, the Servian refugee and foreign governmental agent, Maître Labori demanded an equal favor for the defense, and telegraphed to the German and Italian Governments to see whether he could obtain the presence of Colonel Schwarzkoppen and Major Panizzardi. The next day he received semi-official information that the military attachés would be unable personally to appear, but that they would answer the questions of a commission sent by the court martial. The energetic advocate therefore proposed that the court appoint a rogatory commission and that the depositions be received by telegraph. These proffered depositions would have solved all doubts and have been conclusive in the prisoner's behalf.



Evidence Ignored The court retired to deliberate, and, on returning, Colonel Jouaust, President of the court, read the astounding decision that he was competent to order the commission, though the judges as a body could not. Thereupon Colonel Jouaust refused to appoint, and the evidence of the

attachés was excluded. Not only was it his duty to receive all evidence directly bearing on the case, but the refusal to hear the attachés was a slight on their respective countries. More than this, according to the court's own precedent, that particular testimony should have been secured. Colonel Jouaust had himself set the example, first of getting testimony by commission in the case of Colonel du Paty de Clam, and, secondly, in receiving testimony from Czernuski, a foreign agent. It was a tremendous responsibility which the President took upon himself, even though he was only the mouthpiece of the whole body of judges. In this connection came the most important testimony of the week. M. Paléologue, of the French Foreign Office, declared that Prince von Münster, the German Ambassador, had asserted not only the innocence of Dreyfus, but also the guilt of Esterhazy, and that a statement in the Foreign Office would prove it. The day following, the "*Reichsanzeiger*," the official paper of the German Government, declared that it was authorized to repeat the declarations which the Imperial Government had made concerning Captain Alfred Dreyfus. These were: (1) In December, 1894, and in January, 1895, after obtaining the Emperor's orders, Prince von Münster repeatedly told M. Hanotaux, French Foreign Minister, M. Dupuy, Prime Minister, and M. Casimir-Périer, President of the Republic, that the Imperial Embassy in France never had, either directly or indirectly, any relations with Dreyfus. (2) On January 4, 1898, in the Reichstag, Count von Bülow, German Secretary of State, made the following statement: "I declare in the most positive manner that no relations or connections of any kind ever existed between the French ex-Captain Dreyfus, now on Devil's Island, and any German agent." Men wondered, therefore, whether, after the statements which would thus make the Government and the Emperor of Germany liars, the court martial would dare to convict Dreyfus.



The Prosecution The fact that all the evidence was not taken will now be used by the Dreyfusards as patent proof that the court had already reached

a conclusion, and that counsels' pleadings even might have been dispensed with had they not been a necessary part of legal procedure. But if it was already decided to condemn the accused, it was doubly criminal to reject testimony in his favor. At that time, however, many Dreyfusards declared that it would be insulting to Colonel Jouaust to attribute his refusal to any sentiment other than that he was already sufficiently convinced of Dreyfus's innocence to have no need of fresh evidence. Anti-Dreyfusards explained the President's ruling on the ground that the evidence of the two military attachés would be worthless, because they would, at any cost, be morally bound to save their agent. "What weight could be attached to the testimony of Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi?" asked the anti-Dreyfusards. "A receiver of stolen goods must shield the thief as much as he can." Throughout the sessions the President and members of the court martial maintained a consistent attitude of hostility towards the prisoner's cause. Dreyfusards, however, interpreted the hostility as only an assumed one, to prevent complaint that the judges were partial to the accused. Last week, however, witnessed their open, not veiled, hostility. In addition to the Czernuski and attachés incidents, Colonel Jouaust actually refused to receive a paper on which Esterhazy had written a facsimile of the *bordereau*, thus proving himself its author. With the twenty-seventh session of the court martial the taking of evidence was completed. The summing up by Major Carrière for the prosecution surprised most readers by the absence of any careful analysis. In the face of clear proof to the contrary, the Government prosecutor naively declared that the 1894 trial had, like all French military trials, been honorably conducted. "It has been said that we military men are not clever and are not practical. Maybe that is so. But we are a simple and upright people, who proceed directly toward our duty, and our acts are always characterized by good faith." As to the *bordereau*, Major Carrière said that, apart from the question of the handwriting, upon which even the experts fell out, he thought that the references to covering the troops and the artillery formation were very significant. He pointed out that Esterhazy would have had

no difficulty in securing the firing manual, therefore he could hardly have written that it was difficult to get, while Dreyfus could not easily have obtained it. In discussing the sentence about "going to the maneuvers," which has caused so much controversy, Major Carrière declared that it would have been impossible for Esterhazy to have written it. The prosecutor then referred to the complexity of the prisoner's character, and closed by a savage assault on Colonel Picquart, which was not based on any evidence before the court. Major Carrière's final word was not, as it should have been, "Weigh the evidence," but, "Weigh the importance of the two categories of witnesses, those for and those against the accused." Who were those in one of the categories? The superior officers of the judges.



The Defense "The decision of the 1894 court martial," declared Maître Demange in his speech for the defense, "would have been different if the members of the court had seen samples of Esterhazy's handwriting." The lawyer dissected the documents submitted secretly to the first court martial, pointing out that they were either irrelevant or implicated Esterhazy. "If it were my duty to defend Esterhazy," added the advocate, "what could I say for him? His guilt cries to heaven, and yet you persist in disculpating him, in spite of his confession, and in accusing Dreyfus, against whom you can produce no palpable proof." Maître Demange then demonstrated not only that Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*, but that Dreyfus could not have written it; while as to the one question before the court martial, "Did Dreyfus communicate to a foreign power the documents in the *bordereau*?" the lawyer, though no reference was made to the Mulhouse incident, tried to prove that he did not and that he could not have communicated them. Referring to Dreyfus's resolve on seeing the revolver, as given in the testimony of Detective Cochefort, Maître Demange exclaimed: "This purpose and this hope sustained him through the long years on Devil's Island, and bring him here to-day, when dishonor has been stamped on him before the world, and a stigma put

upon his name and that of his beloved wife and children, demanding that the stigma be cleared away and that the innocence, of which he has never failed to boast, be proven before mankind." Maître Demange then read letters written by the prisoner while on Devil's Island, relating how the latter lay in irons, and how the guards, more pitiful than their officers, stole to him during the darkness in order to cleanse with rags the chafed sores upon his wrists and ankles. "Yet through all this ordeal," added the lawyer, "there was always but one cry: 'I am innocent.' Are these the thoughts of a traitor? Could a traitor keep his eye fixed on heaven in hope through all these agonies? Every page is filled with his protestations of his innocence and his love for his country and its flag. His words ring true; they come from his soul. The man who spoke them and wrote them cannot be guilty." When Colonel Jouaust asked Dreyfus if he had anything to say, the prisoner arose and with quiet dignity replied: "I am innocent. For five years I have suffered bitter torture. This I have endured for the honor of my wife and family. I believe I shall succeed, as I trust in the honor of this tribunal."



The Verdict The court contemptuously disregarded the Government's request that the verdict be deferred until Monday, so as to eliminate the cause for possible Sunday outbreaks, and rendered its verdict on Saturday of last week. After two hours' deliberation the verdict was announced. It was "Guilty" with "extenuating circumstances," and sentenced the accused to imprisonment for ten years. The vote of the judges was five to two. Even a vote of four to three would have changed the verdict to such a disagreement as would have made condemnation impossible. The verdict of "guilty," therefore, was obtained by the narrow margin of one vote. The mention of "extenuating circumstances" may have been made to enable President Loubet to exercise his right of pardon. We hope that he may exercise it, and that speedily, even though he must act inconsistently with a recent speech in which he is reported to have said that every one ought to abide by the judgment of the court martial.

The reduction of the original term of imprisonment may be a compromise with conscience on the part of those who, condemning the unhappy man, could not condemn him, as before, to a life imprisonment. Again, perhaps with some recognition of Dreyfus's innocence, but fearing the army and the majority of the French, the judges sentenced the prisoner to ten years, knowing that he had already suffered nearly half that term in solitary confinement, which, under French law, counts for double, and hence that he would be shortly released. The judgment will now be carried to the Military Court of Appeal, which is composed of superior officers under the presidency of a General. It is permanently constituted in Paris. If this Court should decide that the court martial erred in a matter of procedure, it will quash the judgment and order a new trial. The same right also belongs to the Court of Cassation, and should be exercised, now that the court martial has deviated from its instructions. It must be remembered that the court martial owes its existence to the Court of Cassation, and that while the Court of Cassation might have declared Dreyfus innocent, it confined itself to a unanimous expression of opinion, and gave to the court martial the honor of rehabilitating an innocent man. The officers composing the court martial have signed a recommendation for mercy, which has been forwarded to President Loubet. The danger of an outbreak from the Dreyfusards, especially from the Socialistic element among them, is now lessened by the diversion of public attention to the three chances for freeing Dreyfus: (1) through President Loubet; (2) through the Military Court of Appeal; and (3) through the Court of Cassation.



Effect of the Verdict Captain Dreyfus was informed of the court's verdict in prison. His first remarks were: "Take care of my wife. Tell her to be of good heart. Help her to bear this cruel, unmerited blow. I think of her and my poor children. They will be branded as the children of a traitor, but I am innocent." The following day Dreyfus signed Maitre Labori's application to the Court of Appeal, the law demanding that such a request be signed within

twenty-four hours after the verdict is declared. The Sunday at Rennes was a calm holiday, nor were there public excitements at Paris. Some few slight disturbances occurred at Marseilles and Belfort. On Monday of this week the troops and gendarmes quartered at Rennes left. The journalists and others interested in the trial had already departed.



The Transvaal Last week in the Transvaal Volksraad (or Parliament) President Kruger made an important speech. He claimed, first, that aliens had been offered equal rights with burghers, but had refused them; second, that "Mr. Chamberlain is striving to get the franchise, which the Outlanders do not want; but what he really desires is possession of the Transvaal. The burghers are willing to concede much for the sake of peace, but will never sacrifice their independence." President Kruger then eulogized Mr. Gladstone's action of retrocession in 1881 as a noble deed, urging the members of the Raad to show moderation, to send delegates to discuss matters, and, if possible, to make peace. With the thought of the outrageous Jameson raid ever in mind, it is small wonder that President Kruger and his coadjutors have gained the idea that the Transvaal is not only a political but also a topographical and a racial obstacle to British expansion. It must be admitted, too, that many of the present Outlanders are not such scrupulous persons as to fill President Kruger (who himself has not hesitated to break formal promises to the British) with that respect which he should have for intending citizens. These are they, undoubtedly, to whom he referred in the Volksraad when saying that they would betray their new allegiance, if they had it. After the President's speech debate was resumed on the interpellation of the Government respecting the concentration of British troops on the border, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Volksraad, having considered that friendly correspondence is still passing between the two Governments, that the concentration of troops in great numbers near the border has a detrimental and restless effect on the inhabitants of the State, and that the Transvaal has lived in friendship and peace with all nations, and desires to continue to live

in such friendship and peace, now declares its regret at the fact of concentration, and expresses the opinion that, in the case of eventualities which might lead to enmity or war between the two Governments, the cause would not lie with the Republic.

As regards the stoppage of ammunition at Delagoa Bay, the Volksraad trusts that the Government will act according to circumstances.



British Aggression Great Britain's high-handed action in causing Portugal to stop Boer munitions at Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay, has been resented also by the Orange Free State. Justice to that State has been secured, not by one of its Dutch subjects, but by a Dutch Afrikaner, a British subject, himself holding the most exalted office in Cape Colony. Mr. Schreiner, the Premier, did not hesitate to say that, in time of peace, it was impossible to prevent importations of munitions into the Transvaal or into the Orange Free State. Sensibly acting on the Premier's statement rather than on the British Colonial Secretary's advice, Great Britain is now permitting the transit of ammunition from the East and West into the two Dutch Republics. The domineering manner in which the British "Forwards" sometimes conduct themselves was emphasized a day or two later by the London "Times" in commenting upon the inquiry from the Transvaal Government as to Great Britain's intentions in massing troops on its frontier. For some years the "Times" has been under the influence of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and of the British South African Chartered Company. The journal's defense of the Jameson raid will not be forgotten. Last week it actually claimed that the Transvaal's inquiry constituted a reason why Great Britain should enlarge her original demands of reform, adding that, even if the Transvaal now withdraws from an untenable position, the future cannot be determined on the same terms as were proposed at the Bloemfontein Conference, and that the British Government would be justified in annulling its previous offers.



**Action of the
British Cabinet**

Though the British Cabinet has rarely met during the month of September, there was abundant reason for last week's meeting. The decision seem to have been not

to summon Parliament, not to call out the reserves, and to send an installment of only ten thousand troops to South Africa. These will be made up half from India and half from England, and will increase the total British force in South Africa to nearly twenty-five thousand men—a sufficient force, probably, to secure colonial frontiers against incursion. It was also decided to demand immediate and categorical answers from President Kruger to questions recently asked of him. The Transvaal has now agreed upon a conference, but it is probable that President Kruger would never have conceded so much if the London Government had not shown such immediate war preparations as to force him to a more reasonable attitude. This attitude is also due to the influence of the Government of the Orange Free State and the leaders of the Afrikaner party in Cape Colony, both of which influences have been steadily in favor of peace. Despite the sensational reports, therefore, from newspaper correspondents at London, Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Pretoria that passions were stirred to fever heat, the feared war between Great Britain and the Transvaal has not yet begun, and, we trust, will not be begun. Mr. Montagu White, Consul-General of the South African Republic in London, is reported as saying, "I assure you, on the authority of a Cabinet Minister, that there will be no war with the Transvaal," to which Dr. Leyds, Plenipotentiary of the South African Republic to the European Governments, adds that he does not believe in any forthcoming war, but that, if an attempt is made on their independence, the Boers will fight to the end. Mr. Rhodes, however, puts it in another and more brutal way when he declares that there will be peace because President Kruger must yield to irresistible force, and that henceforth the Transvaal will be in the hands of the Outlanders.



The Outlanders We believe that the just demands of the Outlanders will be satisfied. Whatever of British ambition for supremacy still remains unsatisfied would be seemingly easily borne in comparison with a war which would not only awaken slumbering passions in the two white races, but also among the

blacks as against the whites. The natives outnumber the whites four to one. The British have not forgotten the Kaffir, Zulu, and Matabele wars. Indeed, the natives were the original cause of dissension between Boers and British. Because they would not consent to the emancipation of their slaves without adequate compensation, the Boers were driven from Cape Colony and then from Natal. They think that the British would now drive them from the Transvaal also, despite their prior establishment, and therefore their prior and basic claim. They are narrow-minded and bigoted, but they are also brave and home-loving. They deny any obligation to enfranchise aliens because those aliens have made contributions to the treasury of their country, or because the aliens now greatly outnumber the Boers. They call attention to the example of a handful of Englishmen governing three hundred million natives in India, as showing that minorities do sometimes rule, and rule well. Unfortunately, the Boers have not ruled well. To the demand of the Outlanders for the franchise, the Boers reply that many of those who ask for it refuse to relinquish their allegiance to England, and yet they demand to have a voice in the guidance of the affairs of an internally independent country. The Boers correctly foresee an increase in the number of Outlanders, which must ultimately become, not a mere majority as now, but an overwhelming majority. If adequate representation in the Volksraad were given to the Outlanders, Transvaal legislation would be controlled, not in the interest of the Republic, but in that of those who are largely only temporarily in the Transvaal, and who expect some day to return to England with the wealth obtained from Johannesburg mines. Therefore, say the Boers, a grant of franchise and Volksraad representation to the English would inevitably lead to the loss of Transvaal independence. The Boer would become an alien in his native land. At the same time, it must be remembered that, when only one year's residence was required to secure the franchise, aliens were promised equal treatment with burghers. History shows how the residence required was successively raised until it reached a fourteen-year limit. The British pressure has reduced that limit during the past two

months from fourteen to nine years, then to seven, and then to five, thus conceding the original demand made by Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner for South Africa. The greatest difficulty in the whole situation, however, is found in the return condition demanded by the Boers, namely, a stipulation that England's suzerainty be dropped. However this is decided, the Boers are fighting a losing game. Their obstinate uncivilization cannot long stand out against the demands of the majority of the Transvaal's population for the franchise, representation in the Volksraad, an independent judiciary, freedom of the press, and other urgently needed reforms.



French Renegades in Nigeria

If the reports about the conduct of two French captains, Voulet and Cha-noine, remain uncontradicted, they are to be regarded henceforth as renegades, freebooters, and would-be founders of an independent dominion in or near Nigeria. The story is not only remarkable in itself, but throws curious side-lights on French militarism and on African empire-founding. Some time ago charges were brought against these two officers, who commanded a French expedition of five under-officers, twenty spahis (trained Algerians in the French army service), and some hundreds of irregular native African followers. It was alleged that they had killed natives, burned villages, and dabbled in slavery. An expedition was sent to arrest them, but they killed its French officers—one, it is said, when he was unarmed and although he was their superior in rank. They then gathered their followers, retreated into the wild country, and practically defied France, Europe, and civilization. What their future will be in this return to savagery makes an interesting question. They must know that France will send a large and well-armed expedition against them; probably they count on drawing slave-dealers and predatory chiefs to their aid, and hope to establish some kind of an independent rule; if this fails, they may become allies of the Sultan of Sokoto or some other native ruler who hates the European advance. Captain Voulet often expressed a desire to found a wild empire

of his own, and it is evident that he must be of the type to whom the cruel exercise of power is dear beyond personal comfort. Such men have appeared from time to time in the pages of history, but rarely have they any permanent place.



Pensions and the Grand Army

The annual report of Pension Commissioner Evans, published week before last, showed that the number of pensioners was two thousand less than a year ago, but that the expenditures were half a million dollars greater. The total number of pensioners is now 991,000, of whom three-quarters are surviving soldiers and one-quarter widows or other dependents. These proportions, however, do not hold good for the earlier wars, and will not long hold good for the Civil War, unless pensions to widows shall be limited to those who were married at the time of the war, and therefore made sacrifices for the country. It is interesting to note that there is but one remaining survivor from the war of 1812, as against 1,998 widows, and that four widows still remain from the Revolutionary War, which ended one hundred and sixteen years ago. The Commissioner sensibly recommended the repeal of the act of 1888 which permitted widows to claim large arrearage payments for years preceding the filing of their applications. These arrearage payments, he points out, offer a heavy inducement to fraudulent claims. The total of pension payments last year was \$138,500,000, which brings the total since the Civil War to \$2,400,000,000, or more than the entire value of all the real estate in the South at the time of the war. Altogether the report seemed fully to sustain the Commissioner's conclusion that "the pension laws are generous; their interpretation by the department has always been liberal; and their administration by the pension officials has been and is now far more liberal than the generous laws—always giving the benefit of the doubt in favor of the pensioner." Nevertheless the Grand Army encampment at Philadelphia last week adopted resolutions calling upon the President to abrogate rule No. 225, by which pensions to veterans not injured in the war are limited to those unable to earn a living by manual labor. It also demanded the re-

vival of an abrogated rule (No. 164) by which veterans not injured in the war could obtain a separate rating for each of their present disabilities just as if these disabilities had been incurred in the service. The other demand of the encampment—that an independent income of \$96 a year should not debar a widow from the receipt of a pension—is far more reasonable, but the Pension Commissioner is in no wise responsible for the present rule, which seems to carry out the intent of the law to save veterans and their widows from dependence on private or local charity. It is reported that President McKinley intends to stand by Commissioner Evans. We trust the report is true.



The Maryland Republicans

The Republican Convention in Maryland last week renominated Governor Lowndes by acclamation, and adopted a platform indorsing the gold standard without qualification. "We believe," it declared, "in the gold standard, and that all our currency should be made by law redeemable in coin at the option of the holder." Upon this plank the Republican campaign will be centered. The remaining planks relating to National issues were as cautious as were all the planks of the Democratic Convention a few weeks ago. Upon the question of the Philippines the Convention merely demanded that "we retain and pacify them, and safeguard them in the interests of commerce, until the problem of their final disposition be solved." Upon the question of trusts it denounced "legislation merely for popular effect" that imperiled "business interests fairly capitalized and honestly managed," but favored laws "to suppress all combinations which create monopoly." A close contest is anticipated, though the Democrats believe that the ignoring of the currency issue in their platform will regain for them their old ascendancy. Until five years ago the Democratic plurality was usually in the neighborhood of twenty thousand. In the Congressional election of 1894 the Republicans carried the State by a small plurality, which was increased to twenty thousand by Governor Lowndes in 1895, and to more than thirty thousand by President McKinley in 1896. Since that time the

Republican pluralities have been narrow, but even in the Congressional elections last year the aggregate Republican vote was about five thousand greater than the Democratic. The confidence professed by the Democrats is based largely on their recent victory in the city election in Baltimore, when National issues were subordinate.



The Press Censorship

Further light is thrown upon the censorship of the press exercised in Manila, against which the correspondents there (both those of Administration and anti-Administration journals) protested so vigorously recently, by a letter to the General Manager of the Associated Press in this country, written at Manila at his request by one of the Associated Press correspondents, Mr. Collins. This letter, it is true, shows a good deal of personal feeling and a strong bias against General Otis, but its positive affirmations would seem at least to make desirable some denial or explanation by General Otis. Mr. Collins asserts that, in the judgment of newspaper men who had worked in war times in Japan, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Russia, and even in Cuba under the Weyler régime, the censorship exercised in Manila was much more stringent than any before known to them. It is perfectly evident, as *The Outlook* has said before, that the test in the control of newspaper correspondence by generals in the field should be the question whether the matter sent might be used to the disadvantage of our army and the advantage of the hostile forces. At the outset these were exactly the restrictions laid down to the newspaper men, but, according to Mr. Collins, later on the censor repeatedly told correspondents that his instructions were "to let nothing go that can hurt the Administration," and that in the case of the petition of the business men of Manila to retain the existing system of silver currency, the censor said at first that he could not pass a despatch stating the facts "because that would be a lift for Bryan. My instructions are to shut off everything that could hurt McKinley's Administration. That is free silver." The absurdity of imagining that the point in question had anything to do with the

silver question in this country is apart from the fact that such a despatch could not in any way give comfort to the enemy. In the end the despatch was passed. Mr. Collins describes at length the interviews of newspaper men with General Otis, which, after threats that the correspondents should be court-martialed or put off the island, ended in an assurance from General Otis that they might send anything not prejudicial to the interests of the United States. This was followed by some relaxation of the censorship; but afterwards, Mr. Collins asserts, the practice was made as rigid as before. We need not repeat here various assertions derogatory to General Otis made in the letter of this correspondent. He agrees with others that General Otis is perfectly honest, but considers that he is a bureaucrat who should not manage both the civil and military branches of the Government. The fundamental principle which should govern the treatment of correspondents is obviously to allow them to tell the people of this country the truth, except when the publishing of facts might be injurious to the carrying on of the campaign.



Chicago's New Juvenile Law

The annual report of the General Superintendent of Police of the city of Chicago gives 77,441 as the total number of arrests made during the fiscal year. Of this number, 508 have been children under ten years of age, and 10,000 under sixteen, while 991 of these youthful offenders have been young girls. That the significance of these figures is being realized by the people of Illinois is shown in the passage by the last State Legislature of an act designed to regulate the treatment and control of dependent, neglected, and delinquent children. This new law, which has been in effect since the first day of July, provides for a separate court, to be known as the Juvenile Court, in all counties having over 500,000 population, with a special court-room, and a Judge whose duty it shall be to hear all cases coming under this act. The new law forbids the commitment of any child under the age of twelve years to a jail or police station, or, when sentenced, to confinement to any institution to which adult convicts are sentenced. In addition, the law—known as the

Juvenile Law—provides for the appointment of probation officers, whose duties, technically defined, are to make such investigation as may be required by the Court, represent the interests of the child in court, furnishing the Judge such information and assistance as the Judge may require, and to take such charge of any child before and after trial as may be directed by the Court. Thus a much-needed reform has been inaugurated in the handling of youthful offenders. The child must be protected, both while waiting and after trial, from the contamination of adult criminals; he is insured a speedy hearing, and he has the assistance of a disinterested friend. It seems almost incredible that 508 children under ten years of age, in one year, should have been arrested and locked up in cells, having for their companions the dregs of society of a great city, yet such is the hard fact; and when one remembers that the time of confinement varies from a few days to weeks and even months, and that the charge is often but a trivial one, such as jumping on moving cars or truancy, one no longer wonders at the figures of the Superintendent of Police. The new law, ethically considered, is ideal; whether it is practicable remains to be seen. The fact that, while the Court has authority to appoint probation officers, the law declares that they shall receive no remuneration from the public treasury, would seem to indicate a faith in the disinterestedness of workaday people on the part of Illinois's legislators which experience has not always warranted. At the present time but two probation officers have been appointed, both women—Mrs. A. P. Stevens, of Hull House, and Mrs. Edna Sheldrake, representing the Northwestern University Settlement.



The Peary Expedition

News has come by way of Newfoundland of last year's work of the Arctic expedition led by Lieutenant Peary. The steamship *Windward* has just arrived at Brigus in Newfoundland, and will be followed by the *Diana*, the other steamship which has been engaged in forwarding the work of the expedition. From October, 1898, to August of this year, Lieutenant Peary has been engaged almost constantly in leading sledge parties for the purpose of exploration. In this way

he journeyed over more than fifteen hundred miles. His parties explored the coast-line in Ellesmere Island, and to some extent the interior of the southern part of Grinnell Land. The geographical discoveries and filling out of blank space on the current maps of these regions in all amount to a considerable scientific achievement. No serious attempt was made during this time to push an expedition far toward the Pole; it is probable that this will be done next season, if circumstances permit. The chief disaster recorded in the expedition so far is the crippling of Lieutenant Peary himself by the freezing of his feet on one of the sledge expeditions. This necessitated the amputating of several of his toes, and prevented him from carrying out further expeditions he had planned for this year. In other respects the members of the expedition are well, and have stood the extremely severe winter—perhaps the coldest winter known in the Arctic—on the whole without great suffering. The thermometer frequently recorded seventy degrees below zero, but, to compensate, there were comparatively few storms. Among the other expeditions made by the party was one to Fort Conger, once the headquarters of the explorer Greely, in Lady Franklin Bay, and the removal from that place of many relics and articles left by the Greely expedition. Several tons of provisions have been distributed at stations beyond Fort Conger, and other preparations have been made for a forward movement, with the aid of the natives, when next the season permits. The *Fram*, Nansen's vessel, which is now in charge of Captain Sverdrup, Nansen's former Captain, is reported as having been frozen in the ice, fifty miles south of the point attained by Peary's steamer, the *Windward*. Sverdrup proposes to push north this summer, land on the Greenland coast, work around its northern extremity, and come down the east coast, much of which has never been explored.



American Social Science Association

Following the custom of many years, the American Social Science Association convened in Saratoga, September 4, for its annual meeting, open-

ing with an address by the Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin on the "Natural Right to a Natural Death." In the course of his paper, widely commented upon throughout the country, President Baldwin maintained as desirable that, under circumstances of hopeless pain and disease, a patient should not be kept alive by the skill of his physician. The General Secretary, Mr. Frederick Stanley Root, reported a gain of nearly fifty members during the year, and offered some suggestions relative to the policy of the Association. All of the departments, with the exception of the Department of Health, in which a combination of causes prevented the attendance of scheduled speakers, were fully and ably represented. In the Department of Education stress was laid by Arthur B. Woodford, Ph.D., upon the desirability of some important changes in present methods of educational work, while Arthur Reed Kimball, of the Waterbury "American," noted in picturesque style the functions of the newspaper. In the Department of Social Economy and Finance the topic of expansion was vigorously debated, and at the evening session Alleyne Ireland, Esq., offered a most admirable paper on Financial Administration of Colonial Dependencies. In the absence of General Guy V. Henry, the General Secretary read his paper, recounting methods adopted by General Henry in the administration of financial affairs in Ponce and Porto Rico. On Thursday morning, in the Department of Jurisprudence, Henry Wade Rogers, LL.D., President of Northwestern University, developed with great ability the constitutional aspects of territorial acquisition, and a vigorous discussion followed, participated in by St. Clair McKelway and other members of the Association. At the evening session F. B. Thurber, Esq., of the New York Bar, read a paper on "The Right to Combine," which bore very strongly in the direction of emphasizing industrial combinations, not only as a manifest economic tendency, but in themselves considered under certain circumstances as ethically defensible. A new and important function of the Association meetings was the adjustment of the relations between the Association and the National Institute founded under its auspices. It was also deemed desirable to hold the next meeting of the As-

sociation at Washington, D.C., the second week in May, 1900, although for a quarter of a century the Association has met in Saratoga.

The American Bankers' Association

Last week the American Bankers' Association held its annual session at Cleveland, and unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

The bankers of the United States most earnestly recommend that the Congress of the United States at its next session enact a law to more firmly and unequivocally establish the gold standard in this country, by providing that the gold dollar, which under the law is the unit of value, shall be the standard and measure of all values in the United States; that all the obligations of the Government and all paper money, including the circulating notes of National banks, shall be redeemed in gold coin, and that the legal-tender notes of the United States, when paid into the Treasury, shall not be reissued except upon the deposit of an equivalent amount in gold coin. Those who believe that we already have the gold standard may be content with that provision of the Act of 1873 by which "the gold coins of the United States shall be a dollar piece, which, at the standard weight of twenty-five and one-eighth grains, shall be the unit of value." On the other hand, the bankers, who are responsible for the safe-keeping of more than five billion dollars, contend that we have not yet the gold standard unequivocally established. They believe that the unit of value should also be the standard and measure of all values in the United States. If the Republican party is able to promote the legislation outlined by the Bankers' Association, it will appeal to the great body of business men represented by those bankers. Furthermore, a law will be upon our statute-books which cannot be repealed unless Congress is changed by the voters, and which cannot be evaded by any President. Strange as it may seem, to many the legal existence of the single gold standard is still a doubtful assertion.

Railway Prosperity Writing to The Outlook, Mr. W. H. Joyce, Freight Traffic Manager of the Pennsylvania road, is of the opinion that the present railway prosperity is lasting, his opinion being based upon the fact that nearly every

station on the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg has shown a marked improvement in the amount of traffic handled. The fact that the improved condition of business was not confined to a few leading articles, but was general in its character, also seemed to justify this conclusion. Mr. Joyce adds that, while their business is considerably in excess of last year, railways in general have not yet received a proportionate benefit from the improvement in trade: first, because of prevalent low rates of transportation, and, second, from increased expenses, due to much higher prices for all kinds of railway material. Mr. E. R. Newman, Assistant General Manager of the Wabash system, says that, during the past six months, Western roads delivered in Chicago the largest number of carloads of grain, with one exception, ever delivered, and that freight traffic between the Mississippi River and the East is limited only by the capacity of the roads. The Chicago freight agent of a yet larger system has sent figures to us for the business of four recent weeks, showing a gain of no less than four hundred per cent. over the corresponding period a year ago. The statement that every railway entering Chicago needs more cars to meet shippers' demands thus excites no wonder. Both the report from Philadelphia and that from Chicago mention the fact that present prosperity is due to the growth of all kinds of traffic. As to the New York Central system, Mr. W. L. Kingman, General Freight Agent, informs us that during July and August its movement of freight was larger than at any similar period of its history.



Public Art in Belgium

The Outlook has already called attention to the movement in England, started by Mr. Watts, to bring art to those who do not or who cannot come to it. A few years ago a similar movement arose in Belgium. The first direction which it took was to bring about an improvement in the æsthetic merits of street signs. In Belgium, as everywhere, there was a lamentable lack of artistic perception in the arrangement and advertisements of shops. In 1896, therefore, the *Ceuvre Nationale*, as the movement was called, arranged for a competitive exhibition of signs. The re-

sult is that now, three years later, the streets of Brussels, at least, have been somewhat transformed. King Leopold took a personal interest in this exhibition, and thereby gave it immediately a prominent standing in the community. All classes of commercial people were then anxious to court royal favor by ordering new signs to be painted or gilded or engraved from the original designs shown at the exhibition. The exhibition offered prizes amounting to three thousand dollars for the best patterns and models, and many of them were of exceptional merit. The promoters of the movement then held an exhibition of designs for façades for shops, private dwellings, and groups of workmen's houses. In 1897 the Belgian Government, wishing to engrave a new stamp, added this competition to those already instituted by the promoters of the *Ceuvre Nationale*. The next exhibition was one which offered prizes amounting to two thousand dollars for the best designs for gas and electric light fixtures. Another exhibition was historical in character; it was a retrospective view of what ancient and modern times have produced in favor of popularizing art, and included models for lanterns, lamp-posts, bells, door-knobs, knockers, keys, hinges, gates, windows, chairs, benches, tables, flags, banners, tablets, and commemorative monuments. More than one celebrated name was found in the list of objects exhibited, which included models of the well of Quentin Matsys and the gates of Benvenuto Cellini. The next step of the society was to hold a congress in which discussions were held as to the best method of intervention by the State in matters pertaining to public art, and also as to the methods of encouraging art in the interests of social culture and regeneration. The practical influence of this new movement has been so gratifyingly evident in other Belgian cities, as well as in Brussels, that the movement has been imitated in Germany, Italy, and France.



Yellow Fever A dozen or more cases of yellow fever appeared in Mississippi City last week. One case has appeared at Jackson, Miss., which suffered from the disease last year. In Key West there have been over a hundred cases, most of them of a mild type.

France's Infamy

It has long been suspected that one or more members of the General Staff of the French Army have been dishonestly eking out their insufficient salaries of one to five thousand dollars. It now seems certain that this has been done by the systematic selling of army secrets to military attachés of the foreign embassies in Paris. Whether certain members of the Staff themselves actually communicated secrets, or protected those who did, their guilt is the same. In 1894 a *borderneau*, or memorandum, of treasonable papers was discovered by a French spy at the German embassy. It then became immediately necessary for the guilty chiefs to save Major Esterhazy, the agent who had delivered the *borderneau*. Accordingly, they denounced, as having committed these crimes, a young artillery officer, Captain Alfred Dreyfus, also a probationer on the General Staff. They made this selection, knowing that the special fury of the anti-Semites and Clericals would be visited upon him. In this they were not disappointed. Apparently all France was united against Dreyfus. Toward the end of 1894 he was tried and convicted on secret evidence which neither he nor his counsel were permitted to see or know anything about. Early in 1895 he was degraded and sentenced to banishment for life at Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, where he remained until summoned to a new court martial, by which, despite overwhelming evidence proving his innocence, he has just been recondemned.

Recondemned! We rub our eyes to see clearer, but we are still living in modern, not in mediæval, times, as such monstrous injustice might indicate. It seems incredible that this defiance of conscience, reason, and justice could take place in the last part of the last year of that century which we are fond of regarding as the most civilized of all epochs. If there were recondemnation, there was no real conviction, by the court martial. Instead, the twenty-seven sessions at Rennes amply vindicated the prisoner's assailed honor, and he needed no ridiculous insertion of "extenuating circumstances" in the verdict. Either he was guilty or he was not guilty of such a crime as that of treason.

Cheered by the moral vindication, the struggle to free him will now be carried forward with redoubled zeal by his heroic wife and the devoted friends of his cause.

After all, it was natural that there should have been hostility to the accused on the part of the judges at Rennes. All of them were of lower rank than the guilty generals to whom they were bound in obedience, first by their oath of allegiance, but also by every military tradition, by the habits of a lifetime, and by the ambition for preferment. Hence, to save these generals, already convicted of stealing, lying, and forgery, the judges again condemned an innocent captain. Rank tells in 1899 as it did in 1894. The judges had their earlier oaths uppermost in mind; not those of the other day, when they swore to judge according to evidence bearing on a single question. Instead, they admitted evidence on many questions, excluded the most important testimony on the only matter properly before them, and then arbitrarily condemned where they could not convict.

The five men who voted "Guilty" are either imbeciles or perjurers. Instead of convicting Dreyfus, they have convicted themselves. Expediency, not evidence, conquered them. To please the majority of Frenchmen, and to please the army, the judges yielded more even than did Pilate himself; they crucified afresh an innocent victim.

As to the effect on France of this fatal yielding to expediency, it will react, not only as an ultimate political blunder, but as definitely committing the country to a policy of moral cowardice. If there were some excuse for a national pusillanimity and apathy in 1894, there is none in 1899. Retribution will come: it may not be swift; it will be none the less sure. "If they condemn this man, we will turn France upside down," said M. Jaurès last week. Nor would France be so pitiable in the world's eyes as now if she were plunged in civil war. The French army, not one of its captains, has been on trial. The already discredited General Staff has had a last chance, and it has thrown that chance away. Who are the Staff's apologists? We Republicans may well be startled to find that they are anti-Republicans. They are Royalists, Imperialists, Clericals, anti-Semites, and the so-called Nationalists.

In the event of Dreyfus's acquittal these five groups would undoubtedly have tried to overturn the Republic. Will they cease from trying now that he has been condemned? Not at all. The condemnation itself is recognized as one of the steps now being taken by them to change the Government of France into a bigoted military, un-republican dictatorship. The conflict has been, and is, between civil justice, as represented by the Dreyfusards on the one hand, and military tyranny, as represented by these anti-Dreyfusards and anti-Republicans on the other. Believers in brute force and enemies of the rights of man must be no longer allowed to throttle civil progress.

As to the effect on the world in general, other nations, as well as justly offended Germany and Italy, are asking by what right recondemnation could take place after a refusal to hear the most important testimony offered on the prisoner's behalf. What a parallel, this, to the 1894 conviction, set aside as void by the Court of Cassation because based on secret testimony! Even the press of Russia, France's ally, joins in the chorus of universal scorn, and there are many suggestions looking toward boycotting the Paris Exposition next year. By reason of uncontested leadership in many lines, France has always and justly gained much of her wealth from other nations. While foreign criticisms have apparently only exasperated the French, she may now be brought to realize, if not in conscience, at least in purse, what it means to defy the entire civilized world. Actions speak louder than words, and such a united international action as has been proposed would, if carried into effect, speak loudest of all.

There is a real France which we all admire. It is not made of pretenders or dictators or self-seekers, but of sincere, straightforward Republicans, men of conscience, common sense, and courage. This France will not succumb because one and another court martial have permitted perversions and prostitutions of justice. Even if the French Republic has shown itself unworthy to stand alongside those of Switzerland or the United States, civic virtue still exists in France. The names of Picquart, Presensé, Trarieux, Freystaetter, Labori, Zola, Jaurès, Scheurer-Kestner, Waldeck-

Rousseau, Gallifet, prove it. While such men exist, there is hope for France.



Making Paupers and Making Men

At last a New York official seems to have taken in hand the appalling growth of pauperism in this city. Comptroller Coler last week followed up his recent public statements by a report to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment urging the systematic restriction of the city's payments to private charitable institutions. It is in this field entirely, he points out, that pauperism has been growing. Going back to 1850, he shows that the appropriations for public paupers have not increased as rapidly as the population, but that those for paupers in private institutions have advanced out of all proportion to the city's growth. The figures in brief are as follows:

Year.	Population.	For prisoners and public paupers.	For paupers in private institutions.
1850..	515,000	\$421,000	\$9,800
1870..	942,000	1,355,000	334,000
1898..	3,438,000	2,344,000	3,131,000

So far as public paupers are concerned, New York, like the rest of the country, has been reducing its public appropriations, but in the matter of public aid to private charities it has pursued a policy entirely unique. Several of our largest cities, the Comptroller points out, including Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Milwaukee, give nothing whatever to private charities, while Philadelphia gives only a twentieth part as much as New York, St. Louis less than one hundredth part, and Chicago less than one thousandth. The New York system, he says, has virtually made the beneficiaries "the judges of their own deserts," because the bills presented by them have usually passed the Legislature without modification, and no public oversight worthy of the name has been exercised. Under the new Constitution the legislative acts providing for local aid to private charities are no longer mandatory, and the City Board of Estimate has power to reduce appropriations as it sees fit. The Comptroller recommends that all institutions be paid a definite amount according to the services rendered, that strict accounts be kept of

all expenditures, and that there shall be an official for every five hundred children, to report every six months whether the child's parents are still unable to care for him.

This last recommendation is perhaps the most important. As Comptroller Coler points out, over two-thirds of the public money paid to private charities is for the care of dependent children, whose number, he states, has reached the appalling total of 50,000. Dr. Warner, in his volume on "American Charities," published five years ago, called attention to this growing evil in a way peculiarly instructive. "In the early seventies," he says, "two States awoke to the fact that they were disgraced by the presence of a large number of children in the county poorhouses. One State, Michigan, had about 600 persons under sixteen years of age in such institutions, and New York, the other State referred to, had 2,179 in poorhouses. Both State Legislatures received reports showing the degrading influence of almshouse life upon the children. . . . In 1874 Michigan established a State Public School at Coldwater, and provided that children adjudged dependent should be sent there [after being absolutely released by their parents], and subsequently placed in private families as soon as possible. . . . The result of this system in Michigan has been that whereas in 1874 she had 600 dependent children supported by public authorities, she now has 300. . . . New York took a different course. In 1875 she passed the so-called 'Children's Law,' which provided that a dependent child should be committed, if possible, to an institution controlled by the same religious faith as that of its parents, and that the county should pay the child's board. . . . In addition to this, special acts were subsequently passed, enabling certain large institutions to receive children at will, and collect from the county two dollars per week for the care of each. . . . On October 31, 1892, there were in the private institutions of the State an army of 24,074 children." At the present time, the Comptroller's report shows, the army in New York City, including the children temporarily cared for, reaches 50,000. These facts call loudly for reform, and point out the way. They do not, however, bring out the full superi-

ority of the Michigan plan of supporting no children whose parents can hope to care for them, and turning over these as soon as possible to private families. By this plan the children themselves are better fitted for the responsibilities of normal life. The attempt to care for children in droves is a colossal failure, not only as regards the developing of self-respect, love, and all the finer moral qualities, but also in developing self-reliance and intellectual independence. "I would rather take a child from a drunken family than from the best institution," said an old New York superintendent, and he expressed the common verdict. New York children are not only being pauperized but made weaklings by the iniquitous subsidizing of private institutions with public money. If the Comptroller has the courage to continue his war upon this abuse, he should receive the support of every citizen who cares more for the manhood of the poor than for the power of ecclesiastical organizations. The fight, however, will require courage, for the private interests affected are organized and alert.



The True Note of the Gospel

The Christian pastor who feels impelled to utter the testimony of his conscience concerning the economic and industrial troubles of the time runs some risk of error—error averted only by painstaking study of facts that are often complicated and obscure in their bearings. He runs much less risk if he undertakes to deal mainly with the principles which determine human action and conditions. This is, in fact, his calling. The pulpit is urgently called to-day to a work in this line which has not in our time been adequately performed—the exhibition of a fundamental truth now required to bring the Christian conscience into the field of controversy as an effective power for social healing and hope.

The present time is plainly one of unprecedented opportunity and struggle for pecuniary profit, and of unexampled accumulations provoking to envy and to ambition. The master passion is cupidity for larger holdings, larger returns, and all

ranks of society are equally pervaded by it. But not even in the Church is the warning note of the Master adequately uttered: "Take heed and keep yourselves from all covetousness." Covetousness is described by St. Paul as "idolatry." Writing to the church at Colosse, he blacklists it together with the crime of fornication. It certainly is not so severely treated in the modern pulpit. In fact, it is now so disguised under such good names as economy, frugality, and thrift, that it sits incognito in the prayer-meeting and at the communion-table. It joins in the liturgical recital of the Tenth Commandment, but finds in the antique phraseology nothing that touches conscience with reproach.

What is now urgent is that Christian teaching should do upon the Tenth Commandment that work of illumination that Jesus did upon the Sixth and Seventh, when he fixed the brand of murder upon the thought of hatred, and the stigma of adultery upon the lustful imagination. There is no lack of material in the New Testament for such a work. Particularly to be noted is the commonly unnoted significance of its common term for covetousness. The Greek word, *pleonexia*, literally denotes the desire for larger holdings. Jesus so interprets it in his parable of the poor soul whose chief desire was to build bigger barns. Acquisitiveness is the nearest English word for it. A prime concern of the Christian teacher is a plain and true definition of the real sin that the New Testament deals so severely with. It is to make *getting* the main desire and chief aim, or to be more intent on getting than on giving.

That this is not the sin of the rich more than of the poor is certain. It is seen in the wage-earner who cares more for full wages than for full hours or thorough workmanship, as well as in the capitalist who cares more for private dividends than for public services or his wage-earning partners, and in the office-seeker who is after a snug salary more than strenuous duty and public interest. Rich or poor, he is the covetous man, classed in the New Testament with the idolater, blacklisted there with the fornicator, whose thoughts are chiefly bent on getting for himself, intent on acquisition unbalanced by distribution of benefits and services.

If this surprises any, the explanation of so severe a judgment is not far to seek. The deadliness of covetousness consists in the insidious paralysis with which the passion of acquisitiveness affects the moral nature of its victim, while he flatters himself for respectable thriftiness. A soul thus stupefied ere it is aware, like a man inhaling carbonized air, may be nearer spiritual death, more incapable of resuscitation, than one overtaken by a sin of sudden passion who commits a crime.

It is needless for us here to set forth Jesus's teaching concerning wealth, further than to say that he regarded it, whether in small or large amount, as a trust in the interest of the divine social order which he termed "the kingdom of God," a good only when used as a social good, and pursued with an eye to social as well as individual interests. Our present concern is simply to call attention to a point which we are convinced does not receive in Christian teaching to-day the emphasis laid upon it in the teaching of Christ himself and his chief Apostle, in times similar to our own, of great social tension and the sharpest contrast between extreme wealth and extreme want. A fresh point must be put to the familiar demand for more of Gospel preaching. No Gospel preaching hews to the line closer than it is related to the need of the time for salvation from the sin of the time. The sin that is nearest the root of our social disorder and unrest to-day is the eminently respectable and deadly sin of covetousness, tainting the life of the family and the Church, as well as of the State—the acquisitiveness whose sole concern is making money, and growing fat on what should be shared with others. Intemperance and licentiousness are more disgusting, but covetousness, which often promotes them for gain, dwarfs them both in the social detriment it works. If the country is to be saved in the near future from what John Bright deprecated as "reformation by hurricane," through some explosion of popular discontent with selfishly used wealth, "the peaceable fruit of righteousness" must be cultivated by the Christian pulpit. The pulpit that would dispense the Gospel, and not dispense with it, must give full utterance and emphasis to the true note of the Gospel concerning wealth and the use of it.

The Teachers and Social Rank

A correspondent in another column complains that the school-teacher does not rank socially with the other professions, and ask why. The best-equipped teachers must give as much time to professional training as is demanded in the other professions; the responsibilities are quite as great; the duties are quite as important, the service rendered the State equal to that rendered by any profession.

We do not think her complaint is well borne out by the facts. The highest teachers are as much honored as the highest lawyers, physicians, or ministers; the poorest teachers fall no lower in the social rank than the poorer specimens of the other professions. No lawyer occupies a higher social rank than the college president; no teacher occupies a lower social position than the quack doctor or the pettifogging lawyer. In so far as there is any ground for the complaint, it is applicable chiefly, if not exclusively, to the public-school teachers, and due to reasons very easy to be seen—the kind of connection which too often exists between the school-teachers and the local politicians.

The organization of teachers for the purpose of affecting legislation in their own interests, apart from the interests of the schools; the positive evidence that political influence too often controls appointments and promotions; the activity of teachers' organizations against every effort to put their professional abilities out of the reach of politics; the painful knowledge that political influence has and does keep in the schools incompetent teachers—these things account for the attitude of the public of which our correspondent complains. There are many teachers who deplore these facts; who recognize the inevitable result in the public sentiment; who, in the consciousness of their own professional pride, integrity, and professional ambition, resent the injustice this attitude does them.

Nothing will give the teachers the social rank which is theirs by right of the dignity and responsibility of their profession but a reform from within—a reform that will eliminate politics from the control of the

schools, so far as the teachers can secure that freedom. That this noble profession should ever have reached this level, should ever rest under the shadow of politics illegitimately used, is a reflection on the community life of this great Nation. Had the people who support the schools for the education of their children held fast to the ideals of education that established public schools in this country, the accusation of political control of the schools could never have been made. As far as the charge is true, this is due to the indifference of the majority of the citizens. An active, intelligent interest would have prevented the schools from being used as stepping-stones to political advancement, to pay political debts, or for the purchase of local popularity.

That there are men and women in the teaching profession who command the gratitude of the people, and who can never be paid for the services they render in the school-room, is true; but the fact remains that the public, to a degree that is unjust, believe that "pull," and not ability, puts and keeps teachers in their positions.

But the whole country is gradually rousing to perceive the blunder of permitting politics to control in school affairs. Legislation in nearly every State reveals some recognition of this evil, and the effort to protect the schools from political control; laws are being passed that insure dignified protection and fair compensation to the teachers. The teacher stands next to the parents, the school to the home, in the life of the child. If the teacher is not the social equal of the parent, if he does not occupy his true social position, the disgrace is the parent's who permits a social inferior to stand in so close a relation to the child.



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THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN¹

XII.

General Gomez at Santa Clara

I WAS awakened early Saturday morning by the peculiar rhythmical beating of a wooden box under my window—a sound that I remembered hearing several times in Matanzas—and upon getting up and looking out to ascertain the significance of it, I discovered that it was the private signal of an itinerant fruit-vender—a sort of telegraphic announcement that he was making his morning round with a fresh supply of oranges, lemons, bananas, and green cocoanuts. Street peddlers, in most Cuban cities, make a practice of crying their wares; but in Matanzas and Santa Clara many of them apprise customers of their coming and of the nature of the commodities that they have for sale by rapping a letter or two of the Morse telegraphic alphabet on the edge of the large flat box which each of them carries on his head. If you hear the Morse letter “c” (rat, tat—tat) beaten under your window upon what sounds like a resonant wooden drum, you know that a peddler is passing the house with fruit. If the letters are “s, i” (rat, tat, tat—tat, tat), you understand that the commodity offered is fresh fish. This system of wireless telegraphy—or at least the application of it to the needs of street commerce—appears to have originated in Cuba, and it is one of the few original ideas for which the Cuban mind may claim credit. As a means of conveying information, code signals rapped out on a box are manifestly far superior to cries, not only because they are intelligible at a greater distance, but because they are less fatiguing to the peddler and less disturbing to the customer. The monotonous rhythmical “rat, tat—tat; rat, tat—tat,” of the Santa Clara fruit-peddler may perhaps wake you in the morning, until you become used to it; but it is by no means

so nerve-startling and exasperating as the fierce, explosive yell with which the peripatetic fishmonger rouses you in Guantanamo or Santiago. There is, indeed, only one Cuban street-sound more unobtrusive and unobjectionable than the telegraphic box-signal, and that is the plaintive, four or five note melody played on a soft Pan’s-pipe by the itinerant scissors-grinder.

After the usual Cuban breakfast of coffee and rolls, Mr. Warner and I walked over to the Red Cross warehouse, in Santa Clara Street, where Mr. Conkling was distributing food to the reconcentrados. Nothing surprised me more, in Matanzas and Santa Clara, than the overwhelming preponderance of women and children in this destitute and dependent class. The people waiting for rations in front of the Red Cross warehouse filled the walks on both sides of the street for a distance of nearly two squares, and fully nine-tenths of them, it seemed to me, were women and children. In reply to an inquiry, Mr. Warner told me that he was feeding in Santa Clara 978 families, comprising about 3,000 individuals, and that only 163 of the latter were men. In Sancti Spiritus, the place from which he had just come, he fed 11,000 people, in a total population of 13,000, and of the former number only 1,200 were men. All of these men were more or less enfeebled by sickness or starvation, and 600 of them were too ill to walk or stand. In the town of Esperanza, according to an official report made by Francisco Valdes, the Mayor, there were 807 destitute reconcentrados, of whom only seventy-seven were men. One hundred and eighty-two families were without a male head, while the women and children numbered respectively 390 and 340.

One might naturally suppose that the hardships of reconcentration would bear

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most heavily upon women and children, and that the rate of mortality in this class of the population would be much greater than among the men ; but such does not seem to have been the case. In most parts of central and western Cuba the proportion of surviving women and children to men was about ten to one, and in Santa Clara it was much greater than this, while the normal proportion would probably be something like four or five to one. How many of the missing men had perished in the war, and how many were still alive, although not yet released from military service, it is impossible to say ; but there can be little doubt that more than half of the deficiency in men was due to mortality in the field, and that most of the surviving women and children were widows or orphans. The disproportionate number of young children to men, moreover, was due, in part at least, to the fact that many of the former were the illegitimate offspring of Spanish soldiers and Cuban girls. In the smaller towns and villages, throughout the island, soldiers were generally quartered upon the inhabitants ; and as discipline was often lax and power always unlimited, Cuban girls and women were more or less at the mercy of their brutal and licentious oppressors. Then, when the whole rural population was driven into the fortified towns, the Cuban men frequently took to the bush and joined the nearest band of insurgents, while the women, left unprotected and destitute, were seduced or violated by Spanish officers and soldiers, or were compelled, perhaps, to sell themselves in order to get bread for their starving families.

One can hardly go through the reconcentrado settlements in central Cuba, and listen to the stories of their inhabitants, without becoming convinced that the heaviest burdens of the war were borne by the weaker sex, and that the darkest shadow of Weyler's infamous policy fell, not upon the insurgents in the field, but upon their unprotected wives and daughters in the palm-thatched huts of the reconcentrado suburbs. The men were at least free, and could die fighting for that freedom in the bush ; while the women, cooped up in the fortified towns, had to suffer privation, insult, and outrage without hope of relief or protection, and were

often forced to bear children to the very oppressors whom they hated and loathed.

"The thing that surprises me most," said Mr. Warner, after telling me several shocking stories of such brutality, "is that nobody had nerve enough to assassinate Weyler when he first undertook to carry his reconcentration policy into effect. One man can always kill another if he is willing to give a life for a life ; and if the Cuban men had had the spirit of chickens some one of them would have sacrificed himself for the sake of his women folk, if not for the sake of his country, and would have put an end to Weyler, even if he couldn't put an end to Spanish domination and cruelty. Things wouldn't have been any worse, and they might have been much better, because reconcentration was Weyler's idea, and if it had led to his assassination it would very likely have been abandoned. But it is just as I tell you, Mr. Kennan, the Cubans are no good. They'll forage, steal, and skirmish in the bushes, where they can run and hide if the fighting gets too hot for them, but not one of them had spirit and nerve enough to kill Weyler, at the cost of his own life, and thus save the lives of thousands of men, women, and children whom Weyler was virtually murdering in the reconcentrado settlements."

To the unregenerate mind, filled with stories of nameless cruelty and outrage, there was a certain attractiveness in this frank advocacy of a desperate remedy for a desperate ill, and a certain plausibility in the idea that good might thus have been done by evil means ; but, looking at the question from another point of view, there is reason to doubt whether the final redemption and regeneration of Cuba and the Cuban people would have been brought about, or even hastened, by the assassination of Weyler. It is true that an end might thus have been put to reconcentration ; that a new Captain-General might have pursued a more liberal and humane policy, and that thousands of lives might thus have been saved ; but, on the other hand, it was Weyler's reconcentration that finally filled full the cup of Spanish iniquity, and it was the suffering of the reconcentrados, more, perhaps, than any other one thing, that brought about the intervention of the United States.

When we returned to the hotel, about

eleven o'clock, preparations for the reception of General Gomez were everywhere in progress. Tables were being set and decorated with flowers in the dining-room for the banquet to be given to the distinguished guest that evening; men with ladders were stretching long lines of tricolored paper banners across San Luis Estevez Street from the railway station to the hotel, so as almost to roof it in with a canopy of fluttering colors; Cuban and American flags were flying from almost every house in the city; shopkeepers all around the plaza were decorating their places of business with bunting, royal palm branches, and arches of leafy bamboo; squads of Cuban horse and small detachments of infantry, which had been coming into town since morning, began to assemble along the line of march; smartly dressed insurgent officers, mounted on spirited Cuban ponies, galloped back and forth between the railway station and the plaza, waving unsheathed machetes as they indicated the positions to be taken by the troops; an immense crowd of negroes and children gathered about the station and the electric light works, and finally, as the hour for the arrival of the special train drew near, the band of the Thirty-first Michigan Regiment, which had been sent by Colonel Gardner from Roderiguez to take part in the reception, marched down San Luis Estevez Street to the station, followed by a smaller Cuban band at the head of a long procession of little girls dressed in white and carrying wreaths or bouquets of freshly cut flowers.

The insurgent soldiers who had come in from neighboring camps to act as an honorary escort to General Gomez and his staff were as motley, ragged, and dirty an assemblage of armed tatterdemalions as the world, perhaps, has ever seen. Fully three-fourths of them were negroes or mulattoes; not one in twenty had on a dress that could properly be called a uniform; most of them were stockingless, if not barefooted; their drooping, weather-beaten sombreros of coarse straw or plaited palm-leaf were stained with dirt and blotched with mildew, while their loose cotton shirts, which they wore outside of their trousers, were so ragged and full of holes that they would almost have justified the description given by Falstaff

of the shirt-and-a-half which comprised all the clothing of his company. So far as their dress had any uniformity at all, it consisted of a more or less ragged shirt and a pair of trousers of coarse, grayish-white cotton, canvas leggings strapped over heavy, mud-bespattered shoes or down-at-the-heel slippers, a wide-brimmed sombrero turned up in front or on one side and faced with a small Cuban flag, a leather belt supporting a long, straight-bladed machete, and a warped and mildewed leather cartridge-box hanging from one shoulder by a strap. Not all of the men, however, had even such a uniform as this, while some of them were dressed as grotesquely and incongruously as so many Fourth-of-July calithumpians. One foot-soldier, for example, who was evidently shirtless, had buttoned around his naked body a plaid cutaway morning coat, the torn and frayed tails of which hung down behind over a pair of loose cotton drawers; another had on a thick black reefer or pea-jacket, linsey-woolsey trousers, and a battered Fedora hat of brown felt; a third dispensed with all upper clothing except a thin gauze undershirt; while a fourth wore, outside a pair of striped cassimere pantaloons, a loose blouse or jumper, made out of an old flour-sack, with the brand of the flour and the name of the mill at which it had been ground set forth in big blue letters on his back.

The horsemen, however, who evidently comprised the élite of the command, were by no means an enemy to be despised in a free-for-all, go-as-you-please jungle fight. Although poorly and in some cases grotesquely dressed, they were graceful and daring riders; their short carbines were clean, well oiled, and in perfect condition for instant use; they obeyed orders promptly, and devoted themselves to the business in hand without laughter, conversation, or inattention; and the hard, stern faces to be seen here and there among the blacks were the faces of men who were not only guerrillas by trade and training, but fighters by natural temperament.

Even the ragged and dirty foot-soldiers, who marched in undisciplined, disorderly fashion behind the horsemen, inspired a certain feeling of respect by virtue of the history to be read in their bush-torn

clothing, mildewed cartridge-boxes, and weather-beaten sombreros. Bushwhackers and guerrillas they might be, but play-soldiers or raw recruits fresh from their farms they certainly were not. Every man of them bore traces of hardship, privation, and suffering, and a mere glance at their dress and accouterments was enough to show that for months, if not for years, the sky had been their only roof and the wilderness their only home.

By four o'clock in the afternoon preparations for the reception were complete. The long but rather narrow avenue known as San Luis Estevez Street, through which the procession was to march from the railway station to the plaza, had been cleared from end to end; the four hundred or more Cuban soldiers who were to act as escort had been drawn up along it in parallel lines, with their backs to the curbing and their faces to the pavement; the bands, with the children in white, took a position on one side of the station, while the reception committee, consisting of the Mayor and half a dozen Cuban generals and colonels, posted themselves on the other; and, just as everything seemed to be ready, a long whistle in the distance announced the approach of the train. The immense throng which filled the open space in front of the electric light works surged forward toward the track; seventy-five or a hundred negro men and boys climbed up on fences or into trees in order to get a better view; the reception committee dismounted and struggled through the crowd to the platform; the insurgent band struck up the "Baya-mesa"—the Cuban national air; everybody shouted or cheered; and, amid excitement that was vaguely but fervently described afterward by the Santa Clara correspondent of "La Lucha" as "entusiasmo imponderable," the train came to a stop in front of the station.

Finding that it would be impossible to get near enough to see General Gomez distinctly as he came out, and presuming that he would ride on horseback through San Luis Estevez Street to the plaza, Mr. Warner and I returned to the hotel and took a position on the steps where we were high enough to overlook the surging crowds that filled the sidewalks. For ten minutes or more the only sound that came from the direction of the station was an

occasional outburst of cries or cheers, which seemed to indicate that the General was meeting somebody or doing something to excite afresh the "imponderable entusiasmo" of the emotional crowd. Then, after a somewhat longer interval of silence, a sudden blare of wind instruments and boom of drums announced that the procession had started; a great vocal tide of cheers, shouts, yells, and inarticulate cries rolled toward us up San Luis Estevez Street, gathering volume and intensity as it came; a scurrying mob of shrieking boys, followed by a troop of horsemen, an American band, and a little group of mounted officers in brilliant uniforms, appeared at the next corner below; and finally, amid the waving of Cuban flags, the blare and boom of martial music, the bursting of aerial bombs, the sharp, crescendo hiss of sky-rockets, the ringing of church-bells, and the roar of a thousand commingled voices, I caught my first glimpse of General Gomez.

I don't know why I should have expected to see an erect, gray-haired officer in the full uniform of a Cuban general mounted on one of the showily caparisoned horses that I had seen led to the station, riding, with an air of pride and triumph, into the plaza at the head of his troops, and bowing or waving a gloved hand now and then in courteous acknowledgment of the roar of applause from the frantic multitude; but that such was my expectation I must frankly admit. In place, however, of the striking and impressive figure that my imagination had pictured, I saw a rather small man, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, an old straw hat, and a soldier's suit of coarse gray linen, marching along through the dust behind the mounted officers of his escort, with a lady clinging to one of his arms, and three or four white-frocked children striving to get and retain possession of his disengaged hand. He carried no sword; he wore no epaulets; his rather long linen coat suggested a countryman's "duster;" and, with a woman and three or four children clinging to his arms and hands, he looked much more like a rustic farmer who had come to town for the purpose of taking his family to the circus than like the commander-in-chief of the Cuban army and the sternest, most implacable foe of Spain. As he passed the hotel, the crowds

on the sidewalks surged into the street with frantic cries and wild demonstrations of enthusiastic devotion; the orderly procession, like a brook suddenly overwhelmed by a cloudburst, lost its formation and almost its identity as the resistless torrent of the mob poured into it; and a great tidal wave of struggling humanity rolled out of San Luis Estevez Street upon the plaza. After that no attempt was made to preserve order or maintain discipline. The procession, or all that remained of it, became a streaming rabble of intermingled horsemen, foot-soldiers, frightened girls, disintegrated bands, negroes, white men, reconcentrados, and police, over which rose and fell stormily a queer-looking ecclesiastical banner bearing in English the significant words,

"Cuba for the Cubans."
McKinley.

Presuming that General Gomez would make a speech from the balcony of the house that had been prepared for his reception, I plunged into the crowd and fought my way out of San Luis Estevez Street to the plaza; but I soon had reason to wish that I had left Cuba to the Cubans. The square was so packed with human beings that I was unable to get within a hundred yards of the General's headquarters, and when he came out on the balcony and began to gesticulate, I could neither see the expression of his face nor hear a word that he said. People who stood near him told me afterward that he was profoundly moved by the evidences of love and respect shown him, and that he spoke with tears in his voice as well as in his eyes. All I personally know is that he seemed to play upon the feelings of his auditors as a skilled musician plays upon a many-stringed instrument; and that if emotional effect be any proof of eloquence, his speech was an oratorical triumph of which Demosthenes himself might have been proud. Emotional effect, however, among a people as excitable as the Cubans, is not always a trustworthy indication of adequate cause; and Cuban patriotism is an instrument from which even an unskillful hand can bring a lot of noise. When, as it began to grow dark, I returned to the hotel, General Gomez had retired to his private apartments for rest; but the plaza was still full of people, talking over

the events of the day, listening to the music of the Cuban band, and cheering wildly at the slightest provocation.

About half-past eight, guests who had been invited to the banquet—most of them army officers in new uniforms—began to make their appearance at the hotel. A large E-shaped table, beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers and laid with covers for eighty guests, had been set in the front part of the spacious dining-room; the walls had been draped with flags and hung with festoons of green vines; the band of the Thirty-first Michigan was there to furnish music; and when General Gomez and his staff arrived, about nine o'clock, the hotel was full, the adjacent streets were crowded with people, and outside the grating at every one of the large open windows there was a pyramid of dusky faces, silently but intently watching every movement made within.

When the General took his seat near the center of the table, with his back to the front windows and his face to the rear of the dining-room, I had for the first time an opportunity to look at him closely. He seemed to be a man about sixty years of age, of medium height and spare build, with a thin, swarthy, rather hard face, firmly set lips half hidden by a white mustache and a heavy white imperial, dark eyes to which a somewhat scholarly expression was given by a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, a high but receding forehead, and large ears, standing well out from a rather closely cropped gray head. He was dressed in a plain uniform of dark-blue cloth, without epaulets, shoulder-straps, or other noticeable insignia of rank, and if I had not known who he was I might have taken him for a retired engineer officer, or perhaps the president of a Cuban college. It was only when fire leaped into his fierce eyes, in a moment of impatience or annoyance, that he looked at all like the stern disciplinarian, the intrepid fighter, and the unconquerable leader that he was.

The banquet proceeded, as such banquets do, with eating, wine-drinking, music, and desultory conversation, until about half-past ten, when, in response to a toast, General Gomez rose amid tumultuous applause and began to speak. From the effect produced by his brief afternoon address to the excited crowd in the plaza,

I had been led to believe that he was another of the fiery, impassioned Cuban orators who, like Quesada, seem able to take the hearts of their auditors by storm and then sway their emotions as a gusty wind sways a field of long wild grass; but I was soon undeceived. His bearing was quiet, undemonstrative, and self-controlled; he made no attempt to excite feeling or rouse passion; his gestures were few and simple; his voice, although good, was not particularly musical or sympathetic; and his speech, as a whole, was as unemotional as the annual statement of a bank president to a board of directors. I was not at all sure that he might not be fiery and eloquent in the white heat of wrath, because his face indicated unlimited possibilities in the direction of demoniac temper; but there was nothing in his after-dinner environment to stir that side of his nature; he evidently disliked sensations and scenes in which he had to play the part of hero; and his simple dress, his complete lack of self-consciousness, his march on foot in the afternoon procession, and his modest speech in the evening, all indicated a character which might feel honest pride in a noble achievement, but which was entirely without the personal vanity of a shallower nature.

The General's speech was heard by a great throng, both inside and outside the hotel; the dining-room was so packed with interested bystanders that the foremost row of men stood at the very elbows of the invited guests; the windows were half blocked up with heads, and a mass of people filled San Luis Estevez Street from the hotel entrance to the plaza. The only American officer present—at least at the table—was Major Barker, the commander of the post, who occupied a seat at some distance from the guest of honor, and who was not called upon to speak or otherwise brought into prominence.

The brief address of General Gomez was, to me, the only particularly interesting feature of the evening. A number of other speeches—some fiery, some dull, and some foolish—were made by officers and civilians of no remarkable fame or distinction; there was a great deal of cheering and hand-clapping; the band of the Thirty-first Michigan enlivened the proceedings now and then with Cuban

dance-music; and just before midnight the dinner-party broke up, and General Gomez, followed by a rabble whose enthusiasm had waned a little but whose curiosity was still unsatisfied, returned to his headquarters.

On the following day Mr. Gray and I called upon the General with a letter of introduction from Mr. Quesada to an officer of his staff. We found him sitting in a rather luxuriously furnished drawing-room, at the end of a little lane formed by two parallel rows of chairs set face to face in Cuban fashion. In the chairs were half a dozen ladies and officers, who, when we entered, seemed to be engaged in something like an act of semi-religious worship, with the commander-in-chief as the object of their adoration. The General received us without even a semblance of cordiality—with scant courtesy, in fact—while his silent worshipers stared at us as if we were guilty of an act of sacrilegious irreverence in thus entering the presence of Majesty, and interrupting their devotions, with no better excuse than a letter of introduction. Of course this is only my fanciful interpretation of an attitude that was doubtless nothing more than an unconscious manifestation of curiosity and surprise; but I am trying to describe the impression made upon us. As for the brusqueness of General Gomez, it was merely the natural demeanor of the man. He is seldom if ever effusive, I imagine, to any one; he seems to be unconscious of or indifferent to the impression that he makes upon another; and his character, although strong, honest, and straightforward, is deficient in delicacy of perception, and, in a certain sense, unsympathetic.

I should have gotten on better with him, I think, if I had been able to talk to him directly, but he did not speak any language that I knew, and conversation through an interpreter is always more or less unsatisfactory. Thinking that he must necessarily be interested in everything that related to the welfare of the Cuban people, I introduced the subject of the Red Cross, and tried to tell him something about its work among the *re-concentrados*; but he evidently knew little or nothing of the history, aims, and resources of the organization; spoke of it rather contemptuously, as if it were a

mere charitable committee with a relief fund of \$500 or \$1,000, and said that it might perhaps be of some use in caring for the sick in the hospitals and asylums. When I ventured to suggest that it might possibly render service in a wider field by helping to get the Cuban people on their feet, he demanded, rather fiercely, "Has your organization got \$100,000,000 to spend in Cuba?" I admitted meekly that it had not. "Well, then," he rejoined, "what's the use of talking? It will take fifty or a hundred millions of dollars to put the Cuban people where they were before the war."

I referred, in this connection, to the \$3,000,000 given by President McKinley to the Cuban army, and expressed the hope that, although this amount was much smaller than either of the sums he named, it would enable a good many thousands of Cuban soldiers to get a new start in peaceful vocations; but he gave this hope even scantier consideration than he had given to my suggestion about the Red Cross, and waved the \$3,000,000 aside with the remark that it was a "mere trifle, such as one would throw in charity to a beggar."

Not receiving a great deal of encouragement in any of my conversational leads, I asked the General a few questions with regard to the insurrection and the destruction of life caused thereby, and then, upon a polite suggestion from General Rodriguez that if we wished to make any propositions in behalf of the Red Cross we had better go and see the Mayor, we rose and took our leave.

It is unfair, of course, to base an estimate of character upon such scanty knowledge as one is able to get of a man by means of a day's observation and a single interview; but if the estimate does not pretend to be anything more than it really is—viz., a summing up of first impressions—it can hardly be seriously misleading. General Gomez, then, impresses me as a man of strong character and great natural ability, but a man who has had little cultivation, and whose intellectual faculties are powerful in operation but limited in range. He is a true patriot and an honest man—a combination not everywhere to be found in the race to which he belongs—but he has a violent, headstrong temper, which he does not always try to

control; he has little comprehension of or sympathy with the motives and feelings of his subordinates, simply because he is lacking in quickness and delicacy of perception; and what success he has in the control and government of men is due, mainly, to the dominant force of his energetic personality. Despite the enthusiasm that he excited in Santa Clara, he does not seem to me to be a man who would retain, in time of peace, the regard and affection of the people, although he might command their respect or excite their fear. Neither is he a man to inspire such devotion as that shown to Skobelev by the Russian soldiers at Plevna. Skobelev never for a moment lost sight of the comfort and welfare of his men, and they were ready to go into the gates of hell with him; but Gomez sometimes neglects his men through lack of sympathy and thoughtfulness.

Two days after the four-hundred-dollar banquet at the Santa Clara Hotel, a member of the Junto Formento told me that the soldiers who had come into the city to act as honorary escort to General Gomez were starving in the street. I did not at first believe the story; but, upon making inquiries of the men themselves, I found that the statement, although exaggerated, was essentially true. I talked personally with foot-soldiers who told me that they had had nothing to eat since noon of the previous day. Now, if that four-hundred-dollar banquet in Santa Clara, or the twelve-hundred-dollar banquet given to Gomez a few days later in Cienfuegos, had been offered to such a man, for example, as General Wood, I think the latter would have said, "Gentlemen, I have no objection to a reception and a dinner; but the soldiers who have fought with me and for you in the bush are ragged and hungry in the streets. Let us dine on bread and coffee and spend the four hundred dollars, or the twelve hundred dollars, that a banquet would cost, in buying food and clothing for the real heroes of the war."

General Gomez, however, allowed at least three or four thousand dollars to be spent in banquets for him, between Remedios and Havana, and never once thought of suggesting that the money, or a part of it, be used in supplying the wants of the ragged, hungry, and unpaid soldiers who

marched in his triumphal processions. But, as Mr. Warner said, when I expressed to him my surprise and indignation, "What else could you expect? That's the Cuban of it!"

The neglect of the soldiers would not have been so surprising, perhaps, if General Gomez had seemed to take any pleasure or satisfaction in the banquets and festivities that were arranged in his honor; but he never did. In his dress, manner, and bearing he was always simple and unostentatious, and to me he seemed to be not only entirely devoid of personal vanity, but anxious to avoid even the appearance of it. His apparent lack of interest in his troops must be attributed, therefore, rather to thoughtlessness and deficient sympathy

than to a selfish preference for receptions and banquets as compared with food and clothing for his hungry and ragged men.

As an administrator or a statesman, General Gomez, I think, would be a failure. His mind and will are too inflexible, his acquaintance with the world of men and affairs is too limited, and his temper, without the check of prudence or tact, is too overbearing for a proper discharge of all the duties that would devolve, for example, upon the President of a Cuban Republic. As dictator in troublous times he would suppress disorder with an iron hand; but as president he would probably fail, through lack of prudence, thoughtfulness, tact, and self-control.

Religious Conditions in the Philippine Islands

By Robert N. Reeves

THE very interesting interview with Archbishop Ireland published in a recent number of *The Outlook* leads one to infer that, personally, the Archbishop disapproves of any attempt to change the religious conditions in our new possessions. From a careful reading of the interview it appears that he has inadvertently overlooked the important fact that there is a vast difference between the Catholicism of the Philippine Islands and the Catholicism of the United States.

The Catholicism of the Philippine Islands, if we are to believe those who have given the subject much study, is intolerant and very much like the Catholicism of France prior to the French Revolution; while in the United States Catholicism is liberal and patriotic—a condition which, in a great measure, has been brought about by the learned Archbishop himself.

During the three hundred years and more that Spain held the Philippines no religion other than that sanctioned by the Spanish Government was tolerated within their boundaries. And in many respects these islands present to-day the worst form of modern religious intolerance, for which nothing is more responsible than the presence of numerous and powerful societies of friars. Here are to be found the Augustinians, Recollects, Franciscans,

Dominicans, and Jesuits—all exercising a power that would not be permitted in any civilized country of Europe or America.

Spain, while it possessed these islands, relied upon the friars to keep the people in strict allegiance to its cruel and exacting policies. That they acted their part in the establishment of Spanish misrule and the suppression of intellectual liberty is painfully apparent from the religious conditions in the islands at the present time.

The early superstitions of the natives have been suppressed by persecution that extended even to the death of devotees. And the temples and chapels of the Malayan Mohammedans and the Chinese Buddhists have time and time again been unroofed and their congregations subjected to all manner of religious persecution by these friars. Besides the native population there is in the Philippine Islands a large colony of German, Swiss, American, and English Protestants, but none of these have hitherto dared erect a church, or hold, publicly, religious exercises of any kind.

Under Spanish rule the press, too, was under the strictest ecclesiastical control. The introduction of nearly all foreign scientific and literary works was prohibited. Even Bernardin de St. Pierre's beautiful story "Paul and Virginia" was

specially interdicted by the ecclesiastic authorities in 1882.

In this way the friars, by maintaining the religious and political persecutions for which Spain has ever been infamous, have fought off all new ideas, and kept the islands from being politically and commercially developed. And there can be but little doubt that even now, under American protection, the presence of these friars is a menace to the liberties of the people.

The Spanish secular clergy, many of whom are men of refinement and education, have had but little voice or power in the shaping of affairs. According to Elisée Reclus, the secular clergy in 1896 numbered but 967,294 communicants, while the friars, according to the same authority, had in 1892 (four years earlier) 5,180,956 communicants. From this we can see how strongly the monastic orders are established. And when we remember that their power extends not only to the neighboring islands but as far as Tongking and China, and in fact throughout all Oceanica, we realize with what stubbornness they will resist all efforts upon the part of the United States to limit their power.

The political position of the Church in the Philippine Islands heretofore has given these friars not only great power but enormous wealth. In spite of their vows of poverty, they constitute the wealthiest class upon the islands. Under Spanish rule, a part of the tribute exacted from the Philippines was strictly reserved for the monastic orders. To obtain an idea of the amount reserved we need only to refer to the Philippine budget for the administrative year 1896-1897. In this budget \$1,400,000 was set aside for religious orders, while nothing was allowed for the building of public highways, bridges, or buildings. It may be interesting to know, too, that in this same budget Spain allowed \$6,000 for "scientific studies," a term which was made to cover indispensable repairs on public buildings, rivers, and canals.

As is well known, monastic orders, when given power, have always shown remarkable sagacity in securing the most valuable property. This was true throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, and was particularly true in France prior to the

Revolution. It is true to-day in the Philippines. The friars have here obtained possession of the best properties. They own most of the real estate in the city of Manila, besides vast tracts of the most fertile soil in the country districts; and in some parts of the islands they have succeeded in extorting from the people additional wealth by an odious system of rack-rents.

The hatred of these friars for every native Filipino and every Protestant, Mohammedan, and Buddhist was responsible in a great measure for the continued uprisings of the Philippine insurgents. The insurgents, by far the best educated of the natives, naturally resented the extortions and persecutions of the friars. They saw clearly that these friars, next to the Spanish Government, were the greatest obstacles to progress in the islands, and they therefore directed their revolutions as much against the tyranny of the friars as against the tyranny of Spain. This fact was made plain when, in the latter part of 1897, Spain induced the insurgents to enter into negotiations for peace. The first condition which the insurgents laid down was "the expulsion or secularization of the religious orders and the abolition of all official vetoes of these orders in civil affairs."

The fact that Spain has ceded its rights in the Philippines to the United States does not in any way lessen the revolutionary spirit of the insurgents.

Speaking of this, Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, President of the Philippine Commission, recently said: "It is the old outbreak against the misconduct of the priests, but instead of Spain the United States is being fought, because it is the United States which now appears to stand as the protector of the Church. The priests certainly misused their powers in many ways. The Filipinos complained, in the first place, of the almost absolute control of their lives and fortunes which local priests enjoyed. They complained of the ownership of the land by the big religious orders, and of the corruption of justice from the highest to the lowest places in the land. Lastly, they complained of the riotous debauchery of the members of the religious orders." Such are a few of the facts pertaining to the present religious conditions in the Philippine Islands. The

time has now come for a change. Whatever the United States decides to do—whether it holds permanently these islands as new territory, whether it forms a colonial government or establishes a protectorate—one thing is certain: it will not and cannot maintain the religious tyranny in the past. The islands can no longer be lost to the influences of our nineteenth-century civilization. Freed from influences which have retarded their growth in the past, these islands should become a field of great value, not only politically and commercially, but educa-

tionally. Education in the Philippines is in a remarkably backward state. Very few of the native population, comparatively speaking, receive a lettered education. Education is, therefore, absolutely necessary for the proper development in the minds of the people of those ideas of political and religious liberty which characterize our own government. And no reform, religious or political, can be properly introduced into these islands in an effective manner until there is a propagation of liberal secular education such as we now have in the United States.

Workingmen's Homes in the City of Ulm

By John F. Crowell

IN the course of a tour for the study of the social conditions of industrial communities in Germany, during the summer, I came upon a most hopeful experiment in the housing of working people's families in the Bavarian city of Ulm. Ulm is one of those rapidly growing industrial cities which have sprung up in Germany in the last generation. The rapid growth of population with the industrial expansion—of concentration with expansion—led to a crowded condition of living to which the Bavarian people have not been accustomed. There could be no doubt that, with labor living in two rooms per family, as is often the case in Chemnitz, the general efficiency of this element in economic progress must inevitably deteriorate. Yet rents were high, the people were not satisfactorily housed, nor were there enough houses to decently provide for the housing of the working people.

Under these circumstances of inadequate and unfavorable conditions of living, the municipal spirit, still so vigorous in social policy, came to the rescue. The city bought a tract of land on which, according to plans worked out by the city architect, two large double dwellings were built as an experiment. The funds for the purpose were in this case furnished by a building association. These houses were each three and a half stories high, and divided into apartments, or "wohnungen," for a family each. Each "wohnung" comprised two rooms, a kitchen, a pantry, a cellar, and a wood-room. For every four

families there was a laundry. Back of the houses lay a garden-plot divided so as to give each family a garden of its own. To the Bavarian laborer this garden is a little household gold-mine.

These houses were finished in July, 1892, and were straightway occupied by sixteen families. The building association which furnished the funds was met at once with a demand for more such dwellings, and two more of the same kind and capacity were immediately begun. Thus far the experiment seemed to have been worked out with a very satisfactory degree of success.

But the financial resources of the German working classes are by no means equal to those of corresponding classes in England and the United States, nor even to those of France, I am inclined to think. There is no such social fund lying in reserve there as the Postal Savings in England and the funds of the beneficiary societies; nor is there the vast savings banks reserve which characterizes the thrifty laborers of the United States. The German laborer is not as yet a member of the investing class, hence the development of State insurance of working people. In the housing of the working-class families the absence of an effective provident impulse toward self-help requires the community to make up what the class lacks as a means of attaining a high enough state of industrial efficiency to compete with other communities, municipal or national.

This factor comes into view very clearly in the Ulm experiment. Self-help soon reached its limits for want of funds. In March, 1893, Obermeister Wagner announced at a sitting of the City Council that the building association's funds were exhausted. Upon this he raised the question whether the municipality should not step in and on its own account relieve the pressure by providing sufficient and better housing in the form of still smaller houses more within the capacity of the workingman to buy. His proposal to make a loan out of the public funds, at the lowest possible rate of interest at which the city could borrow, found ready approval on the part of the Council. A plan for the erection of sixteen double houses was prepared, and a loan of over 200,000 marks (nearly \$50,000) effected promptly for expenditure in building. In this set of houses each contained two apartments, in each of which apartments there were one large living-room, one bedroom, kitchen, pantry, cellar, wood-room, and laundry. The average cost of each house, including the cost of the lot, amounted to 5,500 marks, or \$1,100.

These houses are the property of the city, but only temporarily so. They were built with the express purpose of selling them to the occupiers on terms which they could accept. When the occupant desires to own the house he lives in, the property is turned over to him upon certain conditions. It has been reckoned that the purchaser could pay three per cent. on the cost of the house, and two and a half more on account of a sinking fund. Together these payments were less than what had usually been paid for rents alone for much inferior accommodations in the crowded portions of the city. In the course of twenty-three years, it is calculated, these payments will put the occupier in unencumbered possession of his home. He must, however, pay ten per cent. of the capital cost down upon receipt of title as occupying owner.

These buildings are, of course, intended only for a definite industrial class of families. Only persons classed as manual laborers may purchase. They must be married, must occupy the house themselves, and make regular payments. Provisions are made for the city to buy back the property in case the would-be pur-

chaser fails to pay, or misuses the property in such manner as to depreciate its value unduly. Even the rule of paying ten per cent. of the purchase price, which proved onerous to some entitled to profit by this opportunity, has been modified to admit of purchasers paying gradually this quota of cash; but the title is meanwhile reserved. Where the occupant is not a purchaser, the rent is from 130 to 140 marks per year.

This wise and provident policy has borne gratifying fruit. There is a greater degree of contentment among these families owning their own houses. A most favorable improvement in the conditions of family life has been achieved. A much higher standard of health of men, women, and children has resulted. On the strength of these results, the demand for such houses increased, and in February, 1896, ten more double dwellings were erected for the same class of families, at a further outlay, on the part of the city treasury, of 200,000 marks.

For the five years over which this experiment has extended the account of the city stands as follows:

1. Thirty-six dwellings with a total of seventy-two apartments, in which each family has the exclusive use of two rooms, a kitchen, cellar, closet, wood-room, and pantry, together with a wash-room, and a garden near the house. The total average cost of each dwelling is inventoried at 5,600 to 5,900 marks.

2. Sixteen dwellings of forty-eight apartments, each containing three rooms, kitchen, pantry, cellar, closet, wood-room, and wash-room, with an adjoining garden. The total cost per dwelling in this case is given as from 7,200 to 8,800 marks.

These one hundred and twenty apartments are now occupied by six hundred persons—the envy of their less fortunate fellows occupying the inconvenient old-style buildings built after the tenement type of the larger cities. But the example set by the city has stimulated private enterprise to imitation and encouraged building unions to do and hope for more in the future out of their own efforts. The net outcome is that the ancient city of Ulm is leading all Germany—as she flatters herself—in the attempt to improve the conditions of a most important factor in the general prosperity of the community. She

has proved that it is financially practicable for working-class families to own and occupy homes within which a superior standard of domestic life may be maintained, but without which the general level of economic efficiency of the com-

munity is bound to decline in competition with other communities where a superior standard of domestic living prevails as an integral part of social and economic policy.

London, England.

The Surplus of Congregational Ministers

By the Rev. Magee Pratt

FOR the purposes of this paper it is necessary to explain that I use the word church in the sense of meaning a religious organization with a clergyman in its service, that being the only sense pertinent to the subject under consideration; and my purpose is to demonstrate that the theological seminaries have so swamped the Congregational churches with ministers that numbers are starving—at least five hundred without work—and, through the intense competition, salaries are lowered generally, so that at present cheap men are in work and better ones driven to the wall. It will be understood that I rely upon a law that is regarded as nearly absolute by all teachers of political economy—the law of averages; it is obeyed by all successful business enterprises in the world, and I know no act of Divine Providence that exempts the Congregational church from its operation. Only by disregarding it, by counting dummy churches as live ones, can my conclusions be shaken in any degree.

Dr. Dunning, in a letter to me, made this statement, "That of the churches reported in the Year-Book at least one thousand had only a name to live." On examination I found that at least that number had never employed a minister, nor subscribed one dollar for ministerial support, nor had a minister in any official relation. My first assertion, then, is this: That the number of churches reported in the Year-Book must not be taken as the estimate of the number of clergymen necessary to man the churches fully. I hope that is very clear.

Where, then, can we go to find out the exact proportion of clergymen that should be ready for the service of the churches? And no question can be more easily an-

In the Year-Book of 1898 there statistical summaries for forty-

two years, and they supply the information. It is too long a story to go over to tell the whole fact. This will suffice: that in the forty-two years the highest percentage of clergymen employed by the reported churches is seventy-six per cent. of the whole (I omit fractions), the lowest seventy-one, but the gross average is about seventy-four. For the last ten years seventy-four and one-half per cent. of the total number of reported churches have employed ministers. Again I assert that if you prepare a greater percentage of ministers, the excess must starve or beg if they try to live for their profession.

Now, how many ministers have we? A somewhat harder question to answer, but still possible within all needful limits. The number of churches will not answer the question, for of the 4,242 churches returned as having pastoral care, it must be remembered that through the country there are but six men to every seven churches, each man averaging one and one-sixth church in his care. That leaves 3,535 clergymen who are really wanted by the churches. The 1898 Year-Book reports total ministers 5,639, of whom only 3,577 are in work—a slight discrepancy; but some churches have more than one minister, and some ministers four or five churches, so that an exact statement cannot be made. We have thus left us an apparent surplus of 2,062 clergymen, and the task is to find out how many are available for church work in the pulpit and how many are retired, sick, or otherwise employed. In the May number of the "Hartford Seminary Record" the Rev. G. W. Winch makes a careful estimate and proves that there were in 1897 at least 3,957 clergymen available; his estimate I believe to be too low, for reasons which I will give. In 1898 there were added 164 seminary graduates, making a total of 4,121 clergymen wanting work, some

in and some out of engagements; but there is work for only 3,577, and that gives the 544 surplus men that I claim are above the capacity of the church to employ; but there are more. Mr. Winch took the State of Massachusetts for his basis of calculation, and in 1897 there were reported 256 without pastoral charge in that State. Of that number thirty-five were seeking settlement and twenty were sick. Can it be credited that Mr. Winch simply subtracted the thirty-five from the 256 and took the percentage as the sample of the entire country? Would none of the sick recover out of the 256? There are 108 in church work as secretaries, missionaries, etc. Has any other State the same proportion? I am convinced that if a careful census were taken it

would be found that we have at least 750 surplus ministers to date. Then, as it was the purpose of Mr. Winch's article to prove that more ministers were wanted, he had to do what the seminary people always have done, count all reported churches; while over twenty-four per cent. of them always have been and are without pastoral care.

My own suggestion is that the National Council appoint a committee of inquiry into the actual condition of things, and do what is necessary to find a cure. Not another student should receive a cent of money to further his seminary training. It destroys his virtue, it hurts the church and ministry.

Missionary Society of Connecticut,
Hartford, Conn.

Wing Sing and the Doctrines

By Edith K. Latham

Wing Sing was the Mission School's prize pupil, and his teacher found it difficult to conceal her pride in his cleverness, even though she realized that it would serve to increase the already considerable stock of self-esteem which the boy's bland countenance expressed. But it was Wing Sing who courteously offered Miss Trent his escort through the outskirts of Chinatown to the car on dark winter afternoons, and for this thoughtful attention she was truly grateful. He also often assisted his teacher in the office of monitor, for the exalted position which his thirteen years gave him in the estimation of his younger schoolfellows lent force to his stern rebukes.

Although Miss Trent made several efforts to cure Wing Sing of his conceit, she signally failed, for at every attack Wing's correct, suave answer completely baffled her.

The Chinese school which Mary Trent taught was composed of one ungraded class, from three-year-old tots to the big boys in Wing Sing's division, who ranged in age from ten to twelve years, and in learning from the alphabet to the Third Reader.

From the first, Wing had shown such a quick scenting of knowledge that Miss Trent often longed to turn a deaf ear to

stupid Hop Get, as he laboriously spelled out the lesson, and to lean back in her chair and listen comfortably to Wing's smooth recitations. It was natural, therefore, that Wing Sing was often chosen to read on visiting-day of the Ladies' Mission Board, and that he never failed to win their approbation.

But one morning the serene Wing Sing presented himself in the school-room with such an insufferable air of complacency that Miss Trent could scarcely restrain herself from inventing some excuse to humble the young Mongolian's pride. Her intentions were frustrated, however, for Wing's examples were as correct as usual, his penmanship an excellent counterfeit of her own, and he read without stumbling.

He furthermore manifested his complete happiness by bestowing a patronizing smile upon little Ah Yun, who was drawing on his slate the grotesque figure of a great dragon with a cat's face. Ah Yun glanced up from his work, and, noting the remarkable condescension of the much-revered Wing, sheepishly covered up the sketch with his sleeve and turned to his speller with a studious air. But the smile did not give place to a frown, as Yun fully expected. Miss Trent noticed the little incident, and felt convinced that

something extraordinary in the course of events had mightily pleased her prize pupil and filled his soul with a calm content which nothing could ruffle.

It was the custom for the children to choose the morning songs in alphabetical order, and to-day the lot fell to Wing Sing.

"What shall it be, Wing?" asked Miss Trent, turning around on the piano-stool.

"Dare to do light, Dare to be true," answered Wing Sing, confidently.

The metallic Chinese voices joined heartily in the hymn, the little ones piping out a shrill treble, and the older boys growling an imitation of the melody in the vicinity of an octave below the others.

"Oh, if they only will 'dare'!" murmured Miss Trent to herself. "But it must be so hard to be 'true,' in such homes as theirs."

She shuddered at the thought, for with it came the recollection of a wild-eyed creature whom she had seen, a few weeks before, dragged along between two policemen, one of whom held the highbinder's smoking pistol. Wing Sing had quickly led her away from the crowd and the terrible sight on the sidewalk, but she had seen enough to haunt her dreams for many a day.

Recoiling from the memory, Miss Trent obeyed an impulse to apply to her charges a little moral lesson.

"Luey Woon," she said, "if some one should wish you to join the highbinders when you are a man, what would you say?"

Luey rose, with one hand on his desk, and promptly replied: "I say Teacher no likee; Luey not fight for Highbinder Tong."

Miss Trent smiled. "I hope you will have a stronger motive," she said, half audibly.

"Hop Get, what would you do if bad man gave you money to hide in a dark place and shoot his enemy?"

And slow, chubby-faced Hop Get answered cheerfully, after pondering a moment, "I say, Never learn shoot; chop wood for fader, rather use hatchet."

Several pairs of black eyes twinkled. The older boys saw the comical side of stupid Hop Get's answer. They giggled in a smothered way, while Miss Trent

turned away her face to conceal her amusement.

But Wing Sing was solemn through it all. A troubled look came over him. He put down his book and gazed vacantly at the whitewashed wall, with its gayly lettered mottoes in Chinese characters.

Before dismissing the school Miss Trent made another attempt at her little sermon.

"Be kind to every one, even to your enemy, and you will make your heavenly Father glad. What does the Bible say about that, Hop Get?"

"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and play for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," recited the child in carefully measured accents.

"Luey, what shall we call that text?"

"All same Clistian doctrine," promptly replied the boy.

With an approving smile, Miss Trent dismissed the children, and fondly watched the odd troop, with their thin little queues, pieced out with red and pink cord, bobbing behind them, as they all filed down the steps, wondering how much of the lesson of mercy had filtered into their hearts.

Wing Sing passed out with his usual respectful bow, but when he said "Good-by, Miss Tlent," he lingered for just an instant.

"What is it, Wing? Do you wish to ask me something?"

"No, guess not, Teacher; good-by," he answered, edging off, and leaving his teacher looking rather anxiously after him.

Hurrying down the street, he overtook Luey Woon.

"Luey," he began in a low tone, speaking in Chinese, "Luey, I am in trouble. Will you help me?"

Luey, only too glad to be taken into Wing Sing's confidence, quickly assented.

"I will help you, Wing Sing, even if they cut off my head."

"Now we must talk English," said Wing, as they entered Dupont Street, the main artery of Chinatown. "Chinaman might hear us, and then—" Wing finished the sentence with a suggestive thrust of his hand into his blouse.

"What's your tubble, Wing?" asked Luey in an awed tone.

"You listen," replied the perplexed

Wing. "Last night fader send me to China doctor's for blue powder-medicine to paint little brother's mump. When I come back, I stop to talk with boy at corner of Clukid Allee. When I say 'so long' to boy, I see big lat cleep down allee, and I go velly soft to sudden scare him. Lat lun long way, and I get 'way deep down Clukid Allee.

"Pletty soon I hear some one come down doorway, and I get 'flaid all of sudden. Then I hide in dark corner, and, quick, man come out and whisper, and they say this;" and Wing lapsed again into Chinese.

"To-morrow night, when the big clock in the Christian church tower points to nine, you will wait at the second turning of the Crooked Alley, and when Ah Lee, the chosen victim of the Yee Soon Tong, comes gayly past to spend the evening opium-smoke with his friends of the Min Soon Tong, you will raise the shining blade, and the debt of the Yee Soons will be paid.

"Then you will cast away your knife and run quickly down the dark alley and over the housetop of Moon Toy, and back into the street, where you will idly mingle with the crowds who seek the man-killer. And when for many days the noise has died, you will come to the meeting-place of the Yee Soon Tong, where you will find smiles and gold."

When Wing had finished this thrilling recital, Luey stood staring with wide-open eyes and pale face, looking about him nervously, as though he were marked as a victim for the "hatchetmen."

"Huh, you look too scared," said Wing, contemptuously; "somebody think you know too much. I not tell you any more."

"No, Wing, I not look scared now; go on. What hatchetman say?"

"Hatchetman said," continued Wing in guarded tones, once more resorting to his native tongue, "'The knife-blade will not fail to start the red stream from the heart of the Yee Soons' enemy, and there will be an owner for the gold.'"

"What you do? tell Ah Lee stay out of Clukid Allee?" asked Luey, fearfully.

"Luey," replied Wing Sing, impressively, "Ah Lee do my fader bad trick long year back. My fader hate Ah Lee, wish he can revenge him. Now, China

doctline teach do what fader like. This morning I so happy, think Ah Lee get punish, make fader happy. Go to school, teacher talk about Clistian doctline, do good to enemy. Fader always say obey teacher. Now what I do?" And the usually self-possessed Wing Sing was the picture of distress.

"I do' know; bad both way," answered Luey, solemnly.

"If we do kindness to enemy," continued Wing, "must do it very quick. Five o'clock now," he said, glancing up at the old cathedral clock, which was rapidly ticking away the life of Ah Lee.

"But if fader hear, he get velly mad, mebbe. He not like me get in highbinder fuss."

Luey had no further suggestions to offer, and Wing Sing went home in great dejection. On the way he passed Crooked Alley, but it looked quite harmless by daylight, and he endeavored to persuade himself that the tragedy would not take place. But he knew perfectly well that it would if Ah Lee kept to his usual custom. The Yee Soons were sure to carry out their part of the programme.

His father scolded him a little for dawdling on the way from school, but was mollified when his son read aloud, in a high pitched voice, his lesson for the next day. After the lesson his father held the book and slowly pronounced the shorter words, and Wing Sing spelled them. But he was restless and made several mistakes. Suddenly he interrupted with, "Father, is Ah Lee a very bad man?"

"Yes, my son," replied Fun Choi. "Many years ago, in my native village, he did a very bad deed, as I have often told you. But it is right that you should ask once more, and once more I will tell you.

"The wicked Ah Lee caused your honored parent to wipe from his forehead the white drops of weariness, while he toiled in the rice-fields to earn again the strings of 'cash' which the bad Ah Lee stole by his sly cheating.

"I should not grieve if the gods willed that his funeral-wagons should soon rattle over the streets to the Chinese burial-place in the glistening San Francisco sand-hills.

"May his bones miss the honor of final rest in China!"

Wing Sing's conscience straightened out its painful kinks. At that moment he would almost have been willing to watch the hatchetman do his dreadful deed. But after supper, when he was permitted to go outside, his steps instinctively led him near Lee's door, and the influence of the mission teaching again assailed him.

While he watched, the door opened and Lee appeared and crossed the street to make a purchase at a fruit-stand. Wing Sing almost clutched the man's blouse as he passed him, resisting with difficulty the impulse to cry aloud a warning to the highbinder's prey, but the boy restrained himself with a subtle instinct of caution.

He went home trembling with excitement.

"Father, you like me to do what my teacher tells?" he cried.

"Teachers are always to be obeyed," replied Fun Choi. "The teacher of my son is very learned, though she is a woman. She will make Wing Sing an honorable man if he follows her wise counsel."

With this oracular utterance ringing in his ears, Wing Sing again went out, this time doubly fortified to do his Christian duty.

Fun Choi was an indulgent father, and allowed his son to remain out-of-doors until half-past eight on summer evenings.

It was ten minutes past eight when the door once more slammed behind Wing Sing. Lee's door was closed, and there was no light within. Perhaps by this time he was wending his way up the fateful Crooked Alley.

Wing's methodical brain for once was in a sad muddle, but he gathered his scattered wits to work on the only means possible. He first recklessly tore out a page of his greatly prized Reader, and, sitting on the steps of his father's shop, laboriously wrote a warning message in carefully formed English letters.

The letter read thus :

"Ah Lee, if you go to crukid allee tonight you big fool.

"You look out. Hatchetman Hide to Kill you. I hear him Talk. Your Bones never go back to China burying."

The fierce prediction in the closing sentence was inserted as a sop to that part of Wing Sing's conscience which sympathized with his father, although the

tone of contempt was not quite consistent with the good-fellowship of the warning.

With a beating heart, he watched for a lull in the stream of passers-by which would give him the opportunity to place the paper under Lee's door. A knot of curious tourists followed their guide around a corner, and the block for the moment was deserted.

Wing Sing quickly crossed the street. He had slipped but one end of the note under the sill when a sudden noise from within alarmed him.

It would never do for the son of Ah Lee's enemy to be caught in such an undignified act. Wing Sing, therefore, ignominiously took to his heels, and did not look back until he reached the shelter of his own premises, where, putting aside a corner of the old green silk curtain, he saw a light stream out into the street as Lee's door opened and the paper was picked up.

For an instant the door remained ajar, then it was quickly banged, the shutters closed, and the abode of Ah Lee gave no further sign of life.

Two days later Miss Trent was surprised to receive a call from a courteous, strange Chinese, who listened with interest to the exercises of the school, and, before bowing himself out, insisted upon leaving with her a little sandalwood box containing a twenty-dollar gold piece.

"From my fiend to lady who teach her Chinaboys be kind to enemy," he said.

Miss Trent protested in vain. She saw that he would be highly offended if she refused, so she said: "Thank you very much. I will give it to the ladies of the Board, and they will use it to send other boys to school." But the man had gone while she spoke, satisfied that his errand was accomplished.

When Wing Sing returned from school that afternoon, he found his father rejoicing over the unexpected windfall of one hundred dollars, sent by an unknown hand.

On a strip of red paper were inscribed the Chinese characters which read :

"Suitable portion is intended for Wing Sing, the eldest son of the honorable Fun Choi, the studious youth whom his countrymen admire, and who writes his name so skillfully upon the white page of his study-book,"

Books and Authors

Trooper 3809¹

A story of real life always has a direct touch. "Trooper 3809" has that touch in an exceptional degree.

While the author, Mr. Lionel Decle, is of French birth, he received his education in England. He returned to France for his military service, and then again to England. Hence he is able to take an international view of affairs. His narration is stronger than the somewhat similar one published last year by M. Urbain Gohier under the title "L'Armée contre la Nation." The descriptions of that vigorous writer were so virulent and his attacks so indiscriminate as to lose something of their force. The present volume, however, is lurid enough.

In 1879 Mr. Decle went into the French army. At that time the period of service was five years instead of three. But one year's service was demanded of him, however; he came under the provision for those who had the degree of B.A. or B.S., provided they paid three hundred dollars to the Government, and provided that they contracted a voluntary engagement within the year preceding that in which they became liable to conscription. If the experiences of other French soldiers are like those endured by Mr. Decle during his term of service, it is no wonder that conscription is still regarded in France as absolutely necessary.

Comparing France with England, Mr. Decle declares that, taken as a whole, the lowest classes in the French cities are more degraded than the people belonging to the same class of society across the Channel. Instead of raising this class to a higher level, the French military service only brings down to their plane those who belong to the better classes. For men possessing any self-respect, says our author, the three years which every able-bodied Frenchman has to serve in the army are nothing but a period of ceaseless degradation. He declares that a system in which gentlemen of refinement and the vilest dregs of the city slums are subjected to identical treatment and ruled

by identical measures of discipline is an impossible one: equality of punishment may sound well in theory, but in practice it becomes rank inequality. He attempts to show that in Germany, where there is also the reduced service of one year for young men who have fulfilled conditions of higher education, the system works better, because these form a class absolutely distinct, in uniform, lodgment, and treatment, from other privates.

Mr. Decle's description of the sanitary conditions which have existed in the French army is disheartening. In his time there was but one dilapidated bath in the barracks where sixteen hundred men were quartered, and no appliance existed for admitting hot water into the bath. The hospital service was on the same plane of intelligence.

Most of the book, however, is an exposure of the poor system of French officer-ing and the results which come from it. One blot on the system is that cavalry officers trust almost entirely to sergeants to look after the drill, discipline, and comfort of their men. During Mr. Decle's cavalry service the colonel came to the barracks, perhaps, twice a month, and then rarely stayed there for an hour at a time. Except during the general yearly inspection the lieutenant-colonel and majors did not pass once a month through the squadron-rooms. True, the captain in command of Mr. Decle's squadron sometimes came to their room, but a fortnight or three weeks often elapsed between his visits. Mr. Decle's lieutenant came to the squadron-room on the weekly inspection day, but rarely at other times.

As to the drill, during the first five months' preliminary training troopers were left entirely to the care of sergeants and corporals.

Mr. Decle draws a comparison between the hard-and-fast lines of social distinction which exist between French officers of different ranks and the English system, where all officers mess together, meeting in the simple equality of gentlemen. The first idea is, of course, a fatal obstacle for the corporate well-being of a regiment, yet in France the idea seems to obtain that

¹ *Trooper 3809*. By Lionel Decle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

captains would lower themselves if they sat at the same table with lieutenants and sub-lieutenants.

The account of the various punishments which Mr. Decle endured constitutes the book's chief value. Our author is careful to acknowledge that some of these were deserved, but he shows that he paid unjust and undue penalties. Rather than have served another year he would have become a deserter. It is with a shock that one learns of the severity of punishments in the French army. The mere act of striking a superior, from a corporal upward, is punishable with death, even in time of peace. Mr. Decle tells us of two instances which occurred while he was serving. In the first place, a private had struck a corporal who had bullied him in a most shameful way; in the second instance, a corporal had struck an officer who had called his mother by a vile name. Both men were found guilty and publicly shot in the presence of their regiment on special parade. From this the character of the penalties for lesser offenses may be imagined. The bullying of privates by corporals and sergeants, says Mr. Decle, is now just as bad as it was in his time. The officers are jealous of each other, and, instead of encouraging privates to love their profession, they chiefly strive to find or manufacture defaulters, well knowing that by so doing they will attract their chief's attention and thus get advancement. One of Mr. Decle's corporals, an old schoolfellow of his, who had actually accepted luncheon from him the previous day, did not hesitate unjustly to denounce him. After reading this, we understand better the machinations which led to the denouncing in the General Staff both of Dreyfus and of Picquart.

Incidentally the work throws an interesting side-light on the Dreyfus case. The bitter and protracted discussions which have arisen out of this case have concentrated the attention of the world on the French army, but Mr. Decle believes that no one has done more to disgrace it and to lower it, in the eyes of friends and foes alike, than Frenchmen themselves. The Dreyfusards have made superhuman efforts to further the cause of justice and to obtain the redress of one of the greatest wrongs ever committed against a human being. We agree

with our author, however, that they have somewhat spoiled their task by indiscriminate and wholesale abuse of the army in general, holding thousands of French officers responsible for the conduct of a few of their number. On the other hand, the anti-Dreyfusards base their conviction upon a blind belief in the infallibility of half a dozen officers who, in 1894, had passed judgment upon Dreyfus. Mr. Decle declares that the prisoner's case is, unfortunately, but a greatly magnified example of what daily happens throughout the French army. He tries to show that Dreyfus has been a victim not so much of the malice of individuals as of a faulty system. While we may disagree in part with this opinion, his exposure of the conditions which obtain in the French army does show (1) that the colonel of a regiment forms his opinion of a private from the character given to him by his corporal or sergeant; (2) that the mere fact of appealing against a punishment is considered as an act of insubordination; (3) that a judgment once given must needs be upheld without considering upon what grounds or evidence it has been delivered; (4) that no man in the French army may appeal against a punishment until he has undergone the whole of it. There is still no higher appeal than to the Colonel. Such a thing as a private, or even an officer, having the right to ask for a court martial in case he considers himself unjustly punished does not exist.

Aside from this special and timely significance, as a mere story of military life "Trooper 3809" is worthy of note. Nor is the book's significance connected with the Dreyfus affair or with France alone; it also throws light upon other countries in which militarism exercises an undue influence, and bids us contemplate the burdens, seen and unseen, which are oppressing the people of such lands.

Potable Water, by M. N. Baker, editor of the "Manual of American Water-Works," is an authoritative little book designed, not for engineers, but for public officials and public-spirited men and women interested in the subject of a pure water supply. The work is well done. (The Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

The Science of Religion¹

In his former volume Dr. Tiele dealt with the varying religions resulting from the continuous evolution of religion. This we reviewed last year. In the present volume he deals with the "ontological" as distinct from the "morphological" part of his subject—the origin and nature of religion, the constant essence in its changing forms. He discriminates religion from religious doctrine, with which it is often confounded, and from philosophy, which, on account of this confusion, often attacks it. Religion, which clothes itself in an ever changing garb of doctrines as its enlightenment advances, originates in "man's original, unconscious, innate sense of infinity." Dr. Tiele adopts and insists upon Dr. Edward Caird's view, in his lectures on "The Evolution of Religion," that in the human mind the idea of the infinite is anterior to that of the finite. It "is the specifically human element in man." It does not come to us by experience, for it conflicts with our experience of a finite world. It is not the product of reasoning, though supported by it. "It is born with us, and we cannot choose but think it. We act unconsciously as if we were infinite. Infinity is the main-spring of all human development." From this groundwork of our being, however unconscious man be of what it is, spring those emotions, conceptions, and will-attitudes in which consists religion, the very postulate and condition of which is man's belief in some kinship between himself and the invisible superhuman Power he adores. In fact, "not only that 'God is above us,' but also that 'God is in us,' is a belief common to all religions," and reaches its full development in primitive Christianity. Anthropomorphism is therefore indispensable to religion, for, although all human predicates be inadequate when ascribed to Deity, we cannot ascribe less to God than the personality and self-consciousness which belong among our highest conceptions of life.

But religion differs from philosophy in being practical, not speculative. Religious doctrine, or theology, is a borrower from

philosophy, but not religion itself, which "is, above all, a doctrine of salvation, a guide to a blessed life." Corresponding to its three constituents of emotions, conceptions, and will-attitudes ("sentiments," as Dr. Tiele calls them), are the three "root-ideas" of religion:

In a thousand varieties . . . we invariably find these three elements: belief in a divine power upon which we are dependent; belief in the high origin and destiny of man, coupled with a consciousness of his shortcomings; and belief in the possibility of salvation, combined with attempts to secure that blessed consummation. All religions are religions of redemption, and all religious doctrine is a doctrine of salvation. This is one of the most striking and at the same time most certain results of our science.

Underlying these three root-ideas Dr. Tiele finds the essence of religion to be "essentially a frame of mind in which all its various elements have their source." This is not faith, for faith belongs also both to science and art, although without faith no religion, nor either science or art, is possible. "Religion is piety," says Dr. Tiele, but prefers the word "adoration," as expressing the essence of genuine piety, which desires to possess and to be possessed by its adored object—a sentiment whose germ he discovers even in primitive and barbarous religions, and which "demands that closest communion, that perfect union" of the human with the divine, "which forms the characteristic aim of all religion." Such is the essence of religion as emanating directly from "the distinctive badge" of our humanity—the Infinite within. Its natural and necessary manifestation is in worship, particularly in the form of prayer; and all true worship involves a sacrificial element in the constant rededication of self to God.

But religion, like other human experiences, has its morbid developments. There is religiosity as well as religion, and it is due to the lack of due proportion in one or other of the three constituents of religion. Emotion in excess breeds fanaticism. If the importance of conceptions be overrated, orthodoxy is substituted for religion. Those to whom will-attitude, or "sentiment," is everything may even justify inhumanity if done in the name of religion. Sentiment, however virtuous, "unless deeply rooted in emotion, cannot be called religious." This may be questioned. Elsewhere Dr. Tiele makes, as

¹ *Elements of the Science of Religion*. Part II., Ontological, being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1898, by C. P. Tiele, Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion in the University of Leyden. In Two Volumes. Vol. II. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

we think, too wide a gap between morality and religion. Morality in his view is limited to our earthly existence and relations; a limitation which better suits another word in his vocabulary, "moralism." Truly describing the object of religion as "peace of soul, the true and eternal life, unity with God," he does not see that just this is ideal morality, as distinct from superficial and imperfect conceptions of it. Morality that is perfect cannot be limited to the relations of finite moral beings; it must include their relations with the Infinite to whom they feel themselves akin. The feeling of kinship between the finite moral nature and the Infinite, in which religion originates, is as fully entitled to the name "moral" as to the name "religious."

Dr. Tiele develops his subject on a strictly psychological line, apart from the domain of metaphysics and dogmatics, and in a critical comparison of the diverging or conflicting views of other writers, both Christian and skeptical. He holds no brief for any creed or church, while pointing out that every form of religion requires a "league of sympathizers," and that all local unions of this kind gravitate toward a general union. Thus the conception of a universal church, however falsely bound to some transitory institution, "contains the germ of a great truth, and is the similitude of a well-founded expectation." He looks to see this ultimately realized in local organizations linked for fellowship, not for administrative government. Should they prefer to call their union a Brotherhood or a League, yet "it would be a church" all the same, and "a more excellent realization of the great ideal."

So eminent a physicist as the late Professor Tyndall declared it "the problem of problems" to yield reasonable satisfaction to the religious feelings, which he recognized as having rights quite as strong as those of the understanding. Strikingly in accord is this with Dr. Tiele's declaration, from the opposite quarter of the scientific field, that "the right of religion is a right of the emotions," that the emotions no less than the reasoning powers have their inalienable rights, and that to pronounce religion an illusion because emotional "would make human existence an insoluble riddle." If religion constantly

provokes the censure of philosophy, it is because its garb of doctrines is not renewed as fast as it becomes outworn. But since "a religion without forms is lost in indefiniteness,"

to create or to recast these forms, and to clothe the constant religious element in images adapted to the wants of the most advanced members of the existing generation, is the vocation of those who are not satisfied to be merely the guardians of a venerable tradition, and the learned interpreters of sacred texts, but who, as prophets themselves, bear witness in inspired language to what God has implanted in their hearts; and not merely as ministers of the cult, but also as free witnesses of the divine spirit, as poets by the grace of God, as religious thinkers, as leaders of religious life.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending September 1. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Mr. Belfort Bax's series on "The Social Side of the German Reformation" is becoming an indispensable one to theological or sociological students. The second volume has now appeared, and has to do with *The Peasants' War, 1525-6* (The Macmillan Company, New York). A comprehensive map helps the reader's understanding of the author's excellent and detailed but not too picturesque text. The publishers' work, in paper, printing, color, and texture of binding, leaves nothing to be desired.

Dr. Ruric Roark, Dean of the Department of Pedagogy in the State College of Kentucky, has published a work on *Method in Education*, the second volume in a series of which the author's "Psychology in Education" is the first. As may be gathered from the title, Dr. Roark's latest book attempts to develop in detail the application of psychology in the work of teaching. The book is clearly thought out and clearly expressed. It will serve in answering the daily more persistent questions as to method in education—questions so universal that most colleges and universities have now added departments of pedagogy to those already existing. Dr. Roark well points out that a teacher needs more than sound and broad scholarship, more than sympathetic knowledge of mind-processes; a teacher must also have skill in making the mind hungry for

the best nutriment. (American Book Company, New York.)

The latest volume in Dr. W. T. Harris's very long but invaluable "International Educational Series" comprises a selection from Montaigne's *Essays on Child Education*. Strange as it may seem, Montaigne was in some respects in advance of the pedagogical thinkers of our own day. His was the influence which a hundred years later most affected John Locke, and, two hundred years later, Jean Jacques Rousseau. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

In two neat volumes Mr. H. L. Stephen has condensed and edited, chiefly from Howell's voluminous pages, accounts of ten famous English *State Trials, Political and Social*. The trials are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Charles I., the Regicides, Colonel Turner and others, the Suffolk Witches, Alice Lisle, Lord Russell, the Earl of Warwick, Spencer Cowper and others, and Samuel Goodere and others. The editor's work has been admirably performed. It would be hard to imagine more of human tragedy than is compressed within these little volumes. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A pretty edition of a new translation of Bida's charming love story of Provence, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, is put forth by Fords, Howard & Hulbert (New York). The translator is Mr. A. Rodney Macdonough, and he may be congratulated on the grace and facility with which his work has been accomplished.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary is an abridgment from the International which aims to be full, accurate, and authoritative, and yet in moderate compass and of a moderate price. It has over eleven hundred large octavo pages and an equal number of illustrations, with ample appendices, tables, etc. It will undoubtedly prove useful and convenient to students and others who desire a happy medium between the unabridged and the too-abridged. (G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.)

Mr. George A. B. Dewar, in his *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands*, comes closer than any recent writer on out-of-door topics to the charm of Richard Jefferies. He knows the woods and hills at every season; he watches birds, trees, plants, and insects with a loving patience, he

conveys to the reader through true word-pictures his enjoyment and constant companionship with nature. Mr. Dewar writes neither as a naturalist nor as a sportsman, but as a nature-lover endowed with the special knowledge of both. The volume is delicately illustrated and handsomely printed. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte has published, through the F. H. Revell Company (New York), the first volume of a work on *Bible Characters*. The book is one which cannot be other than helpful to every student of Old Testament history. Dr. Whyte's vigorous style brings Jeroboam, Rehoboam, Elijah, Elisha, and the rest before us with startling and effective distinctness.

Books Received

For the week ending September 8

- DAVID W. AMRAM, PHILADELPHIA
Amram, David W. The Jewish Law of Divorce.
DREXEL BIDDLE, PHILADELPHIA
Brooks, Sarah P. In the Bivouac of Life.
DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK
Prichard, E. and Hesketh (E. and H. Heron). A Modern Mercenary. \$1.25.
Little Masterpieces. Edited by Bliss Perry. Thackeray, Lamb, and De Quincey. 30 cts. each.
Warner Classics, The. In Four Volumes. Philosophers and Scientists; Novelists; Poets; Historians and Essayists. \$2.50.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Tarbell, Horace S. and Martha. Lessons in Language and Grammar. 70 cts.
D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Dole, Charles F. The Young Citizen. 45 cts.
THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Smith, Colonel Nicholas. Great National Songs. \$1.
W. B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK
Ketcham, W. E. Funeral Sermons and Outline Addresses. \$1.50.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Faust, Albert B. Heine's Prose. 60 cts.
Rawnsley, H. D. Life and Nature at the English Lakes. \$2.
Jones, Jenkin Lloyd. Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. \$1.50.
Herrick, Robert. Hesperides. Edited by Israel Gollancz. Vols. I. and II. (The Temple Classics.) 50 cts.
Wordsworth, William. The Sonnets of. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 50 cts. (The Temple Classics.)
Sterne, Laurence. Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 50 cts. (The Temple Classics.)
Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers. Selected by Basil Montague. 50 cts. Edited by Israel Gollancz. (The Temple Classics.)
Cavendish, George. The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 50 cts. (The Temple Classics.)
Lynch, Hannah. Toledo.
Du Bose, William P. The Soteriology of the New Testament.
THE PILGRIM PRESS, CHICAGO
Bridgman, Raymond L. The Master Idea.
FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Thurston, I. T. The Bishop's Shadow. \$1.25.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Decle, Lionel. Trooper 3809. \$1.25.
Hornung, E. W. Dead Men Tell No Tales. \$1.25.
Warnan, Cy. The White Mail. \$1.25.
Trent, William P. The Authority of Criticism. \$1.50.
Spears, John R. The Fugitive. \$1.25.
THE F. A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Grinnell, Morton. An Eclipse of Memory. 50 cts.
Walkey, S. For the Sake of the Duchess. 50 cts.

The Religious World

The Northfield Conference of Christian Workers

The seventeenth annual Conference of Christian Workers, which has just closed its sessions at Northfield, was the most largely attended of any ever held. The increase in the number of clergymen was especially noticeable. Of course Mr. Moody was the soul of this as of every Northfield Conference. The Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York City, made the opening address. The next day the Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, followed in an address emphasizing the need of a more spiritual ministry. During the first four days of the Conference the Rev. George Campbell Morgan, of London, spoke no less than seven times, taking for his general subject "The Will of God." Mr. Morgan spoke very frequently during the Conference, and also remained for some days thereafter, giving the daily post-Conference addresses which for several years have been a feature of the work. Another well-known speaker at the Conference was another London pastor, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the successor of Dr. Newman Hall at the great church across the Thames from Westminster. Two years ago, at Mr. Moody's invitation, Mr. Meyer came to America and gave a series of addresses on "The Development of the Spiritual Life." The succeeding year Mr. Meyer devoted six weeks to visiting American cities where he had been unable to hold urgently demanded conferences the year before. This year Mr. Meyer has been obliged to return to England, but Mr. Morgan still remains, and is to devote the autumn months to giving addresses in some of the leading cities on similar lines to those given this summer. This extension of the Northfield Conferences is sure to be appreciated by those who have not been able to attend these gatherings.

Denominational Houses at Northfield

Other prominent speakers at the Conference were the Rev. Drs. Torrey, Pierson, Selwyn, and Mabie. The last named is

the Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Union. During the Conference he called for a meeting of the Baptists at Northfield to consider the advisability of erecting a house in which missionaries and others could be entertained. Dr. Mabie thinks that there are at least twenty-five Baptist foreign missionaries in this country on furlough who could attend the conferences if there were such buildings, but, under present conditions, are unable to come to Northfield. It is believed that such a house might be used for seminary girls during the school year and for missionaries and others during the Conferences. On this suggestion Mr. Moody followed with one looking to the erection of a Presbyterian House, Mr. John Willis Baer, Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, and also a Presbyterian elder, assuring him that the Presbyterians would not be behind the Baptists in this matter. As to the Presbyterians at Northfield, the recent conferences have been emphasized by their particular attendance and enthusiasm. From New York City alone between fifty and sixty Presbyterian pastors were present—practically the whole local Presbytery. The results should be a great revival of evangelistic preaching in the churches of the metropolis.

American Presbyterian Decline

Recently published statistics in the daily press have seemed to show that Presbyterianism is hardly holding its own in this country as regards membership, or even in the number of churches. Even the Philadelphia "Presbyterian," speaking of the decline from year to year, for the last five years, of the number added on examination and certificate, exclaims: "We are not receiving on profession as many as we are dropping from the roll. How long can this continue without disastrous result? The decline is not in one Presbytery or one city, but a general falling off in the whole Church." Writing to us on this matter, however, the Rev. Dr. William Henry Roberts, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, explains some of the decline by the fact that there has been a

general removal from the rolls of many of the congregations of the names of "absentee members over three years absent," etc., while for members dismissed and dropped there are no statistics for 1894, 1895, and 1896. Last year fifty-six thousand members were dismissed and dropped; this year, fifty-three thousand. In 1894 seventy-four thousand members were added on examination; this year, only forty-eight thousand. On certificate in 1894 forty-one thousand members were added; this year, thirty-five thousand. The decline has been a steady one in both lists. The list of net increases to the Presbyterian Church is also a series of downward steps. In 1894, forty thousand persons were added; in 1895, twenty-six thousand; in 1896, twenty thousand; in 1897, seventeen thousand; in 1898, fourteen thousand; and so far in 1899, eight thousand five hundred.

The American Lutheran Church

The approaching Lutheran Council at Chicago calls renewed attention to the progress made by the Lutheran Church in the United States. From a membership numbering not a quarter of a million forty years ago, it has grown to one numbering more than a million and a half. In 1859 the various Lutheran bodies had only ten small theological seminaries, eight colleges, and one academy; now the figures are twenty-five, forty-six, and thirty-six respectively. Startling as this progress is, the figures are vouched for by that official organ, "The Lutheran." From it we learn that no less decided progress has been made in other directions. Forty years ago the Lutheran Church had "become a stranger to itself;" now it has come to recognize itself anew, and the basis of one faith and one practice is being cleared of the rubbish which had almost buried it. Again, from the few translations which constituted all there was of native Lutheran literature forty years ago, there is now a list of books in English—devotional, historical, doctrinal, and other books—that do honor to Lutheran scholarship. The journal above quoted admits that the services of Lutheran churches, too, were almost as bald as those of any Calvinistic church; now, however, "we have a matchless Common Service, several unequaled hymn-

books for the Sunday-school, a graded series of Lesson Helps bound to mark an epoch in Sunday-school teaching, a rich Lutheran commentary, and a long-wished-for encyclopædia, shortly to appear. . . . In short, forty years ago American Lutheranism was as unstable, unformed, and contradictory as the American character itself in its infancy. To-day it is growing into a more robust, uniform, and well-rounded Lutheran force, which, as it becomes more unified, will exert an influence in our chaotic American religious life hitherto unknown."

A French Protestant Paper

Speaking of the work done in France by the Protestant newspaper "Le Signal" in the interest not only of Protestant influence, but of every effort to raise moral and social standards, the London "Christian World" says that in the evil days when it was next to impossible for any but the voices of passion and prejudice to get a hearing in France in the Dreyfus affair the "Signal" risked everything in its bold stand for the right. The risk was great, indeed, for a new paper, struggling with the difficulties which beset every fresh journalistic enterprise. It must needs face, first, the opposition of Roman Catholicism, next the envenomed hatred of its atheistic opponents, but, lastly and hardest to bear, the defection of numbers of timid or indifferent Protestants. "Le Signal" has a distinctive literary as well as political character, and contains contributions from the leading French Protestant writers. Its moral tone is, of course, excellent. The Protestants of France, comparatively few in number, are giving a good account of themselves. They deserve the sympathy of Christian people everywhere.

The Metlakahla Settlement

A dozen years ago, for the sake of greater civil and religious liberty, the people of a place called Metlakahla, in British Columbia, under the leadership of Mr. William Duncan, emigrated to Annette Island, off our Alaskan coast. The work of the intervening years is seen in the fact that to-day Annette Island has become the center both of commercial and of Christian activity in all that region. The government consists of a council,

twenty in number, who attend to the civil affairs of the town. These officers are elected annually. The religious government consists of a body of elders, also twenty in number, who look after the spiritual affairs of the church. That church has no denominational name; it is known as "The Christian Church of Metlakatla." Both original members and natives believe and are taught that they must be in fellowship with all Christians, but that they need owe allegiance to no denomination. After a time of probation, natives who have been obedient to the rules of the community may be accepted as members of that community, and may even be counted members of the church, because, as Mr. Duncan says, "if they are true to our rules, they will be true Christians." Native labor built the church building, and the natives themselves subscribed one-fifth of the cost, the total of which amounted to ten thousand dollars. Half of that total was earned by the dwellers on Annette Island, and the remainder was subscribed by American and English friends. The services at the church are conducted in the native tongue, except some singing which is in English. The means for the support of the settlement, including government, church, school, and hospitals, is supplied by the industries planted years ago by Mr. Duncan and his coadjutors. The Annette Island settlement forms one of the most interesting points in the Alaskan tour.

Dr. Moxom's Bible Class

The plan of work for the Bible Class of the Rev. Dr. Moxom, of the South Church, Springfield, Mass., is a model for other similar classes. This particular class is about making a critical study of the Book of Genesis. There will be a careful analysis of the book into its separate documents, the sources of which will be noted and the characteristics of which will be brought out. Special attention will be given to the creation stories and their Chaldean, Egyptian, Indo-European, American, and other parallels. The story of Eden and the Fall will be studied in connection with Greek and other myths of the origin of evil. Similarly, the account of the Noachian Deluge will command attention. Some fifty topics requiring exhaustive research, having an

extensive bibliography of first-class authorities, are being given out for papers to be presented by individual members of the class. Among these topics, not to mention those that have to do with creation and the flood, are the following: "The Origin of Man and Primitive Ideas;" "The Serpent in Religion;" "The Origin of Sacrifice;" "Human Sacrifices in Religion;" "The Beginnings of Art;" "The Tower of Babel Myth Concerning the Origin of Language;" "The Origin of the Hebrew People;" "Egypt in the Time of the Patriarchs;" "The Sabbath in Genesis;" "The Family in Genesis," and "The Name of God in Genesis." All will be regarded from a scientific point of view. The attitude of mind will be that of a reverent criticism, but entirely fearless in its treatment of this portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, while at the same time confident that it is not without great spiritual value. Under such leadership as this class is fortunate in having, there is much to be gained from such a study and nothing to be feared. Truth as the main thing is sought, whether enshrined in myth, legend, story, or semi-authentic or unquestionable narratives. As a sample of the thoroughness of the work, a minor topic, with its bibliography, is here given:

XI.—The Story of Cain and Abel (Gen. iv., 1-17). Hastings's Dictionary, I., 5 ff.; Encyclopædia Britannica, I., 33, IV., 642; Addis, "Documents of the Hexateuch," I., 7-9; Ryle's "Early Narratives of Genesis;" Schrader, "Cuneiform Inscriptions;" Delitzsch, "Genesis;" Dillman, "Genesis;" "The Bible for Learners;" Lenormant, "Beginnings of History," 146-217; "The Biblical World," III., 264 ff.

Outlined work of such character as has been prepared for this class ought to be put in the hands of many classes having access to good libraries, or having the financial ability to get together the one hundred and fifty volumes required for such a course. We hope that Dr. Moxom will publish such an outline.

Buddhism and Christianity

It is interesting and helpful to see ourselves as others see us. A Buddhist paper of Japan, representing the Shingon sect, has a notable article on Christianity from that particular Buddhist point of view. There are fifty sects of Buddhism in Japan

alone. They differ widely, both in theological doctrines and in ethics. The author points to the wonderful influence which Christianity exercises. However, its advances have already reached their farthest limits, and "it is now destined to disappear from the face of the earth." It emphasizes the existence of an absolute Creator of all things, the Father of Love. In proof of this truth there has been no agency in the world's history more powerful than Christianity. In Buddhism, says the author, this truth is compressed in the same shape, only that in this system God is seen more as he dwells in nature. What the advocates of this religion call Buddha is practically the same as that which the Christians call God-head. Another great truth which Christianity has made prominent is the obligatory character of the moral law. This doctrine of the sure reward and punishment is taught also by Buddhism; but the Christian conception of the nature of the future life and of the day of judgment "is not as reasonable as that of the Buddhist conception of the series of existences with gradual ascent and descent through the transmigration of souls." Christianity is indebted for its influence largely to the purity and the exalted conception of its ideal life. Christ offered himself as a sacrifice for the salvation of the world, and this deed has for all ages given to the world the possibility of an elevation and exaltation of mankind. The doctrine of the four Gospels is the most perfect and practical moral code under the sun. "In all of this there is nothing that conflicts with Buddhism. But the Christian doctrines have still another side. They teach superstition and ignorance, and these weaknesses will finally bring about the end of Christianity, unless they are cured in time. The most important of these dangerous doctrines is that of the Trinity." The article is valuable because it shows that the various teachers of religion are nearer together than many imagine.

A Sunday Rest Congress

In September, 1900, under the patronage of the French Government, an International Congress will be held on questions concerning Sunday as a legally and socially recognized day of rest. The sessions will be held in the Palais du

Congrès of the Exhibition. The President of the organizing committee is Senator Béranger, and among the members of the committee are representatives from both Catholic and Protestant clergy, as well as members of Parliament, economists and statisticians, and delegates from the various Chambers of Commerce, manufacturers' unions, and railway companies. The Congress will be open to all who are interested in its programme. The fee for membership has been fixed at ten francs. Only active members and delegates will have the right to take part in the sessions. The language of the Congress will be French, although papers may be communicated in other languages, always provided that a summary is presented in French. Two sessions will be held daily, at nine and at three o'clock. The discussions will be limited to the matter stated in the programme, and speakers will not be given the floor for more than a quarter of an hour, nor will they be allowed to speak twice in the same session on the same subject, unless the Assembly should decide otherwise. The Secretary of the Congress is M. Bompard, 28 Rue d'Assas, Paris, France.

An Open Bible

The present is sometimes spoken of as the age of an open Bible. While it is true that we may read the book with no one to make us afraid, to many it is still a closed book because of the fragmentary way in which they read. Many passages are better understood in the light of knowledge gained by reading other parts of the Bible. One part illumines another. The study of particular passages is good, of course, but often we are hindered in the interpretation of a passage by our lack of familiarity with the whole Bible. Systematic and consecutive study of the whole Bible is encouraged by the "King's Household Slip-book." It divides the entire Bible into a four years' course, giving a portion for each day and providing for the reading of the New Testament during each of the four years, so that the reader, while seeking a comprehensive knowledge of the whole field of Bible truth, is still kept in touch with New Testament teaching. Those who wish to join the class now forming should address Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, New Jersey.

Correspondence

The Churches in Cuba

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In the number of *The Outlook* received yesterday I read with interest the statement made by Archbishop Ireland.

As a pastor in Cuba I must object to the assumptions of the Archbishop that Cuba is a Catholic country, etc., etc., and that therefore Protestants should not attempt to labor there.

I presume that England, Canada, and Australia may be considered Protestant lands, but the Catholic Church appears to consider it has a right to labor *there*.

I fear the Archbishop's knowledge of the religious condition of Cuba is very faulty, or he surely could not have written as he did. One Protestant church in Cuba alone has a membership that counts by the thousands. During my eight months' stay in Cuba I have visited thousands of homes, and have found the following state of affairs :

(1) Thousands of Cubans do not hesitate to say that they not only *do not* belong to the Catholic Church, but that there are reasons that make it impossible for them to *become* members of that Church.

(2) Hundreds of Cuban families have the Bible in their homes ; they have not attended the Catholic Church for many years, and state that they are Protestants.

(3) A great number of persons (children of persons referred to) have *never been inside a Catholic church*, and wish to attend a Protestant place of worship.

(4) A large number of persons who once frequented the Roman Catholic Church have left that body, for reasons which I will not grieve your Catholic readers by stating. These have drifted into unbelief, and are the least susceptible to religious impressions.

Our worthy Archbishop is indignant that American occupation should seem to be confounded with Protestant supremacy, and that some American officer should be present at the exercises in connection with a Protestant church. What a pity that the objection was not raised at a time when Church and State were one in Cuba, and when at every function of the Church the country of Spain was represented !

What a difference it makes when *our Church* is not the one favored ! I am sorry to disagree with the Archbishop, but my conviction is that it would be a cruel thing to leave thousands of Cubans without a church home, as, for reasons given, they are outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church.

A. DE BARRITT,

Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Havana.

Religion in the Philippines

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I read with unusual interest Archbishop Ireland's reply to *The Outlook's* letter. It is a very shrewd statement of the Roman Catholic Church's attitude to Protestant aggressiveness. It is because we believe that Roman Catholicism is "partial and fragmentary Christianity" that we insist upon the immediate dissemination of Protestant truths, freed from superstition and corruption. I say it is a very clever argument for the Church he represents, because the longer Protestants delay in sending missionaries, the firmer his Church will become established and the harder it will be for the introduction of Protestantism. I speak for a truly Christian civilization that has benefited our own native land, and which will also add to the Filipinos and West Indians innumerable liberties, both civil and religious. Shall we wait for the saloon and army canteen, with their debasing accompaniments, to control Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines before we advance as a missionary church ? No ; "Forward, march !" is Christ's command to the Church. We must obey. Christian missionaries can greatly assist our governmental representatives in the delicate task before them. Let every Church select its very best and wisest members, who will also be loyal American citizens, to continue the evangelization of the world in these newly acquired territories.

Norfolk, Va.

DANIEL T. MERRITT.

Mr. Moody at Northfield

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In the current issue of your paper, under *The Religious World*, I notice an extract from a report of Mr. D. L. Moody's

remarks at the Northfield Conference in asking the prayers of Christians for the country. The quotation contains one or two mistakes which we would ask you to kindly rectify. There is a mistake, first of all, in the amount reported to be expended on the chapel, for which *thirty thousand* dollars and *not* three hundred thousand has been raised. And a similar mistake has occurred in the statement that ten thousand people attended the opening of the chapel, instead of one thousand. In the words attributed to Mr. Moody regarding our statesmen the insertion that they "live near to God" and are "noble men of God" is incorrect. Mr. Moody would not make so general a statement of the religious life of any body with whose members he was not personally acquainted. What he did wish to emphasize, however, was the fact that the members of our Federal and legislative bodies were men who were honestly, and often at personal self-sacrifice, rendering to the country the best service they were capable of; that they were men of integrity, and in their number it would be difficult to find one who could be drawn from what he conscientiously believed to be right by any motives of personal aggrandizement. Mr. Moody has no sympathy with Christians who give vent to personal animosity against the leaders of opposing political parties.

W. R. MOODY.

Social Distinctions in the United States
To the Editors of The Outlook :

Among the anomalies presented to the curious observer by the complex structure of social organization in this country, none are more patent or more baffling than the discriminations recognized between employments and professions equally useful, honorable, and important, and to which, in point of fact, the best people of every community belong.

It would seem that where the hand hardened by early labor at the plow, at the forge, in the machine-shop, in the mines, may take up the temporary but magnificent powers of Chief Magistrate of the greatest people under the sun, the special pursuits of citizens would be unconsidered, and that a nation of shopkeepers, artisans, and speculators would treat with equal respect persons of ability and courage engaged in the highest and

the humblest avocations. That this is not the case it is hardly necessary to say. To foreign peoples, with their peerages, their almanacs, their privileged classes, we present the spectacle of a great and free people, absolutely independent in thought and deed, gloating over its freedom from old prejudices, yet deliberately shackling itself with all sorts of petty, arbitrary social distinctions. Having no privileged class, we proceed to manufacture one, or rather to adopt many, all hampered by very amusing discriminations. The obvious qualification of birth and good descent is blurred by the fact that our families, losing fortune, undergo many mutations, and that the best blood of our country may be often found in very low and even menial pursuits. A society of birth would be sorely puzzled to maintain its splendor in the United States did it really open its doors to all entitled to enter them—and only to those. Therefore it makes its gilded sham in another fashion, based upon money, yet not honestly or admittedly so grounded. Its men all have professions or trades, or are engaged in some branch of commerce; between these avocations society proceeds to draw its lines.

The profession of teacher, for instance, graced by the brightest minds and loftiest purposes of the age, and to which a large proportion of our most eminent citizens have at some period of their lives belonged; this profession, set apart from—may I say above?—all others by the refinement of its duties and the greatness of its responsibilities, is said to entail a loss of "social standing" upon its members. The army and navy, although necessarily composed in part of very coarse native material, rank high in the social scale, and few questions are asked as to the social antecedents of the lieutenants and captains who, thanks to the recommendation of some favored son of the people, went as rough farmers' or shopkeepers' boys to be polished into gentility at Annapolis or West Point. The lawyer, successful in business, holds his own in the highest circles, provided that by some means or other he make money enough to enter them. Between the doctor and the dentist a broad dividing zone is found. Both men may be equally well or poorly born, with university education, with love

of science, with good success and ample fortune—but the physician, who sits by a woman's bedside and applies the knowledge attained in the hospital and the clinic, ranks, in the opinion of society, his brother who applies his scientific skill to the lady's teeth, in the chair of his luxurious operating-room. Among merchants similar grades exist, but sharper and more intelligible; there is at least an appreciable distinction between the man who counts the dimes and pennies of a retail shop and him whose gains are heavy in the money-bags. We can all enjoy the naïveté of the schoolgirl who, when taxed by her young companions with the charge that her father kept a grocery shop, replied: "Yes, *but a very little one!*"—the horrified young aristocrats, the tormentors of this little plebeian, being, *par parenthèse*, respectively the granddaughter and daughters of an eminent jurist, originally a carpenter, and of a prominent citizen whose large fortune had been scraped from the narrow margin of sugars.

To the honor of our land be it said that the ministry is treated in the United States with universal consideration. Whether of the church or the meeting-house, the Christian minister and his family are respected by the wealthiest and most distinguished members of the oddly constructed, curiously combined, and most motley association known as "our best society."

M. V. E. C.

Is It a Fetish?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with much interest Mr. M. G. P. Rice's timely and forceful protest in *The Outlook* of August 26 against the college examination. Educators generally will be inclined to applaud much that he says, especially when he inveighs against the injurious overstrain that is being put upon our youth at the behest of modern scholasticism.

But, to my view, Mr. Rice's article is weak in two important particulars: first, he quite ignores the well-known fact that nearly if not quite all our colleges and universities accept, without further credentials, the graduates of any preparatory school whose work reaches an acceptable standard; secondly, he fails to point out any adequate test, other than the conventional examination, by which the au-

thorities of a college may know that a proposed matriculant who brings no credentials is fitted to undertake the college work.

As a teacher I had for many years much to do in preparing young people for entrance into colleges and universities, and it has been my experience that the authorities of these institutions never refuse to give full credit for elementary work when the fact of such work is properly proved. I have even had my pupils passed in certain branches of study at Leland Stanford Junior University and the University of California, upon my personal certificate as their instructor in these branches, although I was personally unknown to the professors in charge. I am credibly informed that most of the Eastern institutions are equally liberal. Certainly this is true of Ann Arbor and the University of Chicago, neither of which institutions shows any disposition to withhold from the entering student due credit for work that has been faithfully performed.

As at least ninety per cent. of the matriculants of our colleges consist of students duly accredited from high schools or academies, it is evident that the importance of the entrance examination "fetich" has been somewhat overrated by your contributor. From the instances of seeming hardships which he cites, I am inclined to think that his arraignment of the examination system has been written in behalf of those applicants for college entrance who have been prepared outside the ordinary channels. Now, as to them, the college must have some way of determining their educational fitness other than a facile acceptance of the judgment of too partial friends. The college would surely fail of its purpose were it to throw open its doors to the rabble of raw and half-taught youth who, with the entrance examination abolished, would quickly flock through its doors. No doubt the examination red tape is often too binding, and no doubt, too, the set examination rather than the instructor's general knowledge of the student's work is too often made the test of advancement. But no one has found a better ready means of testing educational acquirement than that afforded by the written examination, rationally conducted. If Mr. Rice knows of such a means, he would render a dis-

tinct service to the cause of education by making it known. Certainly none would welcome such a discovery with more gladness than the college professors themselves, who are worried with the "examination fetich" hardly less than are the students.

CARL C. MARSHALL.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Not Applicable

To the Editors of *The Outlook* :

The article by M. Gordon Pryor Rice in *The Outlook* for August 26, entitled "A Fetich in Education," condemning the modern system of college entrance examinations, indirectly refers to Cornell University as an institution where the worshippers of this fetich are of the strictest sect. The fact is that the system of admission by certificate prevails here almost to the exclusion of admission by examination. During the past four years the number of applicants admitted by school certificate or Regents' diploma and by examination, respectively, was as follows :

	Year.			
	'94-'95.	'95-'96.	'96-'97.	'97-'98.
Certificate or diploma.	274	283	333	473
Examinations.....	23	28	28	25

C. W. P.

Cornell University.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

Kindly mention (1) the best modern work on sermonizing for a young preacher, one that will help in the analysis of texts and the logical development of a discourse. 2. What is that "complicated cycle" discovered by the Swiss astronomer, M. de Cheseaux, and referred to by Professor Austin Phelps in his "My Note-Book" as having been known and used by the prophet Daniel in his predictions of coming events? 3. Has there ever been, can there be, any prophetic significance or bearing on human life and destiny in the appearances and movements of the heavenly bodies? 4. Did the late Professor Loomis, of Yale University, claim to have discovered with the telescope a great vacuum in the northern heavens which he believed to be the "empty place" spoken of by Job in chap. xxvi., v. 7? 5. If so, what kind of a vacuum is it—the absence of worlds, or the absence of ether, a real vacuum which "nature abhors"? 6. How did Job learn that the earth "hangeth upon nothing," when the universal belief of

his time regarded it as built upon a moveless foundation?
R. J. B.

1. The Rev. Dr. Broadus's Lectures on Preaching have passed through more editions than any other we know of, and may be regarded as good as any on that subject. 2. We do not know, but it has no relation to Daniel, whose "predictions," as most scholars believe, so far as relating to historical events, were mainly of later date than the events. 3. No. 4. We doubt it. Some parts of our sky are more thickly starred than others, but astronomy recognizes no "vacuum" anywhere. 6. Whatever the popular belief, men of culture in the ancient world had more correct theories. Pythagoras, in the sixth century B.C., taught that "the earth and planets move in oblique circles." Anaxagoras, a century later, explained the theory of eclipses. The author of "Job" may have learned something of these theories.

In your issue of August 19, in reply to "G. W. B.," you state that "such events, however, as the deliverance of the three Jews from the fire must be regarded as legendary." Why *must*? To one who is not a critic, but only an ordinary reader, there seem to be very good reasons why just at that period of the world's history our Father should make such a display of his power.
G. G. M.

The book of Daniel having been written some four hundred years after Daniel, with the design of encouraging the Jews to resist the Syrian tyrant, the tradition of that deliverance from the Babylonian tyrant was well suited to the design. But that it was believed then is not enough now for any one who has discovered the unquestionable fact that there is a legendary element in the Bible. One criterion of any action whatever is that there should be an adequate cause for it. But, according to the story, the most that resulted from the stupendous event was a decree of the king forbidding disrespect to the God of the Jews. No lasting effect accrued, as from the mighty works of Jesus. Such a miracle for so slight a consequence would be like firing a cannon at a fly. There is no adequate cause apparent for an act so unproductive and inconsequential.

I would like to ask, How can I make a man believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that he died, was buried, and rose again for the redemption of the whole world? I ask this because we have a man here that is a

good fellow in every sense of the word, sings in our choir, and I was anxious for him to identify himself with us by confirmation. He is much interested in the church, but says that he cannot bring himself to believe in the Creed. J.

It is difficult to answer such questions without personal acquaintance. The root of difficulty is sometimes intellectual, but oftener moral. In the former case, provided your friend is thoughtful, Professor Clarke's Johns Hopkins lectures, "What Shall We Think of Christianity?" (Scribners, New York, \$1), might prove helpful. In the latter case some quickening of the conscience to meet the demand for such righteousness as the Sermon on the Mount requires will in time dispel many doubts of an intellectual sort. Note also that the Rev. Alfred Momerie, in one of his little books, maintains that the only qualification which the Anglican Church insists upon for admission to her communion is the earnest purpose to live righteously.

I am for the present making my reading bend in the direction of a study of the life and times of St. Paul. Please favor me with the titles of a few works that you regard as valuable. I am now reading Farrar's "Life and Work of St. Paul." I have read Dr. Abbott's "Life and Letters of Paul." I have also Stalker's "Life of St. Paul," Meyer's "Paul, a Servant of Jesus Christ," Taylor's "Paul the Missionary," Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul," "The Pauline Theology" by Stevens, "Paul and His Friends" by Banks, several lectures on St. Paul by Stalker in his volume "The Preacher and His Models," "Half-Hours with St. Paul" by Steele, and also several commentaries. L.

We suggest these others: Matheson's "Spiritual Development of St. Paul," Sabatier's "The Apostle Paul," Renan's "Saint Paul," Ramsay's "Paul the Traveler and Roman Citizen," Stevens's "Epistles of Paul in Modern English," McGiffert's "Apostolic Age."

Please tell me—1. How shall I convince an agnostic friend, who has read Huxley, of the divine inspiration of the Bible? He doubts on the ground that the Old Testament attributes to God actions and qualities which we look upon as sinful in man. 2. Will he, if he continues till death to deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, be eternally lost? 3. We are taught that the Epistles are divinely inspired, and that the Sermon on the Mount is divinely inspired. Do the words have precisely the same force in both cases? Or, when there is to be an inconsistency between the

teachings of Christ and the teachings of one of his Apostles, are we justified in disregarding the latter and accepting the former as having a higher authority? 4. Would not the plan of basing every doctrine on the words of Christ himself meet many of the objections of agnostics? 5. Is there any church which does this? ORTHODOCIUS.

1. He has probably imbibed a mistaken idea of inspiration. Let him read a little book, "The Early Pupils of the Spirit," which will set him right on that subject (T. Whittaker, New York). 2. No man is "lost" by a merely intellectual error. 3. "Divinely inspired" means the same in each case. The inspiration is not in the words spoken or written, but in the speaker or writer. We must recognize a larger inspiration as we recognize a larger life in Christ than in his disciples. Everything in the Bible, as in the world, must be tested by the judgment of Christ. 4. As a mere matter of fact, we fear it would not. 5. All churches think they do so, but few do it strictly. The doctrine of the fall of man, for instance, is otherwise based.

Please name a list of works or magazine articles to be consulted for information about "Curious and Little-Known Religions of the World." G. W. D.

Probably your best source of information on this subject would be in a work which gives a full account of the 'lowest races, such as Ratzel's "History of Mankind," of which two volumes have already been issued by the Macmillan Company, New York (\$4 each). Some of the latest and most important data on this subject may be found in Lang's "The Making of Religion" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$4).

Can any one tell me the remainder of the poem from which the lines below are quoted, and also the name of the author? These lines were quoted in a letter dated 1880, and this is the only clue I have:

"Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that lonely vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way.

Each moment is a short degree,
And every hour is nearer thee."

C. H. B.

Will you tell me, in some issue of The Outlook, the whole or a part of the poem called "Fanny Forrester's Bird," or suggest books in which it may be found?

A. B. L.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



In the Cave in the Woods

By Mary Allaire

Her hair was like white silk that had been spun in the yellow sunshine and had caught its rays. Her eyes were like the violets that blossomed on the bank in the woods where the sunshine lay longest. She had learned to sing from the birds and to dance by watching the tall grasses swaying in the wind. For playmates she had the little wood people, squirrels, rabbits, and the deer when they were babies. She found nuts for the squirrels and piled them at the foot of their trees, and roots and herbs for the rabbits, which they found in easy hiding-places. Her dolls were pieces of wood picked up in the forests; their dresses, the leaves of trees and the wild flowers, which were sewed with grasses. Such a busy, happy life this lovely baby lived in the deep woods! The days and the weeks and the months went by, the baby growing more and more beautiful; she lived in the woods at first very happily. For when she was tired, there was always a bed of moss near by. As soon as she was thirsty, a little rill was not far off. The wild berries were always growing, and the flowers seemed to spring up wherever she walked. When she went to bed, the softest lullabies were sung, and she dreamed the most beautiful stories. One day she looked up and discovered that the leaves had nearly all gone from the trees; that the squirrels were so busy hiding nuts that they paid no attention to her, while the rabbits were burrowing and digging too busily to answer her calls. She leaned against the trunk of a big tree. How still everything was! The golden haze made all the woods beautiful, but there was no one to speak to; the grasses did not dance, nor the tall weeds, for there was no wind to play a tune. For the first time the little girl was lonely, and the tears came into her eyes.

"How the leaves begin to blow, and the flowers to bend! and I'm cold," she said, with a shiver, moving closer to the

tree, and drawing the skirt of her skin dress about her.

She slowly slipped down on the bank at the root of the tree. The leaves fluttered again and again. The little girl felt the wind touching her eyes and cheeks; her eyes closed, and she sank softly down. The giant crept out of the woods, picked her up, nodded toward the trees about, and everything was still. When the little girl woke up, she was in a cave in the woods, in which a soft, clear light was shining. The pine-needle bed on which she was resting made her know that she was in a world she knew before quite well. She moved, and immediately the giant came to her and touched her on the forehead. The light in his eyes seemed to glow about her. She raised her hands and patted his cheeks. "A loving heart," he murmured, "but that is not enough."

The little girl gave him her hand as she rose, and walked about the cave with him.

It was a wonderful place in which she found herself. The soft light shone always, but there were no windows. Long afterward the little girl learned that this was the light of the sun and the stars that shone on the leaves and was carried down to the roots and warmed and lighted the earth, just as she learned that the beautiful dripping fountains that made their baths and gave them water to drink were the rain and the dew that fell on the leaves and came to them through the great trunk of the oak that she loved to play under.

The giant carved the most beautiful paper-cutters, bowls, wooden forks and spoons, which he carried to the nearest town and sold. "Thou must care for these," said the giant, "when I am gone. Never touch them, for they are worth much," he said, pointing to the shelves on which he kept dozens of things beautifully carved, against the day when sickness might come and he could not work. One day the giant was gone, and

the little girl was playing outside the cave. None but the giant and the little girl knew how to find the door. There was a rustle in the woods, and the little girl was surprised to see a beautiful lady, who asked softly, "Will you take me in to rest?" Now the little girl remembered what the giant told her, but she wanted to please this beautiful lady. "Thou mayest rest here," she said, pointing to the soft, mossy bank on which she had often rested herself.

"Nay, beautiful child! I would rest in the house, where thou mayest guide me, if thou art kind."

The little girl looked at her and smiled sweetly.

"Thou mayest rest here, and I will bring thee a cup of cold water," she answered.

The lady drew her beautiful dress about her and sank down on the mossy bank. Freda—that was the little girl's name—ran gayly toward the big oak, and slipped into the beautiful cave. With a quick glance around, she sprang lightly on the table made of a smooth stone, and reached to the shelf for the prettiest cup.

"I'll put it right back," she whispered. In a moment it was filled with the cool, sparkling water. She hurried to the lady and presented it gracefully.

"Thank you, dear child. Oh, if I had some food!"

"Would berries do?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, sweet child," said the lady, closing her eyes wearily.

Freda hurried back, and, taking from the shelf the beautiful carved saucer that belonged to the cup, filled it with the blackberries the giant had gathered before daybreak. In a moment she stood before the lady, who, with glistening eyes, was examining the cup. The little girl handed her the berries, and the lady thanked her.

"Do flowers grow near here?"

Without a word the little girl sped away and gathered handfuls of beautiful cardinal-flowers that grew on the banks of the stream not far away. When she came back, the lady was gone, and there were no beautiful cup and saucer. The little girl sank frightened on the bank. The clouds came and the winds blew, but at once the giant appeared.

"Thou must pay the penalty," said the looking at the weeping little

girl on the mossy bank. His head dropped on his breast, and the tears fell, and a great rain-storm startled the wood people. When the giant raised his head, a milk-weed stood before him, its beautiful pod of yellow silk drooping as though it could not face the sunshine.

The giant walked sadly away.

In Doll Land

In Germany there are whole communities of people who make dolls; whole families that work all day at doll-making, each one having his own part to do. Not only do these families make dolls, but the fathers and mothers of these fathers and mothers made dolls, and so did the grandfathers and grandmothers. A man making a doll out of a piece of wood, using a knife to do it, will draw himself up proudly, and tell you that his grandfather made the same kind of a doll.

The mothers in the families cut out the bodies, the children make and stuff them, the fathers paint and treat the faces. In some families, where there is a great deal of talent, the whole family makes heads.

Some of these doll-makers have come to New York, and they live near together, making a little German village of doll-makers. These people make only the rag dolls which we see in the stores dressed in gingham, and wearing sunbonnets on their heads. Some of the women and girls make the clothing and bonnets, the boys stuff the bodies, and, as in Germany, the men make the faces.

A Scientific Grandpapa

By Margaret Johnson

"See, grandpapa, my flower!" she cried.

"I found it in the grasses!"

And, with a kindly smile, the sage
Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "involucrate,
And all the florets ligulate,
Corolla gamopetalous—
Compositæ—exogenous—
A pretty specimen it is—
Taraxacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again,
His face her wistful eye on.

"I *thought*," she said, with quivering lip,
"It was a dandelion!"

—St. Nicholas.

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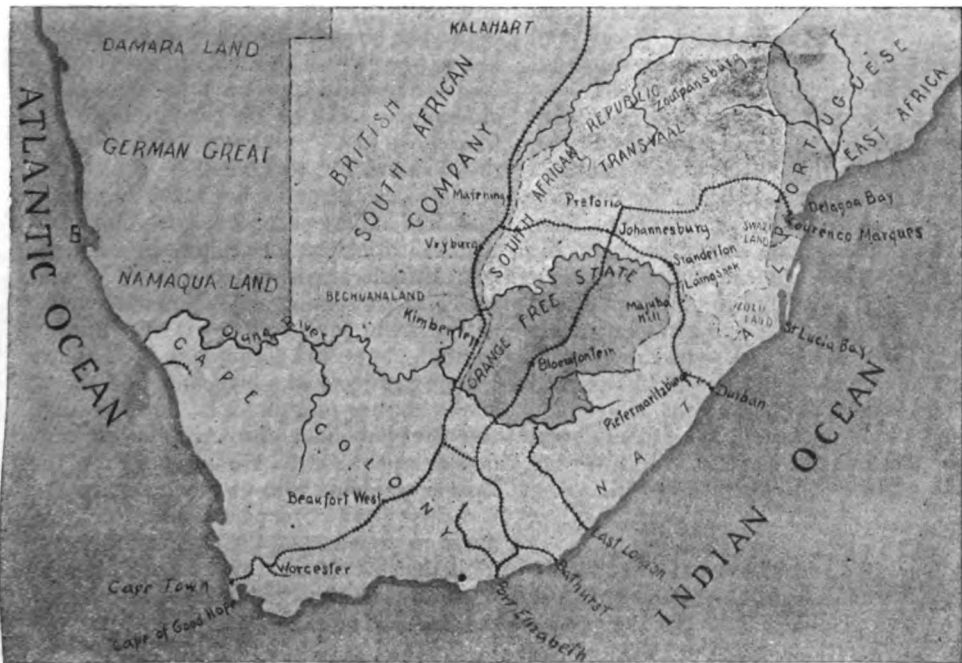
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The Transvaal Last week the South African Republic received a reply from Mr. Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, to the proposals of the Transvaal's Government made on September 2. It is understood that the Transvaal proposals for a five years' retroactive fran-

State. The Government, therefore, is unable to consider any proposal made conditionally on the acceptance of this view." Great Britain will accept the offers taken by themselves, provided the inquiry proposed shows that they are not encumbered with conditions which would



chise, a share for Outlanders in the election of the President and equal rights, and increased representation for the gold fields to the extent of eight new seats, are now withdrawn. Great Britain rejected all the Boer proposals made on the assumption that the Transvaal is a sovereign international State. "Her Majesty's Government," the despatch says, "has absolutely repudiated this view of the political status of the Transvaal Government, claiming the status of a sovereign international

nullify the intention to give immediate representation to the Outlanders. Then follows a well-put clause in which Great Britain assumes that the new members of the Volksraad will be permitted to use their own language. The acceptance of these terms, it is added, would immediately remove the tension and probably render unnecessary any further intervention by Great Britain to secure the redress of the grievances, which the Outlanders would then be able to bring to the notice of the

Executive Council and the Volksraad. Other grievances, however, are waiting to be settled. To the protest of the Outlanders as to the non-independence of the Transvaal courts, the Boers reply that the present prostitution of those courts does not apply to the ordinary dealings of justice, but exclusively to the political situation, which must be governed by the principle of the safety of the State. To the demand for reforms in police and sanitary arrangements (the death-rate at Johannesburg has been fifty-nine in the thousand), the reply is that the Boers, in order to defend their threatened independence, are compelled to spend their substance on the secret service and on fortifications. The withdrawal of the Transvaal proposals has aroused a war-like feeling in England. Even the great Liberal papers, the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle," which are supposed to represent "the Nonconformist conscience," accuse President Kruger with playing fast and loose with the British Government, the "Chronicle" adding: "We regret that the Boers, by rejecting a fair offer made in fair language, have taken a line giving fresh point to the argument of their enemies that President Kruger is a shifty and impracticable politician, fit only to be spoken to across a line of bayonets." Up to the present the "Chronicle" has been against an armed conflict; its apparent conversion leaves the Manchester "Guardian" and the "Westminster Gazette" the two principal anti-war journals in England.



President Kruger Replying to Outlander demands, the Boers say, first, that the Outlanders went into the Transvaal for their own gain, and against the desire of the inhabitants. While the first statement is true, the last seems to be contrary to fact. In 1883 President Kruger visited London for the purpose of personally petitioning Queen Victoria to grant fuller autonomy to the Boers. As at that time the Rand mines were already being developed, an English mining concern addressed an inquiry to Mr. Kruger as to how its men might be received should they go out to the Transvaal. The reply was as follows: "The President and deputation cannot refrain from expressing

surprise and indignation at your thinking such an inquiry necessary. . . . The Government desires to see the mineral resources of the Transvaal developed to their fullest extent, and will give every assistance incumbent on them to that end." The sixteen years' intervening history has shown how much assistance has really been given. If proper protection had been afforded by the Transvaal Government, the present exigency could hardly have arisen. Replying to the critics of his promise made in connection with the Conventions of 1881 and 1884 that there would be equality of treatment to all whites in the Transvaal, President Kruger declares that this was but an expression of his personal opinion, and could become binding only when actually embodied in those Conventions and ratified by the Volksraad. He adds that, when he made this promise, there were but a few British residents in the Transvaal and nobody knew anything about the gold-mines. Hence he was unable to foresee present conditions. Replying to the demand for the franchise, President Kruger declares it to be but a pretext; that, under the "suzerainty" which Great Britain insists as her right, any naturalized British aliens would regard themselves as possessing a double citizenship, and as owing loyal service to Great Britain as well as to the Transvaal. Of those British subjects who have availed themselves of his present offer, he says that the chief part have been Afrikaners, and not English born. He insists that the British residents who wish to acquire the franchise have no expectation of bearing arms in defense of the Transvaal. He adds that ever since 1878, when the gold-mines were discovered, Great Britain has meant to seize the country, and that her intention is now doubly firm since she realizes the rapidly developing union of Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal into a United States of South Africa. The official reply of the Transvaal, the text of which was made public in London on Monday of this week, asks that Mr. Chamberlain's new demands be withdrawn; declares that the Transvaal was led to believe that its proposals of August 19 would be considered by Great Britain; defends the withdrawal of the franchise offer by stating that the conditions attached to it by the

Transvaal had been refused consideration ; and expresses entire willingness for a Joint Commission or for arbitration.



A Possible Armed Conflict

In the event of war, the Boers declare that an offensive and defensive treaty between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State will compel the latter to furnish troops. They furthermore declare that to the forty thousand Transvaal burghers and the thirty thousand from the Orange Free State there will be added ninety thousand from Cape Colony, thus precipitating a general conflagration throughout South Africa. The Boers add that these Dutch Afrikanders are essentially one people, and that they will fight to the last gasp. They do not deny that Great Britain may ultimately conquer them, but in this case it will be by the utter ravaging of the country and by the practical extermination of every loyal Afrikander. In saying this the Boers are quite conscious of the fact that their prowess at Laingsnek and at Majuba Hill dictated the terms of the Conventions of 1881 and 1884, terms which certainly were a setback and a humiliation to British "forward" policy. Again, the facts that the Boers know every inch of their country thoroughly, that they are not only the bravest of fighters but are also the most astute in the conduct of guerrilla warfare, and, above all, that they are unexcelled marksmen, make it necessary for their adversary to have at least the showing of great numbers. Therefore England is now getting together the largest army of white men which she has put into the field since the Crimean campaign. The War Office announces that the total fighting force now in or on its way to South Africa consists of 49,400 men. The remembrance of unreadiness at the beginning of the Indian Mutiny and at the beginning of recent African wars—the Ashanti, the Zulu, and the unsuccessful Gordon relief expedition—has already borne fruit in Lord Kitchener's ideally planned and prosecuted campaign against the Khalifa, and a prodigious effort is being made to have the South African forces equally well equipped. Its reward should be in the greatest triumph yet achieved by British arms—the preservation of peace.

Transvaal Trade

Owing to the long-continued tension, trade in the Transvaal is now practically at a standstill, and distress prevails among the poor throughout the country. A despatch from Cape Town says that prices for foodstuffs and other necessities of life are going up at an alarming rate on the Rand, and that famine threatens persons remaining at Pretoria and Johannesburg. Thousands of people have left the Transvaal since the crisis began. On the Boer side of the Natal frontier camps of refuge have been established in several localities. Large stocks of provisions have been supplied as precaution against starvation in case of war and its consequent long sieges. Mobilization of the Boer Staats Artillery has already begun. The total force of Transvaal fighting men is believed to be in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand. The mobilization has caused a panic across the frontier in Natal, and many families are leaving so hurriedly as to abandon their household goods. Referring to the distress—commercial, social, and political—on both sides of the frontier, Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner, has telegraphed to his Government as follows:

I am receiving representations from many quarters to urge the Imperial Government to terminate the suspense. British South Africa is prepared for extreme measures, and is ready to suffer much more in order to see the vindication of British authority. It is the prolongation of the negotiations, endless and indecisive, that is dreaded. I fear seriously that there will be a strong reaction of feeling against the policy of the Imperial Government if matters drag. Please understand that I invariably preach confidence and patience, and not without effect. But if I did not inform you of the increasing difficulty of doing this, and of the unmistakable growth of uneasiness about the present situation, and of the desire to see it terminated at any cost, I should be failing in my duty.



The Déroulède Trial On Monday of this week M. Paul Déroulède appeared before the French Senate sitting as the High Court of Justice. In architectural surroundings, at least, the occasion was more impressive than was that of the recent court martial at Rennes. Since the beginning of the century the Senate's sessions have been held at the Luxembourg Palace, built by the famous architect Jacques de Brosse for Marie de' Medici.

The court was held in the splendid Senate Chamber itself. About five hundred years ago this court was established. Among its chief judges may be mentioned Louis XIII. himself, and among those arraigned before it, revolutionary characters like Babœuf, Darthé, Bouillé, and Drouet; such Napoleonic personages as Polignac and Marshal Ney; the Ministers of Charles X. who precipitated the revolution of 1830; the political offenders of 1834 and 1835; Louis Napoleon himself, after his ill-fated landing at Boulogne in 1840; Second Republic martyrs like Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; Third Republic would-be overthrowers like Boulanger, Rochefort, and Dillon, ten years ago, and now M. Paul Déroulède and his accomplices. They are charged with attempting to overthrow the Republic, supplanting it by another form of government. That form may be imagined when one reads the names of M. Déroulède's friends also summoned before this bar of justice: Count de Chevilly and M. André Buffet, leaders of the Royalist party; M. Marcel Habert, who, with M. Déroulède, is at the head of the Nationalists; and M. Jules Guérin, chief of the Anti-Semitic League. The last named is still in his house, barricaded against all comers. For a month he has thus defied the Government.



The Dreyfus Affair In France, the first nation of Europe to allow Jews the rights of citizenship; in France, where one reads on churches and school-houses the device, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, a Hebrew has been condemned by a travesty of justice. Nor is that the worst; there is an apparently disheartening symptom of national apathy, namely, in the complete calm that has prevailed since the verdict. Yet the sturdy defenders of justice still persist in their denunciations. One of their leaders, M. Zola, has written an open letter, a worthy pendant to his famous epistle of 1897. The novelist passionately affirms that the court martial's infamy shall not be final. He warns the Government that—

The Ministry which has forgotten that to govern is to foresee has only to hasten to act if it does not wish to abandon to the good pleasure of Germany the fifth act of the

drama—the *dénouement* before which every Frenchman should tremble.

The Government, he says, can procure the documents. "Whenever it ventures to ask for those enumerated in the *bordereau*, they will be given," and this would furnish the "new fact" required for a second revision before the Court of Cassation. As to the proposed international boycott of the Exposition, much will depend upon the action of the French Government. Despite public calm, the Rennes verdict has really not been ratified by the Government and people of France. The work of militarists and clericals is not the work of the entire people. The best Frenchmen are indignant; so are men everywhere. Great public meetings have been held at London, Brussels, Washington, Chicago, and other places; but it is not thought that these meetings will do lasting good. Disapproval of the verdict, many Dreyfus sympathizers believe, would be more effectively shown by a declination on the part of Dreyfusard exhibitors to send anything to the Paris Exhibition. This course has already been decided on by a number of intending exhibitors. No official action has been taken in this country, and it would be unwise that any should be; it would be an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of another country. However, when Congress next meets, unless the Rennes injustice shall have been nullified, it is said, that an effort will be made to have the unexpended balance of our Government's appropriation for an exhibit at Paris covered back into the Treasury.



**William II.
Versus the Agrarians**

Last week witnessed an intensification of the conflict between the German Emperor, as King of Prussia, and his recalcitrant Agrarians. William II. is as resolved as ever to prosecute his system of canal-building in Prussia, rightly believing that it will be of signal help to the industrial and commercial development of that country, even if thereby manufacturers gain more than agriculturists. On the other hand, the Agrarians, representing the owners of vast estates, the old Prussian squirearchy, and the farmers, are apparently more frightened than ever at the thought of foreign grain being introduced so easily into the heart

of their country and competing with their own. Therefore they have been trying to checkmate the Emperor in various ways. One is in endeavoring to unite opponents to the renewal of commercial treaties, especially the Russian. Germany is, of course, greatly dependent upon Russia for cereals, but if the Agrarians insist upon a high tariff, Russia will not stand it. The Agrarians also hope that the commercial treaty between ourselves and Germany will not be ready for presentation to the Reichstag at its next session. If they can bring about the failure of the Russian and other treaties, they expect that ours will be involved as well. The Agrarians have another means of retaliation, however, by playing off the canal bill against the Emperor's anti-strike measure, a measure which has already aroused the opposition of the Liberals, the Radicals, the Socialists, and the Catholic party. On his side, the Emperor retaliated last week by dismissing Baron von der Recke and other Prussian Cabinet members who had not been able to prevent the canal bills from being shipwrecked. He also dismissed a number of the higher Prussian officials. William II. declares that he will reintroduce his canal bills with certain modifications, and that he expects his loyal Landtag to pass these measures. As showing, at least to the army of German bureaucrats (greater than in any other country), that "loyal" means fidelity to the monarch's interests, even if they are contrary to one's personal opinions, the edict which has just been sent out to the presidents of Prussian provinces is significant. It says that these officials ought not to allow themselves to be misled in official activity by the feelings prevalent in their districts or by the opinions of the population concerning the measures of the King; it is the business and duty of the officials to represent the views of the latter, to smooth the way to carrying out his policy, and under no circumstances to fetter his action.



Dr. Schurman on the
Philippine Problem

Dr. Jacob Schurman, the President of the Philippine Commission, has given to the public through the press a statement concerning the Philippines which is probably anticipatory of

the Commission's final report, and which is important less as an expression of his opinion as to what course the United States should pursue than as a careful statement of facts by a judicial and intelligent observer. In this statement there is little if anything that will be absolutely new to the readers of *The Outlook*, but they will find in it an official and authoritative reaffirmation of statements which in our columns have not always been derived from equally authoritative sources. The size of the archipelago is indicated by Dr. Schurman's statement that in his tour, though he never went into the Pacific Ocean on the east nor the China Sea on the west, he made a circuit of 2,000 miles, all south of Manila—a statement which suggests the magnitude of the task which we have undertaken. Its difficulty is greatly enhanced by a consideration of the character of the inhabitants:

The multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of the tribes is something astounding. Over sixty different languages are spoken in the archipelago, and, though the majority of the tribes are small, there are at least half a dozen each having over a quarter of a million members. The languages of these people are as distinct from one another as French and Spanish or Italian, so that the speech of any one tribe is unintelligible to its neighbors.

His further statement that these tribes are "civilized and Christianized" must be taken, if not with allowance, at least with recognition of the fact that there are various degrees of civilization and various types of Christianity in the world. There are more real capacity for self-government and more promise of improvement in pagan Japan than in some so-called Christian States in South America.



The Nature of the Revolt The present resistance to American authority in the archipelago comes from only one of these various tribes, although the other tribes cannot be described as friendly. Dr. Schurman's description of the conditions in this respect is so judicial in its tone and so important to a right understanding of the facts that we quote it in full:

It is the Tagalogs that inhabit some of the provinces about Manila who are resisting the authority of the United States. Other civilized Filipinos are neutral, except where they are coerced by armed bands of Tagalogs, who

seized upon their governments during the making and the ratification of our treaty of peace with Spain. It would be incorrect to assume, however, that these tribes are allies of ours. They are not. Indeed, they are not without suspicion of the white race, of which they have had experience only through Spain. But they are men of intelligence and property, and the masses, when not stirred up by the Tagalogs, recognize the advantage to them of American sovereignty, and so remain passively neutral, although robber bands from time to time descend from the mountains to plunder and burn the estates of the peaceful inhabitants on the plains.

It is clear from this statement that the parallel between the American Revolution and the Tagalog uprising, sometimes assumed in current discussions, is no true parallel. In the one case the thirteen colonies were composed of people united by race, language, and religion, and constituting the germ of a nation; and although there was opposition in the colonies to the revolt, no colony refused to join in it. In the Philippines—

The insurrection, though serious enough, as experience has proved, is not a national uprising. Indeed, there is no Philippine nation. As I have already said, there is a multifarious collection of tribes, having only this in common, that they belong to the Malayan race. The inhabitants of the archipelago no more constitute a nation than the inhabitants of the continent of Europe do.

In fact, the Tagalog insurrection more nearly resembles King Philip's War against the New England colonists than the American revolt against the oppressive and unjust rule of George III. and the English bureaucracy.

Dr. Schurman's Recommendations

Dr. Schurman affirms that "intelligent Filipinos not less than foreign nations expect us to fulfill" the obligations which we have assumed "for the maintenance of peace and order, the administration of justice, and the security of life and property among all the tribes of the archipelago," though he cites no evidence in support of this assertion. A demand of this sort really coming from intelligent and influential Filipinos would carry great weight with the American people. He also expresses great confidence in the capacity of the Filipinos for development:

I have great confidence in the people of the Philippine Islands, and much sympathy for

their aspirations. A race should be judged by its best products, and an educated Filipino of whatever tribe (and each city has its educated men) will bear comparison with an educated man of any other race. Among the masses one often finds consciousness of ignorance and strong desire for education.

He thinks the development of this people will require time, the "inspiration of American civilization," and the maintenance of American sovereignty; he affirms that "the responsibility is heavier than most people supposed it would be," but that this "is no excuse for failure to discharge it;" and he makes the very practical suggestion that Congress declare what form of government is to be established "in the Philippine Islands, or, better still, let Congress establish a government for the Philippine Islands, and have it put in force." The country need not wait for Congress to do this. If the President would divide the too great burden now put upon one man, and assign the war duties to one general and the task of reconstruction to another, he would greatly expedite the work of both. We believe that the country is growing impatient for this division, and we hope that the report of the Philippine Commission will expedite the very necessary reform in our administration in Luzon.

The Captain Carter Case

The case of Captain Oberlin M. Carter, convicted by court martial over a year ago of conspiring with contractors to defraud the Government, is now more prominently before the public than ever before. Charges were first preferred against Captain Carter in August, 1897, by the engineer who succeeded him in Savannah Harbor when he became military attaché of the American Embassy in London. They were referred to a board of engineers, who reported that he had allowed fraudulent claims aggregating two and a half million dollars. A court martial was summoned, which began its sessions in January, 1898, and did not conclude them until April. The court was composed of fourteen officers, including General Otis and Judge Advocate Colonel Thomas F. Barr. Before this court Captain Carter plead the statute of limitations, and was tried only for irregularities within the two years preceding his accusation.

Nevertheless the court found him guilty, and sentenced him to dismissal from the army, a fine of \$5,000, and imprisonment for five years—these penalties carrying with them, by the unwritten code of the army, the loss of future recognition by army officers. Upon the claim of his attorneys that he was the innocent victim of star-chamber proceedings, President McKinley submitted the records of his trial to ex-Senator Edmunds, whose report is said to be a confirmation of the findings of the court martial. This, however, is uncertain, and a full statement is not likely to be published until ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh, one of Captain Carter's counsel, has returned from Europe and received another hearing from the President. Meanwhile, unfortunately for Captain Carter, another of his attorneys, Mr. Blair, has come out in newspaper interviews alleging that his client is another Dreyfus, and charging General Otis with lying, and Judge Advocate Barr with perjury and the subornation of perjury in order to convict him. Inasmuch as the popularity of Captain Carter was as marked as the unpopularity of Dreyfus, and Captain Carter's reckless extravagance of living without visible means of paying for it made his position more nearly correspond to that of Esterhazy, Mr. Blair's sensational appeal to the passions of the moment simply injures his case with all judicial people. Mr. MacVeagh's claim is much more moderate. It is, we understand, that the evidence against Captain Carter is such as would not be allowed to convict any man before a civil court. This is intrinsically credible, and the public can afford to await its careful consideration. Even in Germany it is now provided that an army court must contain two civil jurists, and may not convict without the assent of one of them.



The Maset Inquiry The testimony as to the Ramapo Water Company heard by the Maset Committee in this city last week shows that while millions of gallons of water are lost by waste and leakage, the Water Commissioner, the President of the Board of Public Improvements, and the Highway Commissioner were rushing into a new contract for water supply, either with no adequate

knowledge or with guilty knowledge. Mr. Moss well said :

The Ramapo scheme was clearly in itself an impossibility; the Ramapo Company could not do what it contracted to do, and the city was inadequately protected against the Company; the only way for the Company to make money was to sell its bonds and stocks. In other words, it was a stock-jobbing operation; its purpose was to issue its stocks and bonds, and to pocket what it might, the city having no protection, as the Company had no property. When the city officials, in the face of this, attempted to jam this through, they were first guilty of incompetence, if they couldn't see this scheme, and when the matter was brought to their attention they were guilty of abetting it.

When the advocates of this attempt to plunder the city in a \$200,000,000 contract appeared on the stand, they showed a singular and universal ignorance about the origin of the Company, its history, the way the contract proposed came to be drawn, and its meaning. Mr. Lauterbach, the Company's counsel, even took the ground that the contract to supply the city with water had been drawn so as to give the city an unfair advantage, and, if accepted, would have ruined the Company, whose real and main object, he said, was to furnish electric power. Water Commissioner Dalton took refuge from embarrassing questions by professing his technical ignorance; the city's technical experts understood engineering, but not this contract; Mr. Frank Platt (Senator Platt's son) knew a little about the organization of the Company, but not its later history, and so down the whole line of witnesses; Mr. Holahan, President of the Board of Public Improvements, almost alone tried to defend the scheme, and declared boldly that he would vote for it again if offered a chance, at the same time admitting that he knew nothing about the officers or owners of the Company, nor about its financial standing, nor whether it owned any reservoirs, streams, or water rights—in point of fact, it owned only options on land. It is generally believed that the scheme is now dead, regardless of the result of the injunction proceedings against the Board of Public Improvements. The city taxpayers owe a debt of gratitude to Commissioner Coler for his promptness in combating the scheme, and to the Maset Committee for showing how under the present municipal government the city is in constant danger

of jobbery of this kind. Among the witnesses of the week were Mayor Van Wyck, who was again querulous, overbearing, and insulting to the Committee, and Richard Croker, who was also boorish and insulting. Mr. Croker still maintains that the public has no right to know whether he and his sons receive large sums of money from corporations solely because of political influence, and his answer to all questions leading in this direction was, "None of your business."



The Pioneer in Village Improvement

Forty-two years ago the first Village Improvement Society—now known as the Laurel Hill Association—was organized in Stockbridge, Mass. Its annual meeting is of interest not only to Berkshire County, but to many villages throughout the country which owe their own beauty to its example. Much of the good done is possible anywhere, such as the care of roadsides, boxes for refuse, paths with seats at good view-points, and planting of trees where the original growth has been sacrificed. Massachusetts was the first State to appoint a Board of Trustees for Public Reservations. They found the best parts of seashore, river-banks, and mountain-tops already in private possession, to the exclusion of public enjoyment. Acquisition by the State, when possible, is slow and costly. Could private wealth build better memorials than those in Stockbridge? There is hardly a village which has not some choice spot which might now be easily secured for the pleasure of posterity. The annual meetings of the Laurel Hill Association are held in the woods of Laurel Hill. On September 13 the grassy amphitheater was crowded with friends and well-wishers from Berkshire resorts. The stone platform is built against the face of a massive rock, over which swayed the American flag. The speakers were the Hon. Samuel S. Rogers, of Buffalo, John E. Parsons, of New York, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The latter, "perhaps more pleased than at any invitation of his life," has special interest in the object of the Association. His subject was "Forestry," its dangers, from "those landscape gardeners who know how to plant a garden better than God in the Garden of Eden," and its greatness in opportunity and necessity. The great

thing for this country Dr. Hale considers "the preservation, enlargement, and improvement of its forests." The destruction of forests is daily less necessary, as our export of their products becomes relatively less important. "Its forests have made America," from the sassafras and planks which paid the English creditors of the Pilgrims, "to the New Hampshire staff which carried the Admiral's flag in Santiago Bay." England, which has only thirty-seven varieties of native trees, while Massachusetts alone has one hundred and forty varieties, is introducing American trees into Epping Forest. This great pleasure-forest near London gives a revenue of over two million dollars. Massachusetts receives nothing for her woodlands. "In America there is as yet no successful public school of forestry. At Biltmore, on an estate larger than the District of Columbia, George Vanderbilt is nobly creating a school of forestry which may be useful to his country." While great wealth in private possession can splendidly help the State, Dr. Hale strongly urges that "the State, omnipotent and ever-living," shall invest public surplus "in forests, in making forests where now are deserts, and in planting prairie." The time is slow in coming, "but it will come."



August Trade The official reports of commerce during August are especially gratifying, since they show that fears of a decline in exports of manufactured products on account of advance in prices have not been realized. On the contrary, our foreign commerce last month was the largest ever known for any August. The exports were no less than a quarter more than for August 1898 (a phenomenal year). For the eight months of the present year the total exports are the highest for any like period in our history. While more wheat, flour included, has been sent abroad than a year ago, the exports of corn, including meal, are even greater. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Government report indicates a wheat crop this year of only five hundred and sixteen million bushels. It may be remembered, however, that a year ago the report indicated five hundred and eighty-five million bushels for last year's crop, but that afterwards

the official return made it six hundred and seventy-five million bushels. As to domestic trade, August reports show it to have been unrivaled, and it continues in like degree. Bank clearings are a quarter larger than the large reports of last year, and more than a half larger than in 1892, which, up to the prosperity of 1898-9, has been regarded as marking the high level of commerce. August railway earnings were over an eighth larger than last year, and nearly a fifth larger than in 1892. Eastward tonnage from Chicago exceeds that of last year by at least three-fifths, and is double what it was in 1892. This is particularly significant because there has been a serious curtailment of traffic by the "freight-car famine."



The Export Exposition Last week, at Philadelphia, the National Export Exposition was formally opened. Its buildings are on a large scale, the main structure covering more than twelve acres of space. The purposes of the Exposition are to show to the foreign consumer what the American manufacturer can make; to spread the knowledge of our agricultural and mechanical industries throughout the world, and thus to increase our exports. To this end various governments of the world have been asked to send delegates, and they have accepted the invitation. The exhibits range from a button to a locomotive. The principal speech on the opening day was made by Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, who declared that we are selling goods in every country on the globe for the reason that we sell a better article for less money than any other country sells. He added that there had been a realization of the claims by protectionists that tariffs upon imports would foster and build up home industries, and that, with the increase of these industrial plants, there would come such sharp competition as to reduce the price to consumers below what it would be under freetrade. Protective tariffs in this country, said he, have transferred the competition between importers under free trade to a competition of home producers under protection. He might have added, however, that the history of the past twelve months, when we have been sending locomotives to England, building rail-

way bridges in Egypt and Burma, and fitting out the Siberian Railway with its entire western equipment of sleepers, rails, bridges, and rolling stock, shows that we can now throw off the protection which has become patently superfluous.



Parcels by Post The briefly reported agreement between our Government and Germany for the interchange of parcels sent by post heightens the popular interest of a description of the German parcels post system published by Mr. James L. Cowles in the New York "Evening Post." The German system divides the territory of Germany and Austria into "zones," and regulates the charge according to the distance. For small packages, upon which the cost of transportation is light compared with the expenses of collection and delivery, there are but two "zones." Packages sent less than forty-six miles are charged six cents, and those sent a greater distance twelve cents. For larger packages, upon which the freight rates are relatively heavy, there are six zones, and the charges are more exactly proportioned to weight and distance. The provisions for the small packages are the more important, however, for these cover all packages up to eleven pounds, and manufacturers often send large quantities of goods in the eleven-pound parcels enjoying the minimum rates. For example, a single manufacturer in Glogau has shipped at one time to Berlin more than half a carload of hat-boxes, all in twelve-cent parcels, and another has shipped over a ton of cheese to a single consignee in eleven-pound packages. In Berlin there are three deliveries daily. In the morning delivery it is not uncommon for 10,000 packages to go out, and about 5,000 more go out in each of the other deliveries. In regard to the classes that use the parcels post Mr. Cowles quotes the significant statement of Second Assistant Postmaster-General Shallonberger: "Farmers and small tradesmen use the post very freely." It is easy to see that by means of it the small merchant is almost put upon an equality with the great department stores in delivering goods to customers. During the last few years in this country a great many unfair means have been devised—and some of them

adopted—by which the single-line dealers should be enabled to compete with their great rivals. The parcels post seems to offer an absolutely fair method of furthering this end, since the post-office can deliver parcels to remote customers for all dealers at less cost than can even the largest store. So far as transportation charges are concerned, our post-office could adopt the German rates for distances less than forty-six miles—the present loss on our one-cent-a-pound rate for delivering newspapers being due to the fact that they are carried an average distance of over four hundred miles.

Cornelius Vanderbilt

To many men in America Cornelius Vanderbilt was simply a multi-millionaire; his name connoted great wealth, and in some excited not a little envy. To others he was a great railroad king; his name connoted great power, and in some excited that spirit of controversial independence so characteristic of Americans. To a smaller number he was better known as a Christian philanthropist who gave liberally of his wealth and of what was more valuable, his time and energy, to a great variety of philanthropic and Christian enterprises. We have very good authority for believing that a man may dole out all his goods to feed the poor and not have love, and "cold as charity" has passed into a proverb. Cornelius Vanderbilt had love, and was not "cold." He was more than millionaire, railroad king, or philanthropist. What he was to those who knew him most intimately is made apparent by the following letter, written in reply to a request of the editors of *The Outlook* by Dr. David H. Greer, who was Mr. Vanderbilt's pastor and a very intimate friend:

Mr. Vanderbilt was a rich man, with the emphasis on the *man*. That, to those who knew him well, and even to those who did not know him well, was his distinctive characteristic. The value of his estate, great as it was, was not equal to the value of him. The man was more than his money. It did not own him; he owned it. Nor did he own it exclusively or chiefly for himself; he owned it for others. His wealth was regarded by him, not simply as something personal, but as a great and sacred trust, which it was his duty to administer, not with a lavish carelessness, but with a wise and discriminating conscientious-

ness, for the benefit of his fellow-men. That duty he tried to perform, and did perform, not only in connection with the many and various charities in which he was interested (and how many there were none will ever know), but also in the management of his business, for business to him meant something more than the opportunity for personal enrichment. It was the opportunity for doing good, for serving and helping others by economic methods and through economic channels. That was the way in which he looked upon business; and while, of course, he added very greatly to his own personal fortune by his wise and conservative business management, it was not the hope of personal gain that constituted the principal motive in it. He literally sacrificed his life in the administration of his great trust, for he not only gave money, but, what was still better, he gave himself. John Ruskin has somewhere said: "If your fee is first with you and your work second, then fee is your master, and the lord of all fee, who is the devil; but if your work is first with you and your fee second, then work is your master, and the lord of all work, who is God." Mr. Vanderbilt's master was God; he knew and acknowledged no other. He was pre-eminently a religious man; not occasionally and at times, but always. His sense of responsibility to God was always with him. He lived in it, whether in the pew or the office, at a vestry meeting or a railroad meeting. That was the keynote of his character, and made him the man he was, or rather the man he is, for such a life as his does not pass away.

He was a man of great simplicity of character, easily approached, but strong, even to sternness, when necessary, and yet withal as gentle as a woman. People have the idea, and a correct one, that he gave away a great deal of money, and yet he did no colossal thing. He was appealed to from all over the world, and he devoted a great deal of his time to his correspondence. Indeed, until he was stricken three years ago, every letter he received came under his own personal investigation, and in order to respond to these wisely it was necessary to exercise much discrimination. He looked upon his business as a charity, as it was putting money into circulation so that it got into the hands of the people for whom it was intended. One prominent characteristic of the man was that he never obtruded himself in the exercise of his benevolence. He, perhaps more than any other person with whom I am acquainted, did not let his left hand know of the works of his right, and that is one reason why the extent of his benevolence will never be known. While he contributed largely toward many benevolent institutions, his charity was not concentrated upon a few things, but was widely disseminated over a great number of things, not only in this country but in all parts of the world. He did not create many institutions to advertise his name, but devoted much of his time to personally investigating the appeals sent to him, and relieving distress whenever it was genuine. In spite of the fact that efforts were constantly made to impose upon and deceive him, he

always believed the best of people and never lost his faith in them. He was constantly looking for, and therefore always finding, "some soul of goodness in things evil," and his strong human sympathy never seemed to desert him. It was because of that human sympathy, that inextinguishable human instinct, that so many people were attracted to him and regarded him as their friend, and that even those who were never acquainted with him experience now a sense of great personal loss in connection with his death. Although his sphere in life was very different from that of Phillip Brooks, yet, as in the case of that eminent lover of his kind, even so now they cannot avoid the feeling that humanity has lost a friend. But it has not lost him, for he lives and will live as an illustration to us of religion in daily life, and to show us how, in the midst of our absorbing secular duties,

"At noonday, in the bustle of man's worktime,
To greet the unseen with a cheer;"

and therefore, as we think of him as somehow and somewhere living and working still, we may

"Cry, Speed—fight on, fare ever,
There as here!"

The lessons involved in such a life as that of Cornelius Vanderbilt are so simple and so plain that they scarcely need an interpreter.

Much is said in our time about the evils of concentration of wealth. The wealth concentrated in Mr. Vanderbilt's hands was beyond estimate. His own possessions are variously reported at from \$80,000,000 upward. But this enormous sum by no means represents the money power which he wielded. The New York "Tribune" gives a list of some fifty corporations in which he was either president, vice-president, or a director, and in most of which he undoubtedly exercised a dominating influence. All the property involved in these corporations, and much other property indirectly affected by them, was very largely influenced by his judgment and his will. There are richer men in America than he was, but it is doubtful whether any man in America ever exercised so great a money power, or one that exerted so diffused an influence on the lives and fortunes of others. But no intelligent man would venture to affirm that either the properties of the stockholders of these various corporations or the well-being of the enormous army of their employees would have been better cared for if the questions submitted to Mr. Vanderbilt's judgment, and largely determined by him, had been submitted to either stockholders or employees, or both com-

bined, to be determined by them after public debate in mass-meeting. It still remains open for the advocate of the democracy of wealth to insist that judgment is developed only by its exercise, and that those stockholders and employees would themselves be educated by the process if they had been compelled to determine the questions which were determined for them, and that the education would have been worth the cost involved in even serious errors of judgment. It is open for him also to insist that it is dangerous to allow such concentration of power in a single man, since we can never be sure that he will be worthy of so great a trust. But it remains true that economically there is no real disadvantage in such concentration of wealth, provided the man who possesses it is both intelligent and conscientious.

What do we mean when we say of such a man as Cornelius Vanderbilt that he is worth \$80,000,000? We simply mean that he has the administration of a certain productive property, such as the New York Central Railroad. In such a case possession simply means power, and power means responsibility. The railroad which he owns serves thousands of employees and hundreds of thousands of travelers and shippers. The owner has the charge, the people enjoy the benefit. Within certain narrow limits, the owner can determine what prices the people shall pay for the service rendered them, and what prices shall be paid to the employees for the service which they render. But this apparently unlimited power is really very limited. If the owner so administers the railroad that it ceases to serve the public, it soon ceases to serve him. If he underpays or overworks his employees, he is soon mulcted in heavy fines by a destructive railroad accident, by the gradual loss of his best men, or by an expensive strike. On the other hand, if, in a fit of unwise generosity, he endeavors to pay more than the earnings of the road justify, he soon loses the ability to pay at all. The President of the Carnegie works is reported as saying that he wishes he could reduce the labor day in the mills to eight hours, but he cannot without Federal legislation. competition prohibits. A multi-millionaire can have for his own occupation three or four houses instead of one, and big houses

instead of small ones; he can spend more money in dress and ornaments and on table luxuries than his less wealthy neighbors; he has at his command all the comforts, and is morally imperiled by easy access to all the luxuries, of modern life; and in case of emergency, such as sickness, he can summon to his aid all the resources of modern civilization. But the limit of possible expenditure on self is soon reached; the greater part of his income, whether he will or no, must be invested; that is, must create new properties to serve the public, or must be expended in charities to serve the unfortunate. The millionaire can only eat three meals a day, wear one suit of clothes at a time, and live in one house at a time. The only pleasure of which he has a monopoly is that of alleviating the distress or enhancing the comfort of great multitudes by his charities. And generally he is so busy that the administration of his charities is intrusted to a steward, who alone sees the comfort and the pleasure and receives the gratitude. Mr. Vanderbilt was in this respect a remarkable exception to the general rule. He was to a very unusual degree the almoner of his own benevolence.

The proposition of Jesus Christ that wealth is a trust and its possessor a trustee for others is no figure of speech; it is a hard, cold, scientific fact. The possessor may be intelligent and conscientious; then he will know that he is a trustee and will administer his trust in honesty and with honor, and will receive the pleasure which the doing of a difficult duty with fidelity always brings. He may be unintelligent and unconscientious; none the less will he be serving others whether he knows it or not, though in the latter case he will deny himself the pleasures and only bear the burdens of public service. The benevolence of Cornelius Vanderbilt is not to be measured by the amount of money which he gave away in so-called benevolences; nor by the amount of personal time and energy which he gave to the numerous charitable organizations in which he was more than a nominal director; nor even by the kindly personal sympathy which he found time to express to men to whom there was absolutely nothing to bind him but the ties of a common humanity. The true measure of his benev-

olence was his habitual recognition of his own trusteeship and the spirit in which he administered his trust. The good which he accomplished, great as it was, through recognized charities, was not a tithe of that which he accomplished by the spirit in which he administered the properties over which he exercised a controlling influence. It is not too much to say that the stocks which he owned himself he regarded not less sacredly as a trust than those which, belonging to others, depended for their value on his administration.

But if Mr. Vanderbilt's life illustrates the truth that the concentration of wealth is not economically disastrous if it be concentrated in the hands of one who accepts and administers it with fidelity as a trust, his death illustrates the vital danger in the concentration of responsibilities. Under an economic system which tends to the diffusion of wealth, the burdens which Mr. Vanderbilt bore would have been divided among a hundred or perhaps a thousand men. Possibly under such a system the material prosperity of the community would not have been so great; but death would not have come so soon. No one man can safely undertake so varied a responsibility as Mr. Vanderbilt carried throughout the greater part of his life. From it the overburdened man can escape only by refusing some of the responsibilities or by carrying them all with a careless conscience. The first Mr. Vanderbilt would not do, the second he could not. So at fifty-three years of age he was disabled, at fifty-six he died—just at the time when, with a reasonable proportion of life's responsibilities, he should have been in his prime, taking the highest enjoyment out of life and rendering to it the greatest service. Whatever may be said economically of the concentration of wealth, the concentration of responsibilities which it necessarily involves is fatal, alike to those whom it relieves of a burden which they ought to bear and to those on whom it places a burden which they ought not to bear. The Czar cannot rule the Russias; he must leave practical government to a bureaucracy or it will kill him. The Pope cannot rule the Church; he must leave practical government to a hierarchy or it will kill him. As little can a multi-millionaire personally

administer an industrial empire. If he does not attempt to do this, injustice is sure to be perpetrated in his name and under cover of his authority; if he does attempt it, the task is almost certain to exhaust his powers before the allotted time.

The life of Cornelius Vanderbilt is the all-sufficient answer to captious criticisms hurled against rich men because they are rich; the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt is a serious indictment of an industrial system which lays on the conscientious trustee a heavier burden than it is possible for him to carry.



The Trust Conference

The Trust Conference at Chicago, of which we publish a fuller report on another page, sensibly adopted no resolutions. Its object was not to settle the question, but to set people to thinking upon the suggestions put forward. These were numerous and generally coherent. Professor Jenks, of Cornell, opened the Conference with a judicial statement of the economic inquiries before it, and Professor Henry C. Adams, of Ann Arbor—the statistician of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—followed with a statement of the fundamental change in the structure of society which the acceptance of trusts would involve. “English jurisprudence,” he pointed out, “assumes that competition between producers on the one hand, and consumers on the other, is a guarantee of justice and equity.” Therefore, he urged, the burden of proof rests upon those who advocate the consolidation of manufacturing industries. It is theirs to show that such consolidation does not lessen the guarantees of equity, does not tend to close the door of opportunity, and does not impair the democratic organization of society. Professor Adams plainly believed that the consolidation of competing corporations had all these tendencies, and he put strongly the argument that in so far as the railways discriminate in favor of large shippers they push forward consolidation. He did not urge the prevention of railroad discrimination as the sole remedy for the evil, but there was general agreement with him that it formed one of the remedies. The reduc-

tion of the tariff—where it protects trusts—was another remedy that met with general, in fact surprisingly general, assent. Ex-Governor Luce, of Michigan, and other prominent Republicans took the position of ex-Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, that the tariff was justifiable where it fostered American competition with foreign producers, but unjustifiable where it fostered American combination by excluding foreign competition. The free-traders, on the other hand, did not claim that the tariff was the “mother of all the trusts.” They generally recognized that there are many manufacturing industries in which Americans can produce more cheaply than their foreign competitors, and here the removal of the tariff would not destroy trusts, though it might lessen their exactions.

The points really debated related to the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of trusts where they have arisen without the aid of railroad discrimination or tariff protection. Here ex-Secretary Foster, of Ohio, George Gunton, of New York, and several others—including the Socialistic speakers—urged that trusts are a natural and wholesome development which results in important economies to consumers. The anti-trust speakers denied all these propositions. They did not deny the economy of production on a large scale by a single firm or even corporation, but the combination of corporations naturally rivals they believed to be injurious from the standpoint of industrial progress as well as individual liberty. Several speakers urged that such combinations on the part of corporations were plainly an abuse of the privilege of incorporation granted by the State. Trusts, therefore, they urged, were not a natural development beyond the power of law, but an artificial one which the law could remedy. This was the essence of Mr. Bryan's reply to the defenders of the trusts. As a remedy he urged not only State action to prevent the combination of domestic corporations, but Federal action to prevent a monopoly organized in one State from doing business in any other. He read the famous Delaware circular inviting trusts to incorporate under Delaware laws, because they would thereby be relieved from all restrictions upon their capitalization, and nearly all upon their subsequent operations.

Such favors to combinations in certain States, he said, made it the duty of Congress to use its constitutional power to regulate inter-State commerce. The license of a corporation to engage in inter-State commerce, he urged, "can be granted upon conditions which will, in the first place, prevent the watering of stock; in the second place, prevent monopoly in any branch of business; and, third, provide for publicity for all the transactions and business of the corporation." The enthusiasm with which this speech was received seemed almost to make its proposals the programme of the so-called "radicals," who would continue the régime of competition. The programme of the "conservatives"—who welcome the era of combinations—was perhaps best set forth by ex-Secretary Foster, who also favored publicity of accounts and the prevention of stock-watering, and advocated a Federal tax when the dividends of the combination exceed six per cent. Altogether the Conference was a remarkable success in enabling men to understand one another's positions.



The Pattern Prayer

The purpose of Christian as distinct from heathen prayer, to aid us to the doing of God's will rather than persuade God to the doing of our will, is strikingly shown in the pattern prayer prescribed by Jesus. Apparently distributed into a number of petitions, the aspirations of the Lord's Prayer are really summed up and concentrated in one, *Thy Will be done*. To this the preceding sentences lead up in their triple confession of love—*Our Father*, of reverence—*Hallowed be Thy Name*, of loyalty—*Thy Kingdom come*. From this focal point, *THY WILL BE DONE*, the following sentences expand its contents into a triple specification of the prime particulars of the Divine Will concerning us, as we should contemplate it and seek to realize it, viz., in the sustentation of our being—*Give us our daily bread*, in the correction of our faults—*Forgive us our debts*, in the redemption of our life—*Deliver us from the evil*.

In true prayer of every type the focal point is the same. In thanksgiving for benefits, in confession of sins, in adora-

tion of divine grace and glory, in aspiration toward divine ideals, in petition for whatever we desire for the bettering of our life and its opportunities, the innermost and universal implication of the Christian spirit is *Thy Will be done*, the sum and substance of the Lord's Prayer. In our various petitions for this or that we are imitating the example of that pattern prayer in translating its comprehensive word, *Thy Will*, into its particulars as we conceive them. Our translation is sometimes fallacious. So was St. Paul's, when he prayed for relief from his "thorn in the flesh." We may fail to "understand what the will of the Lord is," and experience must reveal it. Our translation fails; our prayer does not, for the will of the Lord is fulfilled otherwise.

Even the agnostic, who recognizes in the evolution of the universe a certain purposiveness, an intelligent advance toward ends, and who is bidden even by Mr. Spencer not to rely passively on this, but to do his best "to hasten the evolution," must see the reasonableness of prayer in this point of view, as the natural effort of the finite will to co-operate with the infinite. "Thy Will be done" is at least the implication of every effort, whether scientific, philanthropic, or religious, to discover the divine line of advance and on it to move forward. None who has, however dimly, glimpsed an Executive Mind within the universal evolutionary process can consistently abjure the thought, "Thy Will be done," or decline to adopt it, with its natural implications, as the fit and universal prayer of man.

Origen, in the third century, remarked that the Christian life, in an ideal view, is simply the outward expression in conduct of the Lord's Prayer. In the point of view here taken of the Lord's Prayer Jesus seems therein to have pictured his own life. Whatever various purposes his mission involved, he summed them all in saying that he had come to do the will of God. Whatever his various activities, he affirmed that it was his "meat" to do the will of Him that sent him. Whatever his ties to others, he declared that the doer of the will of God was his brother, sister, mother. By such sayings he irradiates the central significance of the prayer he phrased as the leader of mankind in prayer. In it we see the reflection of his

own life in its effort to realize the Father's will. It is the true type of all petitionary prayer, because it is centered in the great desire which constitutes man a citizen, and not an alien or a rebel, in the kingdom of God.

The Spectator

One day last spring the Spectator went on a pilgrimage. He started off Saturday morning with a certain disdain of all who were going about the ordinary Saturday routine of work or pleasure. He was going on a pilgrimage. The thought of his fellow-pilgrims alone disquieted him, for he had been invited to accompany an Association for the Spread of Historical Knowledge, in its visit to historic localities in upper New York. Most of the members were students in a woman's college, and the Spectator finds young ladies quite formidable enough without additional deeps of learning. However, others were to go too, and the Spectator wanted to see if there were historic localities in New York, so he took courage.

All the historic localities could surely be visited on foot, with the help of an occasional trolley-car, if that is permissible for a pilgrim, the Spectator reflected; but on joining the members of the expedition he found that they were to go in a coach. A stage-coach would have been preferred, he was told, as suited to a historical association, but, unfortunately, one could not be procured in good running order. They had been obliged to accept one with modern improvements. As they walked down the block to take the coach, the Spectator's companion suddenly stopped, and remarked, impressively, "This is the site of Mrs. Murray's tea-party." "Ah, yes!" murmured the Spectator, gazing hard at the church which occupied the corner, whose parlors doubtless held provision for tea. "There was a Boston tea-party, of course," he ruminated; "but New York, did New York have one, too? When did it sacrifice food for sentiment?" While he was meditating on this, he found himself following his guide along the gilded halls and past the late breakfasters of New

York's latest extravagance in the way of hotels. "What are we doing here?" he asked, in surprise, for it seemed to him a place better fitted for the study of economics, or uneconomics, than history. "We are first to get a bird's-eye view of the city from the roof," he was told; and a few moments later, as the Spectator gazed down on the misty city, he heard the story of Mrs. Murray's tea-party. The war of the Revolution had just begun. The British troops were marching in on New York, and Putnam's untrained militia were flying before them. At the farm-house of Mrs. Murray the British officers halted a moment. Mrs. Murray, outwardly calm and hospitable, and inwardly mindful of the Continentals who had been fleeing past her house to safety, begged the gentlemen to wait for the cup of tea which she and her daughters always served at that hour. So gracious was the hostess and so good was the tea that Putnam and his men had reason to thank their loyal countrywoman, for the British did not overtake them that day.

Mounting the coach and speeding up through Central Park, whose hills and rock showed what the whole island used to be before the days of the "Broadway cañon" the first stop was made at "McGown's Pass." Here in the olden times, between two valleys, a quasi-tavern stood on the old post-road connecting New York and Albany. Up and down lumbered the stage-coaches, and on the hills fortifications were erected, for in those days the city lay three miles below Thirty-fourth Street. Not far above the pass, at the upper edge of Central Park, is an old blockhouse, built in 1813 as possible defense against the English. It stands on a high ridge of hill. With difficulty its custodian turned the rusty key and admitted the party into the dungeon-like interior. All the light came from portholes built for cannon, and the stone walls were three feet thick. Not a pleasant place to dwell in; and the Spectator felt thankful that it had never been needed, and that no human beings had ever been shut up inside, behind their guns, waiting to kill or be killed. Coming out into the cheerful sunshine, the Spectator heard the custodian say with

utter scorn to a group of small boys, "Can yez go in? And how did all them ladies and gentlemen come to have a *permit*?" Evidently historical investigation was not to be encouraged except under proper authority.



Passing troops of children in May-day processions with queens and May-poles, the party took the coach again, the next point being the old French settlement of Williamsbridge. Not long ago an artist wrote a book describing the quaintness and romance of this old town, and rebuking his countrymen for seeking abroad what lay close at their own doors. For a while throngs of visitors came to see. But either they lacked the artist's imagination, or the artist's imagination had overidealized, for the interest soon waned and the tourists dropped the town. Certainly the old French inn at which the party halted for luncheon was quaint enough. Back of the little hostelry stretching along the banks of the Bronx, under arbors and trellises, was the dining-room of the inn. Queer games of circular ninepins and swinging pegs were provided for amusement, and boats were moored in the stream. The American beef and bread the Frenchman served had a foreign flavor from its surroundings, if one were ever critical of food eaten out-of-doors in the midst of the fresh spring foliage.



From the Bronx the way lay through Van Cortlandt Park to the old Van Cortlandt Manor-House, proud of having harbored Washington in the Revolutionary days. Standing before his picture in the parlor, one of the party recalled the joy with which she found his portrait hanging over the mantel as she entered the breakfast-room on the first morning of her visit in the town of Oxford in England. As she exclaimed over it in delight, her hostess said: "I am pleased that you like it. We got it because we admired the face so much, but we have never been able to find out who it is. Do you know?" The old colonial furniture that fills the rooms suggests the stately figures that had moved about them. The Spectator could understand why our youthful grandmothers are depicted as always sit-

ting straight and demure. No one could take any liberty with a colonial chair. There is a suggestion of formality and stateliness about it. It seems to him that the most hoidenish youth, if suddenly introduced into a room full of colonial furniture, would involuntarily check speech and step and become quieter and more self-restrained. Standing in a corner of the room, and provocative of modern history, are the figureheads of a ship, two great wooden vultures, taken from a Spanish frigate by an English Admiral in the days of the Georges. So many years ago there were vultures in the Spanish navy, and the Anglo-Saxon race was wresting them away.



Rather reluctantly, the pilgrims turned back from the green of the park to the confines of the city. The old Jumel Mansion was to be visited. It stands high, overlooking the Harlem River, the city at its feet. There Roger Morris entertained General Washington, and there Aaron Burr, in his eightieth year, wedded the fascinating Madame Jumel. No other house in the city has seen more history than this. Twenty blocks south of the Jumel mansion stand the group of trees that Hamilton planted. His own house has been moved from its first site, where a church has been built, but the tall maple-trees stand where he placed them. The land about them is still unbroken for dwellings, and a little railing surrounds the spot on which the trees grow close together. The Spectator wished that he could have seen the stately orator in ruffles and powder planting the little saplings and giving each its name. The trees would form somewhat more of a forest had they been planted for the States today. Hamilton planted thirteen, one for each colony, and ten are living still.



The sun was setting behind Hamilton's trees; the pilgrimage was over. The Spectator had not been in a school-room nor opened a history-book all day, but he had been walking where the makers of history had walked, he had been following the story of his city, and he is going on a pilgrimage every year—a historical pilgrimage at home.

The Chicago Conference on Trusts

By Forrest Crissey

THE great National Trust Conference began under a cloud of suspicion, factional distrust, sensitiveness, and belligerency. After sessions covering a period of three days, it closed in an atmosphere more tolerant, deliberative, and genial than at first seemed possible to the observer understanding the diversity and antagonism of its constituent elements. Obstacles which threatened to destroy the purpose of the gathering and transform an economic conference into a political squabble were dissolved under the subtle alchemy of personal intercourse, and an attitude of morose and jealous partisanship was abandoned for that of generosity, courteousness, and tolerance.

It is not too much in praise of the Trust Conference to say that it has set a new standard for future conferences. The Conference was a conference, not a contest. It was deliberative, almost judicial, and discussion, not manipulation, was the method which dominated its conduct.

An adequate appreciation of the representative character of the assemblage is scarcely to be obtained by the most comprehensive perusal of the printed records of its proceedings. Nor can this quality of the great gathering be given its due prominence by the statement that thirty-four States sent to the Conference delegates selected by the Governors of those commonwealths—men wisely chosen for their special fitness to discuss all phases of the trust and combination problems. Nearly every prominent and powerful labor organization in the country was represented by its official heads. The occasion undeniably called out the commanding personalities in this field of modern organization.

It would have been pardonable for a guest of the Conference broadly familiar with the personnel of the fraternity of educators in America to have mistaken the gathering for a convention of members of the faculties of the universities and colleges of this country, so frequently were the faces of distinguished professors and scholars encountered among the countenances of those having access to the

delegates' floor. The legal profession, however, was doubtless the calling most numerous represented. While taking little or no part in the proceedings of the Conference, many members of the clergy were constant and interested attendants. The agricultural element of the country was also ably and numerous represented, not only by Grange officers and orators, but by men whose personal appearance attested their active participation in the farming industry.

Of those most naturally and vitally interested in the purpose of the Conference only the trust "magnate" was conspicuous by his absence.

If a single individual actively engaged or directly interested in any important trust industry was in attendance upon the deliberations of the Trust Conference, he was not known to the newspaper men reporting the proceedings, and he refrained from taking any personal part therein. The only radical and unqualifiedly pro-trust address delivered in the Conference was that of Mr. George Gunton, whose character as a scholar and authority in the field of economics shielded him from suspicion of acting as an attorney.

One other speech only is likely to be classed as a straight-out defense of trusts in the absolute. That was delivered by the Hon. Charles Foster, ex-Governor of Ohio, and formerly Secretary of the Treasury. A careful reading of Mr. Foster's address, however, discloses statements and arguments of so qualifying a nature that the deliverance is hardly to be characterized as an unconditional pro-trust defense.

Of the addresses as a whole, a fair reading leads to the conclusion that a majority of the speakers were in the attitude of regarding trusts and combinations as an inevitable development of modern industrial life, containing elements of serious danger to the good and prosperity of the people, but not of considering them as an unmixed evil. Certainly this was the dominating sentiment of the Conference, the view shared by the greater number of delegates who expressed themselves in the deliberations of the meeting, in newspaper

interviews, and in private conversation with the writer of this article.

In this conservative element rested the balance of power which guided the Conference to its notable achievement as a deliberative body of National and representative character. To the strength of this element must be credited the fact that the Conference was able to conclude its sessions without an open and undignified battle between radically opposing factions, and without the passage of resolutions calculated in any manner to indicate a test of strength between the antagonistic elements or to commit the body to any so-called consensus of opinion.

It must be said, however, that the fear with which radical factions regarded the undetermined voting strength of the conservative element was a restraining factor perhaps more potent in preserving the purely deliberative character of the Conference than would have been the conservative votes had the latter been called out and put to the actual test.

Only by tracing the currents and undercurrents not clearly apparent in the press reports of the proceedings is the significance of the Conference and the true import of its work to be understood. Despite the fact that the great meeting was called by so respectable an organization as the Civic Federation of Chicago, composed of influential men of widely differing political faith, the arrival of delegates last Tuesday found the air filled with persistent and disquieting reports to the effect that underneath the entire project was a basis of deep-laid political craft; that the movement was a piece of partisan cunning on the part of Republican managers who had devised it under the cloak of a non-partisan reformatory organization for the purpose of enticing their Democratic opponents into a "conference" which would be so manipulated as seemingly to commit them to a compromising attitude on the question of trusts. The rumors also alleged that the more immediate intent of the scheme was to entangle the Democratic leaders to an extent that would prevent their free action in the coming anti-trust conventions to be held in St. Louis and in Texas. These reports were seriously accepted by the anti-trust radicals, with the result that their first act

the outset of the Conference was the

holding of a caucus and the advising of measures similar to those which they would have taken for the furtherance of partisan interest on the eve of a political convention. Even leaders of the conservative element, when closely pressed with the direct question, admitted the suspicion, on the part of a large portion of the delegates, that politics and partisan methods would figure in the deliberations of the Conference to a marked degree. These suspicions excited the pronounced and pledged enemies of trusts, under the name of "the Texas crowd," to take an initial stand strongly against any attempt to pass resolutions or even permit the appointment of a committee on resolutions.

Finding the latter step was not to be averted, the energy of this faction was next directed to obtain a controlling voice in the committee, with the purpose of constituting the latter as a burial-ground for all attempts to formulate the general sentiment of the Conference in an official utterance. Meantime the Committee on Organization and Programme had been formed by the selection of one member from each State delegation and each labor organization covering a field greater than that of one State. On this basis also the Committee on Resolutions was constituted, with the result that the "antis" felt new strength and courage, and took a new tack, preparing resolutions strong in denunciation of trusts, and declaring for the unconditional annihilation of such corporate combinations. Before these resolutions were sent to the Conference Committee on Resolutions they were modified by the caucus of the "antis," and the belief prevailed that the Conference would be made the scene of a sharp struggle between politicians for the hope of securing a partisan advantage. Just as this conflict seemed inevitable, the aggressive faction became suddenly impressed with the unknown strength of the element which was in the fairly deliberative attitude, and appeared determined to hold the Conference aloof from partisan passions and contentions. The pro-trust contingent was counted on to join with these conservatives, and the plan to push the denunciatory resolutions through the Committee was as speedily abandoned as it had been adopted. This was the position of the Texas delegation and its

followers from Kansas, Nebraska, and other strong anti-trust States when William Jennings Bryan arrived on the scene. It then became known that he had brought with him resolutions which embodied his views, and which he desired to have carried by vote of the Conference. Once more the "antis" executed a speedy "about face!" and reporters were sharpening their pencils for the *coup* that would follow the stampede which their leader was depended upon to produce by his eloquence.

Mr. Bryan himself was responsible for the next evolution of the radical forces. He came to the Conference, so far as appearances indicated, in the same attitude of suspicion that characterized nearly all the other leaders. He desired to speak after Mr. Cockran, who was regarded in advance of his address as the chief champion of the pro-trust cause. This concession was courteously granted him, and it was also arranged that the former "Tammany orator" should occupy the entire evening, Friday, giving Mr. Bryan the further advantage of a night in which to ponder the utterances of the New Yorker.

Two important results immediately followed this arrangement. Mr. Cockran's speech—so eloquent and adroit that it may be said to have added substantial laurels to his fame as an orator—was a distinct surprise in that it utterly failed to come within the limits of a pro-trust argument in the sense that it had been expected to represent that element. Then followed, the next morning, another surprise of like character, for the address of Mr. Bryan was in certain essentials more conservative than popular opinion had predicted. It was clear, definite, and devoid of evasion. His bitterest political opponents in the audience granted the young Nebraska champion of "free silver" the credit of having scrupulously observed the proprieties of the occasion. In brilliancy of oratory the two star speakers seemed to be closely matched.

That the dignity of the proceedings, the deliberative atmosphere of the Conference, and the spirit of courtesy and concession impressed Mr. Bryan and induced a change in his attitude is evident from the fact that he informed the representatives in the Committee on Resolutions of

the radical anti-trust wing that he had concluded that it would be inappropriate to commit the Conference to any declaration of principles or opinions. Thus the final danger of a partisan contest was averted. How strongly the anti-trust sentiment was awakened in its political bearings is indicated by the fact that immediately following the adjournment of the Conference all favoring the prohibition and destruction of such combinations of capital were called upon to meet and permanently organize, thus making National the movement which first crystallized in the caucus of "antis."

On only one proposition, it would appear, were all speakers and factions agreed. That was the desirability of compulsory publicity regarding all the affairs of every corporation. Nearly as unanimous was the sentiment that Federal jurisdiction and control over all corporations doing business outside the State in which they are organized is a desirable and practical remedy against abuses of corporate power. A large element in the Conference was in favor of increasing the liabilities of corporations to double the amount of their capital stock.

The avowed pro-trust element was hopelessly in the minority; that holding to the grave necessity of effectual safeguards against monopolistic and harmful tendencies on the part of trusts constituted the majority element, while the radical trust-annihilating faction was strong but not dominant. Of notable interest in this connection was the conservative attitude of the best labor element, represented by the American Federation and the Iron Workers' Union, Mr. Gompers and Mr. Garland making it clear that they were not unconditionally arrayed against trusts, but believed that restraining and remedial measures would be sufficient to remove from this development of the co-operative tendency its menacing elements. It is impossible to dismiss an attempt at an analysis of the Conference without mention of the broad liberty of speech guaranteed to all speakers by the presiding officers. This feature is pertinently and sufficiently illustrated by the fact that Benjamin R. Tucker, the (avowed) "scientific anarchist" of Boston, presented a plea for the principles of his social faith as the world's salvation from the evils of trusts,

The Military Filipino¹

By Leonard R. Sargent

THE provisional government which assumed control of Filipino affairs in Luzon Island after the downfall of the Spanish power was a military one. The President of the so-called Republic was General of the army, and had at his command all the forces of the State, while military officers filled the high positions throughout the provinces. It was continually asserted by those in power that this disposition of the control of affairs had been resorted to merely to tide over the existing emergency, and that it should continue only until the establishment of a permanent peace. As long as it remained in force, however, the concentration of power was absolute; and, moreover, no change of government could be contemplated without the co-operation of the controlling class. In the event of peace, the population hoped to see the reins of government placed in their hands; but, if opposition were offered, they certainly had not the power to seize them. The military class controlled the situation, and with it, in great measure, the destiny of the people. Accordingly as they were actuated by motives of patriotism or of personal ambition they could, if unmolested, inaugurate a just and liberal government, or they could set upon the galled shoulders of their race a yoke as cruel as that they had just cast off.

It will never be known how they would have stood this crucial test. The peace they had anticipated is further from them now than ever, and it has been decreed that a stronger power should relieve them of the responsibility of the vital decision. Yet they have not been deprived of importance. They still retain the official voice of their people, and it is with them that our Nation is now at war. In view of their pre-eminent position in Luzon affairs—past, present, and future—some interest must attach to every observation of their character, especially to such as tend to show to what extent they repre-

sent the feelings and aspirations of the great mass of the Filipino population, and in what measure they have at heart the true interests of their race.

The leaders of the military element have been drawn, almost without exception, from the younger generation of that enlightened class of Filipinos of which I have spoken in a previous article as existing everywhere throughout Luzon Island. They possess, of course, many qualities in common with their older kinsfolk in whose charge they have been reared; and yet they differ from them so significantly on many points as to deserve particular attention. The characters of men are not set to such rigid lines as to remain unchanged by the sudden attainment of authority, and the Filipino, like his brother of every other land, assumes a new demeanor with his uniform of office. Throughout the period of my association with both classes, I found the distinction apparent between civilians and military officers. Had Mr. Wilcox and I been provided for our journey with the customary credentials required of travelers in that country, many of the evidences of this difference which came to our notice would have been missing. Starting without passports, however (in fact, after having been refused them by Aguinaldo), our status was such as to invite all possible arrogance on the part of the officials, while throwing the most favorable light upon the open hospitality of the citizens. Under the circumstances I am inclined to think that there was a surprising lack of arrogance in the attitude which the officials assumed toward us. Yet there was a dignity in their bearing, and in some cases a coldness, caused by their suspicions of the motive of our journey, which were entirely lacking in their civilian countrymen. "Armor is heavy, but it is a proud burden, and a man standeth straight in it;" so these young Filipinos, vested with the authority of their office and supporting the responsibility of their duty toward the State, assumed a manlier and more independent bearing than the genial and conciliatory one of the older men. In the

¹ See the article on "The Backwoods Filipino" by Mr. Sargent in *The Outlook* of September 2. The author, it will be remembered, is a Naval Cadet who spent the greater part of the months of October and November of 1898, in company with Paymaster W. B. Wilcox, U. S. N., in the interior of the northern part of the island of Luzon.

opposition which they frequently offered to our plans we found much that was inconvenient, but nothing that was unreasonable from their point of view. We found them hard to cajole, or to "bluff," or to move by any means other than a fair and open statement which they could clearly understand. Before the end of the journey we came to regard the military Filipino as the only stumbling-block to our progress. And yet, in spite of the annoyance he caused us, and of the frequent changes in our itinerary induced by his persistent opposition, we learned to admire him far beyond his simpler and more amiable countrymen.

It could easily be seen that we did not control a monopoly of the admiration expended on this subject. The older men looked with manifest pride on the evidences of the firm purpose and quick decision of their sons and nephews, even while endeavoring, in many instances, to mollify the rigor of their methods; and the young officers themselves evinced great complacency when they dwelt upon the subject of their past achievements in the field, and of the efficiency of their subsequent administration of affairs. The experience through which they had passed had imparted to their character a respect for their own ability and confidence in their own resources that is woefully lacking in the untried Filipino.

Prior to my departure from Manila I had witnessed many examples of this deficiency in the national character, and had considered them of considerable significance. I remember on one occasion having observed a native coachman, whose carriage had been overturned by a collision, stand helplessly in the road regarding the wreck with an expression of utter despair, while he wrung his hands together and repeated in tones of the most agonized self-pity the expression, "Pobre Filipino! Pobre Filipino!" He was still in this attitude when an American soldier near by took the matter in hand, and in a very short time had the horse on his feet, the carriage right side up, and the harness readjusted. I thought at the time that if the Filipino race possessed no more stamina than that displayed by this coachman, and no more readiness and resource to assist them in confronting unforeseen situations, they would be

indeed fortunate to have always at hand the ready support of a stronger power. I was not aware of the hardening effect upon the national character of the events even then occurring, and did not guess that the identical qualities whose absence I had noticed were being rapidly inculcated by the first phases of that experience to whose success I had considered their presence indispensable.

Other qualities than these, moreover, are wakening from a dormant state. Prior to the advent of the great incentive in his life that came with the revolution, the native displayed, in all his undertakings, but little endurance and less perseverance. His existence was so ordered that no permanent good could come to him or to his family from even the most continued endeavor; and he labored, therefore, for some temporary emolument only. He never had at stake a prize really worth the winning, and there was nothing within his horizon that appealed to him as deserving of as much attention as his own physical comfort. It was this that he considered first when set to any task, and he refused always to work under a strain. He recognized the limit to his powers within which he could work at ease, and, if forced beyond this limit, he promptly "threw up the sponge." In our party, at one time, among the number of our packmen were several old natives whom we had picked up at a little inland town. They belonged to the "ante-bellum" type of Filipino, and seemed scarcely cognizant of recent events. One day, toward night-fall, noticing that one of these packmen was missing, we sent back over the trail to ascertain what had become of him. He was found about five miles in the rear, resting by the roadside, the picture of ease and indifference. In answer to our indignant inquiries, he merely replied that he had felt tired and had stopped to rest. When ordered to proceed, and threatened with punishment if he loitered, he made the distance to camp in good time. It had not been a case of exhaustion or of physical inability, but merely of an inconvenient weariness and an entire absence of grit. Such was the old, purposeless, unawakened Filipino; and he bears a marked contrast to the vigorous and enthusiastic young insurgent soldier, whose every energy is at the service of the cause

he has espoused, and who has endured every hardship and braved every danger in its support.

We heard many tales, and were in a position to authenticate them to a great extent, of deeds that told in glowing terms of the endurance and courage the Filipinos could display when impelled by a sufficient motive. The revolution in Luzon Island was by no means a simultaneous uprising of the population, and in its early stages the force that opposed the Spanish power was not overwhelming in its numbers. In the provinces far in the interior particularly, the earlier encounters found the advantage in the hands of the Spaniards, whose opponents were but small bands of the most daring and desperate natives of the vicinity, poorly armed, and entirely without organization or discipline. Yet these pioneers of rebellion did win brilliant and surprising victories, and, by their success, encouraged their more timid neighbors to join their fortunes to the cause.

In a district embracing the capital city of Nuroa Vizcaya, a band of twenty Filipinos were for several days the only natives in open rebellion, and they conducted hostilities unaided against a force of Spaniards of ten times their number. The Spanish commander, alarmed at the signs of discontent among the population, undertook to proceed with his troops to a neighboring town possessing stronger defenses. He was ambushed three separate times on the march by the little band of rebels, and suffered a large loss. Recruits immediately swelled the ranks of the insurgents, and before the week was out the entire province was in their hands. The leader of the gallant little band of patriots, Lieutenant Navarro, is one of the very few officers whom I have met who represent the more ignorant class of the population. He could not speak Spanish, nor read nor write his own language, and on that account, at the time of our visit, had not risen above the rank of lieutenant.

In many of the provinces the revolution received its start from detachments of Aguinaldo's expeditionary forces which were sent across the island from the more populous districts on the western coast. These detachments—in some cases mere squads—performed most remarkable service. They traveled through the wildest

parts of the island to reach their destinations, and, arriving there, were forced to depend, for the support of the natives, upon the success of their own first operations against the superior force of the enemy. Of these expeditions, one of the most noteworthy was that sent from North Ilocos overland to Cagayan. The mountains lying between these provinces are generally considered impassable on account of the absence of beaten paths and of the presence of one of the most formidable tribes of Igorrotes on the island. The expeditionary force, however—about forty strong—succeeded in accomplishing the journey after five days of constant effort and hardships, and arrived at Aparri in an exhausted condition, but with undaunted spirit.

The Filipinos have a national weapon with which they claim to have won their independence from Spain. This is the bola, or native knife. It is used in times of peace for all conceivable purposes, and, through constant practice, is handled with the utmost dexterity. It is as much a part of the Filipino of the provinces as a jackknife was of the old-time sailor. When traveling even for very short distances, or when working where the bola is likely to be of service, the native carries it slung on his belt, and shoved around behind him so as not to interfere with his movements. It has no definitely fixed size or shape, but the commonest type applied to the purposes of war is about two and a half feet long, including the handle, and has a broad, thick blade, with the weight and edge of a guillotine. The effect of such a weapon in hands thoroughly trained in its use can be imagined. At the time of our journey the Filipinos had absolute confidence in it, and claimed that no other weapon could withstand it. When wielded in the mad fury of a charge, its effects were certainly terrible. Not only were heads shorn off at a stroke, but bodies were severed through the trunk from shoulder to hip; and rifles, held in a position of defense, were cut through the barrels, and the skulls beneath were split down to the chin. The native officers relied almost entirely upon these "bola charges" for the defeat of their Spanish foes. When the call to charge was sounded, the entire force, including the highest officers, discarded all other weapons, and

charged the enemy, bola in hand. After the successful termination of the rebellion, all the insurgent officers provided themselves with sabers and revolvers from the supply captured from the Spaniards, and wore them with great satisfaction. As far as concerned their use in warfare, however, they regarded them with contempt, and asserted the superiority of the bola. I could not but admit that even our own soldiers would have but little chance in a hand-to-hand encounter, without firearms, with an equal number of natives armed with their favorite weapon; but I was also well aware that with revolvers they could defeat a large attacking party. I argued the point unavailingly with Aguinaldo's officers, however, and only succeeded in tainting my own reputation for veracity by relating the following incident in support of my assertions.

An American soldier on guard duty in Manila was suddenly attacked and struck to the ground by a Filipino desperado, who then took to his heels. The soldier, without attempting to rise, drew his revolver and emptied the chambers at the fleeing figure. When the native's body was examined, all the bullets expended were accounted for; one had shattered his ankle, another was imbedded in his thigh, three were responsible for wounds in the trunk, and the sixth had pierced his skull. This was an actual occurrence, and I believe that the Filipino soldiery could now be easily convinced of its truth, when supported by other evidences of good marksmanship that have undoubtedly come to their notice. The reason for their original incredulity could easily be understood, however, after an examination of the revolvers with which they were provided. These were miserable imitations of the Smith and Wesson revolver, and bore on the back of the barrel the name of the makers, garbled into "Smit and Wilson." No part of their action was perfected; the cartridge frequently failed to come in line with the hammer, and fifty per cent. is a fair estimate of the misfires.

At the time of our journey the patriotic enthusiasm of the population was everywhere at its height. The boast of every inhabitant was the national army whose organization was then being rapidly perfected. Commissions were eagerly sought

by the young men of the higher class, and there were more volunteers for service in the ranks than could be armed or uniformed. It was universally asserted that every preparation should be made to defend the newly won independence of the island against all foreign aggression. The older Filipinos, especially those of wealth and influence, declared their desire to give every support in their power to the cause, and were as much a part of the warlike movement as those who actually took up arms. The great majority of the latter, both officers and enlisted men, were extremely young. I have met a brigadier-general of twenty-one years of age, many captains of eighteen, and lieutenants of fifteen and sixteen. Captain Natioidad, a particularly young officer of that rank and a member of a prominent Luzon family, explained that it was the aim of his Government to rest its defense in the field in the hands of those of its supporters who were at that age that is most forcibly swayed by the love of military glory. For the desperate encounters that might await its army in the future it desired that sort of valor of which discretion is not the better part.

That the civil power should be placed in the same hands was a dangerous experiment, but at the same time a necessary one. The first object of the Filipinos had been to win their independence; the next was to defend it. For both these purposes they had need of their best fighting material, and the selection was made accordingly. The result proved more fortunate than there had been any reason to hope. While exercising absolute authority throughout the island and governing entirely by military law, the leaders of the army appeared, nevertheless, to endeavor to mete out justice to all classes alike. They continued, moreover, to assert their intention to relinquish their temporary power when the establishment of a permanent peace should make such a step possible, and gave most encouraging proofs of the good faith with which they spoke.

A tendency was apparent in many individual instances to treat the entire civilian population with contempt, and the lower element of it with oppression and abuse. In one or two districts through which we passed this spirit was particu-

larly marked, but it was not countenanced as a rule, and had been made the subject of a special order from the authorities at Malolos. On the whole, as far as I could judge, the tendency was upward. The young officers displayed an earnest desire to improve their minds for the benefit of the State, and seemed to be impelled by the ambition to prove themselves worthy of the trust that had been confided in them.

I passed one evening about the middle of last November in the "Commandancia" at San Fernando, in the province of Union, where were quartered over forty officers

belonging either to companies stationed at the town or to the staff of General Fiña, the commander of the northwestern district. Our conversation was confined, as usual, to a great extent to professional subjects; but I remember the visit particularly on account of the presence of a number of Spanish text-books on infantry tactics which were distributed among the officers and were evidently in almost constant service. . . . How many of these eager young students of the rudiments of military science have since learned the final lesson of war?

Minneapolis and the Saloons

By W. S. Harwood

IN the year 1884 the city of Minneapolis had a population of about 50,000. The dual liquor problem that confronts all such growing communities was present—on the one hand, the friends of good order seeking to restrict the liquor traffic; on the other, the saloon and brewery interests striving to expand. Perhaps the situation was not more distressing than that in any other city of its class at that time, or more disheartening than in many another city to-day; but it was sufficiently serious to call out the united efforts of the best citizens of the place, irrespective of party affiliations.

There were 536 saloons in the city, paying a license of but \$100 each. The number was steadily increasing. The city did not present other than normal conditions as to its population, save that there was a very large and rapidly increasing number of people from the Scandinavian countries, who were counted upon to become excellent citizens—an expectation they have well fulfilled. A perhaps unusually large number of people from the New England States made up the only other noteworthy feature of the population.

Ambitious hands had laid out the boundaries of the young city. The hope of colossal growth had prepared an area five miles wide by six miles long. Residences were scattered already over a large portion of this tract, and the saloons followed them with a haste which was a menace. The greed of the saloon-keepers and brewery proprietors caused an upris-

ing which has rooted out every saloon in eleven-twelfths of a city of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand people.

While there were strong indications of a larger municipal growth, there were no indications of a diminution in the number of places for the sale of liquor. The situation was serious enough to call for the most heroic measures of relief. Fortunately, the city had for its Mayor a man of rugged strength, who was not in any danger, either financially or politically or socially, should all the forces of the breweries and saloons be trained on him at the same time.

It was determined that the saloon should be isolated. Segregation was believed to be the only method short of annihilation that would afford any relief, and annihilation seemed to belong to millennial days. The determination to restrict the saloons of the city to a portion one-twelfth of the entire area was not made without some due realization of the tremendous struggle ahead.

It was proposed that an arbitrary line, not subject to change under any conditions, should be established around certain portions of the business part of the city. Perhaps it might not inappropriately be called a dead-line, for no saloon might cross it alive. Within the restricted limits, saloons, under the close and immediate supervision of the authorities—a closeness of supervision rendered possible by the segregation—might be established under strict provisions and subject to close

police patrol ; outside of this line there should be no saloons. Should new territory be added to the city at any future time, it should forever be free from saloons.

The proposal met with instant and powerful opposition. The saloon-keepers and brewery proprietors saw not only the present curtailment but future restriction. The prime object of the saloon is to cause men to drink ; the more men to be reached, the larger the number who may be exposed to the temptation, the larger the revenue. Plainly enough, the new order of affairs as proposed was a direct blow at the revenues of those interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Inch by inch they fought the field over, never abandoning any position until driven from it by sheer force, maintaining now this subterfuge, now that, pleading, threatening, cajoling, standing with mock heroism for their "rights;" but it was all to no purpose. When every possible pretext had been overcome, when every possible precedent cited was shown to be irrelevant, when every possible resource had been sounded, then they gave up the fight, and not till then—gave it up until such time as they might see a way to its renewal.

Not the least emphasis was laid upon the unfairness of the plan. The leaders in the movement had to concede that saloons were going to be ; why, then, restrict them to a certain very small portion of the city ; why not let them have an equal chance with every other enterprise ? But the argument fell short ; there was something so inherently sensible in the plan, something that so strongly appealed to every father and mother, that public sentiment, almost from the outset, rallied to the support of the new movement.

The first step was that of petition. A formidable document, very largely signed, was presented to the City Council, praying for the enactment of a suitable ordinance defining the proposed boundaries within which liquor might be sold. Mr. George A. Pillsbury, since deceased, a man of inflexible integrity, was Mayor. He recommended to the Council the passage of such an ordinance. The City Attorney, Mr. Judson N. Cross, drew up the ordinance, making the line limit the strong feature of the document. Brother lawyers made game of him—the idea of inhibiting

the saloons from entrance upon any part of the city was absurd ; such a thing had never been done in this manner in any city in the world ; and, further, a case involving such a palpable absurdity must come speedily to naught when brought to the attention of the Supreme Court of the commonwealth.

The friends of the measure were not to be daunted, however, and the ordinance was drawn, presented, and passed. When the matter had reached this stage, it became apparent to the liquor interests that their only opportunity was to get the matter before the Supreme Court of the State and have the ordinance killed at the earliest possible moment. A test case was soon made up and taken as directly as possible before that body. Here again the community was fortunate in the make-up of the body to whom the appeal was taken.

The City Attorney, in his argument at the bar of the higher court, held that, as a municipality had the right to legislate as to the locating of establishments devoted to many other kinds of trade, it could direct boundaries for the saloon. A city could pass ordinances regulating the location of slaughtering-houses, rendering establishments, powder repositories, and the like ; it could set apart certain streets and avenues for boulevards and prohibit the heavy traffic of commerce upon them ; in short, there were many lines of life in the city which were subject to ordinances of location. If those things which concerned the city's physical safety or comfort or health or pleasure could be relegated to certain prescribed districts, manifestly an occupation universally acknowledged to be wholly inimical to the interests of society, and as universally conceded to be a fit subject for police surveillance, could be restricted as to location. Citation of a large number of cases where the courts had decided that certain occupations in cities could be restricted as to location made up a liberal portion of the brief.

Of course the opposition, through the ablest lawyers at command, attempted to contravene the conclusions reached, but to no purpose. The Supreme Court took the view of the prosecution as the only right one, and, save as to some unimportant details, sustained the validity of the ordinance.

It at once became clear, as it must become clear to any other municipality which shall elect to try the plan which has been so remarkably successful in this Western city, that it would not do to leave the matter in the hands of the City Council. The movement was not one started by the politicians, not one in which any party was concerned: it was pre-eminently a people's movement, and the people did not propose that succeeding Councils should play battledore and shuttlecock over the disputed line. If the location of the line beyond which saloons could not go were to be left to the City Council, there would be frequent, and oftentimes destructive, assaults, resulting inevitably in frequent alterations of the line in order to incorporate desirable sections of the inhibited district. There are no saloon-keepers opposed to this form of expansion.

Co-ordinate with this was the fear of the "influence" likely to be brought to bear upon members of the City Council; not only upon such, should there be such, as might be open to bribes, but upon the honest class who, in order to secure the enactment of civic legislation much to be desired, might be forced to yield to the advocates of expansion in order to carry their own measures to success. Plainly, then, still another step was necessary—namely, to secure the incorporation of the principle of this patrol-limits provision in the charter of the city—an instrument derived from the Legislature of the State, and subject to change, amendment, or excision at the hands of the Legislature alone.

Here, again, another bitter fight was precipitated; but the friends of the measure triumphed, and the provision was incorporated in the charter of the municipality. Since that time, over fifteen years ago, there has been no change in the line. Repeated efforts have been made to break it down. They have uniformly proved ineffectual. During the session of the Legislature of the present year a measure was introduced looking to a change in the law, but it was killed incontinently. Quite naturally, the liquor interests have brought all the influence in their power to break down the line. None of the arts of the demagogue has been overlooked. But (and this is another and significant evi-

dence that municipal affairs are being taken out of the hands of the politicians—speed the coming of the day of completer divorcement!) the question of changing the line appears wholly to have been lifted from politics. The city might be divided upon policies, tax levies, appropriations, over any number of propositions; the question of State or even of National politics might not wholly be eliminated from consideration in the selection of certain candidates, but by no possible chicane could the supporters of the saloon make an issue out of the patrol-limits system.

The people were satisfied. Not necessarily satisfied for all time, for they were ever ready for improvement, but they were satisfied that certain definite and important steps forward had been taken, and they did not propose to retrace these steps at the advice of the command of the politicians. When the people are sure they are right, the politicians are powerless.

To illustrate the hold which the new movement took upon the people, and which, by the way, has not in any measure been relaxed:

After the measure was well under way in its preparatory steps, a well-known saloon-keeper in the city approached the City Attorney and asked him if it were true that certain enlargements of the line were to be made. He had been erecting a residence in a part of the city which he had understood was now to be included in the saloon limits. If the line was to be extended around his dwelling, then he would sell it, for he did not want his children to grow up exposed to the immediate contact with the saloons which would be offered if they were located in his part of the city! When he had made enough money, then he would retire from the business; meantime, he wanted his children to grow up where there were no saloons.

In spite of the ludicrous anomaly, the position of the saloon-keeper was one of the most powerful arguments the City Attorney could have had that his measure was just.

It has been thought best to give this general summary of the situation in order that those who are definitely interested in municipal reform may note the steps taken and some of the obstacles to be removed. It is not necessary to add that every

possible obstacle was placed in the way of ultimate success, nor to note that moral courage of a fine and insistent type was demanded on the part of the leaders; nor need it be added, perhaps, that nothing in the public lives of these leaders has reflected more luster than their determination to win their way to victory, no matter what the odds. Peace does have her victories, just as noble, just as needed, even if not so spectacular.

As to definite results following the introduction of this plan:

Much in any reform movement carried to a successful conclusion is not susceptible of demonstration in tabular statement. Much of such success is beyond anything to be enumerated. In the results of this system there is much that will not yield to statistical statement. Still, some data are interesting as bearing upon the question. In 1884, when the law was enacted, there were 536 saloons in the city, paying an annual license fee each of \$100. To-day there are 330 saloons, paying a license of \$1,000 each. In 1884 the city had fifty thousand inhabitants—a saloon to every ninety-five people. In 1899 there are (estimated) two hundred and forty thousand people—a saloon to every seven hundred and thirty-seven people. In 1884 the saloons were distributed over the entire city, with no restrictions; in 1899 they are confined to one-twelfth of the total area of the city. In 1884 the income from the saloons was \$53,600; in 1899 it is \$330,000. Had the saloons increased in the ratio of the population, there must now be 2,576. Should the present license fee be exacted under such conditions, the city would receive \$2,576,000; but should it be objected that the higher license itself has had something to do with the reduction in the number of saloons, it may be noted that had the license remained where it was; \$100, and had there been no such movement for the restricting of the saloon, the city would have been receiving to-day, had the saloons, as then was promised, kept full pace of increase with the population of the city, \$257,000 in fees from the saloons at the \$100 rate. Unquestionably the higher license has had much to do with the diminution of the number of the saloons, but the restrictive character of the law has had far more influence.

Take another view:

Eleven-twelfths of a city of two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants is patrolled by but twenty-eight policemen. The arrests in this vast region, from offenses due to liquor, do not average more than two per week throughout the year. Here and there, despite vigilance, the institution known as the "blind pig" will be found, dispensing small quantities of liquor off the sly; but—and this is another feature of interest—the people themselves, even those who drink, are so well pleased that the larger portion of the city has no open saloons that they are eager at all times to aid in closing up these clandestine establishments. Naturally enough, the saloon-keepers, however much they would like to see the line expanded, are opposed to the "blind pig," and are anxious to give their aid in destroying a rival.

The portion of the city in which the saloons are located requires 147 policemen—over five times as many as are required for one-twelfth the area; and it may be said in fairness that even the open section is quite up to the standard of American cities in its observance of order—quite beyond some cities.

Still another feature is of commanding importance:

Under the law the saloons stop at a certain street in the business portion of the town. One by one, large retail establishments have passed on beyond this line. To-day there are many squares occupied by the most important business establishments wholly separated from the saloon. It is something of an anomaly in American cities to be able to pass along many squares in the heart of the retail portion, visiting most of the important business establishments of the city, without encountering a single liquor sign. It is a condition of affairs that appeals with great force to the shopper.

As to the untabulated results:

Important as are the results to be designated in figures, their value is secondary in any just estimate of the success of this patrol-limits system. One may but refer very briefly to the points most important, without attempt at elaboration. And, first, not the least of the valuable results is the removal of opportunity. Argument does not appear to be needed in support of the statement that a reduction in the number of saloons in a given city is desirable.

Their extinction is more desirable, to be sure, but diminution comes next. When the saloons of a city are largely reduced in number, when the entire residence portion, the home region of the city, is free from them, very much of immediate temptation is removed from thousands of young men. True, there may be some force in the assertion that isolation is not without its temptations, but they are not to be compared with the temptation always at hand.

So it is not at all entering the realm of conjecture or trespassing upon the province of the moralist to say that the restricting of the saloons of a city to a certain and relatively very small area is of large importance in preventing a spread of drunkenness.

Again, the enhancing of the value of property in regions once infested with saloons, and then freed from them, is a feature of distinct interest. To be sure, the opponents of such a system as the one under consideration will stand ready to maintain that the enforced removal of saloons from a given region where trade was profitable is no more nor less than a confiscation of property and good-will rights. The argument might have somewhat of weight were the cause of the saloons a righteous one, but even were that the case, the fair-mindedness of the public would provide an adequate remedy. In the case of the saloon property, however, the very reverse is true—the actual as well as the contiguous property must, when the saloon is abandoned, enhance rather than deteriorate in value.

And, again, a feature of much importance not susceptible of statistical demonstration is the added attractiveness of a city as a place of residence when the residence portion, together with a very large portion of the region devoted to retail trade, is free from the contamination of the saloon. Virtually, the newcomer to such a city makes his home in a prohibition community. This, of itself, is one of the most important points in the working of the patrol-limits system.

Other features might be indicated, such as the great—using the word with full realization of its strength—the great benefit of the plan to the public-school system, in keeping so very large a proportion of the students miles from the saloons, and

so on; but enough has perhaps been suggested to indicate the importance of the system in very many of those lines in which figures and tabular statements cannot be invoked.

There seem to be no insurmountable obstacles in the way of the adoption of this system by other cities. There are obstacles, to be sure, significant ones, not lightly to be set aside, but they are all such as may be overcome by brave and intelligent action. When once they are overcome, the benefits accruing will be found so great that there will be no return to the earlier order.

Agitation of the proposed plan before its introduction to actual suffrage settlement may have its due value; but concerted, well-directed effort on the part of leaders of large stature will avail more. Just what steps should be taken, just how the plan of this Western city should be modified to meet local conditions in other municipalities, will develop as the movement advances. In every city there may be found some man, or some few men, of commanding integrity and generally recognized ability, men in whom all the public have confidence. Upon such will fall the burden of the initiative. When once the plan is presented in clearness to the public, there appears to be no reasonable doubt that the entire respectable, home-loving population will rally to the support of the leaders.

Plainly enough, the measure, when it reaches the preliminary stage of legislation, should wholly be divorced from any other measure. It should come before the City Council, or before the people on direct ballot, as the case may be, without rider or amendment or proviso. When, in any enlightened American community, this question is presented, Do you wish the saloons removed from the entire residence and retail business portion of the city, to be isolated in a small district within boundaries not subject to change or enlargement?—when such a question is put to such a community, there can be but one answer.

For fifteen years, formative years, before the municipality has steadied itself into the conservatism that comes with age, this Western city has had this system under rigid test—such years as lend themselves most easily to fluctuations of popu-

lation and policies. It has met the approval of men of all parties and no party, of all creeds and no creed, while there are not a few even of the saloon-keepers themselves who now give it a *quasi* but

honest indorsement. The system could not be supplanted were it made an issue in any campaign, while any candidate entering a campaign pledged to its overthrow would be overwhelmingly defeated.

Journalism in Child-Land

By Mary Tracy Earle

ALTHOUGH my residence in Child-Land was cut short by business interests which required my presence in another part of the world, I have many pleasant memories of life and society in that country of long ago. Its people were rather primitive at that time, and decidedly illiterate and superstitious, but they were so warm-hearted that the friends I made there have lasted me a lifetime. Oddly enough, most of them, like me, have left the long-ago country, and when we meet we talk over by-gones and agree that if we could ever get a sufficient vacation we should go back to Child-Land for a visit, if not to live. Unfortunately, the two weeks' vacation with which most people must content themselves is not long enough for the journey, unless one still lives upon the borders.

Child-Land, you must know, although populous, is an isolated place, and even to communicate with it is difficult. The telegraph, telephone, and postal service which connect it with the rest of the world are provokingly imperfect, and I have known people to live there for twenty years without getting a single message correctly transmitted from their relatives and friends outside. Others, without any apparent reason, are more fortunate, and are in constant communication with the rest of the world, to say nothing of receiving visits from their friends. I was one of the lucky ones, for I think my mother spent half of her time in visiting me when I lived there; my father joined her for at least a quarter of the while, and sometimes they took me away with them for little journeys outside. I was young at the time, and, not understanding business, it was a matter of regret with me that they could not make their home there when I did; but, looking back now and

realizing how many other pressing interests they had, it seems to me quite remarkable that they should have made me such long and frequent visits as they did.

My brothers lived in the long-ago country during a part of the years that I spent there, and we were all fortunate enough to have positions on the staff of one of the numerous Child-Land newspapers. We thought it the most important paper of the country, but I notice that other old residents who contributed to other papers differ with me as to that claim, so I will not assert it. But it certainly was a very good newspaper, though it differed in many ways from the papers with which I have since become familiar; it had no regular dates, but was published "every now and then;" it changed its name with every issue, outrivaling the modern magazines which change their covers every month; and it never refused a contribution—no wonder that I love it still!

Its triumph in the way of a title was "The Saturday Evening Mocking-Bird," the publishers of which were "some very queer people" who lived in Gulistan, the Garden of Roses, one of the most important towns in Child-Land. There was no printing-press in Gulistan (think how out of place it would have been!), and so "The Mocking-Bird" came out in manuscript—*manuscrawl* would be more exact—and bore plain evidences of inspiration in its illegibility. I said that in my day the people of Child-Land were illiterate, and so they were in the sense of not being broadly read, and yet they had literary tastes; indeed, the long-ago country is noted for the fact that the dullest people are literary during the first few years that they live there. Paradoxically enough, this is due to the fact that they are unfamiliar with the language, and in seeking

to express their thoughts and their vivid first impressions of their surroundings they hit upon quaint, original forms of speech. Later, when they learn conventional language and views of life, they become commonplace, so that very few people of remarkable promise move out of Child-Land, no matter how remarkable they seemed when they were there.

Unfortunately, the writers on "The Mocking-Bird" were not remarkable, even in the long-ago country. They had very little of that wonderful, Child-Landish felicity of expression which some people carry out with them into the world; but their contributions are of interest in showing the various employments and trains of thought which prevailed in Child-Land at that time. Many of them are in the wandering, tilting, unpromising penmanship of a girl of seven, who chronicles important social items like the birth of kittens, and gives commercial statistics of the daily egg crop in the barn. One would think that such a nose for news would have led her to a reporter's pencil, if she had followed it outside of Child-Land; but either she did not follow it or else it was applied the wrong way to the grindstone, and blunted instead of sharpened, for I have heard that she cannot smell news at all any more. She had a gratifying sense of the importance of her work, and when she recorded, "The old hen hatched some, chickens she has ten," she signed her full name to the item.

She was a plodding, serviceable member of the staff, yet at times she grew poetic, as witness the following quatrain, which lays claim to immortality as an example of intuitive knowledge:

A man with a wife
Haint as good for the strife.
A man with none
Is as hard as a stone.

Dr. Holmes declared that the exigencies of rhyme struck many bright thoughts from brains to which they might not have come otherwise, and the lines above most surely offer proof. So young an observer could not have noted the softening effects of matrimony, but "stone" came nearer than any other word which suggested itself as a rhyme for "none." But, either in prose or poetry, the work of this contributor shows a lack of fire, ginger, go. That all comes in another handwriting.

boyish, much blotted—the impetuous handwriting of the reformer, or at least the protester. The wrongs of a pet kitten had come under his notice, and he holds the kitten's mother up to scorn:

THE OLD CAT

The old cat lies,
With her sparkling eye
Under the stove
Till she burns her nose,
Then she gets out
And goes growling about.

When her kitten is grown
She slaps her at home.
When she comes in
She will spit and grin,
And when poor kitty goes out
She knocks her about.

In prose this young man is more concise than in verse, but his essay on butter shows the same vivacity of thought which his versification indicates. Incidentally it proves that the "boy's composition" of the funny columns is not always manufactured in the newspaper offices, as I had supposed. You may decide for yourself whether the last sentence is a mere play on words or an utterance prophetic of a gruesome murder trial which was reported from Chicago about two years ago:

BUTTER

Butter is made from cream. Butter is good to eat. Butter is useful. Butter is found almost everywhere in the world. Almost every one eats butter. Butter is eaten with bread. Folks could hardly live without butter. Cows give milk, milk makes cream, cream makes butter, butter makes folks, folks make sausages.

It is an exhaustive treatise, and yet the writer was not too exhausted by it to write one on the same lines dealing with "Hunney." But, on the whole, I prefer his poetry, with its zeal to tell spiritual instead of economic truths. In spite of all that people with short memories say to the contrary, Child-Land is full of hardships and injustices; they were what appealed most keenly to this young man, and, unless you have entirely forgotten your residence in the long-ago country, these burning lines may recall weary sufferings of your own. It should be explained that the "Mrs. Paig" to whom he refers was a certain "Miss Paine," a school-teacher who had the ill judgment to practice her profession in Child-Land without taking out naturalization papers. The slight alteration in spelling is possi-

bly intended to save the writer, from a libel suit. This is the poem :

School it is a dirty place
It is all full of such disgrace,
For you must mind the midday rule
Or, if you don't, stay after school,
And in the day
Your lessons say
And ponder on geography.
There all your study is thrown away
On Mrs. Paig
Who is all day
Just as insane
As any turkey in the rain.

This is refreshing in itself, but still more refreshing in contrast with the girl reporter's view of school life. That girl was undoubtedly a prig, but she didn't know it, and there is no question of her sincerity in declaring :

School is a very pleasant place I go to school when it is pleasant. I like to go to school and I like my playmates who go to school. I like my teacher at school she is kind. We do not whisper when we are in school. I like to play at resessis and noon. We have three resessis and one noon in our room in the other rooms there are only two resessis and one noon.

We are let out before the other rooms. the first thing in the line of study is the primer, class the next thing is the first reader class, the next thing is the resessis. After resessis is the lowest second reader clas—

and so on through the programme of the day. A punctuation class is not included, and that accounts for the hit-or-missness with which the commas fall as an after-thought along the text. They do not even have the regularity which was suggested to me the other day by a young writer who made a flying trip out of Child-Land to ask, "How do you do about commas? Do you count *one, two, three, four* words, and then put one?" I took pleasure in answering, for I saw that literature in my old haunts had advanced until it was nearly abreast with literature outside, where we frequently see writing which has been punctuated on the one, two, three, four plan.

In addition to the lapses in punctuation, the general proof-reading in the Child-Land publishing houses is poor ; but, then, spelling and capitalization are stumbling-blocks the world over. I remember that an ignorant but ardent Republican politician from Kentucky once crossed the line into a Northern State and established a local newspaper. The spelling caused surprise, comment, and protest, to which

the editor responded editorially with a paragraph declaring that it was idle to expect that any one who had been "borned and rased in the Democratic State of Kentucky" would know how to spell. The comparison is obvious ; any one who has been born in democratic Child-Land, and has spent his time there properly, absorbed in the big, active, vital interests of the place, will always pay more attention to the subject than to the manner of what he has to say. And yet I remember that the spelling of long-ago country was a matter of grievance to my mother, and once, in a salutatory for "The Mocking-Bird," she expressed a hope that the mockers might imitate the orthography of the outer world with more exactitude. It would be hard for any writer of to-day, even in playful earnest, to assume the ornateness of this plea to a set of collaborators who did not spell by the grace of God and Webster's old "blue-backed," after the fashion of their ancestors.

"In coming before our limited public," she wrote editorially, "let us at the outset squarely avow the purpose which mainly impels our venture. That purpose, indulgent reader, is SPELLING. Not that we have no care for the graces of fine writing—nay, in avowing our mainspring of purpose, do we not intimate our intention of devoting ourselves to the most essential grace of *Belles Lettres*? And in publicly inscribing upon our title page the fact that this periodical is devoted to Literature and Art, by literature we mean the knowledge of the alphabet, and by art, the ability of putting the twenty-six letters correctly together.

"A high emprise truly, and a field hitherto sadly neglected, in which our readers will doubtless bid us hail and all hail!"

Truly, one reader, looking back across the years, can echo that greeting ; I doubt if the spelling of "The Mocking-Bird" was greatly improved by it, but it reads to me now like an invitation back to Child-Land. Hail and all hail the past !

Salutatories were not the only mature contributions to "The Mocking-Bird." In the same column with childish effusions I find bits of real poetry in my mother's delicate, pointed, nervous writing, with the half-formed, tantalizing letters which always trusted somewhat to the imagination of her readers. She also contributed charming little memories of her own childhood, short descriptive articles and natural history notes. My eldest brother was a natural history student, too, and he gave us grave, scholarly papers, using a man's

words, a boy's handwriting, and the spelling of a genius. My father's agricultural treatises set us all wild with mirth, for under his hands pineapples grew on pine-trees, and the culture of the potato was pronounced impractical in any climate less salubrious than that of the frigid zone. Even my father dropped into verse occasionally, and, indeed, my tall, studious elder brother was the only contributor who neglected the poetic muse, in spite of the fact that his early acquired height had given him the name among us of "Mr. Longfellow."

My father's verses to the red-headed woodpecker recall such an important interest of Child-Land that I cannot resist setting them down here. The publishing house of "The Mocking-Bird" stood in a splendid grove of forest trees, among which had been planted several varieties of evergreens not native to the soil. The trees were like playmates to us, a part of our every-day life. Certain birds built every year in certain trees; other trees it was a test of prowess for a boy to climb, and a girl had to stand beneath them all her life looking up at the unattainable branches; other, lower trees were suited for girls' climbing, and housekeeping could be carried on in them. When fall came, we walked through glory—overhead, underneath, and fluttering through the air; in winter the evergreens kept stanch guard round the weather-beaten, gray old house, while inside we scratched the frost from the windows to look out and see how the green branches drooped under their weight of snow. In the spring, little tender-green, plump baby fingers of new growth came out at the ends of the spruce and hemlock branches; the pines pushed forth resinous spikes; the oaks and hickories filled the air with yellow powder from their catkins, and it was time to spade up garden beds—and if you do not remember all this when you read the little woodpecker poem, it is because you did not live in just the same part of Child-Land that I did, and so do not know what an offense it was for even as stylish a bird as a woodpecker to puncture the bark of a rare pine-tree, putting it in danger of losing too much of its crystalline life-blood:

Ah beautiful bird with the striped grey coat
And crown of crimson, and eye so fine!

Your delicate stroke has no musical note
When you ruin the bark of our Austrian pine.

So beware my bright fellow how you hammer
about
And where you go for your dinner;
For our judge of bird morals has written you
out
As an ornithological sinner.

Exactly what penalty attached to being an ornithological sinner I cannot say, for my father was never known to kill a living creature larger than a mosquito, except once when a rattlesnake sat up in his path and threatened him; he killed it, and then blamed it savagely for not having kept out of sight. If I remember correctly, the woodpecker was not abashed; knowing that hard words broke no bones, he continued to get his dinner how and where he pleased.

Apparently as a bit of space filling, the girl reporter had once defined a poem by saying, "First you have to rhyme a certain word; second, you have to begin each line with a capital letter." To her surprise, she was informed that a kind of poetry called blank verse could be written without rhyme. After that, poetry seemed a simple matter to her. Capital letters were easy to supply when she remembered, and as she had no knowledge of rhythm, either instinctive or acquired, there seemed to be nothing but a beautiful thought needed to make a poem. To write poetry without rhyme was like learning to fly without wings, just as one does in a dream, and from that time the Gulistan news organ was flooded with blank verse about the wind and the trees, the clouds and the sun, and other things which have tempted poets since the world began. I think that she stopped writing blank verse when eight years old, and is under vows to herself never to begin again, so there will be no danger in quoting a few lines of her modest aspiration, which, after all, suggest something of the hidden poetry in a child's heart—the poetry which no writer, either in Child-Land or outside, has yet expressed:

THE BIRD

If I were only a bird I would make life happy
with my song.
The world would quiet keep to hear my song
of love and grief.
The bird flies over hill and dale, and sees
beautiful things of earth.

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were (with some exceptions) received by The Outlook during the week ending September 8. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

ESSAYS AND POEMS

Among the volumes which have been lately added to the now familiar and always charming "Temple Classics" are Montagu's *Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers*, Robert Herrick's *Hesperides* (two volumes), Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Wordsworth's *Sonnets*, and George Cavenish's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

That truly "handy-volume" series called "Little Masterpieces" is edited by Professor Bliss Perry, who has just become editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." In the "Little Masterpieces" series the volumes on *Lamb*, *De Quincey*, and *Thackeray* are, of their kind, quite ideal. The editor's task has not been an easy one. As he says, the only discomfort in selecting a couple of hundred of pages from an author like Lamb, for instance, arises from a sense of the excellence of those other pages that have not been taken. A distinctive feature of the volume on Lamb is the inclusion of a dozen more of the essayist's letters which have not hitherto been put within easy reach of the general public. We are glad, too, that the editor includes some of Lamb's poetry, especially the "Farewell to Tobacco." The volume comprising selections from De Quincey will do good as emphasizing the Scotch essayist's lyrical prose. Professor Perry believes that no prose, save Ruskin's, will endure so long. The volume on Thackeray contains selections from "The Book of Snobs," "Roundabout Papers," and "Ballads." If the "Farewell to Tobacco" found fit place in the volume on Lamb, Thackeray has some verses which more than match it in "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and we are glad to read again the ballad in this companionable little book. It must have been, however, the hardest of all the books to compile, because of the impossibility of giving any adequate

representation of the great novelist. In that respect the preceding volumes are more satisfactory. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

A good companion volume to his excellent "Patriotic Nuggets" is Mr. John R. Howard's *Educational Nuggets*. It comprises extracts from Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Herbart, Herbert Spencer, and it also includes extracts from such well-known American educationists as President Eliot and Dr. Harris. In his brief prefatory note Mr. Howard calls attention to the unity of spirit underlying all the authors, though separated by hundreds and even thousands of years. As might be expected, the book is full of suggestiveness, helpfulness, and encouragement. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.)

Four pleasant little volumes, published by the Doubleday and McClure Company (New York), contain essays on philosophers, scientists, historians, poets, essayists, and novelists. These papers were reprinted from "The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature," and hence bear the name *The Warner Classics*—although why "classics" does not exactly appear, since many of the essays included are by living authors. They represent a distinct contribution to popular literature. In their now more convenient and attractive form they will have wider circulation; they will thus have a greater influence in stirring the mind to study and research. Their text takes us back to those statelier essay-days when Macaulay and Carlyle were writing. Amid the onrush of a "too popular" literature few of us re-read their essays as we should. In some respects, however, the quality and distinction of the so-called "Warner Classics" are not unworthy of such predecessors. We note at random a few titles in the table of contents—Cardinal Newman, by Richard Holt Hutton; Edward Gibbon, by W. E. H. Lecky; Dante, by Charles Eliot Norton; Bacon, by Charlton T. Lewis; Carlyle, by Leslie Stephen; Byron, by Charles Dudley Warner; Burns, by Richard Henry Stoddard; and Tennyson, by Henry van Dyke.

Not infrequently we have inquiries in regard to the circumstances connected

with the origin of our greatest National songs. We shall take pleasure hereafter in referring such inquirers to the volume called *Stories of Great National Songs*, by Colonel Nicholas Smith. This devotes a chapter to each of many of the famous National anthems and war songs, and these patriotic stories are accompanied by many portraits and other illustrations. (The Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee, Wis.)

LITERARY CRITICISM

MM. Brunetière and Lemaitre might find at once support and criticism from an excellent book just published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York). Indeed, all literary critics, whether dogmatists or impressionists, should read Professor W. P. Trent's *Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays*. It is no mere collection of detached papers on various subjects. All of the essays have to do with subjects connected with literature, such as the nature of literature, or the relations of literature to morals, or the teaching of the spirit of literature. Then come the applications of Professor Trent's theories in these and other essays, ranging in subject from Horace to Howells. Peculiarly pertinent, from the standpoint of individualistic criticism, is the author's distinction between teachers, as possessing the sway of authority, and reporters, under which title he classifies all writers ministering to public curiosity. Professor Trent makes out a strong case for the dogmatists—the academic school. He shows that they stand not only for the collective wisdom of the past, but also for the trained knowledge of the present; not only do they distinguish the values in various categories of production, they also emphasize the unity of art and ethics, for authority in criticism must rest on the same basis as do ethics and law. The evident interdependence of these principles has not escaped the attention of impressionists themselves, and perhaps their desire to escape ethical responsibility has led them to attack the academists' deference to history by calling it only a servile dependence on an effete past. Whatever they may say of that past, however, impressionists cannot attack the principle that due weight should be given to the trained knowledge of the present. If, on

the one hand, Professor Trent well states the case for the academists and dogmatists, he is, on the other, fair to the impressionists. He shows that their chance lies in those domains of literature where a merely academic critic has little or no control; that it lies in the exploration of new regions; and, lastly, that it lies in the application to the literature of the past of those fresh and novel points of view which each generation supplies. These and many other clear and helpful distinctions are put forth by the author with commendable reiteration. Having said a good thing once, he does not hesitate to say it twice, and the book becomes, therefore, one of impact. In the best sense, it is a textbook. While its present title is characteristic enough of the contents, a better one would seem to have been "The Outline and Application of a Critical Philosophy."

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. John R. Spears has heretofore been best known as one of the cleverest of descriptive newspaper correspondents, and as a writer of volumes relating to discovery and exploration. We think *The Fugitive* is Mr. Spears's first essay in writing boys' stories; it strikes us as an excellent tale of adventure, dealing with the old days of American clipper ships and African slave-trading. The story is told with decided spirit, and, while surely stirring enough, keeps on the safe side of sensationalism. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Cy Warman, by long personal experience, acquired a close and exact knowledge of the life of railroad men. Like his other stories dealing with this general subject, *The White Mail* has merit in just so far as it brings out realistically the actual life of the engineer, the brakeman, and the freight-handler: as a piece of fiction it has obvious and crude defects. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A Modern Mercenary, by E. and Hesketh Prichard (E. and H. Heim), is modeled somewhat after "The Prisoner of Zenda" style of romance. Like Mr. Hope, Mr. Chambers, and other recent writers, the authors of this book invent a European small State, so situated as to be subject to the diplomatic intrigue of Russia, Germany, and England. In the political complications which arise there is

ample opportunity to infuse the element of personal adventure and romance. The story is told with considerable vigor and originality. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Mr. E. W. Hornung's "An Amateur Cracksmen" was certainly sensational enough in its delineation of crime from the criminal's standpoint, but it was also in a way humorous. His new story, *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, is even more sensational, while it lacks humor altogether. The characters revel in crime until the reader's brain whirls and he longs for something quieter. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones has published, through the Macmillan Company (New York), a book which will refresh and inspirit any reader. Its title is *Jess. Bits of Wayside Gospel*. These bits of gospel were found out-of-doors during what the author cleverly calls "occupied vacancies, miscalled vacations." The impressions were once delivered to Chicago audiences; they are now redelivered to a reading audience, and in that wider field must assuredly justify their author's hope of quickening a love for nature in her every-day and near aspects, and for human nature, always at hand. *Jess* is a saddle-horse, and out of that horse's service its master extracts the kind of sermons and genial philosophy which were the outcome of Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey." The two books are somewhat alike: in saying this, one could not pay a higher compliment to the living author. We earnestly and heartily recommend every one who loves nature, but especially every one who loves "the uplands of the spirit," to read this book. Amidst the rush and turmoil of this end of the century, it is a pity that time has not been found, by the few who can do such work, for the writing of more volumes of this character.

Canon Rawnsley's "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" were such thoroughly enjoyable volumes that his *Life and Nature at the English Lakes* is sure to have a specially wide and warm reception. No one can have ever visited the English Lakes, with all their glamour of exquisite natural beauty joined to memories of great and good men who

have lived there, without becoming in some degree a lover of those lakes. He will, therefore, by means of Canon Rawnsley's new book, not object to wanderings through Skiddaw Forest, to Skiddaw Top, by Greta Side, or over Loughrigg. The book was written, and will be read, *con amore*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

All interested in the use in churches of standard anthems of a sound musical character will be pleased to know that a series of such anthems by such composers as Stainer, Gounod, Stanford, and others are being published in compact and convenient form by the musical publishing house of Novello, Ewer & Co. (New York), at a very low price.

In view of the fresh discussion which the subject is receiving, the *Jewish Law of Divorce According to Bible and Talmud*, by David Werner Amram, a member of the Philadelphia Bar, is a timely as well as interesting work. The author holds that the divorce regulations of Israelites were an admirable example of common sense. We are ready to admit that our perusal of his book has increased our respect for the rabbinical regulations. Some account is given of their development in post-Talmudic times. The curiously elaborate rules for procedure in divorce—one hundred and nine in all—put our modern laxity to shame.

Funeral Sermons and Outline Addresses: An Aid for Pastors, compiled and edited by William E. Ketcham, D.D., is a copious assortment of both high-grade and low-grade material. Those pastors who are afflicted with poverty of thought in the presence of death and mourning may here find such help as they desire to borrow. Others, who need not to borrow, may also be helped by finding suggestions here which they can better or correct. (Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.)

The appearance of a new edition of Professor W. P. Du Bose's *Soteriology of the New Testament* recalls the fact that it has been recognized as one of the strongest contributions that recent years have brought to the catholic-orthodox teaching on the Scriptural doctrine of salvation. Professor Du Bose's views of the person of Christ have met with some criticism

from the conservative side, which, in the preface to this edition, he attributes to a misunderstanding that he endeavors to correct. His conception of salvation includes a deliverance both from physical and spiritual evil, which is realized at once in faith, and ultimately in fact, through that spiritual fellowship in which Christ is to his disciple the soul of the soul. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

An attempt to print the best of Heine's descriptive, critical, and autobiographical prose works has been well realized by Dr. A. B. Faust, of Wesleyan University. While his extracts are representative of Heine's versatile genius, the small compass of the volume necessarily excludes many favorite passages. Dr. Faust has provided his *Heine's Prose* with informative introductory matter and notes. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Young Citizen, by Charles F. Dole, is a book that not only teaches the duties of citizenship, but inspires the spirit to perform them. With marvelous skill the author keeps touching upon the things that come within the life of the youngest readers, and thus sustains a keen interest in the city and National affairs that are ordinarily taught with deadening dullness. But the intellectual quality of this little book is really less remarkable than the moral quality. It is aglow with a fine, strong love of country, and of the things for which the country should stand. Those who believe that a text-book cannot teach morality cannot have in mind text-books into which the author puts his own personality. Such books always must teach morality; and the little book before us does it in a rare degree. Though intended for schools, it is not cut up into sections, but in form as well as contents is good reading for young people at home. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Another volume of the exquisite series on "Mediæval Towns" has appeared. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) This latest edition has to do with *Toledo*. The text is by Hannah Lynch; the illustrations by Helen James. Both text and illustrations do honor to the most picturesque old city in Spain.

Books Received

For the week ending September 15

- A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK
Mason, W. L. Glad Tidings (Sunday-School Collection). 30 cts.
- A. I. BRADLEY & CO., BOSTON
Caine, O. V. In the Year of Waterloo. \$1.50.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. A Pair of Pickles. 75 cts.
Adams, Ellinor D. Little Miss Conceit. 75 cts.
- E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Channing, Blanche M. Zodiac Stories. \$1.50.
Otis, James. The Life-Savers. \$1.50.
Gordon, Colonel H. R. Osceola: Chief of the Seminoles.
- GINN & CO., BOSTON
Greenough, J. B., D'Ooge, B. L., and Daniell, M. G. Second Year Latin. \$1.40.
Homer's Iliad (Edward Bull Clapp). \$1.90.
- D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. 40 cts.
- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Tennyson, Alfred. Poetical Works (Illustrated). \$1.50.
- LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Howard, General O. O. Henry in the War. \$1.25.
Child, Frank S. The House with Sixty Closets. \$1.25.
- ORANGE JUDD CO., NEW YORK
Tadd, J. Liberty. New Methods in Education. \$3.
- LIBRARY BUREAU, CHICAGO
Dana, John Cotton. A Library Primer. \$1.
- THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Winter, John Strange. A Name to Conjure With. \$1.25.
- Hatton, Joseph. When Rogues Fall Out. \$1.25.
Hussey, Eyre. On Account of Sarah. \$1.25.
- HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Underwood, Lucien M. Moulds, Mildews, and Mushroom. \$1.50.
- LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON
Mahan, Capt. A. T. The Life of Nelson.
- A. C. MCCLURG & CO., CHICAGO
Dunn, Byron A. On General Thomas's Staff. \$1.25.
- THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Crawford, F. Marion. The Ralstons. \$1.
Vathell, Horace A. A Drama in Sunshine. \$1.50.
Ganong, W. F. The Teaching Botanist. \$1.10.
Warren, K. M. Langland's Vision of Piers the Plowman.
- Carpenter, G. R. Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition. 60 cts.
- Le Bon, Gustave. The Psychology of Socialism. \$3.
Wager, C. H. A. The Siege of Troy. \$1.25.
Hardin, W. L. The Rise and Development of the Liquefaction of Gases. \$1.50.
- HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Wyeth, John A., M.D. Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. \$4.
- Fox, John, Jr. A Mountain Europa. \$1.25.
- M. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS, NEW YORK
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn. Westminster Abbey. \$1.25.
- F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK
Chambers, I. Mench. Harold Payson: A Life of Lowly Ministry.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Perry, Bliss. The Powers at Play. \$1.25.
Grant, Robert. Search-Light Letters. \$1.50.
Davis, Richard Harding. The Lion and the Unicorn. \$1.25.
- Grant, Robert. The Art of Living. \$1.50.
Beard, Wolcott Le Clear. Sand and Cactus. \$1.50.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Emerton, Ephraim. Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. \$1.50.
- Drury, W. P. Bearers of the Burden. \$1.
Hutton, Frederick W. Darwinism and Lamarckism. \$1.
Lefebvre, Ernest. (Translated by Alan S. Cole.) Embroidery and Lace. \$2.25.
- Hayward, Abraham. The Art of Dining. \$1.75.
- SHERMAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Comegys, B. B. An Order of Worship, with Forms of Prayer. 40 cts.
- H. S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO
Craddock, Charles E. The Bushwhacker and Other Stories.
- Rayner, E. In Castle and Colony.
Ade, George. Doc' Horne.
- UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON
Sanborn, Kate. Tact. 35 cts.
Brine, Mary D. Sunshine. 35 cts.
Stalker, James. Youth and Age. 35 cts.
Moody, D. L. Golden Counsels. 35 cts.
Gumbart, A. S. Making the Most of Oneself. 35 cts.
Thayer, William M. Pluck and Purpose. 35 cts.

The Religious World

The American Sunday-School Union

The ideal of a Sunday-school in every church, and every member of the church in a Sunday-school, seems nearer than ever to realization. There has been real constructive worth in the union of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, and other denominations into one society for the advancement of the knowledge of Christianity among children. The seventy-five years' history of the American Sunday-School Union points to the organization of over one hundred thousand Sunday-schools, with over half a million teachers and four million scholars. It has distributed publications to needy Sunday-schools, to the army and navy, and to penal institutions—publications amounting to over nine million dollars in value. During the past decade nearly seventy thousand conversions in its schools have been reported to the Society, and within the past eight years over eleven hundred churches have been developed from the schools organized in its mission work. The actual benefit of this undenominational union, not only to religion, but also to society, cannot be measured. The need of its educational work exists to-day as much as ever.

Scotch Sabbatarians

Were "Robbie" Burns alive, what splendid satire we might expect upon the Sabbatarianism of Glasgow! By a vote of forty-eight to twelve, the City Council has denied the petition of the labor unions, supported by the University Faculty and several of the leading clergymen, to open the People's Palace, with its art gallery, for a few hours on Sunday. Dr. John Hunter, of Trinity Congregational Church, presented the petition. He represented that drunkenness and licentiousness were more rife on Sunday than on other days, and largely so because of compulsory inactivity and idleness. Sunday should meet every need of our higher nature, and bring opportunity for quiet and elevating recreation, as well as for meditation and worship. This larger view of the best use of the day for physical and intellectual as well as moral and spiritual

needs must not, he said, be confounded with its desecration. Similar arguments were used by other ministers supporting him; but the Presbyteries of the Established, Free, and United Churches, together with other religious bodies, made common cause in opposition, and carried the day. It requires a peculiarly Scotch discrimination between man-made and God-made objects of beauty to reconcile this Sunday closing of the art gallery with the Sunday opening of the Winter Garden adjoining the People's Palace, which the Council granted last year. Nor is it less incongruous that Scotch workingmen should be refused that liberal interpretation of the Westminster Standards which has been conceded to the Scotch clergy.

The Quaker Hill Conference

Week before last the first of what may be a series of helpful and stimulating conferences for Bible study was held at Quaker Hill, N. Y. Quaker Hill is the eastern end of the town of Pawling, having as stations Pawling, on the Harlem Branch of the New York Central, and West Pawling, on the New England Railroad. Here, among the hills of Dutchess County, some twenty clergymen and a large number of residents and summer visitors gathered to consider "The Bible and its Message." Every morning there was a suggestive and inspiring study of "The Messages of the Prophets," led by Professor Frank K. Sanders, of Yale. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York City, spoke on "Bible Difficulties and their Alleviative Interpretation." Mr. J. B. Reynolds, head worker of the New York City University Settlement, spoke of "The Prophets as Social Reformers," and upon the theme "Obstacles to Reform in the Life of the Poor." Among the other speakers were the Rev. Thomas C. Strauss, of Peekskill, on "The Practical Value of Biblical Criticism;" the Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York, on "A Working Theory of Inspiration;" the Rev. J. H. Rankin, of Bedford, on "The Historical Study of the Bible and the Ordinary Man;" the Rev. E. P. Gould, D.D., of St. Bartholomew's Parish, New York, on "Some New Testament Clues;"

the Rev. James A. Fairley, of Nutley, N. J., on "The Fatherhood of God in the Teaching of Jesus;" the Rev. H. P. Woodin, of Chicopee, Mass., on "The Constructive Principle in the Newer Teaching;" the Rev. Harlan P. Beach, of Montclair, N. J., on "Imparting the Bible Message to the Non-Christian World;" the Rev. W. A. Babbitt, of Katonah, on "The Man with the Message;" and the Rev. Charles L. Carhart, of Marlboro', who preached the conference sermon. Throughout the addresses and discussions there was manifest a spirit that would find the Scriptures, in the light of modern knowledge, still more abundantly the source of illumination and stimulus. The conference was made possible by the generosity of Mr. Akin, whose ninety-six years sit lightly on his shoulders; by the hospitality of Miss Monahan, who entertained the guests of the conference at "Hill Hope," and by the wise planning of the Rev. Warren H. Wilson, of Christ Church, Quaker Hill. We hope that next year, on this mount of vision, an increasing number may gain knowledge and strength for the valley of service.

Chinese Missions

Last week it was announced from China that several British missionaries had been driven out of the city of Paongan, situated a hundred and fifty miles across the border in Tibet. Over three thousand Lamas reside in that city, the majority of whom joined the anti-foreign demonstration and drove out the missionaries. Near Ichang and Chun-king, in the Yangtze regions, an anti-Catholic uprising was caused by the kidnapping of children. Children have been stolen almost by the wholesale by wandering gypsies, but the natives believe that they were eaten by the hated foreigners. A number of native Catholics have been killed. At Fuchau two natives were killed for circulating reports against the foreigners. In all China there are, it is said, about two thousand missionaries. Their lives have often been more or less imperiled by such absurd reports as the above. These and other questions of vital importance to Christian work in China were discussed some time since during a conference at Shanghai, which was attended by several hundred missionaries. One of these

questions was that of Chinese ancestral worship. In an able paper, Dr. Martin, of Peking, took the ground (recently emphasized by Mr. Harold Gorst in his "China") that ancestral worship is not inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. This position, however, was not accepted by the majority. Their position was represented in the opinion of Dr. Blodg t, a veteran missionary, who said that, while he could not countenance ancestral worship in Christian converts, he would not directly attack it in his preaching. Instead, he would so preach the love of God, the Father of all, that the strength of this greater love would of itself undermine and displace the national cult.

Chinese Stagnation

An American missionary may be trusted not to deprive the Chinese of liberty of conscience, says the Rev. I. J. Atwood, in writing to us on this subject; nor does any missionary start out with the distinct purpose of tearing down the custom of ancestral worship or any other cult. Mr. Atwood justly declares that Chinese society is already rotten to the core, and needs the new life that only Christianity can give, as much as did the debased Roman Empire. Missionaries do bring a new life to society, and not only to society, but even to commerce, because they give men new ambitions and purposes in life, and these new ambitions and purposes are the very mainsprings of commerce. That missionaries have been pioneers of commerce is a matter of history, and that in China missionary endeavors will, in general, prove no drag to legitimate trade may be accepted with entire confidence. Dr. Dudgeon, an eminent Orientalist, attributes Chinese decadence to the baleful effects of the opium-eating habit. To the query why the commercial map of China in Lord Charles Beresford's recent book leaves the northwestern half a blank, Mr. Atwood replies: "Because the wealth of that country has vanished down the pinhead hole of the opium-pipe." Its most fertile lands have been given up to the cultivation of the poppy, and its population, whether merchants, scholars, artisans, or farmers, have also given themselves up, soul and body, to smoking the drug. They have no time to engage in

commerce, even if they had any money to spare. However, Mr. Atwood believes that the cause of China's decadence lies deeper than the opium-eating habit. That habit is only a symptom of a fatal stagnation, a stagnation due to hopeless official corruption, which cannot tolerate anything interfering with its selfish methods. It is seen in the corrupt and mercenary official who blocks up the highway of trade to the interior with his numerous customs barriers for *likin* duties and extortions, which estrange trade and fleece the people. It is seen in the action of the Empress Dowager, supported by the mandarins, foully imprisoning the Emperor and banishing his liberal advisers. It is frightened off from murdering missionaries only by the threat that foreign Powers will slice up the country.

Pundita Ramabai

The work that Pundita Ramabai is doing for her unfortunate sisters in India should appeal to every man and woman, in churches and out of churches, in missionary societies and out of missionary societies, to every one interested in humanitarian work. Especially should it appeal to the women who are earnestly working together for the good of women. Ramabai began her work single-handed and alone. During ten years she bravely carried it on in the midst of bitter opposition and misrepresentation, but with an unbounded confidence in God and the American people. She began with two pupils; to-day they number nearly four hundred. She began with a secular school; to-day she has not only the Shâradâ Sadan, still secular in its character, but also the Mukti, an industrial school, where the girls rescued from the famine districts are being trained for self-supporting positions. Christianity pure and simple is taught without restriction, and is being gladly accepted by a great majority of the girls. Ramabai's farm at Khedgaum, given by a few American friends for the future support of the Sadan, has been a blessing in ways entirely unforeseen. Mukti is a school, a home, a sanctuary, for hundreds of girls of whose fates without it one cannot think without a shudder of horror and a feeling of intense pity. A lady who has recently returned from Khedgaum, where she had established a refuge for girls and women

who have been misled, or have chosen, in their distress, a wrong course of life, speaks earnestly of the needs of Mukti. She graphically portrays Ramabai's wonderful oversight of the farm, the home, the school—and this without neglecting Shâradâ Sadan—her rigid economy, her untiring devotion to her children, and her marvelous influence over all who come in contact with her. Mukti is in need of money for the completion of its buildings, for the support of its inmates, for the elementary education and industrial training of its pupils. Hearts and hands should respond to the needs of these Eastern sisters, and prove to them in a generous and practical way that all are children of one Father. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. E. Hayward Terry, 222 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

The Lord's Supper

A correspondent, apropos of the recent Pastoral Letter on the Lord's Supper, sends us the following inspiring extract from Phillips Brooks on the same theme. It surely affords a basis on which all Christians could agree in recognizing the sacredness of this service:

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John vi., 31.

The Lord's Supper, the right and need of every man to feed on God, the bread of divine sustenance, the wine of divine inspiration offered to every man and turned by every man into what form of spiritual force the duty and the nature of each man required, how grand and glorious its mission might become!

No longer the mystic source of unintelligible influence; no longer, certainly, the test of arbitrary orthodoxy; no longer the initiation rite of a selected brotherhood; but the great sacrament of man! . . . There is no other rallying-place for all the good activity and worthy hopes of man. It is in the power of the great Christian sacrament, the great human sacrament, to become that rallying-place. Think how it would be if some morning all the men, women, and children in the city who mean well, from the reformer meaning to meet some giant evil at the peril of his life to the schoolboy meaning to learn his day's lesson with all his strength, were to meet in a great host at the table of the Lord, and own themselves his children, and claim the strength of his bread and wine, and then go out with calm, strong, earnest faces to their work. How the communion service would lift up its voice and sing itself in triumph the great anthem of dedicated human life! Ah, my friends, that, nothing less than that, is the real Holy Communion of the Church of the living God. (Vol. VII., iv., 46, 47, 48.)

The Over-Supply of Clergymen

PRESBYTERIAN

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In my opinion, there is not an over-supply of clergymen in the Presbyterian Church. There is work for all our ministers who have the capacity for labor. Of the 7,312 ministers on the roll of this Assembly about 300 are incapable of service, owing either to age or infirmity, and many others are engaged in educational work or in foreign missions. I estimate that about 6,000 clergymen are available for the 7,386 of our congregations located in the United States. The problem which confronts this Church is to adjust the unemployed clergymen to the vacant churches in a satisfactory manner, and to provide a sufficiency of workers. Last year we received 57 ministers from other denominations.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTS,

Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The fact that there are unemployed ministers does not prove that there are too many ministers. It means simply that there is nothing for those ministers to do—for reasons, probably, that are largely personal. I have no sympathy with the cry of the “ministry for the ministers.” The ministry is for the Church. When another man can fill my place more acceptably than I, I must give way. The proper way to answer the question, “Is the ministry overcrowded?” is to study the opportunity for labor opened to new ministers. In May, 1898, 150 men graduated from Princeton, McCormick, and Auburn Seminaries—three of the largest seminaries of the Presbyterian Church. Of these 150 men, 132 are reported in the minutes of the Assembly of 1899. It is not improbable that 18 of the 150 sought church affiliations other than the Presbyterian Church. Of the 132 who sought fields of labor in the Presbyterian Church in May, 1898, 114 are ordained to the ministry and are at work (possibly four should be deducted from this number) in May, 1899. Seventeen of the 132 are licentiates, without fields of labor, many of them presumably

continuing their studies. One of the 132 is ordained—has evidently sought employment, but is reported as “without charge.” In the light of these figures it is not for young men who love the ministry of Christ and of his Church to fear that in the ministry there will be nothing for them to do.

GEORGE KENNEDY NEWELL.

Plainfield, N. J.

UNITARIAN

To the Editors of The Outlook :

There are rather more than twice as many men seeking admission to Unitarian pulpits as there are vacant pulpits. But, when due allowance is made for those who, because of old age or some peculiarity, are not called to the vacant pulpits, the present supply is not largely in excess of the demand. In given cases it is often difficult to find the right man for a place. Good men, who are constantly coming to us from other denominations, or young men well trained in our Meadville School or at Harvard Divinity School, are soon provided for. During the past two years the list of candidates has constantly diminished, and the list of vacant churches is larger to-day than at any time during that period. The impression that has gone abroad that there is a great over-supply of ministers for our churches may result in a lack of desirable men to fill vacancies in the near future.

ALFRED MANCHESTER,

Secretary of the Committee on Supply of Unitarian Pulpits in New England.

CONGREGATIONAL

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Dr. Clark, of our Congregational Home Missionary Society, has spoken on the question of ministerial supply. His facts deserve consideration, as do others of a kindred nature, as, for example, that of the pastor of Berkeley Temple, who declares, so we are told, that there are fifty or sixty unemployed ministers in and about Boston. Presumably these are largely Congregational ministers, for it is the pulpits of Congregational churches that are most easily secured in these days. It is noteworthy that the same

page of *The Outlook* which quotes Dr. Clark as declaring that "there has been a notable influx into ours of clergymen from other denominations, especially from the Methodist," quotes the Rev. E. M. Mills, of the Twentieth Century Methodists' Thank-offering Commission, as saying that "in his denomination there is no over-supply of ministers." Why should there be, when so many of their most promising young men find their way into our leading Congregational pulpits?

Perhaps the best thing that can be said in reply to the Rev. Magee Pratt's "Courant" article, the main contentions of which there is no gainsaying, is that, so long as our churches demand young men, our seminaries are justified in graduating them, as they are in appealing to them with the assurance that there are places enough. It might, however, be well for them to intimate that at best there is the possibility of only about fifteen years' work before them in their profession, no matter how efficient and spiritually stimulating they may become as Gospel workers. This fact must be faced; and no more pathetic words could be spoken on this subject than might be spoken by our youngest men, who, with increasing families, know that just when they are equal to their best work they must be shelved, and that, too, when boys and girls are about their college work, if they are to be educated.

It is a shame for such a paper as *The Outlook* to speak of some of our theological students as "too lazy or too unwilling to undertake any kind of work," when the fact is that our Yale and Andover men, as well as the graduates of our other seminaries, are earnest, consecrated men who are taking up work wherever it comes in their way, no matter how discouraging the fields, while Boston University (Methodist) divinity students are stepping into the softer and more remunerative pulpits of our denomination. Ask the Rev. S. P. Cook, county missionary for Berkshire, what he has to say of the quality of Hartford and Yale and Andover men whom he finds it easy to secure for the most difficult openings.

It would be easy for one of our great religious papers to settle this discussion if it were to open a column to churches seeking self-sacrificing men and men

ready for heroic service, as a National ministers' bureau; for we are to remember that we really have as yet nothing more than local bureaus grappling with these problems. It might soon appear that there is an over-supply and that there are men who have failed, though ably backed, to get in touch with a pulpit as candidate, though they have been out of work for a year or more, all because they are past forty years of age. As things now are, our great need is an industrial bureau for unemployed ministers, through which situations could be obtained for them whereby they might earn an honest livelihood. Were this done, many a community might be blessed by their presence and many a pastor's heart gladdened. Even now such men are not idle. Gratuitously, they are laboring at the present time, some of them with as great assurances of both human and divine approval as ever they have had in the past. These are the days of the institutional church, but many a community that needs an increased force of workers cannot command the means. Why might not "secular" positions be found for ministers past forty who have a *little work* in them yet, who might easily be drawn into the work of the local church? Some of these men are not without business ability, while as a class they are not men who would loot banks and rob widows and orphans. But here a curious hindrance might come to light. It would be found that men past forty are not being sought for such work. The call everywhere is for young men. Said a prominent Massachusetts business man recently: "I have repeatedly tried of late to secure positions for capable men in middle life, and I have invariably found that such men are not wanted, that the demand is for young men." This is not an exceptional experience. Indeed, this same man is a large employer of labor. Few but young men work for him. He must have young men, and men without families, because such can be found who are content to work for nine dollars per week.

EDWARD DAY.

Springfield, Mass.

EPISCOPAL

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The inclosed lines from my last Convention address give the situation in Mas-

sachusetts. To answer "Yes" or "No" to the question of clerical over-supply is not easy; if I had to, I should incline to say "No."

While there is a certain amount of ineffective or ill-adapted material in the ministry, I sometimes wonder that, what with the narrow choice of work and the difficulty of leaving the ministry to enter another calling, there is not more. The doctor who fails as a practitioner may enter business; the lawyer may become a clerk; the minister who does not succeed as a rector either in reaching men or in earning a salary, and who wants to earn his living, must, to leave the ministry, be deposed—to the world's eye, be degraded. No wonder that he prefers to suffer within the ministry. You remember how earnestly Bishop Brooks, in his only Convention address, pleaded for some other way by which such a man could be retired from the ministry. With all this said, we find that of our two hundred and fifty-four clergymen canonically resident in Massachusetts, there are less than ten that can be counted in this class. One may safely say that there are others who have not the qualities that enable them to do really excellent work, but the great body of the clergy are doing reasonably efficient service.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
Bishop of Massachusetts.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Of course there are never enough good ministers. And if it be allowable to speak of the theory of chances in connection with so sacred a matter, it is necessary, perhaps, to put up with a considerable number of inefficient and even useless ministers, in order to secure the proper number of good ones.

Much of the recent thought and speech on the subject has seemed to me very hasty and undigested. I do not doubt that there has been an "over-supply" of ministers ever since the Church became a religious establishment. But there have been, in past ages, ways whereby the "glut" might be drawn off. For example, in the Middle Ages, even as nowadays in the Roman Catholic Church, there was an over-supply of ministers. But they were drawn off into the monasteries, where they could brood over their disappointments and failures; and, seeing that the reporter had not yet been seen in the land, the laity were not kept informed concerning the glut.

I do not doubt that there was an over-supply even so early as the fourth century. But the ministers who could not get a permanent footing either turned anchorites,

or begging monks—ministerial hoboes?—or earned a living through handiwork and trade. The records of the Councils show that there was a considerable body of ordained persons in secular business. So, again, in America, seventy-five years ago, the clergy had almost a monopoly of education, and if a man could make no permanent footing as a minister, he might easily take up teaching. But in our time teaching is a distinct profession. The unfortunate or ineffective clergyman cannot find in that field an opening or a place, and since most kinds of secular business are barred against a man who has once taken orders, nothing appears to be open to him save to eat his own heart.

Besides, is there not an over-supply of men in every one of the "professions"? But a glut of lawyers does not put itself in evidence, partly because a lawyer can dabble in many things and thus keep body and soul together, and partly because lawyers do not wear distinctive clothes and are not thrown into a special class that easily keeps itself in evidence, both before the eyes of the community and before itself.

I am inclined to think that the man you quote is partly right in his condemnation of the custom of paying men to enter our seminaries. Yet even there it is easy to get outside the known facts, through forgetting that the aid given to theological students is identical in principle with the scholarships in our colleges. The only trouble is that in some places the scholarships are, relatively, too numerous; so that the "scholarship" is no spur to the "scholar."

The only thing certain for me is this: that we ought to keep out of the ministry every man who is not in dead earnest. Nevertheless, even on this point I am sometimes compelled to content myself with the abstract principle, being careful not to apply it to every individual case. For sometimes "earnestness," like other high virtues, comes late into a man's life.

HENRY S. NASH.

Episcopal Theological School,
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As to the overcrowding of the ministry: (1) It is far from being overcrowded by men of fair capacity and real spiritual life. Men who have a "call" do not fail—

do not go about seeking churches, and are not perpetually changing their fields of work. Such men do not need any spoon-feeding into the seminaries. They have some spark within them of fire from off the altar. They speak and work because they cannot help it. You cannot keep such men out of the university, you need offer no special inducements to such; they can do without societies for the increase of the ministry.

(2) The common custom of offering inducements to young men to enter the ministry works very badly. The ministry is the easiest of all professions to enter, and too many "weaklings" enter it. Better far, in my opinion, leave churches without clergy till the right men are ready for their work. Churches seeking clergy, and seeking in vain, might impress on Christian people generally a very common sin. Worldliness rules in many Christian homes supposed to be unworldly. Parents very often turn their sons' minds away from the ministry as a profession. Its pecuniary advantages are too poor. I often find God-fearing parents steadily resisting the inclination of their sons towards holy orders.

(3) The times need strong, earnest men who *believe*. Such men can win a hearing; multitudes are waiting to hear them speak. I believe there are more such men in the churches to-day than there were twenty years ago. But the times are critical times, and mere pretension or incapacity stands out confessed and condemned as never before. Hence the number of clerical failures.

W. S. RAINSFORD.

St. George's Rectory, New York City.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There are more competent men in the ministry of all the Protestant churches than the churches can afford to support. There can be no doubt about this. Take the Year-Book or almanac of any Church, and run your eye down the list of parishes, and you will see that the majority of the parishes have less than one hundred and fifty communicants. It goes without saying that parishes of this size cannot, under ordinary circumstances, support a clergyman, with his wife and children. (Bar out, of course, rich suburban congregations, parishes supported by one or two

rich men, and endowed parishes.) Consequently we have the fact that a large proportion of clergy depend on private means, or teaching, or writing to supplement their incomes.

From the point of view of the parson, the case stands that hundreds of them never get a man's work to do. Men are giving their lives to keeping together little flocks of P.E. or M.E. or X.Y.Z. brethren who are entirely capable of caring for large churches. Think of all the good men who could visit every soul in the parish in a week, who are confronted every Sunday by the same faces, and are seldom called upon to render any service, and remember that when they were in college they stood high in their class, and they were perhaps more promising than their fellows. Now their fellows are judges, and busy lawyers, and doctors, who complain that they can't find time to eat or sleep. In short, his classmates are doing a man's work in the world, while the poor parson has never had enough to do—enough to call out his best energies.

Now, if he were holding some outpost, if he were in a small place, which, if he deserted it, would have no one to teach and guide and bless the people, it would be another matter. It would be noble for a man to stay at such a post and be loyal to his flock, however small it might be. But there are no such spots in these United States. Everywhere the missionary societies of the different Churches have gone, and everywhere each one has established its representative.

Let me give you a few corollaries:

1. The Churches have more "regulars" enlisted than they can support.

2. But of volunteers they can never have too many.

3. Societies for helping young men into the ministry should be put down with a strong hand.

4. Theological schools should charge for tuition, room-rent, and board.

5. Each of us should advise young men of our acquaintance, unless especially gifted or having private means, to seek other fields of service.

6. Home missionary societies should be investigated with a view to stopping the ruthless sacrifice of noble men on the altar of denominational pride.

Boston, Mass.

R. KIDNER.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. What is the necessity of atonement? Why not forgiveness without sacrifice? 2. In what sense are men "dead in trespasses and in sin," if there is in "the lowest man a spark of the Divine Life"? 3. How are Bennett's and Adeney's works on the Theology of the Old and the New Testament? 4. Is Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible the best I can get? 5. What readable inexpensive history of the world would you recommend? 6. Do you know where one can take a correspondence course in Biblical and theological subjects? 7. What suggestive books would you recommend for a series of sermons on Judges? J. N. L.

1. Because forgiveness, if effectual, must be received as well as given, and sacrifice by some one in some way is generally necessary to effect willingness to receive forgiveness. To avoid misunderstandings, see a tract on "The Divine Satisfaction" (T. Whittaker, New York). 2. Somewhat as plant life is dead in winter, yet not wholly dead. The word "die" is thus used in Job xiv., 8. 3. They are highly thought of. 4. It is not yet fully published. Another of equal merit is also in course of publication, edited by Canon Cheyne. 5. One among many is Duruy's, translated from the French by Professor Grosvenor (Crowell). 6. Address the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Hyde Park, Chicago. 7. The International Critical Commentary on Judges, Kent's History of the Hebrew People (Scribners); Cornill's "History of the People of Israel" (The Open Court Company, Chicago).

1. Kindly give your idea of the meaning of Matthew xix., 28. 2. Is not Judas Iscariot included in this promise? H. W. R.

1. The word "regeneration" here denotes the period of the world's renovation (compare Revelation xxi., 5) by the spirit of Christ in the development of his kingdom. The prophecy is interpreted by the history of the kingdom, in which the Apostles through their writings have acted as judges of the spiritual Israel mentioned in the text (compare Romans ii., 29). To them the Church has regularly referred all

controverted questions of doctrine or duty. This has been the enthronement here foretold. 2. It depends on what is meant by the word "followed" in the text. See the parallel passage, Luke xxii., 28-30, which defines it as steadfast loyalty amidst temptations.

1. I have two boys, six and eight years old, and I want that they should early begin to understand their physical life and its relations. Can you advise me as to the subjects suitable to their age and the mode of handling them, or can you refer me to some books covering this subject? 2. Does Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible" include the New Testament as well as the Old?

W. D. M.

1. Dr. Sylvanus Stall has a series of four little books covering this subject. The one for you to consult is entitled "What a Boy Ought to Know." (The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia, \$1.) 2. It does.

Please tell me the best and latest authoritative books on each of the following subjects: 1. Summarizing the evidences of Christianity. 2. Geology. 3. Biology. 4. Nebular hypothesis, or accepted scientific cosmology.

A. C. P.

1. Row's "Manual of Christian Evidences" (Whittaker, New York, 75 cents). 2. Le Conte's "Elements of Geology," revised to date (Appleton & Co., New York, \$4). 3. Sedgwick and Wilson's "General Biology" (H. Holt & Co., New York, \$1.75). 4. Todd's "Stars and Telescopes" summarizes briefly the views given at length in Professor See's recent papers in the "Atlantic Monthly" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$2).

C. H. B.—The poem asked for is by Bishop Henry King, "An Elegy on His Wife." S. J. B. sends a copy of the lines, which we will forward on receipt of address.

Who wrote the following lines and where do they occur?

"And never yet
Did man regret,
When he was old and gray,
That he, when young,
Had wandered long
In countries far away."

H. T. F.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Leopard with Horns

By C. B. Loomis

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy. And he had always lived in the city, and the only animals he had ever seen were horses, dogs, and cats. But he had heard of leopards, because one of his boy friends had told him all about them and how they had spots on them and they could climb trees and eat people.

Well, one day he went to the country, and in course of time his cousin, who was older than he, helped him into an apple-tree and then went into the house to get something—maybe it was an apple.

Jimmy was rather alarmed at being left alone in the tree, but he managed to stay there. Suddenly he saw a beast come prowling up the road. It was about the size of a leopard, as he imagined, and it was covered with spots even larger than a leopard would have, so it must be (thought Jimmy) a very awful kind of leopard. And, to make things worse, this leopard had a pair of horns, and large, ferocious-looking ears, and every now and then it roared like this: "Moo-oo, moo-oo!" Jimmy was frightened half to death. But he had the slim hope that the beast would go away without seeing him.

Oh, horrible! The animal came right to the tree, and put its head right up among the branches, and began to sniff. Then it ate an apple. Jimmy was sure that in a moment it would climb the tree after him, so he got up to the top of the tree, though how he did it he couldn't tell next day. He was weak and white with fear when he reached the top branch. The dreadful beast now came close to the trunk and began to rub up and down. Now he would spring up into the tree, beyond a doubt! But just as Jimmy thought he was crouching for a spring he saw his uncle come out of the house, and he screamed to him, "Oh, Uncle Ed, save me, save me! This leopard is going to eat me."

Now, some uncles would have thought

the matter a huge joke, but Uncle Ed was not that kind. He knew that to little Jimmy the horned beast was as bad as the most terrible leopard that ever roamed the jungle, and so he went over to the tree and said, "My boy, you are safe while I am here, because, in the first place, this kind of leopard can't climb a tree, and, in the second place, it isn't a leopard at all, but a cow, and, in the third place, it is Daisy, our pet cow, and if you will take my word for it, you can ride on her back as if she were a horse."

There was something in Uncle Ed's voice that had a very calming effect on Jimmy, and inside of two minutes the dreadful leopard that had come to eat him, was turned into a good-natured old cow, and he rode her all around the place, holding on to Uncle Ed's hand.

Now Jimmy is grown up and has a Jimmy of his own, but he will never forget the horror of that five minutes with a horned leopard.

A Wagon and a Carriage

There are boys and girls all over the country who have to take care of younger brothers and sisters, and for a good many hours of the day; but in the cities, in the crowded parts, you see very many of these patient boys and girls, more than patient, loving.

I wonder if you have ever noticed the difference between a baby-carriage bought in a store and a baby-wagon made at home—a box mounted on wheels. Have you ever noticed that it is a soap-box that is used to make a wagon for a baby who seems to be an absolute stranger to soap, and a starch-box for a baby who is so limp that it cannot hold its head up? There is a mystery about it. I have only noticed this. I cannot explain it. Such jolly babies as may be seen in these home-made affairs, with wheels that screech so loudly that the wonder is that a baby can stand the noise! There is another thing that may be noticed—a regular baby-

carriage never takes part in a procession. But these home-made affairs almost seem to suggest a procession. They seem to fit into the needs of the procession. If a chariot is needed for a general, he tucks his legs under him and squeezes into the box, and is wheeled away with dignity. If it is the horse of the home-made baby-carriage which is needed, why, he drops into the procession with ease and yet is able to take care of his charge, or he may find a dozen ready to draw the wagon, while he attends to his duty as a leader.

Then these wagons permit of so much decoration. Nobody objects to have tacks driven in at any place where it may be necessary to produce the desired effects. Really, it will never be known who invented that first jolly home-made baby-carriage, but he must have loved children and seen the possibilities for fun that there were in his invention.

But I did not start to talk about these baby-carriages at all, these jolly affairs that some big, loving brother makes for a tiny brother and sister, but about a little girl—such a little girl, and yet so wise.

She has a number of little brothers and sisters. The baby is so tiny that he seems like a doll. The other day the mother, the little girl, the older baby, and the baby climbed up the hill to a park at the head of the street. The park has a high iron fence about it, so that no one can get in. But the flowers blossom freely, the fountain plays gayly, and the birds, from long, undisputed use, seem to own the park, and play about in the fountain as they do nowhere else.

Somebody sent out a chair for the mother to use, and a picture-book. The mother sat down and took the older baby on her lap, jogging the baby-carriage with her foot.

The little girl, without a word, wheeled the baby-carriage away up the street. Up and down the walk, out of hearing of her mother, the little girl pushed the baby-carriage, the mother rocking the older baby and looking at the pictures.

It was hot, and where the mother sat was a breeze, but that little, ragged, bare-foot daughter thought of nothing but putting the baby asleep, and letting her mother rest.

The children from the crowded street under the hill, her little playfellows, joined

her mother and looked at the pictures and talked about them. The little daughter trudged on until the crying stopped and the baby was asleep. Then she joined her mother, and leaned against her. They looked so lovingly into each other's faces that you forgot all about poverty and crowded rooms, and a baby who cried night and day, and saw just a loving mother and her little, helpful daughter.

Ah, yes! the big brother appeared with a box mounted on wooden wheels, and the older baby rode home at the head of the procession, two of the little girls carrying flags. The baby-carriage was half a block behind.

The March of the Geese

Some interesting stories are told of wild geese. We think of them as flying, not realizing that they have a reputation for marching. Years and years ago, before the days of railroads in England, history tells us that once nine thousand geese marched from Suffolk to London, a distance of one hundred miles; that for this long march but one cart was provided to carry the geese that might fall lame; the owners knew how well the geese would walk. It is said that once a drove of Suffolk geese and a drove of turkeys left Suffolk for London together, and the geese reached London forty-eight hours in advance of the turkeys.

Only a few months ago a flock of three thousand geese, in charge of three gooseherds, were driven down the quay at Antwerp and up the gang-plank aboard an English vessel. There was a narrow canvas side to the gang-plank. They walked sedately aboard and crossed the deck, going down an inclined board to the lower deck into an inclosure made ready for them.

It is said that a flock of geese can march ten miles a day. Thirteen miles a day is the regulation march of a German soldier. A traveler in the Arctic regions says that he has seen the wild geese marching in those regions. They choose leaders who direct them as well as lead them. They walk about ten in a line, but in a column, and carry their heads high. At a signal they spread out and feed, but at another signal from the leaders they fall into line again. These geese, when they cross water in their journey, swim as they march, in a column ten geese wide.

The Home Club

Women's Clubs in Paris

The President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs has announced that the women's clubs of this country will have an exhibit at the Paris Exposition. A special committee has been appointed in this country, and a local committee in Paris, of members of clubs who will be in that city for several months prior to the opening of the Exposition. The local committees in this country will go to work at once to gather and arrange the State exhibits. The National Association of College Alumnae will gather for the Department of Education a special exhibit. This will show the growth in colleges for women and the increase in graduates, compare the increase in men's and women's colleges, and give a consensus of opinion on such questions as: electives; the wisdom of adapting the curriculum on the basis of sex; the physical development of women during college life, and its effect upon them as compared with other women; women in post-graduate work. The committee will also gather valuable statistics as to the percentage of marriages of college women, the average number of children, and divorces. Those who remember the exhibit of the college women of England will be grateful for this work of the college alumnae of America.

A Mirror Held by an Englishman

The homes of this country and the relations of the children to their parents have furnished topics for the foreign critic. If we do not know our faults, it is because we have chosen to neglect the opportunity these critics have given us. There recently traveled through this country an English critic whose comments on the United States were published as a feature of one of the New York daily papers. The subject of one article was the home life of the people. This critic states that an Englishman who had lived in this country for twenty-five years told him that the boys in this country from twelve to twenty-one were insurgents against home restraints and influences; that home meant less to an American than an Englishman.

The present visitor has not found this statement verified in his experience. He says:

It has been my privilege to see something of the daily life of a good many families living under their own roof-tree, and in every case, without exception, I have been struck with the beauty and intimacy of the relation between parents and children. When my friend laid down his theory of the intractable American boy, I could not but think of a youth of twenty whom I had seen only two days before, whose manner toward his father struck me as an ideal blending of affectionate comradeship with old-fashioned respect. True, this was in Philadelphia, "the City of Homes," and even there it may have been an exceptional case. I am not so illogical as to pit a single observation against (presumably) a wide induction; I merely offer for what it is worth one item of evidence. Again, it has been my good fortune here in New York to spend an evening in a household which suggested a chapter of Dickens in his tenderest and most idyllic mood. It was the home of an actor and actress. Two daughters, of about eighteen and twenty, respectively, are on the stage, acting in their father's company; but the master of the house is a bright little boy of seven or eight, known as "the Commodore." As it happened, the mother of the family was away for the day; yet in the hundred affectionate references made to her by the father and daughters, not to me, but to each other, I read her character and influence more clearly, perhaps, than if she had been present in the flesh. A more simple, natural, unaffectedly beautiful "interior" no novelist could conceive. If the family tie is seriously relaxed in America, it seems an odd coincidence that I should in a single month have chanced upon two households where it is seen in notable perfection, to say nothing of many others in which it is at least as binding as in the average English home.

These pictures are in themselves attractive, and present the ideal of many homes. So close and fair an observer naturally sees the other side of the shield. He has discovered that the American is more migratory than the Englishman, and comments on the hotel and boarding-house life as prone to destroy the sense of home and family life. "The Saratoga trunk is not the best cornerstone for the home." What makes the Saratoga trunk the important part of the belongings of so many families? Is it true that we have acquired tastes that make the simple, independent home seem undesirable?—so undesirable that we

prefer the cheap show of boarding-house or family hotel? Is it true that the art of home-making is not attractive to many of the women of the present generation? Is it true that the homely accomplishments of cooking and cleaning, the responsibility of women for the home-making of our land, are not included in the course of studies through which most of our girls go, nor in their home training? Are young men and women not willing to begin housekeeping on the plane upon which their fathers and mothers began? Will the next war we fight in this country be to free ourselves from the slavery to things? Is it true that what we need is emancipation from the false standards that make permanent homes impossible to the innumerable thousands who are thereby deprived of the sweetest experience of love and life because of the lack of a home?

The Caterpillar Pest

The change of the grub to the butterfly loses its charm when it is the metamorphosis of a noxious worm into a destructive moth. Such a worm, known as the tent caterpillar, is now attacking the fruit and shade trees of New York State, and active measures should at once be taken against it. These caterpillars are kept in check in the forests by the innumerable insect foes which their presence calls forth. In settled districts man must himself protect his village and orchard trees. Orchards can best be rid of these pests by thoroughly spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture, to which Paris green or some similar poison has been added at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of the Bordeaux. Where this has been tried, three thorough applications of the spray have freed the orchard. The city of Rochester has protected its trees by enlisting the aid of the school-children in collecting the masses of eggs which the moth lays in June around the twigs of the trees. A few cents were offered for every hundred of the unhatched egg-clusters collected, and prizes for the largest number of unhatched egg-clusters collected. This method not only saves the trees but trains the children, and, if begun in the early fall, when the eggs can be seen on the twigs after the leaves have dropped, and kept up until the first of April, when the caterpillar hatches, will rescue the

beautiful trees of this State from devastation. Where the caterpillars are found in clusters and colonies on the branches of trees, canvas should be spread beneath the tree and the branch jarred, which at once dislodges the caterpillars and throws them to the ground, where they can be gathered up and burned. Professor M. V. Slingerland, of the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station, is making a careful study of the forest and apple tent caterpillars, which he will soon publish. From his "Emergency Report on Tent Caterpillars" we take these directions for their extermination.

Books on Food

Dear Outlook: I wish to take a thorough course in scientific housekeeping, especially in regard to the selection and preparation of food for my family. I am entirely ignorant in this respect, as I know nothing in regard to the nature of food products. Can you give me a list of books pertaining to the subject?

A SUBSCRIBER.

"The Spirit of Cookery," by J. L. W. Thudichum; "Food and Feeding," by Sir Henry Thompson; "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," by Ellen H. Richards and S. Maria Elliot; "Comfort and Cleanliness," by Mrs. Catharine M. Buckton; "Home Sanitation," by the Sanitary Science Club of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae; "Evolution of the English House," by Sidney Oldall Addy; "Prize Essay of the American Public Health Association," by Mary Hinman Abel; "Home Economics," by Mary Parloa; "How to Drain a House," by George E. Waring, Jr.; "How to Build a Home," by Francis C. Moore, are a few of the books that you will find of practical use in the all-round science of housekeeping.

To Time, Not to Hurry with the Boys

By H. C. Beeching

Let them be a little space,
Though they lack our crowning grace;
Though their talk be not about
Things *we* talk of, dining out;
Though their jokes are hard to see:
Let them be.

Could we once have been as they?
Fat and rosy, fresh and gay,
With such reverence for the fact,
With such perfect want of tact?
Yes? Well, all the same, prithee,
Let them be.

— *The Spectator* (London).

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The Welcome to Dewey It is not difficult to distinguish between a perfunctory ceremony and a genuine popular enthusiasm. The welcome which New York—and through New York the whole people—will extend to the victor of Manila Bay this week will be genuine, universal, spontaneous. The natural love of the people for a war-hero has centered around Admiral Dewey as it did about Grant. The intrepidity of Dewey's attack on Manila, the night entrance through the supposedly mined channels, the completeness of the enemy's destruction, the dramatic circumstances of the fight, the fact that our first great victory was at the other end of the world—all these things rightly appealed to the popular imagination. Events since then have proved Dewey to be not only a dashing fighter, a great sea admiral, but also a man of superb common sense, admirable reserve, timely wisdom, sturdy patriotism. Excellent as are the records made by not a few other commanders, naval and military, George Dewey's name is that which stands out foremost in the history of the war with Spain. The celebration will be worthy of its subject: an imposing naval review under the command of Admiral Sampson with the North Atlantic fleet; a novel and brilliant illumination of the bay and rivers; a procession, on an enormous scale, of military bodies and civilians passing through a splendid arch of welcome and its approaches, to the designing of which American sculptors and artists have contributed unstinted labor and skill; a systematic, and in a degree uniform, system of street and house decoration; the presenting of memorials and addresses; the entertainment of officers and men in various ways—these are some of the forms which the people's welcome will take. Most impressive of all will be the people themselves—perhaps two millions of them—

crowded on the long route of the procession, all feeling that the one thing they really care for in the excitement, parade, and holiday is a glimpse of Dewey himself. The Outlook has asked Mr. James Barnes, author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors" and other patriotic books of history and fiction, to tell the story of this great occasion to our readers next week, in a personal, clear, and simple narrative, and with it we shall present pictures, taken during the celebration itself, of salient and picturesque scenes. Major-General Wesley Merritt, in the same number of The Outlook, will tell of the famous meeting with Admiral Dewey at Manila, when he brought the first military support to our fleet, relieved the tension of the situation, and, as first Military Governor, divided the responsibility with the Admiral.

Chinese Exclusion The exclusion of the Chinese from Manila by General Otis has led to an emphatic protest from the Chinese Government to our State Department. Our knowledge on the subject is derived from newspaper reports, but from these we judge that this exclusion of the Chinese is not based upon the law prohibiting Chinese immigration into the United States, but upon the conviction on General Otis's part that the importation of the Chinese at the present time into Manila practically strengthens the hands of the Tagals in arms against the United States. How their presence in Manila does this is not made clear. It has been suggested, on the one hand, that they are instrumental in smuggling ammunition and goods into the camp of the enemy; on the other hand, that their continued importation intensifies Tagal prejudice against them and against the United States Government, under whose

protection they are admitted. It seems to us that while the country is in a state of war it is entirely legitimate for the military authorities to take such action respecting the admission of strangers to the territory as appears to them necessary for the more effective prosecution of their campaign. When the war is over and peace is established, the question of the policy to be pursued should be decided irrespective of any law prohibiting the immigration of Chinese into the United States. At present neither Porto Rico, Hawaii, nor the Philippines is, properly speaking, a part of the United States. They belong to the United States, and it is for the United States to determine, through its properly constituted authorities, what is the nature of the government to be exercised therein, and what are to be the relations between these several communities and the sovereign power to which they belong, but of which they are not, properly speaking, an integral part.

The President's Course

Mr. Frederick E. White, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Iowa, in a speech at Davenport, September 14, which we find reported in the New York "Evening Post," makes the clearest and strongest statement of criticism against the official course of President McKinley in dealing with the Philippines which we recall. This is, in brief, that, after the treaty with Spain was agreed to by the Spanish and American Commissioners, but before it had been ratified either by the United States Senate or by Spain, the President proclaimed his purpose to extend military government of the United States over the entire archipelago.

This he did without being empowered so to do; and, remember, Congress was then in regular session. The treaty of peace, article 9, provides that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territory here by ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress." After the ratification of the treaty, President McKinley failed to communicate with Congress upon the subject, which the Constitution and treaty both enjoined him to do.

This criticism is not without force. It must, however, be remembered that the treaty with Spain was not ratified by the United States until February 6, 1899; that it was

not ratified by Spain until March 18, after Congress had adjourned; and that until this joint ratification had taken place, Congress had no power to pass laws respecting the Philippines. Meanwhile the President had only the option to maintain the silence respecting the future condition of the Philippines, for maintaining which pending the negotiations at Paris he has been so severely criticised, or else to declare to the Filipinos what would be the policy of the Government when the treaty was ratified, and take the risk that this policy would be supported by the legislative branch of the Government. In our judgment, the second alternative was the wiser one of the two. His so-called proclamation to the Filipinos, which was not in terms a proclamation to them at all, but instructions to the commanding general in the field, was a notification to them that the United States would maintain its sovereignty over the whole archipelago, but that it would administer this sovereignty in the interest of the people, and under it would provide the largest practicable local self-government. It remains, of course, to be seen whether Congress, when it assembles, will sustain the President in this his declaration of what the course of the Nation would be. But we cannot but think that, if he had made no intimation to the Filipinos what that course would be, he would have subjected himself to a more serious and a more practical criticism than that to which he is subjected now by the Democratic Governor of Iowa.

No Secret Alliance

The Secretary of State, John Hay, in a published letter, gives to the report of a secret alliance with England a most emphatic, positive, and unequivocal denial:

There is no alliance with England, or with any other power under heaven, except those known and published to the world—the treaties of ordinary international friendship for purposes of business and commerce. No treaty other than these exists; none has been suggested on either side; none is in contemplation. It has never entered into the mind of the President or of any member of the Government to forsake, under any inducement, the wise precept and example of the fathers which forbade entangling alliances with European Powers.

Such a denial as this will be accepted by all unprejudiced Americans as entirely

conclusive. Apparently the only basis for the fabricated report of a secret alliance with England is the fact that "our relations with England are more friendly and satisfactory than they have ever been before." This, as Secretary Hay notes, is not peculiar, since our relations with Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, in short every Power, are growing more intimate and more cordial as we enter more and more into international relationships.

American Reform in Havana

The most encouraging facts leading toward the hope that Cuba will become a self-respecting and self-governing community are such as those contained in the report of Brigadier-General Ludlow, the Military Governor of the city of Havana, which has just been published. What the condition of Havana was at the close of the war Mr. Kennan's letters have told our readers fully and plainly; now Havana is another city, and a vastly better one. From being a pest-hole it has become healthful; instead of being an offense to the eye, its streets are now orderly and clean; police discipline is in force, sanitary conditions are watched, civil government is being perfected. The one comprehensively significant fact in General Ludlow's report is that the general death-rate has been lowered, not only from the record of the two former years, but in comparison with such normal years as those from 1890 to 1895. For instance, up to September 1 of this year there were only twenty deaths from yellow fever, while the average of such deaths from 1890 to 1895 was nearly four hundred. Add to this the significant fact that only three deaths from yellow fever have occurred among several thousand American soldiers, while the Spanish troops during their occupation of the islands lost many thousand yearly from the fever, and the contrast is complete. A complete modern sewer system is the next imperative necessity. General Ludlow says, without self-praise or rhetorical language, "In Havana the rule of law is practically complete, while the rural districts are as quiet and as orderly as the interior of New England." Readers of Mr. Kennan's letters will particularly remember the interest

with which he recorded the fact that the Cubans he met were intensely eager for school privileges; General Ludlow says the same thing, and urges that facilities be immediately given for the many thousands of children who cannot now be accommodated. Already General Ludlow, on his own initiative, has opened many schools, and taken thousands of neglected children from the streets. Throughout his report General Ludlow gives full credit to the Cubans themselves for joining in the effort to rehabilitate and renovate the city of Havana. Many of the American ideas of cleanliness and order are new to the people of Havana, but this report shows that they are learning rapidly, and that as a body of citizens, they are neither rebellious nor difficult to deal with.

The Political Conventions

The Republican Convention in Nebraska not only indorsed the President's policy in the Philippines, but put the Philippine issue to the front for the approaching campaign. The despatches state that a large number of Silver Republicans were present in the Convention, and that the scene of greatest enthusiasm was when the Populist Chaplain of the First Nebraska declared that he had returned home "to vote as he shot." On the currency question the resolutions indorsed the gold standard without qualification, declaring that present prosperity demonstrated the wisdom of the Nation's decision in 1896. With regard to trusts, the Convention declared its hostility to combinations which aim to stifle competition, and recommended the establishment of a Federal bureau with power to prevent over-capitalization, require complete publicity, and otherwise check threatened evils. Upon this question, therefore, its programme differed little from that proposed by Mr. Bryan at Chicago. The only officials to be nominated were a Judge of the Supreme Court and two University Regents, but a vigorous campaign is in prospect, since all parties realize that the result in Nebraska will profoundly affect the prestige of Mr. Bryan and the ascendancy of the principles he advocates in the Democratic National Convention next year. In Massachusetts the Democratic State Convention held last week took the

unprecedented step of electing the delegates to this National Convention a year in advance. The action was bitterly opposed by the anti-Bryan delegates, who urged that the Democrats of the State ought next year to have the right to decide what their course next year should be. Some of Mr. Bryan's supporters recognized the justice of this view, and the plan to nominate at once was adopted by only a narrow majority, on the plea that it had been announced before the primaries were held, and that nothing but inconvenience would result from ordering new primaries next spring. The result of this conflict—which nearly led to a riot before it was finished—is the complete control of the Massachusetts organization by George Fred Williams and the radical silver wing of the party. The platform, which was adopted with singular unanimity, reaffirmed the Chicago platform, pledged allegiance to Mr. Bryan, denounced the war in the Philippines, favored direct legislation and the municipal ownership of natural monopolies, and opposed the legislative sanction of the lease of the Boston and Albany Railroad to the New York Central. Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., was nominated for Governor.



City Officials in Convention

The third annual Convention of the League of American Municipalities, held in Syracuse, N. Y., last week, was notable for the number of good papers read and the civic spirit shown by the officials assembled. The address of President Black, of Columbus, O., with which the Convention opened, illustrated the worth of comparing notes among public servants in different localities. In Ohio, he said, the cost of making gas is practically the same throughout the State, and the city councils everywhere have the right to fix the price of gas every ten years. Yet in several cities the price is from 40 to 100 per cent. higher than in several others where the public has looked into the cost of making gas and insisted on reasonable reductions. Mayor Jones, of Toledo, gave an exhilarating talk upon "Golden Rule Government," urging the advantage of citizens co-operating through their city governments to make city life more healthful, attractive, and elevating. He did

not, however, make a fetish of collective action, but took the common-sense view that we must "let the individual do what the individual can do best, and let the government do what the government can do best." H. J. Gonden, of New York, gave the Convention the results of his investigation of the garbage problem in thirty-seven cities. Only about half of these cities make public provision for the collection of garbage. Mr. Gonden compared the cost where this work was done directly by the public and where it was turned over to contractors, reaching the conclusion that the public did the work itself at less cost and with considerably less corruption. The question of municipal ownership of municipal monopolies, as usual, occupied a great deal of attention, and able papers were read on both sides. Mayor Johnson, of Denver, who made one of the speeches in favor of the municipal ownership of water, light, transportation, and telephone services, was elected President of the League for the ensuing year. Though advocating municipal monopoly, largely because of the exceptional economies which monopoly made possible in this field, Mayor Johnson's paper was especially instructive where he pointed out the benefits of private competition as against private monopoly. Denver, for example, is now paying \$120 a year for the unlimited service of a telephone, while in Indianapolis—a city of the same size—the competition of two companies has reduced the rate to \$40 a year for business houses and \$24 for private residences. The only monopoly by which the public service could be secured, Mayor Johnson said, was one which the public controlled.



The Anti-Trust Conference

The conference of Governors and Attorneys-General held at St. Louis last week upon the call issued by Governor Sayers, of Texas, was attended by officials representing the Republican States of Indiana, Michigan, and Iowa, the fusion States of Colorado, Washington, and Montana, and the Democratic States of Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Texas. There was a little partisan sparring among the delegates, but in the main they recognized that they were present to confer for

co-operative action, and not to discuss for partisan advantage. In view of the differences among the delegates the recommendations on which they were able to agree were rather remarkable for their number and importance. The resolutions unanimously adopted proposed action along the following lines :

1. That contracts in restraint of trade be defined, and that penalties be enacted for individuals and corporations entering into such contracts—"punishment to the corporation to the extent of dissolution."

2. That full public reports be required, not only from domestic corporations, but also from corporations chartered in other States; and that every State shall adopt a license system by which outside corporations shall be subjected to the same restraints as domestic corporations if they would do business within its borders.

3. "That no corporation should hold or own stock in another corporation engaged in a similar or competitive business . . . the object or result of which is to create a trust or monopoly."

4. That wherever stock is issued for more than the amount of capital actually paid in, the shareholders shall be liable to the extent of twice the face value of their stock.

The third of these remedies is the one that deserves the greatest attention, since it proposes for manufacturing corporations restrictions similar to those by which banking corporations in different places are now kept from consolidating. The fear of banking monopolies led the people of the last generation to stipulate that no National bank should even own a branch in another community; and while the restriction has doubtless prevented the establishment of banks in some towns, it has enabled business men nearly everywhere to deal with principals instead of agents when they wished bankers' accommodations, and has kept banks in competition with each other for the business of customers. If the fear of manufacturing monopolies comes to equal the old fear of banking monopolies, we may expect new legislation along these historic lines. It was somewhat notable that the Conference failed to call for the use of the tax power of the State to prevent over-capitalization. In our opinion, the provision that every corporation shall be taxed upon at least the par value of its securities would accomplish far more to reduce the issues of watered stock than the requirement that its holders shall incur a double liability to creditors.

More Rioting Against Negro Miners

There seems to be no end to the Illinois riots against the employment of non-union negro miners. Last week at Carterville, in the southern part of the State, a group of negroes, tired of confinement at the neighboring mines, ventured to the railway station as a train was coming in. The crowd about the station, according to the despatches, immediately set upon them with taunts and threats. The negroes at first retreated toward the mines, but afterwards decided to go back and assert their equal rights. The crowd thereupon became more threatening; one of its number struck the leader of the negroes, and at once there was a general fusillade of pistol-shots—every miner, white and black, seeming to be armed. Four negroes were killed before their party took to flight, and three more were killed before they reached the mines. For a few hours there was danger of a race conflict on a still larger scale, but Governor Tanner, realizing the disgrace which these outbreaks are bringing on the State, promptly despatched a force of militia to the scene, and promised that the whole National Guard should be called upon if necessary to bring to justice those guilty of the "wholesale murder." On this occasion the Governor's attitude was that which the situation demanded, and the present prospects are that law and order will be upheld. Nevertheless, the hatred remaining between the white and the colored miners is such that murder may again result. The troubles began, it will be recalled, when some of the Illinois miners refused to accept the decision of the board of arbitration for the settlement of the miners' strike, and imported negroes from the South to take the strikers' places. Beginning with the outbreak at Pana just a year ago, thirteen whites and fifteen negroes have been killed, and about twice these numbers wounded. Had white non-unionists taken union miners' places under such circumstances, the bitterness would have been intense, and the addition of race feeling to union feeling has made each restoration of order simply an armed truce. The situation demands martial law until the unions recognize that their only hope lies in unionizing instead of terrorizing the negroes.

New York's Reformed Primaries

The results last week of the Republican and Democratic primaries in this city proved the value of the new law in enabling the voters to curb the despotism of the machine. The primaries were held on the same day, in the polling-places used in regular elections, the two parties meeting separately in alternate election districts. Every voter who had signified his party preference at the time of registration was entitled to vote, and the fear of prosecution for illegal voting and false counting made these weapons of the machine of less avail than usual. The supreme interest centered in the Democratic district where Mr. John C. Sheehan fought for the leadership, as the avowed opponent of Mr. Croker, and Mr. Croker's lieutenants used every means to defeat him—down to the issue of false ballots to divide the Sheehan vote. In spite of these tactics, Mr. Sheehan won by a considerable majority, and the unpopularity of Mr. Croker's rule within his own party was signally demonstrated. At the present time the choice of the voters at the primaries is limited to the choice of delegates to represent them in the party councils, but in Brooklyn the Young Men's Republican Club has demanded that the next step be taken and the voters be allowed to choose directly their candidates for all public offices. This enthronement of the voters above the machine is permissible under the new law whenever the local machine is forced to grant it; and the demand of the Young Republicans of Brooklyn, if persisted in, may soon make New York primaries what they should be—the place where the citizens of each party choose their candidates by direct vote, instead of merely choosing which politicians shall choose for them.

The New York Public Schools

At the opening of the public schools of New York, on September 11, about 35,000 new pupils made application for admission. This number, somewhat in advance of last year's, shows what unceasing effort New York must make every year to meet the educational requirements of the city. While, as usual, the pressure is greatest in the lower primary grades, the high schools will be forced to organize half-

time classes to accommodate the pupils who have prepared for them. It is estimated that six thousand children may be excluded from the schools of the city for lack of room. That, in view of the large increase, the Boards of Education have so nearly met the city's need is proof that the near future will see New York's greatest disgrace, lack of schools, removed. That the pressure for room is felt in the high schools, the Normal and the city colleges, proves the advance in the educational standards of the citizens, it removes the reproach from the system that amplest provision was made where there was the least demand. The solution of the immediate problem as to room in the primary grades, made last year by Dr. Maxwell, the Superintendent of Schools, is again offered, that rooms be hired on every block in the crowded sections of the city and equipped as kindergartens. This would provide for thousands of children now crowded into grade work, and would give opportunity for kindergarten training to hundreds of children who cannot go two or three blocks to a crowded school alone. Kindergartens away from a crowded building where the "lock-step" begins at the door would permit a more natural atmosphere for little children, who rarely are fitted for grade work under six years of age. Should the Boards of Education act at once on this suggestion, it is possible that there would be room for every child of school age in the city of New York.

Charles P. Daly Judge Daly, who died on Monday of last week, was

not only one of the ablest lawyers and judges the State of New York has known, but a man of varied and brilliant attainments in other than legal matters, and one of notably forceful character—a fine type of the American citizen, self-made in a high sense. Although he began life as the son of an immigrant Irish carpenter and was for three years a sailor before the mast, he seized advantages of education so rapidly that he was admitted to the bar when twenty-three years old, was sent to the Legislature when twenty-seven, and became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas when twenty-eight. All this he did almost or quite without assistance, earning his living as a clerk or by a trade

while a student, and spending his nights in study and reading. It is related that in 1851 Judge Daly met the Duke of Wellington in England. "You are much too young," said the Duke to him, "to have reached a high place on the bench—much too young." "I owe my position," replied Judge Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little." "I recall my criticism," said the Duke, grimly; "you are doubtless where you belong." This instance of tact and readiness may be coupled with Humboldt's tribute to the universality of Judge Daly's intellect and knowledge: "This man of high character and intellect is not wanting in a lively interest for the fine arts and even for poetry. I have led him from conversations on slavery, Mormonism, and Canadian feudalism to the question so important to me—whether anything can be expected from the elegant literature of a nation of which the noblest productions have their root in a foreign country." As a scientist Judge Daly's attainments were of a high order; he was President of the American Geographical Society for thirty-six years, an honorary member of the London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg Geographical Societies, and an officer or member of many American scientific bodies. As a judge he served continuously for forty-two years—the longest judicial term of service recorded in this State. A list of merely the important decisions rendered by him would indeed be a long one; notable among them as still forming an important part of law interpretation were those relating to the nature of the law of eviction, the statute of frauds, the origin of surnames, the legal definition of a hotel, the law of trademarks, the law of telegraphs, the law as to fraudulent fees, the appointment of Police Justices by the Mayor of New York, and others of local or State moment.

multiplying signs that the leaders of Tammany Hall are in danger of losing their following, have produced a sudden change in the city officials. They are now one and all in favor of the municipal ownership sanctioned by the voters, by a majority of three to one, in 1894. Corporation Counsel Whalen, whose refusal to approve the contracts prepared by the Rapid Transit Commission has kept matters at a standstill for a year, now writes the Commission that the city is financially able to undertake the work, and offers all the assistance in his power to expedite it. He makes various suggestions as to how the plans should be altered so as to give city officials control of the condemnation of property, so as to conform with new laws providing for a living wage to all workmen on public works, so as to provide for electrical and other subways within the proposed tunnel, and so as to serve an important section of the city—between the Brooklyn Bridge and South Ferry—now unprovided for. The Commission has replied, expressing its readiness to accept at once the changes required by the new labor laws, and to make later, with the consent of the Legislature, the changes requisite for subways and extra lines; but pointing out rather sharply that the attempt to make all the changes before giving out the contracts would greatly delay work, and that the proposal of the Corporation Counsel to begin the work in the sparsely settled region at the northern extremity of the road would make any revenue impossible until the work was nearly completed. The Corporation Counsel, however, is reported as expressing pleasure with this reply, and renewing his assurance to the public that no further hitch will be tolerated. The public hopes that these assurances will continue to be as unqualified when the fall elections are over and the possibility of independent political movements is less imminent.

Municipal Rapid Transit Promised

At last the city authorities in New York are expressing their willingness to carry forward the work of constructing a municipal rapid-transit system. The public protest from all classes that greeted the proposal to give over the proposed system to the Metropolitan Traction Company, and the

The Transvaal

On another page we comment editorially on the Transvaal question as a whole. The events of last week have not added much to the elucidation of that question, although a British reply has been made to the Boer proposals of September 17. That reply, according to press despatches, is as follows:

(1) It insists firmly upon the repudiation of the claim of the Transvaal to the status of a sovereign State. (2) It points out British readiness to settle at once the nature of the proposed arbitration tribunal, provided the other British conditions are promptly and unreservedly accepted. (3) It concludes with an intimation that the Imperial Government is now engaged in drawing up its own terms, and that the Transvaal may expect to hear from it shortly. The fact that the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's has had interviews with Lord Salisbury after each Cabinet meeting called to discuss the Transvaal crisis draws renewed attention to the agreement reached some time since between the English and German Governments respecting their spheres of influence in South Africa, with possible compensating advantages to Germany in another quarter in the event of England's absorption of the Dutch Republics and Delagoa Bay. This supposition is confirmed by the absence of Boer sympathy on the part of German official and semi-official papers. On the contrary, they declare that "the anti-Boer feeling in Great Britain would pass away if the British demands were granted, and that, firmly convinced that the German Government will maintain the strictest neutrality, we consider it all the more our duty to warn the Transvaal against a destructive policy." These papers, however, are alone in taking this attitude. President Steyn's speech before the Orange Free State Volksraad last week showed clearly that the Free State is ready to aid the Boers.



Captain Dreyfus Last week President Loubet, acting on the advice of his Cabinet, pardoned an innocent man! We learn that Dreyfus has relinquished his appeal to the military court for a reversal of the judgment of the court martial. He is still, however, at liberty to seek his vindication through the proceedings of the Court of Cassation, which might very well quash the verdict on the legal point that it had been rendered on incomplete evidence. Dreyfus will seek such vindication. He accepts a pardon on the advice of his physicians, who say that he might not survive the strain of another court martial following another long term

of imprisonment. Pardon will enable him to live quietly, and gain health enough to go on in the work of complete vindication in France; for the rest of the world vindication is already accomplished. As he himself said in his published declaration last week:

The Government of the Republic has given me my liberty. But liberty is nothing to me without honor. From to-day I shall continue to seek reparation for the frightful judicial error of which I remain the victim. I wish France to know by a definitive judgment that I am innocent. My heart will only be at rest when there remains not a single Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime perpetrated by another.

For France, at this juncture, President Loubet's act may be highly expedient, but it does not acquit France from the moral responsibility still upon her completely to clear an innocent man, not by the President's pardon, but by the Supreme Court's acquittal.



Gallifet and Guérin Last week there occurred two important events, the result of action by the French Cabinet. The first was the publication of an order from General de Gallifet, Secretary of War. This order was addressed to the corps commanders of the French army, and was by them publicly read to the troops throughout France. It was also published in the "Journal Officiel," preceding the publication of the decree granting pardon to Captain Dreyfus. In a preface to the order General de Gallifet calls attention to the fact that Dreyfus's health is seriously compromised, and that he would not be able, without great danger, to undergo prolonged detention. He adds that the Government will not have met the wishes of a country desiring pacification if it does not hasten to efface all traces of the late painful conflict, and that President Loubet, by an act of lofty humanity, had given the first pledge of the work of appeasement which the good of the Republic demands. The actual order is as follows:

The incident is closed. The Military Judges, *enjoying the respect of all*, have rendered their verdict *with complete independence*. We all, without harboring afterthought, bend to their decision. We shall, in the same manner, accept the action that a feeling of profound pity dictated to the President of the Republic.

There can be no further question of reprisals of any kind. Hence, I repeat it, the incident is closed. I ask you, and, if it were necessary, I should command you, to forget the past in order that you can think solely of the future. With you, and all my comrades, I proclaim "Vive l'Armée," which belongs to no party, but to France alone. GALLIFET.

The italics are our own. No wonder that the order has been severely criticised by the Dreyfusards. General de Gallifet's apologists, however, interpret it as the purest patriotism, and as the evidence of a desire to do the best thing for all France, not for a part of it. Its only redeeming feature is the fact that it does not actually place any obstacle in the way of legal measures which the ex-prisoner may take towards rehabilitation. Anti-Dreyfusards naturally interpret it as a public confession of their power. The editorials in such extremist papers as the "Gaulois" welcome General de Gallifet to their ranks. The other event was the final capitulation of Guérin, the anti-Semitic leader, who for six weeks had been unaccountably allowed to defy the Government's authority. Last week, however, the Government seems to have realized the necessity of a backbone; it established in each street leading to Guérin's barricaded house lines of policemen, then a double row of mounted municipal guards, then another cordon of police, then a double hedge of infantry, and, again, within twenty yards of the fort, another row of infantry, while in a semicircle in front of the house itself was arranged another row of municipal guards. When this military mountain moved, the "ridiculous mouse" came forth. It is a pity that a Ministry which began its career by acts of such undoubted bravery and good sense should now allow its record to become clouded.

Resignation of the Austrian Cabinet

On Saturday of last week the Austrian Cabinet resigned. Its Premier, Count Thun, had made a brave fight against almost overwhelming odds. The venerable Emperor, Francis Joseph, is now once more face to face with the disagreeable duty of choosing a new foreman for the vast political shop, comprising twenty nationalities. The entire world has been prompt to sympathize with the hard position of the beloved monarch,

who has experienced many woes, domestic as well as political. It is perhaps not too much to say that his precious life alone keeps Austria-Hungary together. If he should be succeeded by such inferiors as the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the presumptive Crown Prince, or, in case of the Archduke's continued ill health, by the Archduke Otto, the high-spirited Germans on the one hand, and the higher-spirited Slavs on the other, would doubtless break away from such control. In short, the Austro-Hungarian Empire is in a state of transition, a condition far above any mere question of "Ausgleich" (or the respective proportion of taxation falling on Austria and Hungary), the anti-Jew demonstrations, the Socialist unrest, or the religious contentions. With all these questions, however, Count Thun and his colleagues have been battling by an administration of government through imperial decrees. His resignation shows the failure of that method of government as well as the seeming impossibility of terminating the parliamentary deadlock in the Reichsrath, for the present at least. If Count Thun's successor convokes the Reichsrath, it is to be hoped that its members will show a greater degree both of intelligence and of restraint than has characterized that body in recent years.

Last week's despatches from Venezuela's Revolution Caracas indicate that the new revolutionary movement in Venezuela is assuming formidable proportions. The principal leader of the insurgents, General Cipriano Castro, was lately defeated as a candidate for the Governor of one of the provinces, and lays his defeat to President Andrade. United with him is General Hernandez, who was the opposition candidate to Andrade in the last election for the Presidency. The insurgents' forces have captured the important town of Valencia, and thence have advanced half-way to Caracas, the capital. The Government forces have been pushed forward toward the enemy's camp, and President Andrade expresses the usual full confidence in being able to easily crush the insurgents, but the insurrection has already made not a little headway. It is understood here that President Andrade is generally acceptable to the

people in the cities, and that the revolution, which grows out of the disturbances and rivalries of the past two years, beginning with the election of 1897, and back of that even to the fierce antagonism of the friends and enemies of General Crespo, has its strength chiefly in the remoter mountain provinces. An American warship, the *Detroit*, is now at the port of Guayra, and will watch the situation in the interests of American citizens in Venezuela.



The London "Times" and Lord Rosebery A book has recently appeared in this country entitled "Appreciations and Addresses of Lord Rosebery," which has an interest other than that of its high intrinsic merit, of which we have already spoken. In it appear reports of certain speeches delivered by the English ex-Prime Minister and taken from the columns of the London "Times." When the book appeared in England, the proprietors of the "Times" applied for an injunction to restrain Mr. Lane, the publisher, from further including these reports in the book, as infringing the law of copyright. The judge's interpretation of the law upheld this view, declaring that the "Times" was entitled to the injunction because the reporter of a speech establishes a copyright in his report by publishing it under a general or special copyright notice, and this copyright passes to the proprietor of the reporter's newspaper. It is said that Mr. Lane has now taken his case to a higher court, thinking that equity will conquer the literal interpretation of the law. For the present, at least, the decision arrived at by Mr. Justice North must stand. It is exciting considerable comment everywhere. Of course if Lord Rosebery had written out his speeches and copyrighted them, the "Times" would have had no case; nor would it, perhaps, if Lord Rosebery had printed his speeches as coming only partly from that newspaper and partly from another. It is understood, however, that, in the case of extemporaneous addresses, their ownership passes with their delivery from the speaker to the public, while a shorthand reporter may copyright his report. Under these circumstances it might be wise for an orator contemplat-

ing book publication to employ his own reporter.



The Transvaal Question¹

We propose in this article to restate the Transvaal question in order to make the question itself clear to our readers rather than to advocate either the British or the Boer side. For, as in most questions, there are two sides, and something to be said for either side. We believe that there is no question as to the facts as we report them here; the only question is as to their interpretation and the application of sound political principles to them.

Prior to 1834 the Boers, a Dutch people, were residents of a South African colony of Great Britain. Their British citizenship and responsibility to Great Britain were questioned by no one. Previous incidents, co-operating with race prejudice and that antagonism so common between agriculturists (as were the Boers) and townspeople (as were the British) had created discontent among the Boers with the British Government. It culminated when, in 1834, slavery was abolished throughout the dominion of Great Britain. The Boers did not believe in the abolition of slavery; they thought, and with entire justice, that the compensation paid them for their slaves was inadequate; and they seceded. They made no attempt to resist or throw off British authority; instead, they emigrated into the wilderness, where they would be free to manage their own affairs in their own way. The migration resembled somewhat that of the Mormons in 1846 from Illinois to Utah. In both cases there was a deep indignation against interference by government with a peculiar people; in both this indignation was deepened by, in the one case race, in the other case religious, prejudice; in both cases there was an attempt to secure the right to be let alone by retreating into the wilderness; and in both cases civilization eventually overtook the emigrants who were endeavoring to escape from it, and

¹ For information on the Transvaal we refer our readers to the following books: Theal's "The Story of South Africa," Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," Bigelow's "White Man's Africa," Youngusband's "South Africa of To-day," Knox-Little's "South Africa," and Hillegas's "Oom Paul's People."

the controversy between the old and the new began again.

A brief description of these Boers is necessary to an understanding of the events which followed: in it we follow almost verbally, though condensing, Bryce's History. They were farmers, scattered over a vast expanse of country, seeing little of one another and less of the townspeople, ignorant, prejudiced, strongly attached to the past, intolerant of any control. Their passion for independence easily degenerated into faction; their scattered habitations made them practically exempt from effective law; their narrow prejudices and their need of increasing lands brought them into constant conflict with the natives, whom they treated with a harshness which evoked constant protest from English missionaries, and embroiled them in local wars which at times threatened to involve the whole of South Africa. Paul Kruger, a boy of ten at the migration, now President of the Transvaal Republic, is a characteristic Boer, with all the Boer's courage, love of independence, dogged self-will, and provincial prejudice.

It is not necessary to trace here in detail the difficulties which constantly occurred between the Transvaal and the aboriginal tribes on the one hand and the British Government on the other. At length, in 1852, a convention was formed between Great Britain and the Transvaal or Boer Republic, by which the former "guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, without any interference on the part of the British Government," with certain restrictions on that liberty prohibiting alliances with native tribes or the re-establishment of slavery within the Transvaal. This guarantee of independence was reiterated and confirmed in 1854.

That this independence did not immediately accomplish all that the Boers had hoped from it the Boer himself would be compelled to admit; that it was a wretched failure the British representatives would confidently affirm. Wars were frequently raging between the natives and the Boers, in which shocking cruelties were perpetrated on both sides. The parallel might be found in our border experiences with Indian tribes, with this important qualification: the farmers would not or could not pay the taxes necessary to put an end to

these wars by reducing the tribes to submission. So the wars were almost continuous, and they were wars which kept the other colonies in a continual state of unrest if not of apprehension. The Republic itself became insolvent; paper money was issued, which of course depreciated, "no public improvements were made, no proper administration existed, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes. . . . The weakness and disorder of the Republic had become a danger, not only to the British subjects who had begun to settle in it, especially at the Lydenberg gold-mines, but also to the neighboring British territories, especially to Natal." At length, in 1877, the Transvaal was re-annexed to Great Britain by simple act of the British Commissioner at the Cape, approved by the Colonial Secretary in England. It was affirmed at the time that the majority of the inhabitants approved the annexation; it is certain that no resistance was offered and but little disapproval was expressed. But it is also certain that no endeavor was made by a plebiscite to ascertain the will of the people. The advocate of Boer independence regards this annexation of 1877 as a high-handed outrage; the advocate of British sovereignty defends it as a necessary act for the protection of the entire Cape, and as democratic in fact, though confessedly undemocratic in form. The latter claim appears to us indefensible, since the annexation had scarcely been consummated before a petition against it was circulated which received the signatures of a large majority of the Boers. The discontent which Mr. Bryce thinks might have been allayed by a wise administration was aggravated by an unwise administration, and in 1880 the Boers proclaimed their independence, rose *en masse*, attacked the British troops scattered through the country, and won a decisive victory in a pitched battle at Majuba Hill. The campaign was a short one, lasting only from December, 1880, to March 23, 1881. But Mr. Gladstone, who was a democrat and an anti-expansionist, was in power; under his orders peace was made on terms which recognized the Transvaal State as a *quasi* independent State in possession of local self-government, but under the suzerainty of the British crown. This independence was reaffirmed in 1884 by an instrument which denied to

the Boer Republic the right to conclude treaties with foreign powers, and contained provisions against slavery and in favor of just treatment of strangers entering the Republic, but said nothing about British suzerainty. The Boer insists that, since it is not affirmed, it is abandoned; the Englishman that, since it is not repudiated, it is continued.

Since that time the discovery of gold in the Transvaal has stimulated immigration. The "strangers," or Outlanders, now exceed the Boers three to one. The Boers, naturally alarmed lest their independence won in battle shall be taken from them by the ballot, have hedged about the suffrage with such qualifications that the men who pay an overwhelming majority of the taxes, and constitute a real majority of the people, are not only practically deprived of political representation, but are denied those safeguards of individual liberty which every democratic State accords to all who reside within it. Their indictment of the Boer Government is admirably stated by Sir Henry M. Stanley in his article in this issue; we need not restate it here. The Boers look with sullen suspicion and distrust, often inflamed into passionate anger, against the Outlanders, who inhabit the towns, control the commerce, operate the mines. The Outlanders look with contempt upon the Boers, whom they regard as boers. The one oppose a stolid resistance to what is called "the march of civilization." The other are impatient of what they deem a stupid opposition to all commercial and political progress.

But this would not of itself necessarily produce any other than a civil war, such as was threatened by the short-lived Jameson raid. The fundamental question is the relative rights and responsibilities of the Transvaal Republic and Great Britain. The Boer insists that his Republic is an independent State; that if Englishmen choose to come there to live, they must subject themselves to the laws which are there in force; that if they do not like those laws, they can leave; and that no foreigner has or ought to have any political rights in the Transvaal Republic until he has forsworn all allegiance to his old country. The Britisher replies that the Transvaal is not truly an independent State; that it is subject to the sovereignty

of Great Britain; that Great Britain is therefore responsible to see that her citizens residing within that State are justly treated; that no British citizen needs to forswear allegiance to Great Britain in order to live a peaceful, free, and protected life as a citizen of any community which is subject to Great Britain's sovereignty. The crux of the whole question is resolved into this: Is the Transvaal an absolutely free and independent Republic, or is it subject to the final and supreme sovereignty of Great Britain?

It will thus be seen that the question is essentially the same as that which arose between the Southern and the Northern States in 1860, and which has now arisen between the United States and the Tagals in the Philippine Archipelago. The Southern States insisted that the supreme authority resided in the State, the Tagals that it resides in the Aguinaldo government, the Boers that it resides in the Transvaal Republic. The North insisted that it resided in the Federal Government, the present Administration that it resides for the Philippine Archipelago in the United States, the present English administration that it resides for the Transvaal in Great Britain. And, historically, in the latter case it is so uncertain that, if it could be left to an impartial tribunal to determine, it is probable, however it was determined, that there would be dissenting opinions. It is, however, a question which it is difficult to refer to arbitration. The Transvaal is willing to submit every question to arbitration except the question of its own independence; Great Britain might be willing to submit every question except its responsibility for the protection of its own citizens from injustice in a territory for the right government of which it holds itself finally responsible.

Upon two points we are very clear. First: In our time a minority in wealth, intelligence, and numbers cannot permanently rule a majority, if the latter are Anglo-Saxon. And the majority of intelligence, wealth, and numbers in the Transvaal is Anglo-Saxon. Whatever sentiment may think of the "march of modern civilization," it cannot be permanently obstructed by a purely pastoral community. Whatever just claim for independence the Boers may set up, it cannot permanently withstand the claim for liberty interposed

by a people who ask that the government of the Republic be shared by all the inhabitants of thrift and intelligence without artificial restrictions.

But, second, for this very reason there ought to be no war. England can secure for Englishmen in the Transvaal all their rights without plunging South Africa into a war which could scarcely be less than one of practical extermination or absolute subjugation of one race by another race, and might result in starting a conflagration which would not cease until all the surrounding communities, aboriginal and white, were involved in it. If nothing better could be done, the question of suzerainty might be left in abeyance for the present, and the rights of the Outlanders determined either by convention or arbitration. If there be unnecessary war, the responsibility for it will be divided—we do not say equally divided—between the fanatical obstructionist of modern civilization who represents the Transvaal Republic, and the too ambitious and aggressive politician who directs the colonial policy of Great Britain.

A Noble Life

Last week, on the very day of the Dreyfus pardon, Auguste Scheurer-Kestner died. As Colonel Picquart was Dreyfus's first defender in military, so Scheurer-Kestner was his first defender in civil, life. He was an Alsatian and came from Mulhouse, the home city of the Dreyfus family. He was a chemist by profession, a recognized authority in that science, one of the editors of the "Bulletin of the Chemical Society of France," and President of the Society.

Not in this domain, however, did he achieve such fame as in another. Thirty-five years ago he entered politics through a desire to obtain needed legislation for his own and other day-laborers. His radically republican views soon drew upon him the displeasure of the Third Empire in general, and of its Minister of the Interior in particular. Besides, the Alsatian politician had actually been bold enough to found a workman's co-operative society. As M. Scheurer-Kestner was apparently not in the least disturbed by Napoleonic frowns, the Empire performed one of those despicable acts which

had to do with its ultimate fall. It imprisoned this apostle of the poor and of labor for four months, compelled him to pay a fine of as many hundred dollars, and proscribed him as a "dangerous man." When, on the ashes of empire, a republic arose, M. Scheurer-Kestner was recognized as a power in politics. He was immediately elected to the National Assembly, and, four years afterward, made Senator. When his friend Gambetta became President of the Senate, Scheurer-Kestner took the latter's place as the Director of the "République Française," the official organ, then became one of the secretaries of the Senate, and afterwards its Vice-President. At the beginning of 1898 he came up for re-election, but was defeated because he had become a Dreyfusard. Like M. Jaurès, he must needs suffer political defeat because of the espousal of a just cause.

The mystery surrounding the 1894 court martial and the prisoner's unceasing protestations of innocence had caused M. Scheurer-Kestner to doubt the justice of the verdict which had condemned a Jew to a living grave. The doubt became so strong that the statesman called on his old friend General Billot, then Minister of War, and asked to see proof of Dreyfus's treason. Billot shrugged his shoulders and would say nothing in addition to his famous phrase, "Chose jugée" (the thing is judged), and that the discovery of an error committed in 1894 regarding the handwriting was not a new fact of sufficient importance to be the "new fact" required as reason for a revision of the trial. Scheurer-Kestner then approached his friends in the Cabinet, Senate, and Chamber. All repeated the shoulder-shrugging and declined to be interrogated. This only convinced the sturdy Alsatian that he had come upon something which many men were united in wishing to hide. Thereupon he openly declared his conviction of the illegality of the proceedings in 1894, and his stubborn determination to ferret out the real culprit. At this his friends became alarmed, begged him to desist, and predicted his political ruin if he dared to ally himself with Captain Dreyfus's wife and brother, who up to that time were the only known workers for the cause of justice.

There was another, however, who had long b

's end—

namely, Colonel Picquart. He had even been paying a bitter penalty for his fearless work at the head of the Secret Service Bureau. General Billot had suddenly removed him from that position, and had sent him on a dangerous mission to the Tripolitan frontier. Colonel Picquart, however, is one of those whom it is difficult to disgrace or even kill. He escaped the balls of the Tuaregs; he returned to Paris when he found that it was necessary to appeal to the civil power to right the wrongs that had been done him by the military arm. He put his case in the hands of Maître Leblois, a lawyer, an Alsatian, and a close friend of M. Scheurer-Kestner. It was Leblois who wound together the threads of reformatory investigation, civil and military. It was Leblois who informed Scheurer-Kestner that Picquart suspected Esterhazy of being the real traitor. Picquart's agents had already secured some of Esterhazy's letters, by which an identity was established with the handwriting in the treasonable *bordereau*. M. Scheurer-Kestner did the same.

At that time M. Scheurer-Kestner had reached the summit of his professional and political careers. He looked forward to passing the remainder of his days in tranquillity, enjoying the honors which he had earned. He had already received a gold medal for his work on combustion; with M. Berthelot, he had the double distinction of having risen to the first rank both in science and in politics; in the Chamber he was known as one of the best orators, for his clear, well-modulated tones, accompanied by few gestures, were as distinct from the impulsive, unthought-out words of the ordinary French political speaker as his reserved manner was different from the often accepted characteristics of "Jacques Bonhomme." However, here was a duty, and a plain duty. In season and out of season, on the floor of the Senate, and wherever he could make a speech, M. Scheurer-Kestner did not cease to cry: "I am convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus, and more than ever I am resolved to bring about his rehabilitation."

The press of France was mostly anti-Semitic, and it immediately dragged in the mire the honored name of the Vice-President of its Senate. For his pains, the Chamber of Deputies, in December, 1897,

voted that Dreyfus had been justly convicted, and denounced as detractors of the army M. Scheurer-Kestner and all others who impugned the judgment of 1894. This, however, made no difference with the propaganda on which the sturdy Alsatian had entered. Fortunately, at that very juncture he found a new recruit for his cause, one worth many parliaments. About that time M. Zola was putting the finishing touches to a new novel—"Paris." With characteristic restlessness and omnivorousness, he had studied the Dreyfus excitements along with the other salient features of Paris life. To him also came doubts as to the legality of the court martial. He confided these doubts to the Vice-President of the Senate, and the latter told him the name of the real traitor. From that moment the famous novelist gave all his powers to the cause of justice, and his very first step was a defense in "Figaro" of Scheurer-Kestner's action. "A life clear as crystal, as straightforward, as loyal as can be; not stained; not the slightest moment of weakness; one unchanging opinion faithfully followed"—that was the way in which Zola then described the great Dreyfusard, adding: "I know nothing more sublime than the silence of Scheurer-Kestner. In the weeks when a whole people suspected and abused him, the least violent expressed doubt as to his sanity. Others, madmen and ruffians, said that he had taken a bribe. . . . Can you not see that the reason for the fury of the attack on M. Scheurer-Kestner lies in the fact that he belongs to a generation which believed in freedom and insisted on having it?"

Professor Bracq, in a letter on another page, protests against America's injustice to France. There is reason in the protest. The wrong inflicted by the secret court martial, by the conviction of Zola, by the renewed conviction of Dreyfus, is a wrong against France even more than a wrong against Dreyfus. When Americans think of those courts and of the corruption and injustice behind them, they ought not to forget the three heroes who dared almost everything that men hold dear to secure justice for one personally unknown to them. As long as the name of Dreyfus the victim is remembered, so long ought also to be remembered the names of Picquart, Zola, and Scheurer-Kestner.

A Root of Evil

In this age men and women of sensitive temperament must continually strive and pray to be delivered from egotism. It is, in a real sense, the disease, the weakness, and the vice of our age ; it has given much of our art not only an air of depression, but a monotonous sameness which wearies and repels. The first outpourings of the egotist are often interesting, but so soon as we have gotten the quality of his temperament we weary of his monologue. He has very little material who has only his own experiences and feelings to draw upon, and the material is of very limited interest. Even the man of genius, who is so unlucky as to be hampered by egotism, finally exhausts our patience. We are concerned, not with the vanities of men, but with their insight and character ; they move and inspire us by what they stand for rather than by their personal idiosyncrasies.

The egotist wearies us because he has no sense of proportion, and does not understand the relative values of things. He has so little power of self-measurement that he never clearly sees his own relation to his work or to the people about him. He always exaggerates his own importance ; and hence he is always talking about himself and his own affairs. His feelings are often of no consequence to anybody but himself, but he treats them as if they were a vital element in the general situation. The question with him is never, "What is the best course to take for the general good?" but, "Have I had proper attention in this matter?" If he is a member of an organization—and the organization is fortunate which does not have him to deal with—he is always impeding work and embarrassing people who are trying to do it without reference to their own comfort or interests. The egotist has a genius for getting in the way and delaying or defeating the plans of people the latches of whose shoes he is not worthy to unlace. The history of politics is full of instances of men who have been ready to sacrifice principles and parties rather than to sacrifice their own selfish vanity. The heroism which every war evokes is often dulled by the intrigues or the disloyalty of the men who think they have not received the proper recognition. Egotism finds its

expression in all kinds of sin, but it will be found that it has been the root of some of the most conspicuous treasons in the history of the world. It was Arnold's egotism which led to the crime which has blackened his name for all time. He had suffered real injustice, but if he had not loved himself supremely he never would have sold his honor.

The egotist is not only tiresome and difficult to deal with, but he is also dishonest, for the truth is not in him. He never looks himself squarely in the face ; he always evades or lies to himself ; and his nature is so abnormal that even when he knows that he is lying to himself he believes himself. If he fails in any enterprise or work, he is never, under any circumstances, responsible ; there is always some one else who is to be charged with the failure. If things go badly with him, he promptly becomes a cynic and arraigns the order of the world. He is a fervent believer in bad luck when things go against him, and an enthusiastic believer in himself when things go his way. If the enterprise with which he is associated prospers, it is because he has served it ; if it fails, it is because his ideas of management were rejected. That he was a mere clerical assistant does not rob him of the consciousness that the credit of success belongs to him ; that he shaped the policy which brought disaster does not shake his conviction that if his plans had been adopted all would have been well.

The egotist never faces the truth about himself because he must always be a hero in his own eyes. For this reason he learns nothing from life, and he never grows ; he remains essentially undeveloped ; for there is no real spiritual growth without downright honesty with ourselves. So long as we deceive ourselves, the truth is not in us ; and without the truth growth is impossible. The first step towards normal, wholesome, expanding life is absolute honesty with ourselves.

For this reason also the egotist is the most unsafe and unwise of guides. His judgments are vitiated by his lack of honesty ; he cannot see straight, and sound judgment is pre-eminently the faculty of seeing straight. The real egotist never sees the world as it is ; he sees it as it is reflected in his own turbid consciousness.

He is incapable of the highest kind of friendship, because he always thinks of himself first and his friend afterwards. The saddest result of his egotism is the barrenness which he gradually creates about him; for no man can make life about himself rich and fertile who does not pour himself into it with noble unconsciousness. Egotism means limitation of growth, insight, love, and service; it is the root out of which all crimes come, for every crime is an assertion of the desires of the individual above the rights of the community; it becomes intolerably monotonous and wearisome, and it blights the soul which suffers it to grow. It is to be fought with unceasing prayer and effort; for evil has no richer soil.



The Spectator

The State of Florida seems likely to reap an unexpected profit from the closer relations between the United States and Cuba. A new ambition has seized upon the more prosperous of the residents of that island, which is to-day neither a part of the United States, nor a dependency of Spain, nor an independent nation. At a time when some of our own people—notably Mr. Collis P. Huntington, in a recent address—are advancing the theory that we are educating our children so well that few will remain content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, the Cubans are making every effort to secure for their youth the advantages of an American college education. In the island education is practically wholly in the hands of the Church, and the Church, because of its intimate association with the Spanish domination, has to a great degree sacrificed the affection and the confidence of the people. Besides, the Cubans have ceased to look eastward for guidance in thought. The Great Republic, which is their nearest neighbor and which came to their aid in their darkest hour, affords them an intellectual stimulus and a political model.



To Americans Florida has hardly been regarded as an educational center, though it is true that a certain number of Northerners have there gained in the last few years a very liberal education in the mys-

teries of climatology, especially in their relations to the orange-tree as a source of profit. This is, however, that vulgar form of knowledge which experience teaches, and it would have no place in a university, where, as Lowell said, nothing useful ought to be taught. There are two considerable colleges in Florida—surely a moderate supply for a State in which, by venerable tradition at least, the Fountain of Eternal Youth is supposed to flow. One of these institutions, Stetson University, named in honor of Mr. John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, a generous benefactor, is at De Land, near the St. John's River, about one hundred and sixty-two miles below Jacksonville. The other, and the one which for some reason has thus far enjoyed the greater popularity with the Cubans, is Rollins College at Winter Park, in Orange County.



A more beautiful site for a college could scarcely be found in all Florida. The campus, surrounded on three sides by substantial and attractive frame buildings, slopes down to the edge of one of the largest of the chain of lakes which give picturesqueness to that part of the State. In the North such a site would have made the college renowned in aquatic sports, as Lake Cayuga has Cornell; but the mind of the Floridian youth does not appear to turn to athletics. The languorous climate seems to have disposed of that vexed problem more effectually than faculty committees could, and the Spectator did not see on Lake Virginia even a heavy working-boat manned by students. The lake serves its end as a bathing-place and a picturesque feature in the landscape. Its southern shore is bordered by orange groves, the long rows of trees, rising from a seemingly arid white sand, sloping down the gentle declivity to the water's edge, and looking, across the mile or more of placid blue lake, like some Italian olive orchard.



Said Dr. George M. Ward, the President of Rollins College, to the Spectator: "Sometimes I have been tempted to think that God did not intend that men should live in this country, but I believe the wiser thought is that we have not yet discovered

just what use he wishes us to put it to." In default of complete solution of this mystery Dr. Ward is doing in his part of Florida a work of the very greatest advantage to the moral and intellectual tone of the State, and his influence bids fair to extend in appreciable degree to our West Indian neighbors as well. Of the curriculum of Rollins College he says that it offers about the same educational advantages that Dartmouth or Amherst did fifteen years ago. With far from a rich foundation, doomed indeed to almost penury, the college can, for reasons that need no more than be hinted at, secure during the winter months the services of instructors who, were they able to live in the educational centers of the North, would command high salaries.

The natural route from Cuba to the United States is by the Havana steamers entering this country at Port Tampa. Rollins College, only a few hours' travel from this port, and enjoying a climate somewhat like that of Cuba, attracted the attention of parents in Havana who possessed the means of giving their children that American education which is now the ambition of the comparatively few citizens of that tropic isle who have any ambition at all. Without any effort to attract students of this class, Rollins suddenly discovered the stream coming its way. The foreigners are clan-nish, though perhaps not more so than is explainable by their slender command of the English language. Most of them are well grounded in the rudiments of an education, though, as their schooling has been at the hands of Spanish teachers, the task of acquiring English methods and renewing their knowledge of elementary branches in the English tongue is almost as great as though they had to begin *de novo*. Curious indications of the hatred they bear Spain occasionally crop out in the most unexpected places. It was noticed once that many of the boys, in saying the Lord's Prayer in their native tongue, so changed the appeal for daily bread as to make it "Give us this day our daily bananas." Neither a tropical habitat nor the normal preference of a boy for a sweet and succulent banana rather than bread seemed adequately to explain this remarkable emendation of the original, and in-

quiry was made, with the result of discovering that the change was for neither gastronomic nor theological reasons, but was distinctly a political protest. "Spain makes us buy our flour of her merchants," said, in effect, the lad who was questioned. "We are an independent people. We will live without bread; we will get along with the fruits that our own land furnishes us. Until we can buy bread where we will, and without paying Spain an unrighteous tax on it, we will not ask God to give it to us." From which it seems that the romanticism of the Latin temperament is not wholly inconsistent with a certain literalness.

The race problem which confronts Florida, in common with other Southern States, will be made no easier of solution by the presence of these Cuban students. We have been apt to think that in Cuba the line of social demarcation was very lightly drawn between the pure-blooded whites and those in whose veins flowed a tincture of African blood. Was not the patriot Antonio Maceo a mulatto, and have not a fair share of the men in the ranks of the Cuban army been negroes? It might be thought that a people good enough to give their lives in support of Cuban independence would be held in esteem by Cubans. But among the Cubans of the aristocratic classes—the element represented by students in American schools—race prejudice is more narrow, more uncompromising, than among any class of Americans. The "mestizo" or half-breed is regarded as so low and contemptible an inferior that friendly intercourse with him is a disgrace. Many mestizos are people of wealth, and among them, as among the pure-blooded Cubans, the ambition for an American education for their children is cherished, but its gratification is a matter of difficulty. It has been abundantly proved that the college which matriculates one of the despised race will quickly be deserted by any of the "superior" class who may be enrolled there. This uncompromising hostility brings to the college authorities some grave embarrassments. With all delicacy asserted that the superiority of the hated mestizo does not fest itself in either physiognomy or The merest accident preven

ment of a mestizo in the classes of Rollins. How serious a result that would have had on the work of the college among the Cubans may be judged by the fact that the mere delivery of a courteous message of remembrance from this youth, though in education and in means he was quite the equal of any Cuban in the college, threw its recipient into a violent rage and a furious outburst of offended dignity.



It is easy to say that the first educational effort of the college authorities should be to break down so illiberal and unintelligent a prejudice as this. But—the college is in Florida, and it is not alone among its students from the Flowery Isle that negrophobia rages. It would be difficult, even if it were desirable, to teach the foreign students a toleration not manifested by the people of the State to which they have come for an education in the humanities. There is, perhaps, no Southern State with so large a proportion of Northern-bred residents, and there is no Southern State in which race conflicts are more infrequent, but the racial antagonism is there none the less. A State which has made it an offense punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary to teach whites and blacks in the same school is not the community in which to attempt to break down the inherited antagonism between the Cuban and the half-breed. A friend of the Spectator's, a man much given to radicalism of thought and of action, once declined an invitation to a banquet given to advance the practice of vegetarianism, in something of this fashion: "I sympathize with the belief of the vegetarians. So far as the limitations of a market designed chiefly for meat-eaters will permit, I practice vegetarianism. But you must excuse me from attendance upon your banquet. It seems essential to the preservation of the success of the work I am now trying to do that I should refrain from participation in at least one movement of the sort described by the 'hard-headed man of common sense' as 'cranky.'" It seems to be essential to the success of Rollins College—a success that will mean much for its environment—that it shall confine itself strictly to its purpose and avoid giving offense to the dominant public sentiment of the State.

Cuban Industrial Relief

Mr. Howard, the manager of the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund, writes as follows of conditions in Cuba and the work of the relief farms:

Any one who denounces the Cubans as a dirty, lazy, worthless people is guilty of slander. Any one who asserts that the Cuban will not work speaks without knowledge on the subject. Cubans come to our relief farms in swarms to beg for a day's work. Not one has yet come to beg for food. Our relief farms are giving support, wholly or in part, to about seven hundred and fifty persons, of whom about six hundred are dependent women and children. We have workers in our fields who should be in the hospital. Some of them have insisted on working until they dropped in their tracks through sheer fatigue.

Business in the cities is desperately dull. The hotels are empty, restaurants are idle, and all small affairs are lifeless. Large business concerns are scraping along as best they may, in the hope that the future of the island may be definitely settled. There can be no return of prosperity in Cuba until the farmers have been helped back to their homes.

In the country the desolation wrought by war and Weyler still continues almost without abatement. The big planters have been able to do only a little toward the rehabilitation of their properties.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook.)

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Anglo-Saxon Responsibilities'

By Sir Henry M. Stanley

IN American chronology the birth of Greater America should be double-lined, for after the War of the Revolution and the Great Rebellion it must rank as the next most memorable event in the annals.

Over here it has furnished us with much matter for thought. In a general way, there are three opinions about it. One class, whose love for America is undoubted, regard it with regret and some anxiety, because Americans have not shown their usual prudence in accepting responsibilities over regions widely separated from them and whose condition is so deplorable. When the Americans have experienced the annual cost of them in money and valuable lives, suffered the anxieties which follow the establishment of authority over conquered peoples, seen the expenditure becoming more and more extravagant, the National debt swelling year by year, the maintenance of the army increasing in cost, the navy looming larger and larger in the estimates, it is thought that they will better appreciate the economical period when Monroe's America sufficed for all their energies and limited their aspirations.

Another class among our thinkers regard America's occupation of Cuba and the Philippines as an excellent thing for other nations. They are glad that America has ventured out of her shell of Monroeism to take her share of worry and responsibility. They think that she will obtain an education that she sadly needed. For, while safe within the ocean circle which girded her, self-sufficient, indifferent, and unconcerned as to what vexed her European sisters, she was apt to sneer at those who could not imitate her love for the ingle-nook, and was too much inclined to ascribe sordid motives to them. But she will now learn by experience how irresistible are circumstances, and that many things beside earth-hunger or avarice incite nations to go abroad and interest themselves in

the concerns of others. America also, of her own free will, offers hostages to peace, and will understand better the value of international good-will and friendly understanding with neighboring powers.

The third class consists of those good people who feel deeper than they are able to express their feelings, who chew the cud of reflection, and cherish their reserved opinions despite all the gloomy things they see in the newspapers. The Americans are their kinsmen, chips of the old block, and they have done quite right in ousting the unimprovable Spaniard, and somehow or another, like true and brave men, they will worry through and emerge triumphantly from every difficulty. They would cry out with Kipling, if they knew that such a sensible poet had already voiced their feelings:

Go on with your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways;
Balking the end half won
For an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen;
We are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.

Impressed by the stubborn faith of the mass that this movement of the Americans is all right, we search into the matter once again, and concede that it was inevitable and natural that they should wish to expand, though few of us dreamed that it would be oversea, and in such a fashion. Your Corwins and Depews in their wildest flights of oratory never sketched the American eagle as winging his way across the mighty Pacific and perching upon Manila. Your seers of the eighteenth century fancied that the Alleghanies were to be his limit; those of this century, while it was yet in its teens, saw with prophetic eyes that it would soar beyond the rolling Missouri; and those of the next generation proclaimed that the Golden Gate would be his utmost bound. The eagle has stopped there for half a century. Lately he has waked up and tried his pinions as far as Hawaii; but after he had preened himself a while he took a bolder flight and rested not until he halted on the Philippines.

¹ As a considerable part—and a most important and interesting part—of this article relates to the British problem in South Africa and the history of the Transvaal complications, it should be stated that the article was written some weeks before the Transvaal situation had assumed its present acute form.—THE EDITORS.

There is nothing so very strange about it. While still young the Nation showed extraordinary expansive power. Its pioneers were the boldest of the species. Neither Frenchman nor scalping Indian could stay their progress. Step by step they pressed on, and were gallantly followed by the vanguard of the Nation, until, in the course of time, they had spread far and wide in multitudes over the once unpeopled wastes.

To-day the Nation numbers over seventy millions. True, it is but a slim population for so vast a region, compared to what we see in crowded Europe. We must not, however, measure the capacity of these millions by mere numbers, but in organization, in the power of combining for a common purpose, and in the prosecution of big enterprises. Treble their number of ordinary Europeans could not have surpassed them in what they have done. The story of their achievements reads like an epic of the heroic age. It appears as though the bigness of their mountains, their plains, and their rivers and sweet-water seas had impressed itself on them. Their wheat-fields, their orchards, and their parks are on a scale unknown in any other continent. Their railway mileage exceeds that of united Europe, inclusive of Great Britain, by 25,000 miles, and the capital involved amounts to the colossal sum of \$12,000,000,000. So that, large as the superficial area of their territory may be, these seventy millions of brainy people must naturally have begun to find it getting too narrow for their conceptions, and to think of investing their surplus money and energies in something else than railroads. Also, in point of numbers, proportionate to area, it will be seen, upon studying the subject, that they have arrived pretty nearly to what the English had done before they sallied from these islands to found a Greater Britain. Then, again, we find that hate of Spanish cruelty has led them to venture abroad, just as Spanish greed, bigotry, and the Inquisition incited our mutual forefathers in the time of Elizabeth to go out on the high seas and give battle to Spain. And, probably, as in old time there were minor and less noble motives underlying our hate, so we should discover, if we took pains, that America was animated by similar desires.

It needs no prophet to foretell that our progress towards empire will be imitated still further. The British Empire consists of new countries that have been peopled by emigrants and commercial agents from our shores, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; of India, which has been slowly gained by conquest; of islands that fell to us in political wars; of African territories which were absorbed through the necessity of saving from the general scramble a portion that should be free to commerce. It is unlikely that Americans will acquire colonies by emigration in the manner we did, because there are no uninhabited regions available, or that they can annex territories with the consent of their inhabitants as we annexed Nyassa Land and Uganda, because there are none left; but the acquisition of territory by conquest will always remain open to the powerful and aggressive, and it is to be feared that no Peace Conference can provide against that contingency.

It is by that method of conquest that the Americans are destined to still greater dominion. There are nations periodically dying, and they offer strong temptations, and, unfortunately, they become more and more impolitic as they become weaker. Fate often provides the opportunities. It braces the strong nation and benumbs the faculties of the weak. It inspires that which seeks inspiration, and paralyzes the other. It furnishes wisdom and strength to one, and breeds confusion and discord in that destined to doom. You have but to study the world's map to find that at least four nations seem already marked by fate to provide prey for the strong. America must be numbered among the strongest, and it is her nature to recognize opportunities, and to avail herself of them.

In the following résumé of the growth of our empire in the East the thinking American may divine whither his possession of the Philippines may lead his country. Territorial expansion was not the wish of the East India Company when it solicited its charter in 1600, any more than the Philippines were the object of the American Government when it sent the ill-fated Maine to Havana. Trade only was the motive of the English adventurers, but when they arrived off the shores of Hindustan they found that they

were forestalled. There was not a single harbor open to them. The Portuguese and Dutch claimed the whole coast of Asia from extremest China to the Red Sea, and strongly resented the arrival of the newcomers. Fortunately, the rivals were disputing with each other, and therefore could not unite to crush the English. The Portuguese monopolists, being the more audacious in their claims, were the first to feel the weight of English resentment, and the matter was decided in a battle off Surat, by which the first footing in India was gained.

Twenty-four years later the English obtained a lodgment in Madras, and after two decades more Bombay was ceded to them as a dower to the Portuguese Queen of Charles II. But the whole of the seventeenth century was spent by the English traders in factories, or trade entrepôts similar to those which dotted the West African coast for nigh two hundred years, where they were subject to extortions and blackmail under specious pretexts from the petty Rajahs in their neighborhood, very much as West African traders have suffered from negro chiefs.

Meantime the French had made their appearance off the coast of India, and entered into a rivalry with the English, as the English had done with the Portuguese; and the eighteenth century is more remarkable for the fierce wars waged between the two nations than for anything else. The peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713, settled a long series of bloody disputes between them, and thereat France ceded to England Hudson Bay, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. The close of the Seven Years' War in 1763 decided the fate of Canada, the Valley of the Ohio, and the larger part of the West Indies, and also cleared the French out of India. It was this successful result of a long trade struggle which smoothed the way for the English advance. One hundred and sixty-three years had been spent in contesting the claims of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French. But it was not until the beginning of the present century that the English became the paramount power. In 1826 Assam was taken, and twenty years afterwards the British dominion extended across the Indus. In 1877 Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and the responsibilities which

had been steadily but slowly growing during 277 years were formally assumed. In brief, that is how the Indian Empire has become what it is to-day.

The present population of India is about three hundred million, and the revenue for 1898 was \$470,000,000, which is equal to \$65,000,000 greater than the revenue of the United States was last year. It is universally conceded that India is one of the best-governed countries in the world. Its vast revenue is expended far more faithfully for its own benefit than it could ever be under any native system of government that could be devised. The native princes formerly devoted what they could extract from their subjects to the building of palaces, temples, gardens, unremunerative embellishment and splendor, the Anglo-Indian Government prefers to lay out the surplus revenue on public works—railways, telegraphs, irrigation works, canals, and other material improvements. Our fault, if it can be called a fault, has been, not luxury, but that, carried away by zeal for the general improvement, our projects are sometimes on too great a scale for immediate return on the outlay. Most of the public works have, however, proved exceedingly remunerative; the railways pay over five per cent.; the canals and irrigation works return a moderate interest, and have also been the means of saving countless lives, which without them would have been carried away by famine and pestilence. Yet, with all our prodigious expenditure, the taxation per head does not exceed forty-three cents.

India, it must be remembered, pays no tribute to England in any shape or form. Every nation is also freely allowed to compete in trade with us. Free trade is carried to such an extent that an Italian merchant lately told me that our commerce with India was being rapidly absorbed by Germany, and he cited what he had seen in the Indian hotels, where nothing could be found in them, from cellar to attic, but what had been made in Germany. It was British capital that had built the hotels, but their furnishing was entirely German. Where our connection with India benefits England is that India is kept open for equal trading opportunities with other nations, whereas, were it Russian, French, or German, we should be excluded from India altogether by

preferential tariffs in favor of the occupying power.

The old traveler Marco Polo, in his book which was first published some six hundred years ago, refers to the methods practiced by Genghis Khan for keeping his conquered subjects contented. He says: "When he conquered a province, he did no harm to the people or their property, but merely established some of his own men in the country, along with a proportion of theirs, whilst he led the remainder to the conquest of other provinces. And when those whom he had conquered became aware how well and safely he protected them against all others, and how they suffered no ill at his hands, and saw what a noble prince he was, then they joined him heart and soul, and became his devoted followers."

I think it must be admitted that these methods have been fairly followed by us, with the effect that the whole of the Indian Peninsula is as loyal to the British Queen and Empress as any of her Majesty's possessions.

Though there are altogether about four hundred millions who profess allegiance to the Crown, and appear, so far as we can gather, to be proud of the flag which assures them peace and security, we are not without periodical fluctuations of spirit with respect to our competence for government or the continued maintenance of so vast an empire. I have read of a rich man who lately committed suicide because he feared he was getting poor. We seem to be afflicted occasionally with that peculiar mania. Those who care to glance at some of our political periodicals during the eighties, say 1880-86, will discover into what a sad state we had fallen. We actually had become so discouraged and weakened that the Germans or the French might, by a little persistence and peremptoriness, have had anything from us for the asking, so long as we were left alone and done with it. President Kruger was the one man who seemed to understand rightly the depths of despondency we were in, and he made his profit by it. A little demonstration of his at Majuba Hill was quite enough, and the independence of the Transvaal was assured to him. Why Germany, France, and Spain did not profit by the terrible inertia which fettered our will at the time can be explained only

by the fact that they had not quite realized just then our extreme weariness of the burdens of empire. Some will have it that it was only cowardice that we suffered from. This may be doubted, for, after all, the bogies that we professed to fear were of our own creation. But the strangest thing to me was the inexplicable timidity of the newspapers, for, generally speaking, they are fearless to rashness. The will to say what was ours, or what we meant to do with our claims, was perversely hidden under columns of words, which as cunningly obscured their meaning as Gladstone was vague in his speeches. At any rate, the sense that one could gather from the public utterances of statesmen and newspaper leaders was that the British Empire was too big, burdensome, and costly, and should be got rid of, decently if possible. In case of a threat of war from some of the Mediterranean Powers, we were to tell the colonies to cut adrift from us and look out for themselves. Malta was to stand or fall as it might, Gibraltar was to be exchanged with Spain for Ceuta to prevent her joining our enemy, Ireland was to be made independent in order to pacify the rancorous Land Leaguers and Fenians. If I am not mistaken, something like that appeared in one of our service magazines a few months ago.

If the nation at large, or even foreigners, had taken these journalistic effusions seriously, we should have been in a bad position indeed. As the Gladstone worshippers had in their power nearly all the means for conveying argument to the public ear, it was impossible to argue with them, and so the brave people of England could only "sit tight and wait." Meantime those who suffered from "the craven fear of being great," or even from being equal to their responsibilities, appeared to be long on the verge of total collapse, and the cablegrams of the period will show any student who cares to read them how many misfortunes and disasters attended the Ministerial vacillations. The Irish Land League made Ireland a veritable hell; its agents were not above attempting to dynamite our public structures, and the Hall of William Rufus attached to the Parliament House was partly blown up. Bismarck rampaged up and down the coasts of Africa, and whatever he coveted he an-

nexed without any expostulation from us; the ill temper of France was enough to sicken us with anxiety; Kruger's surly humor caused us intense agony of mind about the fate of South Africa; the Mahdi's terrible threats made us keep our soldiers in Lower Egypt. If Russia made a demonstration on Penjdeh, it was feared that our Egyptian garrisons would have to quit Egypt at once, and therefore we dared not, until too late, lend a hand to help Gordon. Socialistic and Anarchist faddists sprang up like mushrooms to offer their nauseous schemes to a well-nigh distracted people. Ah! that dismal period will be remembered as long as the Great Fire of London.

Now, looking back from this year 1899 to only fourteen years ago, we marvel at the change in the temper of the English people. The Mahdi has been gathered to the majority long since, and of the tomb which contained his remains not one stone or brick is left upon another. France's clamorous claims to Egypt are silenced by the results of the Fashoda affair. Bismarck, the redoubtable, is dead, and we are friends with Germany. Russia, after a long shifting of influences and change of tactics, has her hands full of railroad-building, harbor improvements at Port Arthur, peace conferences at The Hague.

Having by various pacific successes recovered somewhat from the prostration of spirit we were in, and reflecting upon the humiliating events of the Eighties, we see that the unnatural despondency of the nation was solely due to the debility of will on the part of our rulers. Gladstone, a man wearied with the affairs of state and a septuagenarian, was the Prime Minister; Earl Granville, nicknamed "Pussy" by his familiars, was in charge of Foreign Affairs; and Derby, inconsistent in politics and of somewhat curious nature, was the Colonial Secretary. It is not to be wondered at that such three, influenced and constrained by their madding sentimental and hysterical followers, gave way too much to the peace-at-any-price policy in favor with them, and that in consequence England suffered such terrible reverses and loss of prestige.

The burdens of such a huge agglomeration of States and colonies, and the cares of governing so many varying peoples and

racés as those under the British flag, are very heavy, it must be admitted, but they are not made lighter by shirking the responsibilities they involve. The "peace-at-any-price" party and band of Little Englanders are still noisy opponents of all empire-builders and lovers of Greater Britain, and should the political pendulum swing to their side again, as no doubt it will, there will be plenty of politicians ready to sing the psalm of peace, and, at the least little difference with the brawling foreigner, cry aloud that the weight of empire is intolerable.

One of our poets has taken his cue from a Little Englander's outpouring of distress and weakness, and sung with fervor of the "White Man's Burden," and gloried in it as a noble mission which only the best of our race can perform.

Rarely, however, do the responsibilities of our empire become burdensome. If we dislike them, we naturally exaggerate them and make them appear oppressive; but to the majority of us they appear light and pleasant, because experience proves that as a race we are fitter for these responsibilities than any other. All our colonies manage themselves fairly well. There is Canada, giving scarcely any more trouble to us than Kamchatka. We appoint a Governor-General to preside over the Council, maintain about 2,000 soldiers, and have a naval station at Halifax. All the rest of our duties are performed by a few trained officials. Surely the "burden" is very light here.

Or take the Australian colonies, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, West and South Australia, and include New Zealand. The executive of each colony consists of a Governor appointed by her Majesty and a Council of Colonial Ministers. Each Colonial Parliament legislates for its own colony. The military forces are purely Australian, while our squadron in Australian waters forms the naval defense, to the expense of which the colonies contribute a sum of \$300,000 annually.

Cape Colony is also self-governed under the presidency of a British High Commissioner and Governor. Our military expenditure amounts to about \$1,400,000 annually, while Simonstown, near the Cape, is the naval depot for the squadron which includes Southwest and Southeast Africa

under its care. The internal affairs are the concern of Colonial Ministers, who happen to be Dutch just now.

Natal, the adjoining colony, is likewise self-governed, though the Council of Colonial Ministers is presided over, as usual, by a British Governor. Our military forces in this colony are of abnormal strength just now, owing to the peevish conduct of the Transvaal Executive. This independent Republic is more of a burden to England than Australia and Canada put together, because it compels us to keep a force of about 10,000 soldiers, costing us about \$3,000,000 a year more than would be necessary if we had not to provide against the chronic ill humor of the Boers.

If we examine the island dependencies of Britain which are scattered about in the ocean, we find that they all have legislative councils consisting of the elect of the islands and substantial revenues sufficient for their needs.

The total number of soldiers stationed in our colonies is about 28,000, of whom one-third are in Natal, owing to President Kruger's restive diplomacy. But, as the colonies contribute \$1,350,000 annually towards the expense of these troops, their keep is not at all excessive, and indirectly the cost is well covered by profitable trade. Malta and Gibraltar, both first-class fortresses, are naturally expensive, for at the first we have a force of 10,602 men, though in area it is only an insignificant islet; and at the other, which is but a rock two square miles in extent, we retain 5,382 men. Both points are, however, absolutely essential against European powers who might, if they were left unguarded, endeavor to exclude our ships from the Mediterranean.

In India we maintain 74,000 English soldiers and 140,000 native troops, for both of which, however, India is mostly responsible.

Under certain circumstances, India might become a burden too heavy to bear. I refer, of course, to the people of India becoming conscious of their ability to do for themselves what we are doing for them. But before this feeling can become general in a country possessing seventy-eight different languages, to unite them for relieving India of our presence, we shall have to wait until education

shall have become so universal among them that their minds can be influenced by nationalistic ideas, or until the Government of India, under the influence of soft-minded hobbyists at home, shall lose that well-balanced temper which hitherto has enabled it to sustain without any very great strain the "burden" of ruling so many millions of diverse races and tribes, castes, and religions. If we could be assured that the English courage and good sense which created the Indian Empire would continue, and the currents of soft sentiment which flow so freely at certain periods through English communities would be prevented from inundating India, then we might confidently anticipate that the twenty-first century would find us still the guardians of the peace and progress of the Indian Peninsula. But the nineteenth century has shown such opposites in the administration of India as Auckland and Dalhousie, Ripon and Dufferin, and at the head of home affairs such men as Gladstone and Beaconsfield, that the coming century may produce greater contrasts still, with pernicious effect upon our system. There is no disguising the fact that the steel temper which distinguished the old English rule shows a tendency to softness; that is to say, we are becoming more and more averse from the employment of force on every occasion. But, whatever change awaits us during the twentieth century, it is certain that the death blow to the British Empire will be dealt by the British themselves.

People who think for themselves are able, without the assistance of editorial lucubrations, to gauge pretty accurately the amount of anxiety which each of our possessions gives us. A mere glance at the space given to the news from one of these suffices. From several of our dependencies and colonies beyond sea we hear scarcely anything for months, even years, which means, of course, that all is well with them. We have others that come into notice once a month, and others perhaps once a week, because of some striking or interesting local event. There are some half-dozen, however, that are frequently, or continually, demanding attention. If we arrange these in order of precedence according to their insistence on public notice, we find South Africa by

far ahead of all; then come the Soudan, Uganda, West Africa, India, Canada, and lastly Australia, inclusive of New Zealand. It may be laid down as a rule that the country oftenest mentioned gives most trouble, and that which is less heard of gives least. The saying that "no news is good news" aptly applies to our possessions.

That South Africa, a colony inhabited mostly by British, should be more troublesome than all the rest of the Empire collectively may surprise some of your readers, and induce them to think that the lessons of the American Revolution have been forgotten by us. It is not so, however; but there has been a peculiar condition of things there ever since the defeat of the British troops at Majuba Hill in February, 1881. The salient facts are these:

The reverse of the British in February was followed by a truce next month, during which the leading Boers of Cape Colony and the Free State used their utmost efforts to persuade the Transvaal leaders to be conciliatory in order that there might be no obstacle to peace. General Sir Evelyn Wood held the Boers in the "hollow of his hand," and the famous Roberts of Candahar, with 10,000 more troops, was approaching.

The peacemakers were successful, assisted no doubt by the knowledge that the defeat of the Boers was certain if the opposing forces engaged, and a convention was signed by which the Boers of the Transvaal conditionally received back the internal independence of their State.

As certain conditions in this first Convention were considered to be onerous by the Boers, a new Convention was signed in 1884. Article XIV. in this last stipulates for equality between citizens of the South African Republic and all persons within it, other than natives, in the following matters:

(a) To enter, travel, and reside in any part of the Republic.

(b) To hire or possess houses, shops, premises, manufactories, etc.

(c) To carry on commerce either in person or by agents.

(d) To be free, in respect of person or property, of any taxes, local or general, other than those imposed upon citizens.

As regards citizenship, every white man in the Transvaal possessed a vote origi-

nally. Later on every white man, not born in South Africa, had to pay \$75 to obtain the right to vote.

In 1874 white strangers had to live one year in the State before they got a vote—unless they owned land.

In 1882 strangers were required to be on the registration five years and to pay \$125 before they could vote.

In 1887 citizenship was obtainable only after a residence and registration during fifteen years and a payment of \$125.

In 1886 gold had been discovered in the country, and as prospectors and miners came crowding into the State, the Boer farmers took alarm and devised the legal barrier of 1887 between themselves and those who came to dig for gold. To own land for raising crops was a high merit in their eyes; to own land for the extraction of gold entitled people to no consideration. Yet the gold-miners paid fabulous sums for their land, they established costly plants, they erected houses and laid out gardens, built warehouses, hotels, banks, shops, made reservoirs and aqueducts, and expended vast sums for labor and farm produce, until one would have expected that the Boers, from mere gratitude to them for the streams of wealth that flowed through the State, would have welcomed the worthiest to fellow-citizenship.

On the contrary, this is what they did, in utter defiance of the Convention:

First, they raised the term from one year's residence to fifteen years and a payment of \$125.

Second, they revised their Constitution so that any amendment deemed essential by the President could be incorporated in it without official publication and the usual three months' notice.

Third, they passed a Press Law by which all publications printed without might be excluded from entering the State at the will of the President; and for any printed matter contrary to the interests of the State issuing from within, the writer, editor, printer, and distributor were made liable to severe penalties.

Fourth, they passed the Aliens Expulsion Law, by which any person deemed to be dangerous might be instantly expelled. Any alien refusing to obey a Presidential decree was liable to six months' imprisonment, and forcible expulsion afterwards.

Fifth, they passed an Education Law to provide teaching for alien children, but out of \$515,000 set apart in one year for the purpose, only \$4,000 was assigned to the English schools.

Sixth, Johannesburg is a town of 60,000 people, nine-tenths of whom are "aliens," but the Municipality Law is such that one-half of the Council must be elected by burghers, and the town is under Boer control.

Seventh, by the Aliens Admission Law all immigrants must have a passport, must prove identity, means, and capacity for supporting themselves, and obtain from the Field Cornet a residing and traveling passport renewable every three months.

Scores of other things might be brought forward to prove Boer disregard of Article 14, but I forbear.

Worse than all, from an imperial point of view, is the increasing hostility of the Boers to the British connection. Since Majuba they have conceived a contempt for the British power to a degree which has become dangerous to peace. All the Boers of the various colonies have formed a sympathetic alliance with the burghers of the Transvaal, with the avowed object of terminating the British connection, or, as expressed in their own words, of forming a Dutch nationality in South Africa. How long this has been permitted to continue without notice by the Imperial Government may be gathered from the following extracts:

In 1885 Mr. Merriman, who is opposed to the Bond, said:

From the time of the signing of the Convention (1881) the policy of the Transvaal has been to push their border over the land westwards and realize the dream of President Pretorius, which was that the Transvaal should stretch from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic.

My quarrel with the Bond is that it stirs up race differences. Its main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount power in South Africa.

Mr. Leonard, late Attorney-General at the Cape, said on September 24, 1884:

The object of the Transvaal people is to make this colony a hidebound dependency of the British Crown. They wish to cross our northern boundary, to take land down to the Indian Ocean on the east and down to the Kalahari on the west in order that this portion of the British Empire may forever be shut in and British sentiment be destroyed; that so the Transvaal by its unlimited expan-

sion shall become the paramount state in South Africa. . . . All South Africa would then be reduced to the same state as the Transvaal—a country without a Government.

Opposed to the Dutch Bond is the English South African League; and the unrest which has been steady since 1884 has been owing entirely to the conflicting efforts, open or secret, of these two great parties, the narrow anti-liberty policy of President Kruger, the unceasing complaints of the overtaxed, disfranchised, and despised Uitlander, and the corruption, wastefulness, and extravagance of the Transvaal Government, the cost of which means more taxation and oppression of the "aliens." The consequence of all this is that South Africa seethes with jealousies, ambitions, animosities, daily becoming more intense, and every element necessary for a revolution is gathering in force.

Of late, owing to the recent Uitlander petition, we are apparently much nearer a crisis, and the question as to the future of the Imperial connection with South Africa will have to be definitely settled. Personally, I do not think that the dire effects of the Gladstonian sickness, 1880–1886, have so far left our bones as to permit us to deal with Kruger as he should be dealt with, and I fancy a truce will be patched up somehow. However, the South African question curiously illustrates the difficulties which the Empire must needs face, if not with courage and resolution, at least with perseverant endeavor.

We have some reason for faith that on this occasion there will be no paltering or boggling with the South African question, from the manner in which the present Government has settled the Soudan difficulty.

Three years ago the Soudan was a problem to which no solution seemed possible without a war with France. Yet, great as the difficulty was, beset with danger as it appeared to be, the end of a long and burning question has been reached, gloriously and happily. Look back upon the demoralized and disorganized Egypt of 1882, and compare it with what it is to-day. We now see a renovated country within and without, treasury overflowing, the people contented and free, and nowhere have the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race and English rule been so conspicuous.

We are now at length at the long-wished-for capital of the Soudan; Mahdism is crushed, the Khalifa is a starving fugitive, his capital is a mass of ruined huts, while, opposite, Khartoum is slowly but surely rising in greater splendor than ever. Already the last few miles of the railway which brings Khartoum into close proximity to Cairo are being laid, and before the autumn is over a hotel replete with every tourist convenience will have been erected. Gordon's Palace has been rebuilt, new lines of railway will be proceeded with to connect city with city, river to river, district with district, and in a few years we may confidently anticipate that the new Soudan will add another triumph to English capacity for administration.

What has been done in Uganda by this Government bids us have faith that all will come out right in South Africa. How many years we waited to know what Government would do with regard to it!

But now a railway is approaching the Victoria Nyanza. The Christians of Uganda are growing in influence and numbers; churches have been built in every district; the pupils of the schools are multiplied, until a decided change for good has become manifest in the disposition and manners of the people. The British administration has also successfully grappled with the peculiar difficulties of the situation. Roads penetrate the country in every direction, Government stations are established at intervals, bridges cross the morasses and rivers, the spirit of rebellion and mutiny has been subdued, and a slow but sure advance to civilization is also perceptible here.

The British territories in West Africa are also examples of the means employed by our race for converting raw humanity into orderly States. The horrors and carnage visible at Benin and Kumassi are things of the past. The Kings of both places are in safe durance, far removed from the scenes of their excesses. The Fulahs of Bida have been subjugated, and the French, who disturbed that region by their behavior, have consented to a pacific arrangement. The Chartered Company of Nigeria, having performed its mission of rough pioneering, has been bought out with the sum of \$4,300,000, and the experienced Colonial Office be-

comes henceforth responsible for its well-being.

From these rapid surveys and reflections on the British Empire and its responsibilities, I think it possible that you who have ventured in the wake of conquest may draw some moral lessons, and feel strengthened and encouraged to pursue the same methods with perhaps greater success. There is nothing very wonderful in the methods adopted by us. We begin as gently as the circumstances of each case permit. The reluctance to move at all in the concerns of others is too manifest. We waste a great deal of time in studying the pros and cons. The Radical party, tainted with Little Englandism, opposes every absorption with utmost vigor. They abuse the pioneers with the most libelous epithets. They harass and worry the chartered companies and insinuate the worst charges against them. Headed by John Morley and Henry Labouchere, they storm and rate the Government, harry the Ministers with questions in Parliament, and incite their organs to rail at and denounce the Cabinet in unmeasured terms, until the fierce democracy is infected with the clamor and joins in the wordy war. Much and continued opposition of this kind, while it serves to make the Government cautiously consider every step it may be disposed to take, serves also to fire the electoral supporters of the Government, makes them revolve the question at issue for themselves, study the geography of the region referred to, measure and weigh the advantages and disadvantages of the proposal, and thoroughly digest the copious information furnished to them by their press. Then, should the Government accept the responsibility, it has to bide the brunt of opposition on every occasion, and proceed with the utmost wariness; for a false step, any unexpected outlay, might precipitate the downfall of the Ministry. No, it is not with a light heart that an acquisition of territory is made in this country, and no miracle follows on undertaking the control of it. The whole is a grave task, and we bring to it only the commonest virtues of commercial life, training, honesty, good will, and perseverance. Time and attention to the business in hand do the rest.

Now another branch of the Anglo-Saxon

race is on the threshold of a somewhat identical career with our own. We are in touch at Canada; we are your near neighbors in the West Indies. Round about the Philippines stand Hong-Kong, the Straits Settlements, British Borneo, and New Guinea. May it be that, though Destiny seems to have ruled that in many parts of the world we shall come in contact or confront each other, she has also designed that, in stress and need, or for brave work in the cause of progressive humanity, we shall be at hand for mutual comfort and encouragement? We cannot accuse you, nor can you accuse us, of earth-

hunger or of common, sordid motives, but we have listened to the complaints of injured and oppressed peoples in Burmah, Egypt, Uganda, Benin, Ashantee, Nyassa, Matabele, and a score of other places, and as you in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines did; and as we have done towards our suppliants, so you will do to yours, viz., work with them and by them for their own welfare, progress, and interest. And it may be that we shall both be called to do the same again, and, please God, we shall do our duty; but our duty will be smoother and easier if we know that we have each other's sympathy.

Immortality: The Testimony of History^{*}

By the Rev. L. Mason Clark

ONE value of the study of history is that it makes us aware of the accumulated treasures of the world—the intellectual riches, the spiritual savings, of the centuries! It impresses us with the conviction that, we should be beggars and starvelings were we not “the heirs of all the ages.” It takes away our conceit as it shows how little else is our labor now than fingering the work our fathers wrought and thinking again the thoughts which stirred their minds.

Every realm of activity has already had its giant workers. We may make new applications of the truth, but we need to remember that every problem has had its colossal thinkers in the past, and every germinal question has had its superb students in the generations gone. It would, therefore, be strange indeed if the accumulated wisdom of the centuries had no contribution to offer to such a study as this we are attempting to make. Therefore it is that not simply do we have a right, but we are compelled, to ask, What does history give to us as the world's conviction upon the question of immortality? What is the conclusion of history as to this universe and as to human life?

Is there, or is there not, a moral purpose running through the successive centuries?

^{*}A sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, on Palm Sunday, 1899, it being one of a series of three Lenten sermons, aiming to set forth, first, The Answer of Science; second, The Testimony of History; and, third, the Witness of Revelation, to the mortality.

Is there, or is there not, an intelligence expressing itself in the growth of this old world? Has this belief in immortality commended itself to the sane judgment of the generations, or has history pronounced against it by the voice of its heroes and philosophers and scholars and saints? I am not introducing the question of religion so far forth, but simply asking what is the ultimate answer which history, as representing the sum total of life upon the earth, makes to the question, “If a man die, shall he live again?”

The answer needs to be given with the utmost care, and not with a sudden impulse that fails to satisfy our rational sense. I propose to name three lasting convictions to which the life of the world has seemed to men to bear majestic witness.

In the first place, history testifies to a purpose in this world of human life. It bears witness to this fact—that events are not strung together like beads upon a string, each sustaining no relation to the others apart from that of nearness or remoteness; but, instead, that there is a progress, a vital connection, and hence a philosophy of history. The deep conviction to which students of history are compelled is that there is an intelligent design in all the centuries. The past and the present conspire to produce some adequate result in the future.

The geologist no more expects to find in the rocks beneath the traces of the

successive and orderly development of the earth's crust than does the historian expect to discover in the story of the world the steady advance of one supreme purpose. The geologist can picture to his imagination the earth as it was before the land appeared; he can point out the oldest rocks and then the subsequent strata deposited one upon the other; he can indicate this upheaval and that cataclysm; he can find the evidence of one subsidence after another; but all are, to his mind, dominated by one great object and design, namely, the building of a planet. This is what gives an intelligent meaning to all these processes of inanimate creation.

But no less truly does the historian assure himself that when he looks into the ages gone, as those ages have unfolded the life of the world, he will discover a clue to the meaning of the past; he will find the certain evidence of an intelligent purpose. Ideas grow according to a plan. Forces are marshaled in a certain order. To this the past bears witness. Also it is the testimony of history that it is irrational to believe in the utter aimlessness of this progressive advance of the centuries. The result must justify the plan and the process. Even men do not forget to preserve a reasonable correspondence between the means employed and the end to be reached by those means. Do men build costly battle-ships to carry paper soldiers and toy guns back and forth across the ocean? Do men construct giant telescopes in order to count the leaves upon a tree? Rationality demands a correspondence between the means used and the object which it is desired to gain.

Now, then, what splendid testimony, I submit to you, history furnishes as to the means which time is employing! What a marvelous, matchless, mysterious working of forces! Ages, nations and armies, institutions and religions—heroes, seers, saints and statesmen, despotisms and democracies—what are they for? What purpose lies within them, whether they know it or not? The object must correspond with such amazing means employed! But does any one pretend that this is a rational world if all this retinue of forces is to come to its end here in this present life!

This is the first argument from history in favor of immortality, as the worthy and

the adequate justification of such a stupendous outlay. History declares that the world has a plan at its heart and that the end must be worthy of the method and the forces used.

But this is by no means all. History also has a very clear word to speak about the greatness and the capacity of human nature. Modern science, by its wide horizons revealing worlds on worlds and ages on ages of which before we never dreamed, seems at first to make man appear as a very little thing. He stands dwarfed and diminished in the presence of the new heavens and the new earth. But only for a moment. History now comes forward with its testimony to the native worth of this Man. Against this "voluntary humility" which tries to rob him of his prize by crushing him in the presence of the material universe, history reveals another aspect of human nature. The prophet, the apostle, the hero, the reformer, the commander, the man of science, the man of colossal achievements, these—a multitude that no man can number—justify the psalmist's exclamation where he says, "Thou hast made him but a little lower than God!"

The dauntless purpose that has often kept the whole world from sinking back like lead, the sacrifice and the passion which have built the steps up which the centuries have moved nearer to the light—all these testify in no ambiguous terms to the value of this human soul. Do you not feel the force of this when you stand in the presence of some extraordinary character? Carlyle used to say that the study of the French Revolution saved him from atheism. But, valid as that may be, it seems to me that if my faith were threatened with disaster, the one last conviction which would still hold me to belief in God would be the presence of these splendid spirits who have done so much of the world's great work. And can you make yourselves believe that these great souls are only bubbles floating in the air for a moment and then irrecoverably are gone? Can you make it seem rational to believe that such an imperial nature as that of Paul has forever ceased to be? Is Lincoln's clear, strong mind no longer active? Have the powers of Bismarck and Gladstone no occupation now? But when History presents her long list of

immortals, does not her testimony to the worth of Man receive a cumulative force? And men like these are to be crushed into dust with no more compunction than you feel when you crush a cracker in your hand!

Men who create literatures, who build empires, who fathom the wonder of the skies, who, like great rocks in a desert, resist the drift of evil and form a shelter for the weary—these are the men who, with others, are to perish as the moth, or as the flower of the field! What a wicked waste of splendid forces! And for this the heavens and the earth were created! No! The spiritual capacity of man, to which all of history bears witness, pronounces such a conclusion irrational. This is the second conviction which history urges in favor of faith in immortality.

Nor is this all. History has another testimony besides its witness to the possible character of human nature and to the intelligent purpose of all the centuries of time. History inclines men to belief in God. This idea of God which is so universal—as if it had been impressed upon the plastic mind of the race by the hand of the Creator—it is this which the ages past reveal. But what is this God? Fate, Force, Hate, or a moral Nature? And history bears its witness. History preaches a judgment.

Not only, then, is there an *order*, but there is a *moral order*, in the universe. When France recovers from the Revolution, Paris places the relief of the Last Judgment on the face of the Madeleine, where it looks out upon the spot that the guillotine made red with blood. One of England's greatest historians has declared, History is "a voice sounding across the centuries the eternal distinction of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity." Now, the question of immortality is one with which this *moral order* has got to reckon.

But where is the *moral order* in that plan of the world that would create men to dream of God, to aim at godliness of life, to crave communion with God, and, having made them thus, then dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel? Where is the *moral order* in such a scheme of torture that would place us in these earth-

ly relationships only to break our hearts with no more hesitation than you might have in treading upon sand? Call it anything but *moral order*! You cannot wonder that men who have lost their faith in immortality, and who have felt that they were only caged here for torture at the hands of their Creator, have risen to magnificent heights of indignant scorn. The dying Heine's name for God, "the celestial Aristophanes"—the supreme satirist of the universe—is not without meaning, under such a government. And Winwood Reade, in his "Martyrdom of Man," declares that "creation is one great crime." But we now dare to say that immortality is insisted upon by the highest moral sense. It is demanded by this overmastering conviction that history is moral. The whole universe is moral. Life is moral. God is moral.

Doubtless it would be something if the ages gone were to issue in nothing more than a better earth to be lived upon, a purer society to be enjoyed, and a higher manhood to be emulated. Doubtless it is something to cherish a faith in nothing more than George Eliot's "Choir Invisible." But does such a faith satisfy our plain moral sense? Does this kind of immortality—a mere immortality of the race—sufficiently explain and justify the painful processes of the past ages?

We do not meet the problem when we simply say that it is involved in mystery. It *is* involved in mystery, but let us not add to the mystery an element of immorality. Mystery we can tolerate, but with all our souls we cry out against an immoral government or an immoral purpose.

Our position, then, is plainly and undisguisedly that immortality is essential to the *moral* character of history. We see a long, slow, and costly method of creation—two hundred millions of years, Lord Kelvin says, to make some of the rocks under our feet! We ask, For what purpose? At last appears the man. But again we ask, For what purpose? And then we see society emerging out of confusion. Here an idea of justice, there a conception of freedom, now a thought of God—all imperfect, all undeveloped, but yet they begin to grow. At last comes forth our civilization, with its forces and its truths, its ideas and its passions, its refinements and its achievements. But

even yet we ask, 'For what purpose? You educate your boy with reference to a future for him. Why, then, is the human soul subjected to this astonishing discipline which history reveals? The conviction still abides that without the postulate of immortality the process is irrational and history is immoral. But the human mind cannot accept as final any conclusion which imposes upon it a belief so subversive of all rational thought. The witness of history is to a moral world, a moral discipline, and a moral triumph. What does history say as to the character of those who have most deeply cherished this rational faith in the future life? Are they the destroyers or the fulfillers of human life? Is the roll which holds their names a roll of darkness or of light?

Turn to literature. I do not forget that there is a literature of denial, and I yield to none in admiration of certain great souls who have lived bravely and strenuously without the inspiration of this faith. Yet what does history say as to the character of the literature which believes in immortality? Is the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám the song that sings satisfaction to the mind? You know the answer. Far below this easy and superficial scorn of life—this ghastly pessimism, whether past or present—there is the deep undertone of conviction which is heard in the music of most of the world's great literature. Turn to government, to art, to philosophy, to the records of moral action. Yes, whom has this faith nerved and inspired? Cowards or martyrs? Whom has it taught? Fools or wise men? What has it resulted in? Degenerates or saints? History is not a silent witness!

And now, when you place this evidence with the presumptions furnished by the conclusions of science, I ask you if your calm and sober judgment, untouched either by passion or pathos, does not

answer you that so far forth you have a sufficient ground for a *rational* faith in the immortality of the soul.

But I cannot close without contrasting the loneliness and hopelessness of unbelief in the future life with the buoyant and happy faith which sees the world to come—for this, too, is a part of the testimony of history. I have read that Gibbon, as he lay dying, breathed out the hot, trembling words; "Oh, it is like taking a leap in the dark!" On the other hand, that greater Englishman, while looking upon the cold face of his great-minded wife, wrote these words:

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible
 form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
 and forbore,
 And made me creep past!
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like
 my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
 arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold!
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the
 brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
 rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
 pain,
 Then a light—then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee
 again,
 And with God be the rest!

Sunlight

By Francis Sterne Palmer

I woke in the night, and, tossing there,
 To me the world was full of care.
 Now away with such repining:
 Daybreak's come, the sun is shining—
 My little daughter laughing here
 Has filled the world with brightest cheer!

How Seven-Day Journalism was Killed in London

By Robert Donald

Managing Editor of the London "Chronicle"

WHY did the attempt to establish seven-day papers in London fail? That is a question which is surrounded by several apparent anomalies, and is not so easily answered as it may seem. There are now, and have been for many years, a dozen Sunday papers in London. Three are owned by proprietors of morning and evening journals; three are devoted almost exclusively to a record of Saturday's news; one is given up to sporting and theatrical matters. Where, then, was the innovation? The "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Telegraph" gave a more attractive and better record of news on Sunday than any of the other journals. Why, then, did they fail when the less fit, from a journalistic point of view, are allowed to survive, and without a protest? It could not be because of the extra labor involved in the production of the new papers, as it was infinitesimal compared with the amount of Sunday labor, more or less unnecessary, which already existed. Two additional newspapers did not mean the opening of any more news shops. It could not have been a question of religion, as the contents of the new papers were much less objectionable than the news given by the week-end papers which issued Sunday editions, which pander to morbid appetites, seek after sensationalism, serve up in a new form on Sunday all the criminal cases of the week, and devote a couple of pages to Saturday's police news. And none of these week-end papers could exist without their Sunday editions, which represent about two-thirds of their total circulations. We must, therefore, go beneath the surface to find the real causes of the formidable opposition which destroyed in a few weeks' time two papers published by the richest newspaper proprietors in England, who could have held on for years at a heavy loss had there been hope of future success.

To clear the way, we must first dismiss existing Sunday papers. They are of two classes: week-end papers appearing also

on Sunday, and Sunday papers containing chiefly Saturday's news. The latter, outside of the sporting and theatrical papers published in London and Manchester, are of small importance. The principal one is the "Observer," which sells at six cents and lives on its age. None of them are popular journals, and they are taken chiefly by the clubs and politicians, by sporting and theatrical people.

The week-end papers appeal to the multitude. The leading one—"Lloyds' News"—has a circulation of over a million. It publishes four editions, but the Sunday morning edition, which goes to press very early, has two-thirds of the total circulation. It is a weekly rather than a Sunday paper, and is read mostly by a class who do not buy a daily paper regularly. It is sold, like the other week-end and Sunday papers, in small general stores, sweet-shops, and tobacconists'—places which keep open for other purposes. The other week-end and Sunday papers are on the lines of "Lloyds' News," except that their circulation is about 200,000 copies.

Every week-end paper has to create its own distribution arrangements for its Sunday editions. All the great wholesale news agents are shut on Sunday, the railroad book-stalls are shut, and there are no newspaper trains, except those paid for by the papers. Every paper has to get its own service of carts for distributing copies throughout the metropolis, and to make other arrangements for a country sale, so that it is impossible to have a profitable sale except on a large circulation of about two hundred thousand, or on a small circulation which involves little expense, like that of the "Observer."

Although, as I have mentioned above, three of these Sunday papers are owned by the proprietors of daily papers—"Lloyds' News," for instance, belongs to the same proprietor as the "Daily Chronicle"—they are kept quite distinct, with separate organization, offices, and staff.

The object of the proprietor of the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Telegraph" was to produce papers which contained full and entertaining accounts of Saturday's news, together with matter of general interest. They were illustrated; they included a page for women, a page was devoted to literature, some of the leading writers of the day were among the contributors, and a sermon was given as a hostage to Sabbatarian feeling. They were much better than any of the week-day issues, and, produced on any other day but Sunday, would have added to the reputation of the papers and increased their circulation. But the spiritual, religious, and moral forces, at once brought into play to destroy them, considered that the more attractive and entertaining these papers were, the more dangerous they became. Had they been papers without merit, they would have provoked little opposition. They were killed because they were too good—from the journalistic point of view—to live. For the people who started the campaign against them, on moral and humanitarian grounds, foresaw the consequences of success. They regarded a Sunday paper issued as a regular part of a daily paper as a demoralizing institution, which, once established, would revolutionize, not journalism alone, but life, in England. It was known that in the United States the Sunday papers played a great part in journalism; that their rivalry led to the worst forms of sensationalism and to everything which, while it lowered the reputation of papers and public taste, increased circulation. It was recognized that if the leading one-cent paper—the "Daily Mail"—and the chief two-cent paper—the "Daily Telegraph"—in London continued to run, whether profitably or not, a Sunday edition, all other daily papers would have to do the same. They would be forced into Sunday journalism in self-defense. And this meant much more than so many more Sunday papers. Life would have had to adapt itself to the new conditions. At present Saturday is a dull day for news and an off day for reporters and newspaper men. All this would have been changed, and seven-day journalism might have led to seven-day shopkeeping, seven-day theaters, and other things. There is a deep-rooted feeling among the

English people that the Christian and humanitarian principle of one day's rest in seven should be preserved. And it is held just as firmly that if the day of rest cannot be Sunday—which is not possible in journalism—then it should be Saturday, which is best suited as the day for recreation and pleasure.

The spontaneous outburst of feeling against the new Sunday papers might have taken longer to attain its end but for the sympathetic support it received from other journals. They showed an unexpected but not quite inexplicable desire to fight with the Church. No one ever suspected that they were such firm Sabbatarians. They advertised widely the negative virtue of "no Sunday edition." They boomed the opposition for all it was worth. Nor were they content to be the mere chroniclers of the crusade. The "Morning Leader," a smart one-cent paper in direct opposition to the "Daily Mail," took the aggressive, and, as it became the chief organ of the opposition, scored a great journalistic triumph at the expense of its rival. It circularized all the ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, religious societies, and mayors in the country, and focused the national feeling on the question. There had never been such a spontaneous, united, and vigorous outburst of public opinion, such a revolt of the national conscience. All churches and chapels were at one in condemning the seven-day journalism; all religious and reform associations raised protests, Town Councils passed resolutions against the system, and labor organizations stood up for the day's rest in seven, which they saw menaced by the new development. Petitions rolled into the offending papers from all quarters. The News Agents' Society presented a national petition to Parliament, and a national protest committee was formed, with the Archbishop of Canterbury—the head of the Church—as chairman. The whole religious, spiritual, moral, civic, and labor forces of the country were in line, and it was easy to foresee that their influence would prove irresistible. But, even in face of these formidable forces, the new Sunday papers continued to appear and apologize for their existence. Neither of the two would give way first, and as they were not on speaking terms, negotiation

was impossible. After Lord Rosebery had appealed to them to call a "truce with God," they persisted in their wickedness. Questions were asked in Parliament, and a deputation was sent to the Home Secretary, who deplored "the unfortunate departure," and regretted that Parliament could not stop it.

In the meantime, however, a weapon of tremendous import, when national sentiment is behind it, was brought into play and used with startling effect. This was the boycott. To punish the "Mail" and the "Telegraph" for publishing a seventh-day edition, the people ceased to buy the six-days issues. Every publication issued from the offices of the offending journals—and the proprietor of the "Mail" owns twenty publications—was boycotted. The boycott was preached in the press and from the pulpit. Sunday-school superintendents, Young Men's Christian Associations, religious bodies—as congregations and in conferences—all joined in the boycott. The "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Telegraph" were banished from free libraries by resolutions passed at Town Council meetings. News agents pushed the sale of rival papers. There was absolute unity of action, although all sections of public opinion were not animated by the same motives. The "Mail" and the "Telegraph" each boast of having the largest circulation in the world. The sale of the "Mail" is half a million daily; the circulation of the "Telegraph" is much less, although it maintains its boast without backing it up by figures. The boycott soon made the circulation drop, and the zeal of the other journals, as exponents of the crusade, rose as they picked up new readers from their wounded rivals. It would have soon become a question whether the "Mail" and the "Telegraph" were to ruin themselves by trying to publish papers which were not wanted: but what hastened the end of the Sunday editions was a still more destructive form of boycott. Advertisers began to withdraw their advertisements from the "Telegraph" and the "Mail" and the latter's

allied publications. It happens that some of the leading advertisers in the daily press are deeply religious men. Several at once canceled their orders, and a petition was got up from advertisers in the papers, declaring that all their advertisements would be withdrawn unless the Sunday editions ceased. The advertisers, in their petition, said that "seven-day journalism is calculated to revolutionize the industrial life of the country by adding another working day to the week, and by depriving all concerned in the production and distribution of the papers of their one day of rest, and is, therefore, fraught with incalculable mischief to the industry, moral character, and strength of our countrymen."

The rest is soon told; there was no alternative for the Sunday papers but to succumb. Nothing became the Sunday "Mail" so well as its valedictory address, in which it acknowledged that its death was a frank submission to the religious feeling of the country. The other died grudgingly, without a word of farewell, a week later.

Never before had the boycott been used on so large a scale or with such deadly effect in England; never had the people scored such a splendid triumph in a sacred cause. The fight was conducted, not on narrow Sabbatarian lines, but on the broad basis of Christian, moral, and humanitarian well-being. The puritan element in religious life which does not discriminate, but condemns all forms of Sunday labor, wished to push the fight further. It hoped to carry on the crusade against the other papers which published Sunday editions, but it received no sympathy from the press and no support among the churches. The victory was not so much against Sunday papers in themselves as against seven-day journalism: not so much against that, even, as the other evils and demoralizing secularizing influences that would have inevitably followed. As it is, no daily paper in England will again try to issue a Sunday edition.



Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were (with some exceptions) received by The Outlook during the week ending September 15. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

A Mountain Europa, by John Fox, Jr., has a rather hackneyed theme in the story of the beautiful Kentucky mountain girl who is loved by the intruder from the outer world. The tale is half-way between the short story and the novel. It is far inferior to Mr. Fox's "The Kentuckians." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A new and welcome spinner of sea yarns is Mr. W. P. Drury. *Beavers of the Burden* is his general title for a collection of a dozen or more tales and sketches of the life of British naval officers and tarry Jacks. The title has an obvious side-reference to Mr. Kipling's famous phrase. These stories are in turn humorous, whimsical, tragical, and of a semi-supernatural cast. Sometimes they faintly remind one of Mr. Jacobs's homely and sly sea-fun; sometimes of Kipling's romance of the technical. Mr. Drury has, besides, distinct individuality and great audacity. We believe he will be heard from again. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Lion and the Unicorn, which is the first of several short stories by Richard Harding Davis, is a neat little international romance, and decidedly the best in the volume. Mr. Davis has certainly changed a good deal as a tale-writer since the "Gallegher" and "Van Bibber" days—perhaps he is more careful in his art, but surely he has lost his youthful impetuosity and spirit. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Sand and Cactus is the general title of some extremely vigorous tales of frontier life by Wolcott Le Clear Beard. They include two or three which may fairly be ranked among the best magazine stories of recent publication. Mr. Beard has both realism and imagination at his command. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A Drama in Sunshine, by Horace A. Vachell—a novel of California in early days, disputed land titles, etc., etc.—is a

curiously uneven and therefore disappointing piece of fiction-writing. There is solidity of character-building in parts, but there are also would-be impassioned but really silly passages, sudden excursions into spiritualism, occasional faults of taste, and excessive writing. With more reserve and quieter methods the author would do better. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A special interest attaches to the volume of stories by Mr. Bliss Perry called *The Powers at Play*, because of the author's recently announced assumption of the editorship of the "Atlantic Monthly." Like others of Mr. Perry's stories, they have very genuine sympathy with human nature, decided cheerfulness and closeness to truth in life, and fresh humor. In short, they are eminently likable tales, and one wishes for more of them. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

In Castle and Colony is a long and, it must be confessed, somewhat tedious story by E. Rayner. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.) There is in it the material for a capital historical novel dealing with the early Swedish settlements in America, and the character of the girl heroine is delicately and charmingly drawn. But the novel sadly needs compression; directness of narration is hindered by repetition of the same incidents by different characters; sometimes, too, the diction is high-flown and sentimental. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), in *The Bushwhackers* and other accompanying tales, touches some wild phases of Tennessee mountain and pioneer life with evident historic accuracy and full knowledge of the conditions described. Boys should like these tales. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

POEMS AND ESSAYS

Avenging the Maine is a little volume of poems written by James E. McGirt and evidently printed at the author's expense. While in form the poems are crude and immature, they show good feeling and an honest sympathy. What is most interesting about them, however, is

the fact that the writer is a negro lad, a mechanic who (as he tells us) saved the money to print his poems by working ten hours a day for sixty cents a day and living on less than ten cents a day. In some ways perseverance and self-denial are more valuable than poetry, and a boy who will thus carry out a set purpose should succeed in some way in life, even if he do not become a poet.

The Household Edition of Tennyson's Poems, just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is from new plates, is amply illustrated (although with cuts of varying age and merit), has a biographic sketch and index, and is, in size, exterior appearance, and type, an extremely acceptable one-volume edition of Lord Tennyson's poems. The text followed is that of the Cambridge Edition.

A second edition, largely revised and corrected, has appeared of that fine old fourteenth-century poem, *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*, by William Langland. It has been done into modern prose by Kate Warren, who contributes interesting introductory matter and appendices. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Amplly provided as it is with notes, introduction, and glossaries, Dr. C. H. A. Wager's edition of *The Siege of Troye* is of moment alike to the student of linguistics and to the student of literary history. For the first there are illuminative elucidations of problems relating to the Middle English dialects of the fourteenth century. For the second there are explanations of the development of the Troy cycle in mediæval literature. While Virgil, Ovid, Statius, and their decadent successors made the Troy legend popular, it seems strange that in the Middle Ages Homer's Iliad was practically unknown. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

In point of paper, print, and binding, two quite ideally published volumes are Judge Robert Grant's *Searchlight Letters* and *The Art of Living*. The latter title might have been a good one for both volumes. They offer hints and thoughts in the every-day art of living, and they do this in no lofty-perched manner; they descend to the arena of commonest things. Through the medium of his books, the grave Judge drops in at your house of an evening for a friendly chat. He knows, too, how to put the whole company in

good humor, if perchance even one member of the household may have been out of sorts. His kindly philosophy begins with the commissariat—he carefully discusses the price of tripe and cheese with you—but it speedily enlarges its domain, and comprises houses and their furnishing, education, the use of time, businesses and professions, the perennial "summer problem." Through all there runs a certain attention paid to economy which will delight the heart of every thrifty person. Our author even tells us how to bring up a family, giving the boys a college education and the girls trousseaux, and all on twenty-two hundred dollars a year. Aside from fathers and mothers and housekeepers, "A Young Man or Woman in Search of the Ideal," "A Modern Woman with Social Ambitions," and "A Political Optimist" should not, assuredly, leave these books unread. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BIOGRAPHY

Dr. John Allan Wyeth's *Life of General Nathan B. Forrest* is evidently a labor of love and enthusiasm. The author warmly defends General Forrest from the charges connected with the alleged Fort Pillow massacre, and denies that he was the first to violate the obligations of a flag of truce in moving his troops, Dr. Wyeth contending that the Federal forces moved first. We cannot here enter into discussion of the merits of the charges against General Forrest. There will doubtless be many replies from still living Federal soldiers who know the facts. Apart from that matter, it must be admitted that the author has made a picturesque and brilliant picture of his subject, often writing with great vivacity and always with earnestness and a good historic sweep. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

We welcome with decided pleasure a revised, one-volume, moderate-priced edition of Captain A. T. Mahan's *Life of Nelson*. In a preface the author maintains his estimate of Nelson both in his personal and political relations, but he has incorporated in the book some of the lately discovered letters which throw new light upon the actual facts. This biography will remain a work of standard value. Its authorship insures its weight from the naval and historical points of

view, but it is equally admirable as a vividly written personal biography. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Desiderius Erasmus, by Ephraim Emerson, is a biography of exceptional value. Those who have been charmed with Froude's "Erasmus" are likely to take up the present volume with unfriendly hands, but they are certain to hold it with friendly ones. The Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, while more concerned about accuracy of detail than Froude, is hardly less vivid in his portrayal of the man Erasmus and the heart of the struggle in which this unwilling "hero of the Reformation" bore so great a part. The volume carries with it the reader's judgment as well as his unflagging interest. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Heroes of the Reformation Series.)

SOCIALISM

The Psychology of Socialism, by Gustave Le Bon, is a brilliant book. It is not, however, a book for the instruction of the ignorant, but for the mental quickening of those who are already informed upon the subject. A hostile reviewer could point out generalization after generalization which are palpably false. The author's praise of Anglo-Saxon workingmen for unwillingness to look to the State for interference between capital and labor, when New Zealand has established compulsory arbitration, and of Anglo-Saxon peoples for unwillingness to look to the State for education, when America began with a public-school system, could be made to indicate to an English audience that the author was ignorant even of his ignorance. But the very love of lucid generalization that leads to palpable absurdities where he is ignorant makes his analyses brilliantly illuminating where he presents the things that he knows. His strength is not as an economist, but as a psychologist, and this has led him to examine the Socialist movement on what is its strongest side. Utterly devoid of faith himself, he realizes that faith has been the ruling force in men's lives, and he endeavors to show the sources from which socialistic faith springs up and spreads. He believes that France, by reason of centuries of dependence upon a centralized State, a centralized Church, and a centralized educational system, is in danger of being

the first nation to attempt a Socialist revolution. All these factors in French life, he points out, have created a willingness of the individual to depend upon an omnipotent central authority for everything, while Anglo-Saxon self-reliance and individual initiative in matters of State, of Church, and of education have made the idea of State Socialism repugnant to popular instincts. The French educational system, with its complete separation of scholarship from all the needs of life except those of school examinations, receives, perhaps, his most scathing criticism. Regarding the mental attitude of Socialists he is often unfair—not from intention, but because he has not himself mingled with Socialists enough to make his work about them first hand. He has, indeed, seized upon the things that were significant in what he has read about them, but had he humbled himself to spend half the time as an observer that he has spent as a philosopher, he would have produced a far greater philosophy of their movement. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

RELIGION

The Master Idea, by Raymond L. Bridgman, is a popular and vigorous presentation of the truth termed by theologians the "immanence" of God—the indwelling of God in nature, in mind, in the social and the personal life of the world. This is not treated in a speculative but rather in a practical way, and its bearings upon education, politics, and economics are considered, as well as its ethical and religious applications. In his repugnance to every semblance of pantheism Mr. Bridgman errs on the side of dualism. Quoting St. Paul, that in God we live, he forgets the philosophic Apostle's saying that God works in us "both to will and to do," and represents our wills as being outside of the constant energizing of God throughout the universe of matter and of mind. If in God we live, it follows, of course, that in God we will. True as it is that "our wills are ours," it is also true that "we know not how." It is wiser to leave in mystery the boundaries of that *imperium in imperio* which we denominate "free will" than to say unqualifiedly what is not true when so said, that the will is "above law," and is "outside the chain of cause and effect." But while Mr.

Bridgman is thus deficient on the philosophical side of his theme, on its ethical side he is fully adequate to it, and presents it as a potent stimulus to faith and hope with all courage and patience. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Among the boys' books of exploit and adventure which come to us this week one of the most striking is *The Life-Savers*, by James Otis, a story of the brave work of a life-saving crew as they rescue ships and sailors in the storm and cold of a winter on the eastern coast of America. A little boy and his terrier, the survivors from a wrecked vessel, spend the year at the life-saving station and learn something of storms and signals and what coast duty means. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) Reminiscences of the Civil War have been called out by the war with Spain. General O. O. Howard writes of *Henry in the War*, a student who leaves his seminary at the call for volunteers, and fights in many battles. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) *On General Thomas's Staff* is a spirited army story, covering the stormy period from the evacuation of Corinth to the charge up Missionary Ridge. It is a sequel to "General Nelson's Scout," by the same author, Byron A. Dunn. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) That most romantic event in history, the return of Napoleon from Elba, with the soldiers sent to fight against him hailing him with joy, is told again by O. V. Caine. *In the Year of Waterloo* abounds with duels and spies, and tells the adventures that befell two brave young Englishmen in that exciting year in France. (A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston.) From the same publishers comes a book for girls, *Little Miss Conceit*, by Eleanor D. Adams, the story of a snobbish little girl, and how she learned better. *The House with Sixty Closets* tells of the Christmas adventure of a large family of children living in an old colonial mansion. It is written by Frank S. Child and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. *A Pair of Pickles*, by Evelyn E. Green, is a story about two mischievous boys. (A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston.) A collection of really charming tales told to a little girl by her grandfather is *Zodiac Stories*, by Blanche M. Channing. There is a story

for each sign of the zodiac, and each is from a different land, beginning with "Aquarius, the Water-Carrier," a little Arabian boy; then "Pisces, the Fishes," telling of two dear little Japanese maidens. "Gemini, the Twins," are two small lads who run away from a Scottish manse; and the last sign, "Capricornus, the Goat," is the story of a boy in the Tyrol forest. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) *Oceola, Chief of the Seminoles*, a well-written story by Colonel H. R. Gordon, takes the reader down to the Everglades of Florida among the scouts and negroes and Indians in the time of the Seminole war, and makes him realize from the Indians' side the wrong and injustice done them. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

At least one step toward the revival of inductive inquiry ought to be the result of the use of the *Teaching Botanist*, by Dr. W. F. Ganong, Professor of Botany at Smith College. Self-made men have always had the sense to use the inductive, the natural method of acquiring their knowledge, but when young minds are in the most receptive and formative state students are subjected to excessive deductive work, the text-book kind. In the first place, this infallibly tends to make them distrustful of their own powers; secondly, it leads them to regard the recorded thoughts of others as the only real source of knowledge. We agree with the criticism that such a deductive educational system contributes more to pedantry than to usefulness. Dr. Ganong scorns our college examinations, which give the first and preponderating place to languages, the second to mathematics, and the third to history, generally ancient history at that. One of the services which his book may render will be to put elementary knowledge of the sciences in general, and perhaps of botany in particular, into a higher place. The volume, in bringing together the best knowledge concerning botanical teaching, lays special stress upon the introduction of physiology and ecology (or the adaptation of plants to external conditions) as the most marked characteristics of present progress in that teaching. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A new edition has been issued of Mr. A. S. Cole's translation of Ernest Lefé-

bure's *Embroidery and Lace*. Even the non-expert can recognize the value of the photographs of scores of fine specimens and types of lace and embroidery. A full and careful history of the art and manufacture from the earliest times is included. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Art of Dining, by Abraham Hayward, touches upon what may be called the literary and historical aspects of gastronomy, and is enlivened by many anecdotes of famous dinners and diners, French and English. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A Library Primer has been prepared by Mr. John Cotton Dana, of the Springfield (Mass.) City Library. It embodies material from many sources, and in its entirety represents the conclusions of the most expert librarians as to what is rapidly becoming a definite science. Country or small town libraries will find this primer extremely valuable. (The Library Bureau, Chicago.)

Three works of distinct literary and at the same time personal and biographic interest are just published, and it is necessary to reserve them for adequate notice at a later date. They are the *Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant*, edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York); Donald G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters: Leather-Stocking to Poe's Raven* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); and Mr. George Saintsbury's *Matthew Arnold* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

Books Received

For the week ending September 22

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Benson, E. F. Mammion and Company. \$1.50.
Hillegas, Howard C. Oom Paul's People. \$1.50.
Conn, H. W. Story of the Living Machine. 40 cts.
A. L. BRADLEY & CO., BOSTON
Newberry, Fannie E. Joyce's Investment.
Butterworth, Ezekiah. The Bordentown Story-Tellers. \$1.25.
THE BRANDON CO., NEW YORK
Smith, Orlando J. A Short View of Great Questions.
THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
Buckley, J. M. Christian Science and Other Superstitions.
DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK
Besant, Walter. The Homage Girl. \$1.50.
Mabbie, H. W. The Life of the Spirit. \$1.25.
Pollock, Sir Frederick, and Mrs. Fuller Maitland. The Etchingham Letters. \$1.25.
Crockett, F. R. Ione March: A Woman's Fortune. \$1.50.
Saintsbury, George. Matthew Arnold. \$1.25.
Bradford, A. H. The Art of Living Alone. 50 cts.
Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. Autobiography and Letters. Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. \$3.50.
Meldrum, David S. Holland and the Hollanders. \$2.
Rutherford, Mark. The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. \$1.50.

Douglas, Amanda M. The Heir of Sherburne. \$1.50.
Le Feuvre, Amy. Legend Led. \$1.
Stimpson, Herbert B. The Tory Maid. \$1.
Matthews, Brander. Ballads of Books. \$1.
THE WHITAKER & RAY CO., SAN FRANCISCO
Brown, Charles Reynolds. The Main Points. \$1.
THE DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK
Bloch, I. S. The Future of War. \$2.
Rostand, Edmond. The Romancers. 50 cts.
Norris, Frank Blix. \$1.25.
Kipling, Rudyard. Single Story Series. 5 Vols. \$2.50.
Hamblen, Herbert E. We Win. \$1.50.
Bullock, Shan F. The Barrys. \$1.25.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Harry, J. E. Euripides Hippolytus. \$1.50.
D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON
Scott, Harriet M. Organic Education. \$1.25.
Werner, Spanhoofd A. Lehrbuch der Deutschen Sprache. \$1.
HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Buck, Gertrude. A Course in Argumentative Writing. 80 cts.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Forbes, John Murray. Letters and Recollections. Edited by Sarah Forbes Hughes. Two Vols. \$5.
Field, Caroline L. Nannie's Happy Childhood. \$1.
Hall, Ruth. The Boys of Scooby. \$1.50.
Whitney, Mrs. A. D. T. Square Pegs. \$1.50.
LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Optic, Oliver. An Undivided Union. \$1.50.
Le Baron, Grace. Told Under the Cherry Trees. \$1.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Ten Brink, Dr. Jen. Roespierre and the Red Terror.
Skrine, F. H., and Ross, E. D. The Heart of Asia.
Meigs, William M. The Growth of the Constitution in the Federal Convention of 1787.
Little, Mrs. Archibald. Intimate China.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Bertenshaw, T. H. Conversational French Reader. 50 cts.
Creighton, Mandell. Queen Elizabeth. \$1.50.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Milton, John. Prose and Poetical Works. \$1.25. Introduction by H. Corson.
Smith, Walter. Methods of Knowledge.
Cross, Wilbur L. The Development of the English Novel. \$1.50.
Winchester, C. T. Some Principles of Literary Criticism. \$1.50.
Allen, John G. Topical Studies in American History. 40 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Hamp, Siford F. The Treasure of Mushroom Rock.
FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Sheldon, Charles M. Lend a Hand. 30 cts.
McClure, James G. K. Environment. 25 cts.
Macgregor, G. H. C. The Things of the Spirit. 35 cts.
Thompson, James Marshall. Vest Pocket Facts of Church History: Dates and Data. 25 cts.
Sell, Henry T. Bible Study by Periods. 60 cts.
Moody, D. L. Stories to Foster Faith and to Fasten Truth. 30 cts.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Henty, G. A. Won By the Sword. \$1.50. No Surrender! A Tale of the Rising in La Vendée. \$1.50. A Roving Commission, or, Through the Black Insurrection at Hayti. \$1.50.
Hamblen, Herbert Elliott. The Yarn of a Bucko Mate. \$1.50.
Munroe, Kirk. Midshipman Stuart: or, The Last Cruise of the Essex. \$1.25.
Müller, F. Max. Auld Lang Syne (My Indian Friends). \$2.
Saint-Amand, Imbert de. France and Italy. (Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin.) \$1.50.
Scott, Leader. The Cathedral Builders. \$6.
Simpson, E. Blantyre. Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. \$2.50.
Davidson, Samuel. Autobiography and Diary. \$1.
Byron, Lord. Letters and Journals. (Vol. III.) \$2.
Carlyle, Thomas. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Two Vols. \$1.25 each.
Munson, A. F. King Robert the Bruce. 75 cts.
Scott, Sir Walter. Anne of Geierstein; or, The Maiden of the Mist. 2 Vols. \$1.60. The Highland Widow and Other Tales. 80 cts. St. Valentine's Day; or, The Fair Maid of Perth. 2 Vols. \$1.60. Castle Dangerous. 80 cts. Count Robert of Paris. 80 cts.
Resker, Robert R. Our Lord's Illustrations. 20 cts.
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Rostand, Edmond. La Princesse Lointaine. 50 cts.
Hall, Tom. When Love is Lord. \$1.
Grinnell, George Bird. Jack, the Young Ranchman. \$1.50.

The Religious World

The International Congregational Council

The second International Council of Congregationalists of the world is this week in session in Tremont Temple in Boston. The meetings began on Wednesday, September 20, when the address of welcome, of singular felicity and ability, was delivered by the Hon. Samuel B. Capen, of Boston. The Hon. James B. Angell, President of the University of Michigan, was chosen Moderator. The Vice-Moderators elected were as follows: for Great Britain and the Colonies, the Rev. Alexander Mackennal, D.D., the Rev. L. L. D. Bevan, D.D., Mr. Alfred J. Shepherd; for America, the Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., and the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D. The first evening was devoted to addresses of welcome by the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Roger Wolcott; the Mayor of the city, the Hon. Josiah Quincy; and the address of the President, the Hon. James B. Angell. From the start the great auditorium has been thronged by crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The address of President Angell was that of a layman and a diplomat rather than that of a philosopher and a theologian. It was practical rather than speculative, and perspicuous rather than eloquent. He traced the history of the Pilgrims in the New World, analyzed their influence, sought the sources of their power, and then applied to our time the lessons of their experience and example. He said that they were men of God, that they were loyal to the Bible, and they were ever willing and anxious to learn. With felicity and force he insisted that these qualities are needed now as much as ever in the past.

Speakers and Addresses

At the time of writing the following subjects have been before the Council: "Fundamental Principles in Theology," paper by President Harris, of Amherst; "The Message of the Old Testament for To-day," paper by Professor Frank C. Porter, of Yale University; "The Historical Method in Theology," paper by

Professor Fisher, of Yale; "Theology the Order of Nature," by Professor Gosman, of Australia; "The Evangelical Principle of Authority," by the Rev. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of Cambridge, England; "International Relations and Responsibilities," by Dr. Lyman Abbott; "The Christian Attitude towards War in the Light of Recent Events," by the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, of England; "Distinctive Characteristics of Christianity," papers by the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown, of California, and the Rev. John D. Jones, of England. The important subject of "The Church and Social Reforms" was presented by Albert Spicer, M.P., of London, and Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago. The sermon was delivered by Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, who also read a paper on "The Influence of the Study of Other Religions on Christian Theology." It is no mere formality when we say that the addresses were all of an extremely high order, nor is it invidious, perhaps, to add that the most interest was aroused by the paper of Dr. Forsyth, the sermon of Principal Fairbairn, and the whole discussion on the subject of war. There was great difference of opinion concerning the doctrinal positions of Dr. Forsyth, but it is doubtful if any paper on a subject so speculative and theological was ever received with greater favor by an American audience. Dr. Forsyth's style is so fine, his enthusiasm so evident, his genius so genuine and so reverent, that he sweeps all before him. He is a poet as well as a scholar and a theologian, and his mysticism is quite as moving as his attempts at clearer statements of doctrine. He is a curious combination of a liberal and an extreme conservative. Dr. Fairbairn was a revelation to those who knew him only as a philosopher and a profound theologian. The subject of his sermon was The Church, and it is safe to say that no more eloquent or convincing presentation of the Congregational doctrine of the Church has been heard in our time. Its emphasis was on the supremacy of Jesus Christ and the universal priesthood of all Christ's people. Dr. Forsyth emphasized the objective

efficacy of the work of Christ. Principal Fairbairn showed how Christ organized his own society, and started it on its course of overturning and conquering the regnant and militant selfishness of the world. One fact is already very evident. While the English speakers refuse to dogmatize on many subjects, while they are extremely hospitable to all the newer scientific and critical thinking, the younger men among them, at least, place a much stronger emphasis on the expiatory work of Christ than is common in scholarly circles in this country or has yet appeared in the utterances of the older men from the other side. Perhaps it should be said that when these younger Englishmen define their terms, as they do in conversation, it is discovered that some words, at least, mean one thing in England and another in America.

A New High Church Magazine

The first number of "Church Defense" appeared last week. This is a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the High Church party of the American Episcopal Church. Judging from the editorial comment, the paper might better have been entitled "Church Attack." The editor declares, first of all, that the Gospel's message of peace is not to those who teach what the American bishops, in their Pastoral Letter of 1894, describe as "certain novelties of opinion and expression, which have seemed to us subversive of the fundamental verities of Christ's religion." Then the editor strikes right out from the shoulder. He proclaims that—"There can be no peace between faith and unbelief, and when the arch-enemy of souls comes, stalking in surplice and stole, the call to battle against error becomes more imperative. . . . Unbelief boldly demands admission to the priesthood, and a bishop has been found to lay hands upon an avowed disciple of error, an impugner of God's Holy Word. This sacrilege was not committed thoughtlessly or unadvisedly, but in the face of serious and earnest protests." This is expected to trouble Dr. Briggs and Bishop Potter. The latter also comes in for treatment at the hands of the writer of an article entitled "The Crisis in a Great Man's Life." This writer believes that at the coming Diocesan Convention the Bishop of New

York will announce his final decision whether to remain "a leader of the rationalistic party in the Church."

Broad Churchmen

Nor does Dr. Briggs escape without further flogging, as witness: "The Church has one Bible, Dr. Briggs another, which is a mere collection of extracts from the Holy Scripture. . . . As professor in the Union Theological Seminary, he is supposed to be under obligations to teach the Westminster Confession; as a priest of the Church, he is bound to teach the Catholic faith, as this Church hath received the same. . . . As a clergyman of the Church which believes the Bible to be the Word of God, he is going to teach at the Pro-Cathedral a people, a large part of whom are Jews, not to believe the Old Testament." "Church Defense" not only attacks Bishop Potter and Dr. Briggs; it also scorns all Broad Churchmen. It says: "The Broad Churchman is generally subtle. This is of great service to him, because it enables him to teach heresy without being called to account for it. The very words by which he leads the faithful astray are put together with such subtlety that he could explain them away before any ecclesiastical court. This cleverness of the Evil One has saved many a Broad Churchman from discipline." Despite this, we think that most Broad Churchmen, not to say the Church, will survive the attack.

The Athanasian Creed

It has long been a mystery to American Episcopalians, to many English Anglicans, and to all Christians in other communions, how the Church of England reconciles her own teachings with the further inclusion of the Athanasian Creed in her Prayer-Book. It is, therefore, with sincere satisfaction that we welcome a criticism of the Athanasian Creed in the innermost stronghold of Anglicanism itself. Preaching in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey recently, Professor Ryle did not hesitate to say, concerning this particular creed, that very many of the clergy are not in favor of its public recitation, despite the Prayer-Book's rubric. He justly declared that a creed containing an anathema is an anachronism unsuited for Chris-

tian use, for it breathes a spirit both alien to the spirit of the Anglican liturgy and foreign to the Christian thought of our time. Furthermore, it represents one of the obstacles which make intellectually and spiritually self-respecting men disinclined to offer themselves for Holy Orders in the English Church.

The English Ritualists

Regarding the recent decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he asks clergymen to discontinue the use of incense and lights, the Church Union, the organization of English ritualists, is inclined to show fight. Though there are about fourteen thousand parishes in England and Wales, less than three hundred are affected by this decision, but the three hundred are so prominent just now that one might think the proportion larger. The Secretary of the Union, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Cobb, Curate-in-Charge of Saint Ethelburgha's, Bishopsgate, London, is doing more than merely to protest against the Archbishop's decision. He is actually doing valiant and valuable service for Disestablishment. While Dr. Cobb is far from personally favoring Disestablishment, he has come to advocate it because, as a conscientious Ritualist, he sees that the Church will never have freedom until it is emancipated from the State. He therefore asks for self-government for the Church as the only way to liberty of conscience. He does not hesitate to tell the Archbishop of Canterbury that the latter's recent judgment rests on civil enactments: if the Church were disestablished, those enactments would be without authority. Even if Disestablishment injures many, adds Dr. Cobb, in the end it will make effectively for peace. Disestablishment was also the word used as warning in a speech which the Earl of Selborne has just delivered. The speech is of particular importance because Lord Selborne is the son-in-law of the Marquis of Salisbury, the Prime Minister, and thus is supposed by many to reflect that statesman's views. The Earl solemnly warned Churchmen that, unless they stand together in this crisis, they may see both disestablishment and disendowment given the first place in the Liberal programme at the next general election, thus making a strong appeal to the instinct of prudence.

A New Saint

The name of René Robert de la Salle, the explorer of Canada, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi Valley, is a familiar one; that of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the community of Brothers of Christian Schools, is not so familiar. In favor of the latter's canonization, the Congregation of Rites at Rome issued a decree some time since. This decree has now been affirmed by Leo XIII., who eleven years ago had solemnly "blessed" Jean Baptiste de la Salle. The work of the great Frenchman has never been properly appreciated, and if by canonization the Pope can call attention to it, both the Church and our knowledge of the history of education will benefit thereby. The Abbé de la Salle was of noble lineage. He received the tonsure when only twelve years old; at sixteen he was a canon of Rheims Cathedral, and later studied at the celebrated Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in Paris. His spiritual adviser, Père Roland, had already founded a sisterhood for the education of poor girls. Thinking that he had not long to live, Père Roland charged the young priest with the care of the rapidly developing institution. The young man, however, had scarcely assumed the management when an appeal came to him to open a school for poor boys. Finally he resolved to give up his canonry and to devote his entire life to the education of the poor. He sold his possessions and gave the proceeds to the needy. He traveled over France and established schools everywhere. In these schools teaching was free to all day pupils; money was received only from boarders. He drew up rules for his brotherhood of lay teachers. These took a vow to devote their lives to teaching, in addition to the usual monastic vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The brothers worked always in pairs. Their order is one of the most prosperous of all; it now numbers over two thousand schools and three hundred thousand pupils. The methods of education of the founder of this order would have done credit to our own day. He was one of the pioneers of normal schools; he insisted upon the value of object-lessons; he was the real organizer of primary education. The basis of his teaching was, of course, religious, namely, the catechism; after that, however, came,

not Latin, as in the ordinary schools, but, instead, the reading and writing of French, the actual language of the people. Lucard, in his work on education, says that, while Lancaster, Uhland, Pestalozzi, and Jacalot deserve well of the people, Jean Baptiste de la Salle introduced all that is good in their methods and much more that their experience never discovered.

The Luther League

As other Churches have their young people's societies—the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, etc.—so the Lutheran Church has its young people's society, and its name is The Luther League. Eleven years ago, when the Lutheran Church was divided by doctrinal points into four general bodies representing sixty synods, some one had the clever notion of organizing a league to unite the Church, a plan at first receiving considerable adverse criticism, but now numbering among its constant supporters those who at first were opponents. It has an estimated membership at present of about seventy thousand. Its duty is no longer to unite a divided Church—the Church is now united. Its present duty is to develop a spirit of assertion in Lutheran church work, and in this it is doing yeoman's service. The Lutheran Church has long contended with the tendency of young people to leave the Church after confirmation. Among Lutherans this has been apparently a more serious drain than in other denominations, as they say, not only have they lost their proportion of those who forsake the Church entirely, but also a far larger number of those who do not understand the foreign languages which, as well as English, are used in most of the churches. These languages are German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, Slavonian, and Livonian.

Muscular Christianity in Rome

In old Rome athletic and gymnastic games were a prominent feature in the life of the young Quirites. After the Middle Ages, however, with their monastic notions, the physical element gradually faded from the minds of educators and people. To-day, Roman Protestant Christianity, in an effort to promote an education which shall build up the whole man, has gratifyingly returned to the earlier and saner

ideals. An "Associazione Cristiana della Gioventù" (a Young Men's Christian Association) was established in Rome in 1894. It now counts a membership of nearly two hundred. Strange to say, the majority belong, nominally, at least, to the Church of Rome. They find in the Association what they have long been vainly searching for: they now have the means of cultivating, not only mind and soul, but body as well. In this respect the work of the Associazione Cristiana della Gioventù is unique in Italy. As examples of its increasing prominence, we may mention that, during the past two years, in the various swimming contests in the Tiber, the Association has always been ahead. Again, last year at Turin, at the National Contest, where all the best gymnastic clubs of Italy were represented, the delegation from the Roman Young Men's Christian Association took the best prizes, including the Italian athletic championship. King Humbert, who was present, asked to have the delegation presented to him, and, after shaking hands with the leader, congratulated him upon the honors obtained and wished a prosperous life to the Association in all its departments. And in May last, at the Provincial Athletic Contest, held at Rome, the King and Queen were present, and cheered with special heartiness when the gymnasts of the Roman Young Men's Christian Association won five of the championships and more than half the prizes. Our readers visiting Rome will receive a cordial welcome at the Association building, 64 Via Consulta.

The Sabbath in New Jersey

The stringency with which the New York State Penal Code, sustained by decisions of the courts, prevents Sunday from being made a "sporting" day has driven many to avail themselves of the comparative leniency of New Jersey laws. Bicycle races on Sunday at Paterson are announced, and a New York baseball club is said to have leased a field for Sunday games on the Jersey side of the North River. These things will no doubt receive the attention they invite from the New Jersey Sabbath Association. It could not do better than to pattern after the vigilant efficiency of the New York Association.

Correspondence

A Wrong to France

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The writer believes in the innocence of Dreyfus and that the decision of the court martial of Rennes is scandalous, but this is far from justifying the unreasoning condemnation of France which has just been made. The utterances and deeds of Americans during the last week have appeared as if a supremely unjust spirit was moving over this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Never have the Americans assumed such an attitude of moral censorship in dealing with a foreign and friendly power. One looks in vain among the weeklies for a calm, matter-of-fact judgment. Instead of discriminating and rational comments on the part of the press, we have had a harsh condemnation of the French nation, as if Colonel Jouaust and his colleagues were France. With this have come ludicrous appeals to boycott French goods and the Paris Exposition. How senseless it would have seemed to Americans had the French passed a wholesale judgment of this kind upon the facts related in "A Century of Dishonor," or had declined to attend the World's Fair because of the lynching of negroes! What would have been thought of the pious generalizations of French Baptists, French Methodists, French Shakers, and the protests of a French Tammany? How justly indignant loyal citizens of the United States would have been on hearing of the burning of their beautiful National banner, the Stars and Stripes, in the street of a French city?

This unfriendly manifestation comes, primarily, from deficient information, numerous and well equipped as are the American agencies of news. All the data used for the discussion of the Dreyfus case have come from the Associated Press, the correspondence of representatives of divers papers, and a few extreme French literary men like Reinach, Zola, Jaurès, and Paul Marguerite—all positive Dreyfusites. Everything for America has been written from that point of view, which is also mine—a point of view right as a matter of conviction, right as a position of combat, but deficient as one of objective

and just judgment. These men have written like advocates, while they should have written as judges, or rather as historians. Suppose, again, a public hearing for eighteen months of the Andover controversy only from men in absolute sympathy with one of the parties, would not that public become imbued with an almost irretrievable prejudice against the acts and motives of the other side? Similarly, the American press, fed upon this correct but one-sided news, excited by the cumulative force of repetition, has been led to bring down into one slashing condemnation French military judges, the General Staff, the French army, and the French people.

It is evident that several members of the military hierarchy have appeared in bad light, but it is unjust to generalize from them to a wider circle of officers. At any rate, it should be remembered that most of them belonged to the spying service—a service which, from its very nature, is done by men of an unscrupulous character. Colonel Jouaust is known to us by those hostile to him. It is only from full French reports that I learned that General Mercier was refused some requests, and that the defense was not alone in meeting refusal for further light. I profoundly disagree with the judges at Rennes, and I would, upon the facts involved, protest against their decision; but I am not ready to view them either as "imbeciles"—though they were not brilliant—or as "perjurers." It is possible to find a third alternative. Prejudice is almost always unconscious. Conversations with honorable anti-Dreyfusites have convinced me of their honest incapacity to see that which was evidence to me. The conduct of General Mercier and the dubious course of one or two other generals should not blind us to the sincerity of the others. Some military witnesses were tricky and evasive, but do we not frequently see kindred performances even in the religious world? Fifteen years ago a professor was summarily dismissed from a New England theological seminary without the least show of justice and without the least opportunity to defend himself, and yet I

could not raise the least doubt as to the uprightness of purpose of the body of trustees who acted in such a manner. The removal of a heretical professor seemed to them far more important than the method of procedure or the future of the man. Corporate institutions, with an all-absorbing sense of the importance of their functions, are seldom over-delicate in sealing the fate of individuals. The French Staff were convinced, erroneously indeed, but sincerely, that Dreyfus is a traitor, and that Jews and their subsidized agents were endeavoring to save him from a well-deserved penalty. They seemed to hold that when law was defeated by Jewish finances, their illegal acts were the best way to serve justice. Even M. Labori has recognized that in the case at Rennes error played a greater part than deception.

Without speaking of the leading Hebrews and Protestants who did their duty, or of the large number of educators and scientists who heartily espoused the Dreyfus cause, I come to the rank and file of the people. It is well known that they were misled by the anti-Semites, by religious fanatics, and by narrow-minded nationalists. It would be interesting to study the genesis of the present popular aberration, but for the present suffice it to say that it exists. It is unworthy of a great people, even though legitimate excuses are not wanting. Still, notwithstanding the excitement of passion, the nation at large has wished to refer the Dreyfus matter to competent authorities. The best evidence of this is found in the reports of the *Conseils Généraux*, the local assemblies of France, at their last session. They looked to the courts, and not elsewhere, for the settlement of the Dreyfus case. They did not ask for a condemnation, but for justice. They were doubtless mistaken in their reliance upon the court martial, but their attitude was right. Nothing justifies the harsh and hard judgment expressed by this country upon France during the last week. I read with astonishment in some of the best American weeklies, "The Moral Sedan of France," "France's Infamy," "Outrage of France," and kindred expressions. These are, to say the least, the indices of poor moral judgment, and of a singular incapacity to do justice to a great wrong in France—wrong great

enough not to be magnified by moral conceit or by a quixotic imagination.

(Prof.) JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Papers for Soldiers

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I need all the Outlooks and other magazines and books your readers can spare me, to forward to garrisons doing service in the colonies. They can be sent by freight or express, *expenses prepaid*, and I will forward to the numerous garrisons in the islands.

When we contemplate the fact that these men are where our language is not spoken and our literature cannot be procured, where they cannot have social or religious privileges, our duty to them is simple and plain.

Let me suggest in this connection that old papers are not valuable or useful. Old magazines that are not taken up with discussing or chronicling current events are useful and acceptable to soldiers. Denominational papers that are of interest chiefly to members of certain churches only are also of doubtful value.

ORVILLE J. NAVE,

Post Chaplain U. S. Army.

Fort McPherson, Ga.

Religion in Our New Possessions

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Permit me to express my opinion that in obtaining and publishing, in your issue of August 26, the interview with our distinguished fellow-citizen, Archbishop Ireland, on the Religious Conditions in Our New Island Territory, you did your readers and every thoughtful American Christian a great service.

Could you not now, in the interest of the Protestant Church of America and of humanity at large, be persuaded to undertake the initiative in the arranging for a gathering of a body of the representatives of each of the different denominations of Protestants now engaged in Foreign Missions, whose duties shall be something like the following :

First, to investigate thoroughly the religious condition and needs of our new territories.

Second, to advise the bodies whom they represent whether or not they would advo-

cate the pushing of missionary operations in these territories in the near future.

Third, to advise, in case missionary operations were thought advisable in the near future, along what lines they should be undertaken.

No one who has read the utterances of Archbishop Ireland above referred to can fail to see the truth of a large portion of his position in the matter treated of. If only our new possessions could be included in the diocese of this distinguished American patriot, probably the great bulk of our Protestant community would be in favor of committing the work in our island possessions to him and his Church.

But, in any event, the question of whether the various Protestant denominations shall or not begin operations in this territory will soon be at the front, and before money, representing in many cases hard work and self-sacrifice, is called for from the Christian public, it would seem as if the question of expediency should be thoroughly gone into, by those who have better opportunity than the average citizen to judge of it.

J. M. COBURN.

Adobe Walls, Tex.

Religion in German Universities

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The very fair and sensible article, in a recent issue of *The Outlook*, on Religion in German Schools and Universities, will strike a responsive chord in the heart of many a German, and will be warmly welcomed and sincerely appreciated by unprejudiced Americans who have studied abroad in the environment of German influences. The remark that inspired the article, namely, that a certain Englishman had not found a real Christian at any German university, is absurd, and could not have been based upon a knowledge of the actual state of affairs—and this remark was made at a prayer-meeting in France! Poor France, whose condition now more than ever illustrates the painful truth of Lessing's words: "*Thut nichts! der Jude wird verbrannt.*" (It matters not! The Jew must be burned.)

By way of supplement to your comments, I should like to add a list of the societies and unions of a distinctly religious character in only one German university. At the University of Berlin we find, first of all, the Student Branch of

the Young Men's Christian Association of Berlin, which holds religious meetings every Monday evening at No. 34 Wilhelmstrasse; the Evangelical Union; the Students' Christian Association; the Society for Home and Foreign Missions, organized in 1821, twelve years after the founding of the university itself; and there are, besides, three theological and Christian archæological associations—the Academic Theological Society, with branches in thirteen other leading universities; the Theological Students' Society, represented also in eight other institutions; and the Academic Society for Christian Archæology. All these associations are in a prosperous condition and exercise an influence for good in the life of the German student. The religious teaching of Professor Harnack, mentioned by you, is so eagerly sought that it is almost impossible to secure a good seat at his lectures, in spite of the fact that some of them are delivered at seven o'clock in the morning. German universities, then, are certainly not lacking in religious influence, but this religious activity should not be judged by foreign standards.

CHARLES BUNDY WILSON.

The University of Iowa, Iowa City.

The Basis of Healing Faith

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Dr. Gorham's recent article in *The Outlook* upon "The Physiological Effect of Faith," being written from the viewpoint of a member of the medical profession, will doubtless attract wide attention and interest, and deservedly so. He states very clearly certain important principles which are generally unrecognized. With your permission, and in the briefest form possible, I would like to offer one or two suggestions, not to criticise but to supplement the positions he so ably sets forth. The wonderful effect of faith upon the multiform physiological processes he enforces and illustrates most convincingly. The fact of the persistence of the "unconscious" (subconscious) life, and its unfailing responses to emotion, fear, and faith, has startling significance. It suggests prevention as well as cure. Dr. Gorham notes the fact that the thing around which fear or faith centers may have no potency *per se*, but if subjectively operative the work follows. Admitting cures, as he

does, "of many functional and some organic diseases" through faith, it is pertinent to interpret faith and discover its proper basis. If it is so potent, how can it be invoked? Can it be cultivated intelligently? If not, then its availability would seem to be limited to those who are superstitious or susceptible to some illusion. In that case, an intelligent man who believes in a world governed by divine, orderly law, and who would not resort to a shrine or holy relic, would be at a comparative disadvantage. Is faith a blind, superstitious emotion, or a wise, rational acquirement founded upon truth? To arouse a living faith one must feel dependence upon something which *seems* superior to himself.

If God be Omnipresent Love, and the Holy Spirit (Spirit of Wholeness) practically available, is that not a lawful and omnipotent leverage for faith to exercise itself upon? May not such a basis be regarded, not merely as a religious emotion, but, further, as a rational and practical accomplishment in full accord with spiritual, psychological, and physiological law? How, then, shall it be brought into concrete personal expression? By lifting the consciousness through positive thought and concentration into contact and oneness with the divine fullness and strength. Can we not consciously share this all-sufficiency by systematically making ourselves receptive to it? The avenue is a cultivated *feeling* of its presence, here and now. Feeling comes from persistent thought-habit, and, as Dr. Gorham clearly shows, takes hold of physiological processes. Is God a "Present Help"? In just the degree that we feel him to be so. If this is in accord with man's constitution, that fact would make it logical and even scientific. This need not lead to extremes, nor to any withholding of the reasonable use of material auxiliaries.

Dr. Gorham's timely article is an indication that conventional therapeutics is becoming less materialistic, and that its scope is being widened to the recognition and employment of closely related psychical and spiritual laws which are exact and reliable. Truth being a great unit, all its factors upon every plane must be, not only related, but mutually useful and confirmatory.

HENRY WOOD.

Boston.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who had expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Will you kindly give a criticism of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena"? I am especially anxious to know your opinion of his treatment of the mission of Christ.

G. M. J.

We have repeatedly commended this book for its general treatment of such subjects as telepathy, clairvoyance, the phenomena of spiritism, and psychical therapeutics (commonly described as mind-cure, faith-healing, etc.). We do not commend its account of the mission of Christ, which emphasizes physical at the expense of spiritual conceptions. Mr. Hudson justly brings within the range of natural laws many works of Christ that have been called miracles. But it is a pure assumption to regard him as the teacher of "an esoteric doctrine of healing," which he divulged only to chosen disciples. To interpret his caution to one whom he healed, "See thou tell no man," as foreshadowing the rule of mental healers to guard against relapse under the hostile influence of skeptical neighbors, conflicts with the fact of the contrary direction to the restored maniac (Mark v., 19). Christ's conception of eternal life was essentially ethical, but Mr. Hudson's seems mainly psycho-physical. Christ's conception of the Holy Spirit was assuredly higher than Mr. Hudson's description of him as a personification of the truth-seeking spirit in man. And his notion that "in the absence of belief in immortality the soul will necessarily perish" makes the core of our nature to be in what is intellectual rather than in what is moral, the living will. Christ, on the contrary, conditions the eternal life on that faith in him which unites our will to his in aspiration and effort to realize the divine righteousness.

1. "He giveth his beloved sleep" is all that is usually quoted of Psalm cxxviii., 2, but the little word *so* which preceeds it, or "for so"—"for" being an interpolation—must limit the phrase in some way. Does it, in connection with the preceding phrase, mean that the struggles there indicated are vain, because, by denying His beloved the things desired, God so giveth them rest or sleep from greed for

gain that would lead them from him? 2. Verse 4, same psalm, "So are the children of the youth"—does this mean that the children of one's youth are stronger, mightier, intellectually as well as physically, than those of his maturer years? 3. Is the phrase "I will be inquired of by my people, saith the Lord of Hosts," quoted to me the other day, anywhere in the Bible? C. G. T.

1. The margin of the Revised Version reads "in sleep." The idea seems to be, as in the preceding verse, the futility of human effort apart from the divine blessing. What we strive for early and late is bestowed even "so" when we are reposing in sleep. Compare Mark iv., 26. 2. The Revised Version reads "children of youth." The implication you mention does not seem to be here, but only a recognition of the fact that the birth of children occurs in earlier rather than in later life. 3. The nearest to it is in Ezekiel xxxvi., 37, "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel."

1. What inference may be legitimately drawn as to man's inability from the Pauline metaphor "dead in trespasses"? 2. Can you name any books on (a) Biblical Antiquities, (b) Rhetoric of the Bible, (c) Mystery of Matter? J. G.

1. None. So long as it is true that such a one *ought* to become a renewed man, "alive unto God," so long it is true that he *can*. "Ought" cannot be affirmed unless "can" is affirmed also. 2. (a) Bissell's "Biblical Antiquities" is sufficient for a general account; special works are numerous (Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia, \$1.50). (b) Cook's "The Bible and English Prose Style" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 55 cents). The subject you name requires fuller treatment than it has yet received. (c) Baron Kelvin's Popular Lectures and Addresses, Volume I., "The Constitution of Matter" (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$2); also Picton's "Mystery of Matter" (Fitzgerald, New York, 15 cents).

Can you recommend a few good books on the following subjects: (1) Homiletics; (2) Pastoral Theology, Evangelistic Work; (3) Elocution and Public Speaking? J. G. M.

1. "The Making of the Sermon," by Professor Pattison (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, \$1.50). 2. "The Romance of Christian Work and Experience," by Rev. W. Hay Aitkin (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$2); Bying-

ton's "Open-Air Preaching" (Hartford, Conn., Theological Seminary, 75 cents). 3. Professors Fulton and Trueblood's "Practical Elements of Elocution" (Ginn & Co., Boston, \$1.50); Bautain's "Art of Extempore Speaking" (Scribners, New York, \$1.50); Dr. Buckley's "Extemporaneous Oratory for Professional and Amateur Speakers" (Eaton & Mains, New York, \$1.50).

Please name some articles on Church Unity, either in magazines or books. J. E. P.

The most elaborate is Professor Shields's "United Church in the United States" (Scribners, New York, \$2.50). Others are Dr. Huntington's "National Church" (\$1), and a chapter in Dean Hodge's "Faith and Social Service" (T. Whittaker, New York, \$1.25). These contain all that can be reasonably said on the general subject.

In your recent reply to a query respecting the best histories of the Hebrew people, you made no reference to McCurdy's "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments." Perhaps you did not regard this book as included in the terms of the inquiry, or possibly you do not put upon it a very high estimate. I should be much obliged for an expression of your opinion of its merits. W. R. L. S.

We have referred to it when it seemed desirable, and have repeatedly commended it as a work of high merit in its own field.

Please name two or three of the ablest books holding the "post-millennium" position of the coming of our Lord. Please name first the one most exegetical. COURTESY.

We are unable to make the discrimination required. The best course for one who desires a sound view of the whole subject is to study Dr. Terry's comprehensive work on "Biblical Apocalypics" (Eaton & Mains, New York).

A. B. L.—A correspondent sends a copy of Fanny Forrester's poem "My Bird," which we will forward on receipt of address.

I wish very much to get the music of which the following words are a part. It is sung by Yale and Amherst students, and must come from somewhere:

"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And say a poor duffer lies low;
With six jolly seamen to carry me,
And steps measured, mournful, and slow."

J. E. B.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



What Kept the New Chimney Waiting

By Annie H. Donnell

A new chimney was going to be built on Grandpa's house, and the boys were in a state of high glee. They were always delighted when there was something going on, and this would be "something like," Wayne said.

"Mike's coming to mix the mortar, you know, and carry it up the ladder to the mason. He'll tell us stories noonings—Mike's such fun!"

"Yes," echoed Casper, "I guess he is! You spell Mike's kind o' fun with a big F and a big U and a big N! I say, Wayne, let's go get his hod and play we're hod-carriers, with mud for mortar, you know—come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Wayne; "it's leaning up against the barn. Mike left it there last Friday when he brought his things over."

On the way to the barn they saw Grandpa harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart. That meant a beautiful, jolty ride down to the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hod-carrier. They climbed in and jolted away.

"Mike's coming to-morrow, you know, Grandpa, and the mason," said Casper, his voice quiver-quavering over the jolts. "Oh, goody!" cried Wayne. But dear old Grandpa shook his white head.

"Not to-morrow, boys; you'll have to wait a bit longer. I sent word to Mr. Keet and Mike last night that they needn't come for a few weeks longer; I'd decided to put the chimney off."

"Oh, Grandpa!"

Both clear little voices were shrill with disappointment. Both little brown faces fell. Grandpa did not speak again at once—he was guiding Old Molly carefully out at the side of the cart-road. The boys saw a little crippled butterfly fluttering along in the wheel-track—that was why Grandpa turned out. Grandpa's big heart had room enough in it for every little live thing. Back in the track again, further on, Grandpa spoke.

"I'll show you why we must wait for the new chimney, when we get home, boys," he said, cheerily. "You'll agree with me, I know. It's a case of necessity."

"But I don't see what made you decide to, Grandpa," Wayne said, soberly. Grandpa's eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me to," he said, and that was all they found out until they got home. Then the same little bird told them. Grandpa took them up into the attic, with a great air of mystery. The old chimney had been partly taken away—half-way down to the attic floor. Grandpa tptoed up to it and lifted them, one at a time, to peer into it.

"Sh!" he whispered softly; "look sharp."

And there, on a little nest of mud, lined with thistledown and straws, that rested lightly on the projecting bricks, sat the little bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces peering down, as if to say—

"Oh, dear, no: I'm not afraid of *you*! Isn't this a beautiful nest? so exclusive and safe! There are four little speckly, freckly eggs under me. When I've hatched them and brought up my babies in the way well-educated little chimney-swallows should go, then you can build your chimney, you know."

So that was why Grandpa's new chimney had to wait.

By Foot in Mexico

We are so accustomed to railroads, trucks, horses, and steamboats to fetch and carry for us that we cease even to think how the things we wear or eat or use come to us.

In Mexico, a neighboring country, separated from us only by a river, men and women do the carrying. It is said that in the interior the people would suffer were it not for these human carriers. The men carry, for a mile or two at a time, loads weighing two hundred and fifty pounds; and some of the strongest can carry a load

weighing four hundred pounds for a mile. These men and women are called "foot-freighters" to distinguish them from mule teams that are also "freighters." The "foot-freighters" often have cards outside their houses telling that the family for ten and sometimes more generations have been "cargadores."

Years ago, in the outlying country outside of the cities, houses were built that were regular stations where the foot-freighters met and exchanged loads. The heavy loads were supported on the back of the shoulders by straps over the forehead and around the shoulders.

The mail-carriers in New Mexico are able to travel in a sort of trot forty miles a day, and do not seem to tire.

From a railroad train these "foot-freighters" may be seen trotting along with their heavy loads. The railroad people say that they rival the railroads. The people work for so little in Mexico, and find it so much easier not to change their methods of doing business, that the "foot-freighters" and "mule teams" reduce the business of the railroads.

A traveler in Mexico standing at the door of his hotel saw a woman with a heavy load of charcoal strapped to her back, a jar of pulque—a Mexican drink—on her head, while at her back were tucked comfortably her twin babies. The next was a man with a pile of chairs towering seven feet above his head. In the mountains, where the ore is mined, the foot-freighters have their hardest work, toiling up ladders with the heavy sacks of ore hanging from straps across their foreheads, while they pull themselves by their hands up the ladders. Coffee is carried to the coast from the plantations, the men singing as they trot along the roads. Everywhere the country is dependent on these "foot-freighters," who possibly look upon railroads as their most dreaded enemy.

South American "Hevea"

In the region of the Amazon River, in South America, are enormous forests of rubber-trees called "hevea," the name given to the tree by a French botanist. The center of this great rubber industry is Para, Brazil. Over twenty-two thousand tons of rubber were shipped from this port last year, and sent over the world,

The collectors who go into these forests to gather the "milk" are provided by their employers each with a knife, an ax, several tin cups, a large gourd, or a big clay bowl. The knife is to cut away the underbrush in the forest to reach the rubber-tree, which resembles an ash somewhat, and flourishes best in the deep shade. The ax is to cut the bark and make gashes from which the sap flows into the tin cups. About seven are hung on each tree. The milk is collected in the gourd, which holds from five to seven hundred cups. The collector goes from tree to tree, sometimes tapping as many as one hundred and fifty in a day.

The nuts of certain palm-trees are supposed to be the best fuel for curing rubber. When these cannot be found, bark and twigs are used. Over the fire is placed a funnel somewhat like a water-jug, without bottom or handle; through this the smoke rises.

The collector has a broad-bladed paddle, which is made of wood. This he dips into the milk and holds it over the smoke. When this coat is cured, the paddle is dipped again into the milk to take on another coating. Over and over again this is done, until the cured rubber is of the required thickness on the paddle. To remove it, a cut is made through to the paddle and the rubber removed ready for packing. This is the method which makes the best rubber.

The name "rubber" was given to "hevea," or "caoutchouc," an Indian name for the tree, by an English artist who discovered that a gum imported from South America removed pencil-marks readily.

A Tragic Tale of Tea

By Carolyn Wells

The Beetle was blind, and the Bat was blinder,

And they went to take tea with the Scissors-grinder.

The Scissors-grinder had gone away

Across the river to spend the day,

But he'd tied his bell to the grapevine swing.

The Bat and the Beetle heard it ring,

And neither the Beetle nor Bat could see
Why no one offered them any tea.

So, polite and patient, they are waiting yet
For the cup of tea they expect to get.

—St. Nicholas,

The Home Club

Cooking in the Public Schools

The Department of Agriculture, in collecting and disseminating information on the use and preparation of foods, is doing the country and the cause of education great service. The Department has just issued Bulletin No. 56, devoted to the history and methods prevailing in the public schools of New York, by Louise E. Hogan. This bulletin contains an introduction by Professor A. C. True, who states that the object of the bulletin is to supply information to the rural schools. The term "cooking-school" implies learning how to put certain quantities of materials together to produce certain results. A glance at the plan of work presented for those schools reveals that the first step is to teach the student the nature of the material she is using. The subjects under the schedule of work include chemistry, botany, physics, biology, physiology, and hygiene. In addition to the tools associated with the idea of cooking are found the microscope, the testing-tube, and the thermometer. Chemical experiments are made with raw materials to extract the food product. The general culture inseparable from the method of conducting the work in New York will be a surprise to those who know the cooking-school of former years. The following is the list of books recommended for use in connection with the course in cookery:

- Foods, by Edward Smith.
- Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Matthieu Williams.
- History of a Mouthful of Bread, by J. Macé, translated by Mrs. A. Gatty.
- Remsen's Chemistry.
- Laboratory Manual of General Chemistry, by Williams.
- Vegetable World and Animal World, by Figuiet.
- Elements of Structural and Systematic Botany, by Campbell. (Boston, 1890.)
- Principles of Hygiene, E. M. Hunt.
- Spirit of Cookery (Thudichum).
- Century Cook Book (Mary Ronald).
- European and American Cuisine (Lemcke).
- The Murray Collection of Cook Books.
- Francatelli's Modern Cook Book.
- Marion Harland's Books.

The Supervisor of Cookery, in answer to a question, replies that she believes that this work will bring about great changes

in the home life of the people. The lessons in economy in the use of materials will work a change that will mark the difference between comfort and poverty.

A Service Book

Various attempts have been made in this country to secure references for servants that have a real value. To-day, references, the greater portion of them, are merely indicative of the kindly disposition of the last mistress; too often a still stronger evidence of her lack of moral courage. Recently the German Housewives' Association of New York appealed to the Municipal Council to appoint a committee to look into the subject of domestic service, with a view to secure better conditions for maids and mistresses. The Municipal Assembly of New York lightens its arduous labors by jokes that do not always maintain its dignity. This resolution was by many classified under this head. Why? If some general law or usage could regulate the business side of domestic service, it would be a great gain in peace and happiness. For instance, in Germany every servant is compelled to own a "Service Book." This book must be made according to a certain legal description. The first page has the owner's name, birthplace, date of birth, and description of the owner. The left-hand pages must have five divisions. These record the number of situations, the kind of service, names of employers, their occupations and residence, the date of arrival and departure from each situation. The right-hand page records the certificate of the employer, and the reason for leaving the situation. This book must be shown to the police before the owner can enter into a new situation. Should the owner refuse to show the book to a would-be employer, there is a heavy penalty attached. Should the employer refuse to give a certificate of character to a servant about to leave his service, there is a penalty for such refusal.

While it is very doubtful whether there can ever be municipal regulation of domestic service in this country, the above plan is feasible where mistresses combine

to support an intelligence office or employment bureau for any kind of service. A duplicate record could be kept that would make exchange or substitution of extremely doubtful value. Such books would also be of value in recommending servants to service in certain families. Alas, it is true that servants are sometimes as sadly betrayed as mistresses. What is needed is some sort of standard for work and wages that will be moderately uniform. The "Dienstbuch" or "Service Book" may be a step toward this end.

Would it not be possible for the municipal authorities to enact an ordinance that will at least offer the protection of the German law which makes the employer who recommends an incapable servant liable for any damage that servant may do?

Perhaps when in this country we establish as part of the public-school system a Domestic Science or Home Science High School, we may be able, because of a better understanding of the whole subject from the practical and economic standpoint, to pass municipal ordinances that will at least license the right kind of employment bureaus.

An Advance Step

It is interesting to note that, in an age when women are engaging in active public life, accepting public positions, and entering all professions, the questions affecting the home life are more prominent than ever before in the world's history. It is no longer accepted as a fact that being born a woman means being born a housekeeper. That woman, like the poet, has the elements within her which, if properly trained, will result in producing the perfectly managed home, is the close-of-the-century thought. The responsibility of poor housekeeping is no longer thrown on the servants. Its difficulties may be increased, as its cost may be increased, by their faults, but the housekeeper now looks to herself for the remedies, is ashamed if the faults lie beyond her cure. All over the country there are springing up schools and classes for the training of housekeepers, many of them being estab-

lished for the benefit of young girls who have just left school and college.

The first graduates of one of these schools in Worcester, Mass., have received their certificates. This proves that the holders have studied the chemical and nutritive qualities of foods, marketing, the chemistry of cleaning and cooking, laundry-work, and sanitation and hygiene. The Household Economic Association of New York will give especial attention to housekeepers' classes next year. The school in Syracuse, N. Y., is so well established as to be accepted as a standard.

The Philadelphia Housekeepers' Alliance is to establish at once a school for the training of domestic servants. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston is to still further advance in its special lines of training mistresses and servants. The attempt to establish a State school for the training of girls in domestic service in New York has brought out the question as to whether a Domestic Science High School for Girls is not as legitimate as a commercial high school for boys. Why should not a girl have a choice as to what direction her education should take after she leaves the elementary schools? A committee of the Brooklyn Borough Board of Education have presented a resolution to that body urging the establishing of such a school. This is a step far in advance. It is urged that such a school will attract many girls who now leave school at fourteen; they would remain two and three years longer if the education they were acquiring had the promise in it of a direct financial return. Those who oppose it do so on the ground that it would be class education. Why so, any more than a commercial education provided by the authorities for the direct purpose of fitting boys for a special line of wage-earning?

Such opportunities of education for girls will yet be provided by the authorities. The kind of work such a school will exact will prove that the making and keeping of a home demands intellectual effort, and that for those who hire and those who sell labor, this kind of education will enrich the State, physically, financially, morally.

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The Transvaal Crisis Continued military activity continues on both sides of the Orange-Transvaal frontier. In the Transvaal the commandeering orders are completed and the burghers are ready for the field. Commandant-General Joubert is reported to have said that there are ten thousand men near Volksrust, the nearest town to the Natal border. Commandant Cronje has three thousand on the Bechuana side. Opposing these there are, at this writing, five thousand British near Dundee, in Natal, and a considerable force at the junction of the Kimberley-Johannesburg railways near the other frontier. Business has virtually ceased at Johannesburg. Such great numbers of Outlanders have left that the mines are paying five dollars a day, with food, to those who will remain. It is rumored that at Pretoria the Transvaal Government has declared an emergency act of legislation, which authorizes the Government Bank to suspend specie payments, closes the courts, and suspends papers published in the English language. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent of the London "Telegraph," says that although both republics have mobilized their male population, good order prevails everywhere. "I have never seen people in such a crisis so well behaved and resolute, without the least air of boastfulness. Young and old are fully determined to fight to the bitter end. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there are large numbers of Uitlanders, English and other nationalities, who have enrolled themselves to take up arms in defense of their adopted country." The feeling among the Cape Colony Africans, always strong, is now doubly so, since every one has relatives in the Boer forces. The line of cleavage between British and Dutch in the colony is daily growing more marked; it will be surprising if it does not occasion even greater anxiety.

Impressive evidences that the British Government is in earnest are found in the large orders to transport mules and meat to South Africa. The Government has ordered nearly five million pounds of its army meat from the Louisville Packing Company. Large orders have also been received by concerns in Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. One result will probably be that the already high prices of meat in this country will become higher.



The Orange-Transvaal Alliance

The most important event of last week in the Transvaal situation was the unanimous passing of resolutions by the Orange Free State Volksraad, or Parliament, in accordance with President Steyn's exhortation of the week previous. The first resolution instructed the Government to use every means to insure peace without violating the honor or independence either of the Free State or of the Transvaal. The second resolution declared that there exists no cause for war, and that war against the Transvaal, if undertaken or occasioned by the British Government, would morally be a war against the whole white population of Africa, and in its consequences criminal. Come what may, the Free State will faithfully fulfill its obligations to the Transvaal in virtue of the existing offensive and defensive alliance. As the Orange Free State is connected with the Transvaal by the closest ties, not only of a formal agreement, but of blood and race, this action of the Volksraad at Bloemfontein is, of course, what might be expected. However, as the Orange Free State has long stood in friendly relations with the British Government, some English colonials profess surprise and chagrin. One, Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal in London, is reported as saying that if the

Free State had been loyal, fighting would not have lasted fourteen days; it might now last two months. It is believed that the union of the Orange and Transvaal military forces will add nearly three-quarters to the latter's numerical strength, and, by the extension of Boer frontier, is sure to make the struggle far harder to concentrate.



The Feeling in Great Britain

The general feeling in Great Britain is voiced by the Rev. Dr. James Stewart, who has spent the last thirty years in South Africa. Writing to us on the crisis, he says that the small oligarchy of Transvaal Boers do not mean to give and will not give to white or black the smallest political or municipal rights, except those which they are compelled by force to give. In consequence, the outlook is gloomy enough. The vast majority of the British papers, home and colonial, heartily approve those passages of the Duke of Devonshire's speech last week which read as follows:

The obstacle which seems to stand in the way of a peaceful settlement appears to be the rooted conviction of the Boers that we cherish designs hostile to their independence. That such apprehensions are unfounded has been asserted as strongly as possible—officially in our despatches and unofficially by members of the Government. The unfounded suspicions of President Kruger and his Government cannot relieve us of the duty of taking measures for the protection of our fellow-subjects and in the interests of peace and good government.

Many Liberals, however, are saying that it can be only a few years until the venerable President Kruger and the other bigoted conservatives pass away. When that occurs, the Outlanders will have their way. Why should not the latter wait, even though the present situation be desperately uncomfortable, rather than involve not only the Transvaal but every South African State in a horrible conflagration? This war would quite probably be not only between the British and the Boers, but also between the whites on the one side and, on the other, the blacks, outnumbering them eight to one. There would also be a dire imperiling of Great Britain's duties in many parts of the world—in China, where she has the "open door" to keep open; in the Persian Gulf, where she must constantly fight France and Russia,

resolved upon obtaining coaling stations there and thus endangering India; in North Africa, where the Chauvinists at Paris long to avenge Fashoda. On Sunday last Cardinal Vaughan warned his fellow-countrymen as follows: "War is still trembling in the balance, and a great responsibility rests upon those deputed to safeguard the welfare of the British nation. An unjust or an unnecessary war would be a great national crime, deserving divine chastisement, because it would be an offense against God and mankind."



A Possible Consolidation

The Transvaal Boers are divided into two classes, Conservatives and Liberals. The leader of the first is President Kruger; of the second, General Joubert, Vice-President of the Republic, Commandant-General of the Army, and, with Mr. Kruger, one of the triumvirate which governed the Transvaal during the war of independence in 1880-81. General Joubert gained a victory in every one of the battles fought against the British, and has been Vice-President ever since the re-establishment of Transvaal independence. He is equally remarkable in a civil and in a military capacity. As Liberal leader he believes that the Outlanders should be permitted to vote both for the candidates for the presidency and for those of the Volkraad's first Chamber. They are already allowed to vote for those for the impotent second Chamber. Latterly General Joubert has been trying to restrain the bellicose Conservatives, and, according to the London "Times," the postponement of hostilities is due almost wholly to his influence. Now, however, he has been informed by the armed burghers that, unless he is prepared to take the initiative within a brief period, he must relinquish command of the army. General Joubert has long been the Liberal candidate for the presidency. President Kruger fears, so it is believed, that at the next election the office may pass into his opponent's hands. Accordingly, he is now said to be considering a plan which will give him the satisfaction of not seeing his rival reigning in his stead, and at the same time of wonderfully strengthening the Transvaal, morally and materially, indeed as nothing else could. This plan is nothing less than his own resigna-

in favor of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State. The inevitable consequence of this would be the consolidation of the two Republics, or rather the annexation of the Transvaal to the Free State. We hope that this union may take place. By this the Transvaal Boers and the Outlanders would both be benefited.



Religion in the Transvaal

No conception of the Boer character is complete which does not take into account the strong religious admixture which obtains therein. The most striking example of Boer literal faith in God is the contrast between their defeat under the atheist Burgers, whom they could not trust to lead them into battle against the natives and so were routed, and their wonderful victories over the British in the war of independence of 1880-81, when they fought with a courage and persistence above all praise, inspired by the stirring conviction that the Lord was fighting with them and for them. Few peoples have ever shown a more touching reliance upon the Supreme Being. The great analogy is, of course, the setting forth of the Pilgrims from Holland, not far from the time when the Dutch also set forth from that country to found homes and republics in South Africa. The Boer religion, however, was like the Puritan in this country—a seeming striving after an Old Testament rather than a New Testament ideal. It was also shown in the spirit of entire democracy in ritual. Anything else would have seemed sacrilege. Ever since the “Great Trek” in 1835 the Dutch Reformed Church has been the State Church of the Boers. It is now divided into two factions, of which the Doppers, led by President Kruger, constitute the conservatives. The radicals insist on singing hymns, a performance which the Doppers declare to be extremely worldly. The great festival in the Boer calendar is that of the *Nachtmaal*, or communion, generally held at Christmas-time at Pretoria, the capital. To this feast burghers come from all parts of the Transvaal, and, encamped about the capital, present a truly pastoral and patriarchal picture. Five of the nine legal holidays in the Transvaal are religious holidays—namely, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whit-Monday.

The War in Luzon

Last week was more eventful in a military way than any since the rainy season began. On Sunday a naval expedition went up Subig Bay, landed a party, and destroyed insurgent works at Olongapo without much serious resistance, capturing a Krupp gun and driving the enemy temporarily away from the vicinity. None of our sailors was killed, and only one wounded. On Monday despatches from General Otis were published stating that sixty-five armed men had surrendered to our forces in Negros and that the Panay Island insurgents had made overtures for submission if good terms could be promised them; they were told that they must surrender absolutely. General Otis also confirmed the news that General Bates had placed garrisons in several places in the Sulu Islands, while in Zamboango the chiefs were willing to receive a United States garrison on the curious condition that it should agree to withdraw if Aguinaldo were finally victorious—a condition naturally declined with promptness. On the same day were published the particulars of a minor success by the insurgents: they had seized, burned, and scuttled the gunboat *Urdaneta*, which had been bombarding the town of Orani, on Manila Bay. The crew of ten men, landed to take possession of the place, fell into an ambuscade and were captured, and, it is believed, taken to Porac by the insurgents who looted and sunk the gunboat. Cadet Wood, in command of the gunboat, was killed. On Tuesday was reported an action of some importance in Cebu; here General Snyder made an attack on fortified positions and captured seven forts with many old smooth-bore guns.



The Capture of Porac and Delivery of Prisoners

News from Lieutenant Gilmore and his fellow-prisoners has been received through two Englishmen who have been in Aguinaldo's lines. They say that the American prisoners are at Vigan, and are well treated. These Englishmen say that five Japanese army officers are assisting the insurgents in the north. The crops, they say, are plentiful and the army is enthusiastic, but the organization is poor and the discipline slack. It is believed that the rebels will retreat.

to the mountains when the Americans advance. The offer made lately by Aguinaldo to release some prisoners if a commission of his officers might accompany them to Manila to talk about peace negotiations was at first refused, because of a projected immediate advance by the American forces against Porac. On Thursday this announced American advance was made against Porac—twelve miles northwest from Bacolor, eight miles southwest of Angeles (our northern advance post), and a few miles west of the railway. Porac was thus in a position which threatened our flank, and from it expeditions have annoyed our outposts. The attack was the old story over again. General MacArthur's force met with little resistance; none of our men were killed; only four wounded; the insurgents abandoned the town. The capture of Porac was part of a general movement to clear our flanks. After this advance was thus successfully carried out, the Filipino Commissioners were allowed to enter our lines escorting fourteen American prisoners (not Lieutenant Gilmore's band), who were surrendered with no other return than the admission of the Commission. The prisoners unanimously praised their treatment. One man said: "We have been given the best the country afforded, fine houses for quarters, servants, good food, plenty of wine, and a money allowance. The idea of independence has taken firm hold of the Filipinos." The Filipino Commissioners, General Otis cables, tried to secure some recognition of their Government; they were told that unconditional surrender only would be considered.



Dr. Schurman
on the Philippines

The address delivered at Cornell last week by President Schurman is of more than local and university interest because of its very full statement of the views of one of the Philippine Commission on the great question now occupying public thought. President Schurman frankly admitted that a year ago he answered negatively the question, Shall we take the Philippine Islands from Spain? To-day he thought the only question was, "The United States having taken the Philippine Islands from Spain, what shall be done with them?" He admitted that there was

a great difference between the expansion now proposed and that involved in the development of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific in territory practically uninhabited. The most fundamental and obvious lesson drawn from all colonial history was, he thought, the warning, "Let no ruling race ever treat its colonies or its dependencies as its possessions." We cannot, he continued in substance, do what we like with the Philippines; this would be barbarous and muddle-headed; we must not use the government of colonies or dependencies as a money-making enterprise; let a nation seek to enrich itself at the expense of its colonists and it impoverishes all; a colonizing power should aim at nothing but the welfare of its colonies, but colonies and dependencies should be made self-supporting. President Schurman, in reply to the question, Why should we extend our sovereignty over remote countries and alien people? affirmed over and over again that the only justifiable object would be the establishment of good government in the territory, the evolution of its people in civilization, and "the training of them in progressive self-government with a view to ultimate independence, whether by partnership in or separation from the sovereign State." He believed in our mission to educate and elevate the Filipinos in honest and fraternal co-operation with them to establish a just and stable government, "in which the natives shall have ever-increasing participation in proportion to the development of their political capacities."



Captain Carter's Sentence The verdict of the court martial against Captain Oberlin M. Carter was approved by the President at the close of last week. On the Wednesday preceding, ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, one of Captain Carter's counsel, was heard in his defense by Attorney-General Griggs, but only a few minor specifications in the findings of the court martial were disapproved. Mr. MacVeagh expressed his own belief in the innocence of his client, but his argument was almost exclusively a pleading of legal technicalities against the decision of the court martial. He urged that the court martial had violated the rules of evidence in vari-

ous ways—notably by admitting illegally seized private papers of Captain Carter—and pleaded that the court martial was incapable of conducting a thorough trial of the case, because it could not compel men in civil life to testify before it. This plea was undoubtedly true, but the inability of the court martial to subpoena civil witnesses was rather an advantage than a disadvantage to the accused, whose personal popularity, supplementing the financial resources of the contractors involved, enabled him to secure volunteer witnesses at command. Laymen who have followed the case have generally been convinced of the accused officer's guilt ever since he pleaded the statute of limitations to secure himself from prosecution for offenses committed during eight years of the ten he was in charge of the Government works in Savannah Harbor; and the present attempt of one of his counsel, Mr. Blair, to raise the cry of "militarism" will utterly fail. That the verdict of the court martial imposed in April, 1898, should remain so long unapproved shows that civil distrust of military tribunals has been carried to the last possible point. The Nation will indorse the execution of the sentence, which imposed a fine and imprisonment for five years at hard labor.



The Boston and Albany Lease

The "Protective Committee" of stockholders of the Boston and Albany Railroad, who opposed the acceptance of the eight and a half per cent. lease of this road to the New York Central, had remarkable success in obtaining the support of their fellow-stockholders. At the beginning of last week they held the power to vote 136,000 shares out of the total of 250,000, and were thus clearly able to veto the proposed action of the directors. To make their victory complete, however, they decided to put in nomination a new list of directors, and though they renominated President Bliss and four of his associates on the present board who favored the lease, their object was clearly to rebuke if not to remove the old management. This new attitude called forth considerable protest from their previous supporters, and when President Bliss refused to accept their nomination they found themselves unable to dictate what the outcome should

be. At the meeting of the stockholders on Wednesday the friends of the old management were able to secure postponement of final action upon the lease until November, and before the vote upon the new directors could be counted a compromise was effected by which the protestants against the lease accepted a mere increase in their representation upon the board. Meanwhile the question of State purchase of the Boston and Albany has gained unexpected prominence. The charter of the road, it will be recalled, provided that the State might at any time purchase the road upon terms that would return to the stockholders their original investment and ten per cent. interest thereon. As the State has chartered no parallel road, the stockholders have always received about ten per cent. interest, so that the State has the contract right to purchase the stock at par—or for about half what the New York Central offers. If a private corporation had this right, it would exercise it, and a great many citizens of Massachusetts believe with ex-Senator Dawes that the State should look after the rights of the public as zealously as a private corporation after the rights of its shareholders. No prominent paper, so far as we have seen, advocates the public operation of the road, but both the Springfield "Republican" and the Hartford "Courant" are in substantial agreement with the Boston "Post" when it says: "The strong tendency of things to-day is towards the public ownership of 'public utilities' by the people. Why would it not be a good thing for the State to buy in the road, and then lease it to Mr. Vanderbilt for the profit of the public treasury?"



The Political Assessment of Judges

There is nothing before unknown in the testimony of many Judges of New York courts (including eleven of the Supreme Court Justices) before the Mazet Committee. It has been perfectly well understood for years by all well-informed people that candidates for the bench or for re-election, with few exceptions, make contributions on a regularly fixed scale for "campaign expenses." But the completeness with which this practice was exhibited has brought the

subject before the public mind in a striking way. Some of the Judges upheld the practice, making a distinction between "contributions" and "assessments," and arguing that judges, like all other political candidates, were properly called upon to contribute to necessary political expenses. This argument merely suggests the general principle that all collection and expenditure of campaign funds should be under such strict supervision here as in England, with full publicity as to items; the present New York law is really farcical, as it does not call for any accounting by campaign committees. Apart from the general question, however, the members of the bench exercise a peculiarly important public function, and should be more carefully guarded from the least suspicion than ordinary political candidates. When it is noted that the Judges testified last week to paying from \$2,500 to \$12,500 each; when it is remembered that in many cases the nomination was all but equivalent to an election; and when it is known that the payments were made to or through such political machinists and corruptionists as the present Tammany leaders, there is certainly reason to regard the practice as reprehensible. New York judges, as a body, have a high reputation for honor and ability, but it is a disgrace that before election or nomination they should have to chaffer with political bosses as to the amount of contribution to be made to the campaign fund. If it cannot truly be averred that they buy their judge-ships, it is at least true that they wear the collar of the "organization," and are driven into undesirable relations with men who exert a powerful influence in making the laws which the judges interpret. Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, while believing that judges should be elected rather than appointed, declared earnestly that, as far as possible, the judiciary should be absolutely removed from politics. He added:

I think that a man who goes into the judiciary should be consecrated—set apart from other men. His position is second only to that of the ministry, and he should not be regarded in the same light as other candidates to political life. His whole life should be given up to the cause of administering justice, and he should not be required to pay any attention to political considerations. I am absolutely opposed to the whole system of judges paying contributions to campaign funds.

The Negro of the New South

An interesting contribution to what may be called the psychology of the negro problem is that of Mr. David F. St. Clair in the "Criterion," the result of a visit to the South after an absence of ten years. In place of the "old-time darkey" he had known, Mr. St. Clair found "a self-conscious colored man, less optimistic, less mirthful, less improvident, perhaps more morose, more melancholy, and with a more acute sense of pain and suffering;" in short, a changed type, one that had developed a nervous system like that of the white. A conspicuous sign of the change was the abandonment of the banjo, so long associated with care-free plantation jollity—due, probably, to the ambition to imitate the whites—and the substitution for it on excursions of the guitar, zither, or music-box. With the passing of the banjo has also passed the spontaneous love of song—"the sort of song one was wont to hear at the corn-huskings, log-rollings, house-raising, and railroad-buildings in the '70's and '80's." In a small town in North Carolina Mr. St. Clair saw fifty young negroes laying water-pipes, "working in absolute silence and their faces as glum as so many Italian pipe-layers in New York." He asked one of them to start a song, but "the response was so feeble that the tune soon collapsed." The foreman explained to him: "Dese niggers can't sing. Dey's in no mood." Mr. St. Clair thinks this an explanation which gets "near the heart of the secret." Mr. St. Clair saw a like change of mood reflected in the more decorous services of the colored churches. Not once was the word "hell" mentioned in a half-dozen sermons he heard from educated colored preachers. One of them explained to him that while this was due in part to a theological change, the principal reason was that "we cannot restrain our people if we go on talking to them about hell. We are now trying to teach our people to reason and think." In illustration, Mr. St. Clair noted a case where a scholarly preacher dropped into a strain of old-time fervor, stirring every man and woman in the congregation to the highest pitch of excitement. Attempting in vain to calm the storm he had raised, the preacher sat down in utter disgust. Among the causes to which Mr. St. Clair attributes the loss of

mirthfulness, there comes first the deep chagrin felt by the colored man over the deprivation of the right to vote. Every time he hears the word "lection" he has "some such sinking feeling as a disinherited son has at the mention of his lost inheritance." Despite this bitterness, however, there is no development of race malice. The negro's crimes, says Mr. St. Clair, are principally the result of ignorance and irritation. Not more than five per cent. of the negroes are guilty of the outrages which have caused the lynchings. He adds that "in private the severest critic of these brutes is the negro himself." One result of a keener consciousness of his hard lot is an exodus from the country into the towns and cities. There the colored population is crowded into the foulest quarters, entailing effects the most appalling, especially the development of consumption and insanity, whose ravages the race had in the past largely escaped. Mr. St. Clair's conclusion, somewhat incongruous, but in its way interesting, is that, despite changes, "the negro still remains the best judge of a gentleman in the South. When he tells you this white man is a gentleman and the other is not, you have got an opinion from an instinct that is never fooled on this delicate point."



The Presbyterian Alliance

The Pan-Presbyterian Council, popularly so called, but more properly the Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian system, assembled at Washington September 27. Its last meeting in this country was in 1880, at Philadelphia. The present meeting is the seventh General Council of the Alliance, which was organized in 1877. The delegates are mainly from English-speaking countries; very few are from Continental Europe. Of the 5,000,000 communicants in the Alliance, only one-fifth speak any other than the English language. The meetings are held in Dr. Radcliffe's church, where, if we mistake not, condemnation was pronounced on Dr. Briggs. The opening sermon by Professor De Witt, of Princeton, on "The Bible and the Reformed Churches," naturally recalled that event. He declared it imperative to take notice of the present crisis of Biblical belief, and

to meet the demands of the critics with counter-criticism. On the other hand, he held the great duty in the sphere of feeling to be charity, remembering that "none of us is thoroughly consistent intellectually." Dr. J. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, in his opening address as President of the Alliance, seemed to look out on a wider horizon. The churches, he said, will command the attention of the age only so far as, without lowering their testimony or their ideals, they make room for its trends and habits of thought, its expansions and complexities of life. "We are not worshipers of the past. While a false liberalism ruthlessly tears the present from the past, it is an equally false conservatism which insists that the molds into which the conclusions of a past age were cast shall remain fixed and rigid for all future periods."



Presbyterian Fellowship

The meetings of the Alliance are for purposes of fellowship only, and take on no legislative functions. In this respect it is like the recent International Council of the Congregational Churches at Boston, and aims to realize the spiritual unity and co-operation of the mutually independent Presbyterian denominations. The statistical report by the General Secretary, Dr. Mathews, of London, showed that, whatever drawbacks had occurred, the aggregates of ministers, congregations, elders, communicants, children in Sunday-school, and contributions to missionary work indicated an increase all along the line. The congregations included in the Alliance number nearly 25,000,000 souls. "Co-operation is the watchword." On the occasion of an exchange of salutations with the Congregational Council at Boston a proposal was made to extend this co-operation and to see if anything could be done toward unifying Presbyterians and Congregationalists, but it was not favorably received. The fellowship of the Alliance itself is not complete in the service of song, as the United and the Reformed Presbyterians count it unlawful to sing hymns, or any other lyrics than the Psalms, and serious difficulties have thus arisen heretofore. That Calvinism is not moribund in the Presbyterian communion was evinced by a strong and striking

paper on "Calvinistic Forces in the Formation of National Life" by Principal Salmond, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and also by Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Philadelphia, in subsequent discussion. The Alliance is to continue in session till October 6. Perhaps the most noted man present is the Rev. J. G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides.



**Bishop Potter on
Divorce**

At the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention held last week in New York City, the principal event was a very strong statement by Bishop Potter on the subject of divorce. At the last General Convention he was regarded as a leader in the policy of upholding the existing law of his Church. Hence his opinion that it might be the best course to refuse remarriage to any divorced person is of peculiar interest. Both in his recent speech and in an article in the current number of the "North American Review" Bishop Potter emphasizes the exaggeration of individualism. By individualism he means the modern tendency to throw off the earlier forms of authority and let each person act as his own judgment dictates, so long as the rights of others are not curtailed thereby. While he admits that in the spirit of individualism the historian of the future may perhaps discern the mightiest force of this age, the Bishop holds that it has had a disastrous effect upon family life, and, through the family, upon the institutions and obligations of marriage. The Rev. Dr. Dix, after reading the report of the committee appointed to consider this subject, was even more outspoken. He declared that—

Families are broken up, homes ruined under frivolous pretenses, or at the dictate of lawless passion; yet it is assumed that these things should be left to the individual as his or her personal concern, and not the concern of the social circle in which he moves, and feeble, if any, opposition is made to the exoneration and full rehabilitation of offenders whose acts merit the reproof of just and honorable men. These sins against human and divine law are not committed only by the low, the degraded, and the ignorant; they are conspicuously manifest in the case of what are known as the higher classes; persons arrogating to themselves the character of social leaders have been among the most reckless in contempt for duty, and most flagrant among

the offenders against God and the Christian institutions, while it is a deplorable fact that their associates and companions in the very class which might and ought to exert a salutary influence in frowning on transgression and trying to keep society pure, appear to take their part, and even to justify and applaud their conduct. We are reaching a point at which alarm is daily growing greater, and disgust and indignation are more widely felt; a point at which the opinion is gaining ground, to which the Bishop has referred, that legislation is advisable which shall prohibit the remarriage of divorced persons under any circumstances whatever.



**President Hyde on
Theological Seminary
Reform**

One of the warmest discussions at the International Congregational Council last week was on the question of the training of clergymen. The subject was introduced by President Hyde, of Bowdoin, who declared that a man's first qualification to preach was the call of God. This is no audible voice or visible sign; it is not even some pathological disturbance of the nerves. It is the clear conviction that life, as most men live it, is a wicked waste and an insult to God. It is the equally clear conviction that life, as man ought to live it and as Christ has shown us how, is pleasing to God and restful to the soul. The second qualification is mental drill. Exacting should be the training of the man who is to apply to the soul the active, living word of God. Thirdly, Dr. Hyde puts first-hand secular knowledge. It is, indeed, of little use to preach to a world whose ways of thinking the preacher does not understand. The minister, Dr. Hyde declares, must wrest the scientific concepts of the age direct from the laboratory; nor will any text book or lecturer, giving them in finished form, serve his purpose. The speaker affirmed that—

The most ominous sign in American Congregationalism to-day is the disposition of thoughtless churches to welcome to their pulpits, of weak-kneed associations to recognize, of complaisant councils to install, untrained or half-trained men from foreign lands, from denominations having lower intellectual standards, from lay colleges, from Christian Association and Endeavor work, simply because they can glibly proclaim with unctuous fervor the plagiarized platitudes they have borrowed, in substance or in form, if not in both, from pernicious homiletical helps.

Lastly, President Hyde urged the individual grasp of spiritual truth. This involves a radical reform in methods of

seminary instruction. The speaker somewhat sweepingly claimed that when college graduates go to the seminary they almost invariably report a falling off in interest. Men who have learned in college to investigate and think for themselves, when given dictated lectures to write out and learn as the chief means of intellectual growth, feel as if put back into the kindergarten. The best men are disgusted; the poorest, stultified. Their manhood is at the same time threatened by superfluous eleemosynary aid. Again, seminaries which will emancipate the minds of their students must themselves be free from bondage to the letter of antiquated creeds. "Creeds have their purposes and uses, which are akin to the uses of platforms in political parties. What would you think of a college that should bind its professors forever to teach McKinley doctrines of the tariff or Bryan views of silver coinage?"



Other Views President Slocum, of Colorado College, who followed, agreed with Dr. Hyde, and asked if the time had not come to consolidate the theological schools of New England. Consolidation into one strong divinity school would command great teachers, earnest students, and large financial support. In such an institution high standards could be set and maintained and the eleemosynary element banished. On the other hand, Professor Moore, of Andover Seminary, thought that all of the seminaries were doing their best to administer the trust funds committed to their care for the purpose for which they were given. With one or two exceptions, the seminaries endeavor to administer their funds in scholarships on the same plan as colleges and universities employ. As to the diligence of students, Professor Moore declared the seminaries to be inspired by the supposition that men who came from college to the seminary had already acquired the motive for study. As to the course of study, theological schools do not pursue methods which have become obsolete; the lecture, which is one of the best methods of instruction, being always supplemented by wide reading. Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, also protested, saying that, whatever American semina-

ries might lack, the reforms outlined by Presidents Hyde and Slocum were not needed in British schools. To this we would add that we believe the cry for reform in some directions to be a just cry. Many of the students in our seminaries are suffering from a lack of self-respect. Both as regards education and as regards compensation, the seminaries should place their students on the same basis as that of students in the schools of law and medicine.



The Prison Association It is an encouraging sign of the times when reform movements grow more enthusiastic. Such a sign, one in which they may well conquer, was seen at the meeting of the National Prison Association in Hartford, September 23-28. This was marked not only in the tone of the papers from such experts, practical and theoretical, as Warden Hert, of Indiana, Warden Wolfer, of Minnesota, Colonel Carroll D. Wright, Professor Bates, of Elmira, and President Slocum, of Colorado, but in the lively discussions and in the admirably full and comprehensive newspaper reports. When a reform meeting gets as much space in a daily paper as a prize-fight, it is enough to comfort a reformer. Everything went to show that the idea of the indeterminate sentence is taking deep root. On that stock must be grafted the best systems for governing any prison or reformatory. Wise labor schemes, technical training, trade teaching, thorough protection of society from the professional criminal—these and kindred methods for improving prison discipline will fail of their purpose without the indeterminate sentence. Dropping out the minimum of a sentence was good so far as it went, but every experiment goes to show that when all reference to the maximum term shall be omitted likewise, the prisoner will first awake to the full responsibilities before him. The dangers that lurk in things apparently good are not sufficiently considered, as a rule, but those who heard the paper by Professor Bates, of Elmira, on the prevention of crime had warnings in that direction. It is almost discouraging to be told that of the convicts sent to one reformatory alone, fifty-eight per cent. have

passed through reform schools or houses of reformation before coming there. Could there be better proof that institutions do not fit boys and girls to meet the stress of life outside the sheltering walls? Mr. Bates finds also great dangers to young people in Sunday excursions, and even in the freedom of our beautiful parks. The remedy for these evils, of course, is education, to teach the use of all that is helpful without abuse. Among other helps toward the prevention of crime, Mr. Bates commended the establishment of lodging-houses for newsboys, and such hotels as the Mills in New York, which have had a distinct influence in improving the behavior of their guests. From figures collected by the Governor of South Carolina it appears that since the establishment of the dispensaries there the cases of drunkenness reported have diminished 57 per cent., the number of cases brought before the courts has fallen 66 9-16 per cent., and the consumption of whisky in the State has decreased 47 6-7 per cent.

Special Features The pitch of enthusiasm of the Prison Congress reached its highest note at the last session, when President Slocum, of Colorado, wove the different strands of the meeting into a harmonious whole in his admirable address on the prison as a great charity, using charity in its broadest sense—the charity which, believing in the higher destiny of the human race, works toward the transformation of paupers and criminals into men and women who may become valuable to human society. A prison system based on this optimistic view would lift its administration out of politics, would introduce industrial labor as a regenerative force, and would give the worker, even in prison, a share in the proceeds of the work which he performs, that his self-respect might be increased from a knowledge that he could render to the State something like a fair compensation for his maintenance. Of course Dr. Slocum laid stress on the indeterminate sentence as the necessary foundation for the best work. The National Prison Association meets next in Cleveland, with Warden Wright, of Pennsylvania, as President. Delegates to the International Prison Association to meet in Brussels next summer

were elected. The memory of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson was honored at one of the sessions in a worthy manner. In addition to a brief sketch of her by her friend Mrs. I. C. Barrows, who was with her when she died, there were warm tributes from F. H. Wines, F. B. Sanborn, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, showing how wonderful was her work and how remarkable her own character.

Agricultural Prosperity Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, who has lately returned to Washington from the West, declares that our farmers are now enjoying unprecedented prosperity. He says that crops in the Mississippi Valley are the heaviest ever grown there, that Kansas will produce four hundred million bushels of corn, that Nebraska's yield is estimated at three hundred and sixty millions, and that Iowa and Illinois will have record-breaking crops.

Throughout the Western country feeding-animals are scarce and dear. Heavy exports of corn will result, our great balance of trade will be maintained, and ready money will be brought back to the producers. Agriculture and horticulture are exceedingly prosperous in the mountain States and along the Pacific coast. Our total wheat crop will be short of last year's figures, but all other crops will be superabundant.

Mr. Wilson is authority for the statement that the State of Iowa has a hundred and thirty million dollars idle in its banks, and that other Northwestern States are similarly provided with surplus deposits. All this money came from the soil. Not a dollar of it to-day can be lent in the West, says the Secretary, even at five per cent. interest; indeed, some farm loans are being made at four per cent. Mr. Wilson believes that this present prosperity in agriculture has come to stay. He declares that it is based upon conditions of permanent success in the operation of farms and upon economic laws regulating the prices of farm products, and that there is nothing ephemeral or spasmodic about it. The great Mississippi Valley, he adds, will continue its ratio in the production of staple goods, and will increase it as scientific knowledge of farm management becomes more general. What is true of that section ought to be measurably true of other agricultural communities.

English
Liberal-Unionists

The recent speech of Mr. Chaplin, President of the English Local Government Board, and therefore a member of the present Coalition Cabinet, has elicited wide attention and comment. Mr. Chaplin is only one of many Conservatives who have become anxious on account of their ante-election pledge to pass an old-age pension law through Parliament, and on account of their failure so far in fulfilling that promise. His speech is, in substance, an appeal to return to protectionism, and it is hardly to be supposed that a Cabinet member has spoken as merely reflecting his own mind; probably he has the sympathy of several of his colleagues. He asks the English people to count the cost of embarking upon a scheme of old-age pension, and declares that the minimum expense is so great as to demand an enlargement of the area of taxation. In this he is supported by Mr. Lecky, the historian, who says that the cost would probably be more than fifty million dollars a year to start with, and that the annual charge would be an increasing one. Mr. Lecky also declares that in order to maintain these new conditions a wider basis of taxation would become necessary, and that the burden would be felt directly as well as indirectly by all. In order to meet this burden, Mr. Chaplin favors a revival of the registration duty on wheat, a duty levied for some years after the Corn Laws were repealed. The small proportion of agriculturists among English voters, however—smaller now than during the Corn Laws agitation—would hardly be able to carry such a measure as against the will of the majority, belonging to other departments of industry, let Conservative landowners do what they would. The immediate effect of Mr. Chaplin's speech has been to bring forth a number of protests from Liberal-Unionists, who are all free-traders. These seem disposed even to return to an ultimate allegiance with the Gladstonian Liberals rather than to consent to protectionism. They ask, directly, What right has Parliament to put the whole burden of defraying the cost of an old-age pension scheme on the shoulders of a single class? Furthermore, they declare that the proposed duty would not cover the cost of the pension plan; that the cost has been grossly underestimated.

They add that, even if it were decided to impose such a duty, it would have to be imposed on colonial as well as on foreign grain. No matter if the tax on the former were only half as much as on the latter, it might strain the loyalty of Australia and Canada. Hence, if the protectionist Conservatives should decide to redeem their old-age pension pledge, and get the money for it by the imposition of a duty on grain, the Liberal-Unionists would probably secede, and this would very probably bring about a Conservative defeat at the next general election.



Let Him Crown the Work

The careful student of public opinion in America cannot fail to observe two currents which appear to be flowing in opposite directions but which really proceed from the same source and interpret one and the same sentiment.

There is a distinct decadence of the so-called anti-imperialistic feeling. When the war with Spain first broke out, it was bitterly opposed; now it is not easy to find prominent men who condemn it. When it was begun, the Senate came dangerously near decreeing the independence of Cuba by an official recognition of the so-called Cuban Republic. Now we do not recall any newspaper or public man of note who desires to see us immediately withdraw from Cuba and leave it to its fate. Immediately after Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, there was an audible demand that, having destroyed the Spanish fleet, he sail away and leave the island to itself. To-day it would be hard to find any intelligent American who would seriously criticise him for not having done so. When destiny and duty compelled America to take a place among the nations of the earth and abandon her policy of continental exclusiveness, it is not at all strange that a great many Americans could not readily adjust themselves to the radical change of National policy which such a course involved. The Monroe Doctrine and Washington's Farewell Address, or, to speak more accurately, a single paragraph in it, were made to do duty in defense of that spirit of traditionalism which is no

better in politics than in theology. At first only men of prophetic vision, who sought guidance from fundamental principles rather than from tradition, saw that the spirit of Washington demanded an abandonment of a policy wise in his day but not in ours. And their perception of this would probably have been unavailing had not commercialism somewhat, militarism more, and the spirit of humanity most of all, re-enforced their interpretations of current events.

But the American people think quickly, and by this time the entire American people have adjusted themselves to the new conditions. All arguments against expansion are shattered by collision with the fact that we are expanded. The proposal to haul down our flag, sail away from the Philippines, confess ourselves at fault, and acknowledge the independence of the Filipinos, that is, leave the inhabitants of the islands to such a government as one tribe is able to exercise over the others, finds to-day few consistent advocates, and, were it definitely formulated and proposed, would be voted down by an overwhelming majority. We do not believe it would carry a single State in the Union; we doubt whether it would carry a single considerable city.

But, on the other hand, it is not to be doubted that there is an increasing dissatisfaction with the inconsequential campaigning in the island of Luzon. That dissatisfaction is intensified by an impression—we are inclined to think that it is groundless, but we are certain that it is widespread—that diplomatic tact might have avoided a war in which neither profit nor glory can be won; by the contrast between the resultless skirmishes on land and the brilliant and decisive victory won by Admiral Dewey on the water; by the seemingly needless and impolitic press censorship; by the absence of any reports of such civic reform in Manila as in Havana, Matanzas, and Santiago has justly excited our pride and enthusiasm. Whether General Otis has been interfered with by orders from Washington, or has been given a double duty of military campaigning and civil administration which no one man can do, or has not the capacity to throw responsibility upon others and so allows himself to be crushed by multifarious details, we do not know, and we

do not believe that it is either wise or just to form a judgment on such questions without adequate knowledge. But there can be no question that the public is greatly and increasingly dissatisfied with the results obtained in Luzon contrasted with the results obtained in Cuba, and is likely to express its dissatisfaction in the only possible way in the approaching elections. That dissatisfaction would be lessened were General Otis to be at once relieved of at least one or the other of the two functions now laid upon him. It could be at once converted into enthusiasm by one bold act which requires only the concurrence of two men.

The time when Admiral Dewey must retire from the navy on account of age is near at hand. And yet he is at his best, full of a splendid life and a patriotic ambition. If the President would appoint him Military Governor of the Philippines, with practically autocratic powers, and would associate with him such a field officer as he might select to conduct the campaign, if a further campaign were not rendered unnecessary, and if Admiral Dewey would accept the office, the effect would, we believe, be electrical. It would afford as nothing else could assurance to the Filipinos that they would have absolutely just and generous treatment under the American flag. It would convince those who have arms in their hands, on the one hand, that they had nothing worth fighting for which they could not get without fighting, and, on the other hand, that it would be hopeless to continue the fight. And it would be welcomed by the whole country, North and South, East and West, Democrat and Republican, as an evidence that no resource of friendly diplomacy and just and wise administration would be wanting to re-establish friendly relations between the Americans and the Tagals, and no resource of military vigor to secure the supremacy of law by force wherever obedience to law could not be secured without force.

In the kingdom of God the reward of a great service is the opportunity to render a still greater service. The noblest honor this country could render to Admiral Dewey would be to offer to him the office of Governor-General of the archipelago, that he might by his just and pacific policy complete that work of libera-

tion which his brilliant victory has made possible. President McKinley could do no act so wise and at the same time so politic as to offer him that office.



Dewey's Home-Coming

Crude, not to say childish, seems Haman's plan, in the story of Queen Esther, for showing honor to him whom the king delighted to honor: "Let royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and let the apparel and the horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and cause him to ride on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Many centuries have passed since then, but we in America to-day adopt essentially the same method of honoring him whom the people delight to honor. We put Admiral Dewey in a carriage instead of on horseback; he is driven instead of led; a great procession follows him; and he passes under some temporary arches which may not long outlast the bunting which lines the street. But essentially the plan is the same: we conduct our hero through the streets of the great city, and, in place of a single courier, all the people by their huzzas proclaim, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the Republic delighteth to honor."

Nevertheless, the cynic who sneers at this popular demonstration is only one degree less shallow than he who, with ill-concealed envy, sneers at the achievement which has excited all this enthusiasm and admiration. The heroism of that sail through the darkness into Manila Bay is justly welcomed with the applause which the world always awards to bravery—applause the more heartfelt because the event demonstrates that the heroism which has made memorable in human history Marathon and Trafalgar and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg has not died out from human hearts. The spirit of commercialism has neither destroyed heroism nor popular admiration for the hero. If there

were no enthusiasm in America eager to pay "honor to whom honor is due," we might well despair for the Republic. Make full allowance for the irrational desire of men to get together in crowds for the mere inexplicable pleasure of jostling one another, for the not very exalted though entirely healthful pleasure in a great parade, with its glittering uniforms, its military order, its stirring music, and its brilliant fireworks; nevertheless, underneath it all and expressed by it all is a genuine and unaffected if not altogether profound admiration for the qualities in man which made the achievement at Manila Bay possible. The demonstration of this lies in the fact that the interest of the whole day centered, not in the great bands of music, nor in the splendidly equipped guards, nor in the evening pyrotechnic display, but in the modest man who rode at the head of the procession. Nor can we doubt that if it had been possible that there should have followed him a contingent of the Spanish sailors who stood by the side of their bursting guns till all was over, they, too, would have come in for their share of public honor, and would have been received, not with jeers, but with cheers. For bravery is honored whatever uniform it wears, whatever language it speaks, in whatever cause it serves.

Such a welcome as America is giving to Admiral Dewey manifests in Americans a spirit which constitutes the hope of the Nation. Capacity for admiration is altogether admirable, as incapacity for admiration is altogether despicable. America has not lost its capacity for admiration, though we are tempted at times to think that it has. Democracy is a leveler. It develops neither reverence nor humility; for humility is reverence looking down, and reverence is humility looking up. It develops self-conceit, and that cynicism which is bred of self-conceit. Our public men are not heroes set up for us to honor, but targets set up for us to shoot at. The newspaper imagines that it criticises when it only snarls, and forgets that discrimination requires praise for merit no less than condemnation of wrong. The reader of the average daily journal might well imagine that either America had no great and good men, or had lost the capacity to appreciate them. It is, therefore,

eminently well that America should sometimes say to herself and to others, as she said last week by her Dewey celebration, that she has great and good men, and that she knows how to do them honor. It would be well if she would do this oftener. The simple doing of it would more than compensate for the sometimes infelicitous effusiveness of over-rhetorical writers and orators, or the less pardonable display of a weak vanity endeavoring to shine in the light of another's glory, which invariably constitutes the blemish of such a celebration.

We make no attempt here to repeat the dramatic story of Admiral Dewey's achievement, nor to defend him from those who have attempted to belittle it. America has justly passed by such envious detractors with contemptuous silence. Admiral Dewey needs neither eulogy nor defense. The Outlook could conceive no better way of showing its own participation in the universal admiration for the hero of Manila Bay than by employing both pen and camera to bring to the celebration those of our readers who could not come in person, and to furnish a reminder of an ever-memorable event to those who were so fortunate as to witness and in some sense participate in it. The impressive celebration ought not to pass without leaving some permanent memorial. The strikingly beautiful triumphal arch should be reproduced in marble, as a memorial not only of Manila but of Santiago, and of the courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice evoked by the Spanish war.



Inheritance Taxes

The passing of the Vanderbilt estate to the heirs has recalled public attention to an important feature of the war-revenue law. That law introduced into our National budget a tax which modern democracy has developed into great importance in most of the countries of western Europe, and into still greater importance in some of the self-governing States of Switzerland and of Australasia. It provides that all personal estates in excess of \$10,000 should be taxed, according to their amount, at rates ranging from three-quarters of one per cent. to two and a quarter per cent. when inherited by children or parents, and rates

ranging from five to fifteen per cent. when inherited by very distant relatives, "strangers in blood," or corporations. Some disappointment was felt when the revenue from these taxes during the first year aggregated only a few hundred thousand dollars, whereas Mr. Dingley's estimate was in the neighborhood of ten millions. This disappointment, however, was only due to the fact that administrators of estates nearly everywhere took advantage of the full time allowed them before making the settlements required. The inheritances of personal property of citizens who died last year must, as a rule, be distributed this year, and the distribution is illegal unless the taxes are paid. There is reason to believe that the revenue collected this year will even exceed Mr. Dingley's estimates.

The amount of personal property in the country aggregates about \$40,000,000,000, and as the death-rate among property-owners is one in every thirty-six, about \$1,000,000,000 must become subject to the duty yearly. As the ordinary rate of duty is nearly one and a half per cent., our Government, like the English, may expect nearly \$15,000,000 a year from this source. If peace is re-established, next year may find this country nearly as independent of customs revenue as Great Britain. Last year the Nation's receipts from internal revenue were \$273,000,000, or just about its ordinary expenditure each year from 1872 till 1890. Our revenues from customs duties were but \$206,000,000, and the restoration of normal peace expenditures would make half this sum—or exactly the English customs revenue—sufficient. Of course it is not certain that the Nation will choose to reduce its customs duties rather than the new internal taxes, but the alternative will be presented. The new inheritance tax seems especially likely to remain, as nearly all classes accept its justice—save toward bequests to educational and philanthropic institutions. The prospective share of the public in the Vanderbilt estate is something we are unable to figure upon. The Gould estate of \$72,000,000, which was divided five or six years ago, yielded the State of New York \$700,000, and would have yielded the National Government \$1,500,000 had the new Federal law been in force.

Pastoral Letters

"I Believe in the Holy Ghost"

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In a recent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Briggs I find this utterance: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, who spake by the prophets, who, with His divine energy, entered into men and women, took possession of them, enlightened their minds so as to give them insight into sacred truths, grasp to comprehend the great things of God, and foresight to precast issues of events, and who then assured them of the truth of God, gave them certainty of their prophetic call." I am in no captious mood, am old enough to be sobered by years, have had educational advantages, have no desire to *corner* any one, but I do want some "ruler in Israel" to make an explanation here, and I have noticed that *The Outlook* is generally helpful and obliging to earnest inquirers. I want the editor to say if, in his belief, there is a human experience of a character that warrants Dr. Briggs or any other man in assigning it to the Holy Ghost or to any agency outside of man's natural endowments. I cannot avoid the conclusion that this doctrine of the Holy Ghost is unsupported by any facts or experience of sufficient weight to support its pretensions. How is it possible for a man to know that a Person of the Godhead has taken possession of his organization, overruled his faculties, and spoken through his lips? He may declare that he knows this to be true; such a declaration may be good evidence of his sincerity, but very inadequate ground for accepting his assertion. It may be urged that human powers, unaided by divine possession and special guidance, are not equal to the utterances of Apostles and prophets that are preserved in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and perhaps other scriptures. By what means can we test the capacity of human powers, and how shall we determine their natural limits? Until we can do both we are not upheld by reason in assigning any human effort to another invading and overmastering personality. Because Plato drops the intellectual plummet into profounder depths than other mortals, because Jesus spake as never man spake before, because Shakespeare wrote as never man wrote before, must we decline to believe in their pure humanity, and call in a special divine personality to explain their unusual performances?

When the *ultima thule* of human possibilities has been reached, when the human endowments have been tested, then will be time enough to call in another factor to account for the words and works of men. If this is not sound reasoning, I will be ready to examine its defects, and receive any light that is now turned away from me.

R. R. McLEOD.

Brookfield, N. S.

There is a conception of nature as governed by certain great laws and operated by certain great forces which act

automatically and independently, but can be, at least in thought, traced back to a Great First Cause, which created them, keeps them in operation, regulates them, and sometimes interposes and sets them aside. Such an interposition is called a miracle, or sometimes, if it is less remarkable, a special providence. This old-time conception is, however, giving way in philosophy to one which is well formulated in a phrase of Herbert Spencer's which has often been quoted in *The Outlook*: "We are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This later conception assumes that there are no forces, there is only one Infinite and Eternal Force; that there are no laws, there is only one Infinite and Eternal Will; that there is neither one Great First Cause nor a number of secondary and measurably independent causes, but one ever-present and underlying Cause, always operative, and thus continuously and infinitely creative.

So in the spiritual realm there is an old-time conception of man as possessing a life in himself, with an endowment of faculties adequate for all the ordinary exigencies of life, which enable him to live and act independently of any power outside himself; and of God as One who, having made man, occasionally intervenes to direct, aid, or rebuke him when he is going wrong. He is pictured to the imagination as a school-teacher who leaves his pupils to do the best they can without help from him, but occasionally intervenes that he may help them over hard places, call them to account for neglect or carelessness, or punish them for disobedience or stubbornness. In the spiritual realm this conception also is giving way to a more modern one, which is expressed in the formula of Matthew Arnold's which has also been often quoted in *The Outlook*: "There is a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." According to this conception God is immanent in men as in nature; in him we live and move and have our being; apart from him we could not exist; all our life is derived from him, his gift, his impartation; he is the air we breathe, the sunlight on which all our energy depends. The pupil at first imagines that the teacher only helps him over the hard places when

the hard places are brought to him for help, and only keeps order in the school-room when he is at his desk overseeing the school. But, looking back in after life, he knows, if the teacher was a true one, that the teacher's inspiration was always in the school, his spirit always quickening endeavor and his influence always maintaining order; that, in some sense, this teacher was omnipresent in the school. In this modern conception God is in and with men not less when he is not seen than when he is seen in unmistakable manifestation. A child seeing the rising sun strike the lilies on a pond, and their opening under the influence of the sunlight, so that the surface which before was green becomes almost instantly radiantly white, might well imagine that most flowers open of themselves, but that pond-lilies are opened by the sun. But we all know that this is not the case; that all flowers are opened by the sun; that there is not a color in one of them which is anything else than a reflection of a fragment of the sun's rays; that if the sun ceased to shine the flowers would cease to live. In this modern conception God is the Sun of righteousness; all life depends on him; and there is not a human virtue, not a human power, which is anything else than a fragmentary reflection of divine life borrowed from him.

I speak of this as the modern conception; yet in this, as in so many other cases, the modern conception is a return to the ancient. Of course the reader will recognize the phrase "Sun of righteousness" as taken from the prophet Malachi. Of course he will recognize the phrase "In him we live and move and have our being" as taken from Paul. He will, perhaps, also remember under what circumstances and to what audience Paul addressed this latter phrase. He was speaking to pagan idolaters on Mars Hill. It was to them he said, "God is not far from any of us;" to them he said, "In him we live and move and have our being;" one of their own poets he cited as authority for the declaration, "We are also his offspring"—not merely his children: we might be children by adoption; but *offspring*—all our life springing forth from him.

The question of my correspondent involves the profoundest of all questions:

What is the secret of life? The answer of religious faith in all ages has been—God. The tendency of modern science and modern philosophy is to the same answer. The universality of the divine presence and power is the affirmation of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm; the Divine Immanence is the conclusion reached from an inspection of all phenomena, physical and mental, by John Fiske in his "Idea of God." What the poets long ago perceived as in a vision the scientists are coming to perceive as the result of their painstaking and unprejudiced investigations.

I do not, then, believe that the universe was wound up and set a-going, and that God interposes occasionally to regulate it, as an engineer his engine; I do not believe that man is an independent entity, competent for the ordinary occasions of life, but that now and again God appears upon the scene to help him over hard places. I believe that God is the secret of all physical life and of all spiritual life; that all physical energies are different manifestations of one Infinite and Eternal Energy, and that all human faculties and powers are the offspring of one Infinite and Eternal Power; that God is in all his works and God is in all his children.

In this fact lies the horror of sin. For sin is man's use of divine powers for un-divine ends. As when fire, intended for our warmth, is directed by the incendiary for our destruction, or an herb intended for the healing of the sick is used by the murderer for assassination; so is it when oratory, a power truly coming from God for man's elevation, is used by the demagogue for man's degradation; or imagination, which is one phase of God's life in the soul, is employed, not to elevate and purify, but to deteriorate and corrupt. Then is man using God for ungodly ends, and God allows him to do so because the development of moral life in the race, through individual liberty, is more important, by far, than any immediate results of good or evil arising from the righteous or unrighteous use of that liberty.

If I am asked why I believe in this universal presence and potency of God, this Divine Immanence in nature and in man, I reply that the reasons are many and cumulative. Shakespeare's affirmation, "There's a divinity that shapes our

ends, rough-hew them how we will," is the expression of a substantially universal belief. I suppose that there have lived very few men or women in this world who have not at times felt this truth, even if they have not articulated it in intellectual expression. That there are forces or a force within me, impelling me, determining for me, placing me where I never would have placed myself, laying on me duties I never would have assumed myself, seems to me as clear as any fact in life. And it seems so not to me only but substantially to all thoughtful men and women: So universal a belief argues a wide observation and experience, from which, by an unconscious inductive process, humanity has reached its conclusion. That conclusion is confirmed by a study of history. Nothing is clearer in such a study than that nations are not mere aggregations of individual wills, but that there is also a guiding, controlling factor, mysterious but irresistible. No one can read Sir George Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" without being convinced that the separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain was to be; that it was ordained, determined, enforced, in spite of the reluctance alike of Great Britain and of the colonists themselves—in spite, that is, of the very men who worked out that separation. So no one, it seems to me, can doubt that our present relation with the Philippines was brought about by forces, or a force, acting in men and conjointly with them, to ends which those men neither foresaw nor desired. Call it Manifest Destiny, call it Providence, call it what we will, doubt and discuss as we may about the ends to which it should conduct us and the manner in which we should co-operate with it, and the results which we should seek to gain—that it exists appears to me as certain as that there is a law of attraction of gravitation.

Ever since history began, this Destiny has been believed in by mankind. Indeed, if there is no such superhuman factor in human life, a science of that life would be impossible. If humanity is simply an aggregation of individuals, whose conjoint action is determined by accident, or by the balance of forces in the human wills, the study of the progress of the human race would be as impossible

as the study of the progress of the skippers upon the surface of a brook on a summer's afternoon; there would and could be no progress to be studied. As there could be no physical order in nature were there not one Infinite and Eternal Energy in all physical phenomena so there could be no moral order in the human race were there not one Moral Energy in all human phenomena. The very existence of the science of history, economics, psychology, and ethics presupposes a Moral Governor in human life.

The phenomena of genius lends incidental and additional confirmation to this belief. Neither heredity nor environment can account for a Paul or a Plato, the author of Job or the author of "Hamlet." Genius must either be relegated to the inexplicable phenomena of life, or it must be accounted for on the hypothesis that it is not the manifestation of an extraordinary power coming no one knows whence or how, but the extraordinary manifestation of that Power which is the secret of all intellectual and moral life.

And on any other hypothesis, the unfolding of the life of any child is just as great a mystery as the appearance of Paul or Plato, Shakespeare or the author of Job. This belief is further confirmed by the testimony of the great creative minds—poet, artist, musician, orator, author. The greatest compositions are not wrought out with much painstaking by the human producer of them; they are brought to him and he transcribes them; or the germ of them is communicated to him and he develops it. This consciousness of receiving from an unknown source is the most common experience of humanity, and would be even commoner were we not afraid to acknowledge it. In such a connection personal testimony is perhaps of slight value. Yet perhaps these philosophical reasons for believing in the universal and inspiring presence of God in human life would be of small practical effect with me were they not interpretative and confirmatory of my own experience. If that experience stood alone, I should fear to trust it. But when it simply reiterates the testimony of so many of the best, the noblest, the ablest men of all ages and all faiths, I dare not distrust it. I could as little doubt that I have at times in my own experience the help of a Power not

myself that makes for righteousness, and makes as well for clear thinking as for right acting, as I could doubt the influ-

ence that comes into my life from a vital book, a great poem, an inspiring preacher, or a personal friend. L. A.

The International Congregational Council

By the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.

IN attempting to review the proceedings of the Second International Congregational Council, which closed its sessions in Boston last week, we are met at the beginning with the fact that there was no voting worth mentioning, and that there were no controversies of any kind, and, consequently, little of the so-called spice which often has such large space in the accounts of ecclesiastical gatherings. The meetings were serious, earnest, and from start to finish full of intense interest. The leaders among the churches were present in large numbers. England was represented by such men as Drs. Fairbairn, Mackennal, Forsyth, Bruce, John Brown, the Rev. Messrs. Alfred Rowland, R. Baldwin Brindley, C. Silvester Horne, and by such laymen as Messrs. Albert and Evan Spicer, A. J. Shepherd, and William Crossfield. Australia sent men like Dr. Bevan, Professor Gossman, and the Rev. Joseph Rolutson. Canada had at the head of her delegation Principal George. The United States was represented by Drs. R. S. Storrs, R. R. Meredith, F. A. Noble, Lyman Abbott, G. A. Gordon, S. E. Herrick, Presidents Tucker, Hyde, Harris, Slocum, and a host of others equally worthy of mention. No more truly representative body has ever convened. The meetings were held in Tremont Temple, which for the time was borrowed from the Baptists, and which was thronged at nearly every session. As compared with the Council held in London in 1891, the attendance in Boston was two or three times greater.

The subjects considered were arranged in a logical order, and the first day was given to Theology. That the common people as well as the ministers are more interested in theology than in most other subjects was made evident by the eager attention of the vast audience. An ac-

count of that day was contained in The Outlook of last week. Enough to say that on questions of criticism and eschatology the English speakers showed themselves to be extremely liberal, but on the doctrine of the Atonement more inclined than the Americans to literalistic theories. All the papers were excellent, but those of President Harris, of Amherst, and Dr. Forsyth, of England, made the profoundest impression on the audience.

Two speakers divided the time on Sociological Day. Mr. Albert Spicer, of London, is a member of Parliament, a large employer of labor, and one of the recognized leaders in Nonconformist England, both as a politician and as a Christian. The Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., is a Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary, and the moving spirit in the Chicago Commons, a prominent social settlement. Mr. Spicer spoke as a man of wealth who stands ready, as an employer of labor, to adopt to the full the teachings of Christ. Other papers were, perhaps, more elaborate and eloquent, but none more deeply and truly prophetic than that of Mr. Spicer, in which he argued earnestly for justice and generosity on the part of employers when dealing with employees.

The question of war and peace drew a great throng. Dr. Abbott argued that in rude ages war may be necessary as a means of executing law; that the reign of law must precede that of grace; and stated his belief that the giving of righteous and humane laws, and consequently of good order, was what our Nation has done for Cuba and is seeking to do for the Philippines. Dr. Mackennal made a plea for arbitration instead of war, and showed how futile war had always been when used as a means of settling international differences. The discussions elicited the fact that the Englishmen in

this Council largely, though not unanimously, are opposed to a war with the Boers. In this they are representative Liberals.

Educational Day began with a fine paper by Professor Massie, of Oxford, and included a paper of great comprehensiveness and hopefulness from President Tucker, of Dartmouth. Professor Massie and other English speakers spoke of the limitations of popular education in England caused by the existence of an Established Church, and the injustice to which Nonconformists are everywhere subjected. These difficulties were emphasized in a brilliant speech by the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, of Rochdale, England. President Tucker, in a strain of lofty optimism, spoke of the opportunities before our American colleges, and the spirit of earnest search for truth and reverence for reality which prevails in most of them. He insisted that they are essentially religious in nature and spirit, and, in company with other speakers, paid his compliments to the growing power and influence of the State universities. Dr. Noble spoke of the common schools in the making of the Nation, and spoke wisely and strongly.

The evening of the same day was devoted to a series of papers by Presidents Hyde, Slocum, and Eliot, and the Rev. Harry Hopkins, D.D. President Eliot, with singular felicity, treated of the opportunities of Congregationalism; Dr. Hopkins spoke finely of the advantages of the smaller colleges, and Presidents Slocum and Hyde exhibited what they regarded as needed changes in the training of men for the ministry. President Hyde created great interest by his brilliant and almost savage attack on the theological seminaries. He denounced the giving of aid to indigent students, and ridiculed current modes of instruction. That he was brilliant all conceded; that he was entirely fair to the seminaries many doubted. The other side was presented by President Moore, of Andover, and Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford. All agreed that students should be helped to help themselves; that only university men, or those with the equivalent of college training, should be allowed to enter the theological seminaries, and that greater care should be exercised by councils in ordaining ministers. Admirable papers were read by the Rev. W. B.

Selbie, of London, and Dr. Reuben Thomas, of Boston, on the pastoral function, and one by the Rev. Joseph Rolutson, of Australia, on spiritual life in the churches.

The women's meeting was memorable especially for a paper by Dr. Grace Kimball, the heroine of Van in the time of the Armenian massacres. Hers was one of the best pleas for a broad and intelligent missionary policy that has been heard in recent years. Other papers were read by Mrs. Armitage, of England, and Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Carleton College, the first woman to be chosen a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Young People's Work could not have been in better hands than those of Cornelius H. Patton, Charles E. Jefferson, and C. Silvester Horne. The subject was considered in its broader relations, and not merely in its relation to any society. Dr. Patton was graciously critical of certain mistaken methods; Dr. Jefferson urged that children of believers are already church members, and that as such they are entitled, not only to baptism, but also to the Lord's Supper—an assertion that started much thought; while the Rev. Silvester Horne, of London, in a speech of thrilling eloquence, urged the union of Young England and Young America in behalf of the loftiest ideals of righteousness.

Interdenominational fellowship was, significantly, the only form in which the subject of the unity of the Church was discussed, and that in a series of addresses at a banquet given by the Congregational Club of Boston. The one conspicuous idea in all the addresses was that the unity of the Church may best be promoted by each denomination loyally, but not dogmatically, emphasizing the phases of truth for which it stands.

Denominational subjects were not given special prominence. They were, however, made interesting as treated in fine papers by Dr. A. J. Lyman and Dr. John Brown. Dr. Lyman's most striking sentence was, "Whoever acknowledges Christ as Master is my brother, whether he be Unitarian or Romanist." Dr. Brown said that when the Bunyan Church was organized, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the only conditions of membership were "faith in Christ and holiness of life."

Both papers emphasized federation for work as the best form of Christian union practicable now.

The sessions of the Council reached their climax in the subject of missions. Dr. Wardlaw Thompson spoke of the work, and Dr. Cain of the inspiration to the service which he found in "the living Christ." Thrilling words from missionaries came from the Revs. Otis Carey and J. H. Pettee, of Japan, Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, of China, and Dr. Bixley, of South Africa.

Surveying the meetings as a whole, certain salient features are worthy of mention. The eloquence of the English speakers was a revelation to all who listened. Such oratory as that of Dr. Forsyth, the Rev. J. D. Jones, and the Rev. C. Silvester Horne is not often surpassed on any platform. The only serious criticism to be made on the management of the Council is that there was so little time for discussion; this was due to the fact that speakers were not held to their allotted time.

There was not even the suggestion of controversy, although there were wide differences of opinion. Not the faintest echo of the old conflict over Andover and that of the American Board was heard. Controversy was silent. In some respects the meetings would have been more valuable if the morning and afternoon sessions had been in a smaller auditorium, where the feelings of the galleries would have been less in evidence; but, on the other hand, the thronged and eager multitude in the galleries showed that the profoundest subjects of speculation possess for the people perennial fascination. Probably few of the Council knew how much all were indebted to Dr. Alexander Macken-
nal, whose watchful eye was fixed on every point which concerned the welfare of the body, and who better than any other man knew how to harmonize all divergent opinions.

If we try to state the more conspicuous truths which found expression at these meetings, the following may be cited: Jesus Christ was the Supreme Person of all time, and his Cross the most potent force in the development of the history of the world and the salvation of men. Theology is a progressive science, demanding absolute
of thought, the fullest liberty of

investigation, and constantly changing forms of statement. The teachings of Christ are practicable, and ought to be followed in all the relations of man to man. War is a relic of barbarism, and as swiftly as possible should be laid forever aside. Education should be free from all ecclesiastical dictation, and conducted in constant and confident reliance upon the spirit of truth. The minister of the Gospel, who is also a teacher of religion, should have the very best training possible, and all "short cuts" to the pulpit should be closed. There is a difference between a lay worker and a religious teacher, and the same training should not be asked of both. The child of believers is a member of the same church as his parents, and entitled to the same sacraments. Christianity has relation to the municipality and the State, and no man can be true to Christ who is false to his political and social duties. The relation of the Church to sociological problems demands instant and thorough consideration. Federation of the churches is the shortest and best way to the unity of Christendom. The whole world needs Christ, not because all other religions are wholly false, but because they are inadequate.

The Council culminated in the address of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who chose for his subject "The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work." The address was characterized by the force, the splendor of diction, the fervor of utterance and felicity of illustration which have given Dr. Storrs a unique place among American orators. Seldom has he risen to a loftier height when speaking on this theme so dear to his heart.

The universal judgment, so far as it reached the ears of your correspondent, was that, in intellectual ability, in lofty spirituality, in its honest and free spirit, in its positiveness and its tolerance, this Council was one of the most remarkable religious gatherings which ever assembled on this continent. It revered the past, but its face was always toward the present and the future. It remains only to add that suitable plans were adopted for the perpetuation of the Council, and that the hospitality of the Congregationalists of Boston was as near perfect as can be imagined.

THE STORY OF DEWEY'S WELCOME HOME

BY JAMES BARNES

Author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," "Midshipman Farragut," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs by J. Horace McFarland



FOR six weeks the city had been waiting to give its welcome, waiting eagerly for the coming of the man who had won for himself the highest and proudest position that a man can win or earn—that of having his name spoken with admiration and affection by the lips of a people. It was not altogether the reflection of what he had done—his deeds are simple history, his rank was the reward he had earned from his Government; but this widespread feeling came from the personality of the man himself.

He had gained the tribute that transcends popularity; he was referred to in the possessive "our."

The chronicle of the Admiral's home-coming had been cabled from every port at which he had touched. From Manila to Ceylon, from Ceylon to Gibraltar, we had been told of his triumphal progress. He had been photographed and interviewed and fêted and banqueted; his sayings and doings had been caught up, reported, and passed along to the people at home who were longing, almost hungrily, for a

sight of him. And so the greatest city of his country had taken upon herself the honor of giving to him the biggest and heartiest welcome that ever mortal man had received before, or doubtless that any man will ever receive again. Yet how did the knowledge of all this affect him?—a simple, brave-hearted officer, devoted to his service and to his duties, kindly, considerate, and dignified, yet every inch the admiral! He wrote to a former shipmate of his from Malta: "God knows that I would rather go into battle to-morrow than face the ordeal that my fellow-citizens have, in the kindness of their hearts, prepared for me." He would have given two of his stars, almost, to have been allowed to land quietly, report himself, and be off to the rest and quiet of his home in the Vermont hills; but the country would not have it so. The City Fathers of the over-reaching metropolis had decided that the town they governed should spare no effort, and, in the limited time that they had allowed themselves, they started in to break all records of giving welcome. So they began in the way they thought best to make this welcome a monument to their efforts and an honor to the community; forthwith the citizens were given license to go mad and stay so for two days. And it is the story of what they did and how they appeared in their madness that I intend to write.

As tardiness was always distasteful to the Admiral, he had taken time by the forelock and arrived two days ahead of the schedule; the City Fathers had been caught napping, and, as might have been expected, the first man to greet him after his anchor touched American soil was an enterprising reporter who gained honor for himself and a "beat" for his paper by announcing to the city that "Dewey is here,"

and that his famed flagship was anchored in the lower bay. So he was visited by all the committees that could be hastily summoned, and he was given a foretaste of all that was to come, and bidden to prepare for it. He resigned himself gracefully to the position, and gave up all sense of personal possession without a murmur, though his heart must nigh have failed him. Owing to his rank, he found himself at the head of the rear-admirals who were with the little fleet of war vessels at the anchorage, and he settled the vexed question of seniority that had been squabbled over in the press. The ships were at his command, but the fact was impressed upon him that he belonged to the people. Now, our third Admiral had served under our first, and, owing to a happy incident, it was Farragut's four stars that mounted to the masthead of the Olympia, for the old flag had been preserved by loving hands, and had been given, in a touching little ceremony, to the victor of Manila on Thursday.

Friday was the day chosen for the naval pageant, and elaborate was the printed programme with its list of divisions and ships in the long line of the parade. It was, despite bad predictions, a brilliant day, with just enough white cloud in the sky to add to its beauty, and the wind blew crisp and fresh from the south. Early in the morning the city had begun to gather at the western water-front. As we crossed on the ferry to Jersey City, where we were to take the boat, the wharves and piers were alive with crowds. Brilliantly decked stands had been erected on dumping-docks, on coal-yards and landing-places. The great recreation piers were dark with the masses of the gathered throngs, and on the New Jersey shore it was the same. The moored barges and canal-boats were covered with hastily erected scaffolding, and seats everywhere and anywhere were at a premium. The big steamers lying in their slips, foreigners and home craft, were gay with lines of bunting. Everybody's humor was in tune with the weather that tempted all to laugh and sing and live.

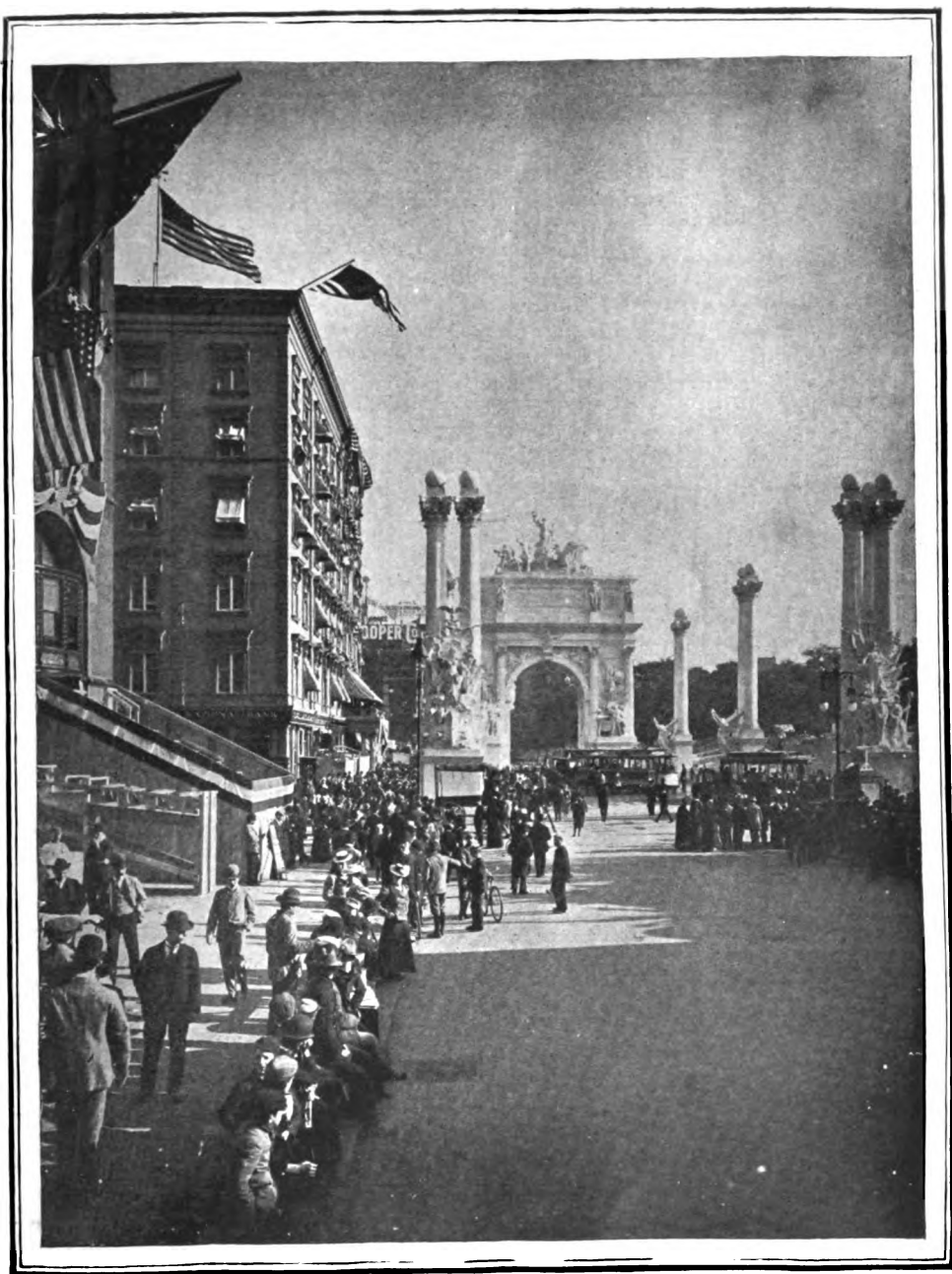
The vessel for which I had a ticket was chartered by a camera club from a neighboring city. She was a free lance and could take what position she might provided that her captain kept

himself out of the hands of the police boats—that was his own affair; and let me state that he had his troubles ere the day was over. As we started down the stream to make a tour of the war-ships at their anchorage (it was three hours before the procession should be formed) there was a great struggle on our craft for positions and vantage-points. The top of the pilot-house was occupied by a huge biograph machine, and another moving-picture camera stood on its tall tripod on the forward deck. There were lenses of all sizes and descriptions mounted in vedette and in broadside forward and aft, and there was ammunition galore. When the snapping and shooting began, assistants and attendants were rushing to and fro, changing plates, range-finding, angle-taking, and altering positions. As we neared the Staten Island shore, there lay the fleet, surrounded by a flotilla of police patrol-boats, excursion steamers, yachts, and tugs, while a constant line of vessels was pouring out of the East River and down the Hudson, heading for the same objective point. There was a marine from the New York, who had somehow obtained liberty, on board with us, and he acted as lecturer to a little group gathered about him. He was a quiet, self-respecting fellow, who had been in the service nine years, and he knew it all.

"There's the Olympia," said he, pointing out the white vessel at the head of the line. "See, her smokestacks are different sizes. My, ain't she ugly!"

And then he pointed with pride to his own vessel which lay farther down the line. The excursion boats that surrounded the Admiral's ship all had heavy lists to port or starboard, as the crowds they carried thronged the rails. Occasionally shreds of music would reach the ear, torn by the winds from the brass bands playing on the decks. Every face wore an inquisitive, curious look, every captain in the pilot-house was implored and clamored at by his passengers to lay his vessel alongside, so they could get a glimpse of the Admiral.

I looked back up the river. A line of great white steamers with their funnels painted in the National colors—the mark of the United States transport service—lay off to the west of the channel (and the sight brought to my mind that our troops were still fighting in the far-off Philip-



THE GREAT WHITE ARCH.

piners), and here and there were rusty tramps, battered and ill-featured but brave with bunting. A great cattle-steamer, her deck piled with bales of hay, had steam up, but was waiting, anchor down. All afloat were in gala dress; even a big Norwegian bark was flying her colors, and her yards had been squarely braced, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and the American flag was at the fore. The Goddess of Liberty, on her little island, stood above a line of rippling flags, and her attitude suggested that she was not only giving light unto the world, but bidding "salve" to the home-coming with a welcoming toast. But we were nearing the fleet, and the elbowing and jostling at the rail increased. The marine was kept busy answering questions. "Who were the admirals present, and whose were those flags he pointed out?" "Were those long black things torpedo-boats?" "Which is the Porter?" There was a fever of expectation. The people acted like small boys nearing a circus tent. It brought back forgotten sensations felt long ago.

With the starboard paddle-wheel turning idly in the air, we made in closer until we were abreast of the Olympia's gangway. The crew on deck gazed back at us listlessly; it was an old story by this time; a few replied to the waving of handkerchiefs and flags. Right ahead of us lay a crowded tug, her decks half awash; she was squealing away like a pig under a gate, and the attempt of a cornetist in a near-by rowboat to play "Hail to the Chief" went for almost naught. Nearer we went in, still nearer, until the end of the boat boom was but a few feet off our port quarter, and then some one shouted in ecstasy:

"Hi! See Dewey! There's Dewey!"

There were two figures pacing the quarter deck; the shorter had broad gold stripes on his sleeves, shining epaulets, and a cocked hat. So close were we that as he turned about there could be no mistake. Every one knew that much-pictured face!

"That's him," said the marine.

Somebody proposed three cheers, and they were given with more vim than precision, the captain coming to the fore with three long pulls on the whistle-rope.

"Wot's the matter with Dewey?" shouted a deck-hand from below.

The Admiral had turned, leaving his companion—he lifted his hat, and with a smile he gladly and gracefully acknowledged the greeting. At that instant his picture was taken thirty times if once.

Then, as if the photographers were too much for him, he dismissed his audience by joining the other officer and calling attention with a gesture to something up aloft. But a few camera-shutters snapped like belated pieces in a firing-squad.

After drifting about for a few minutes, the nose of the Hazel Kirke was turned up stream to take up her chosen position at the end of the line where the patient crowds were waiting near the great white tomb on the riverside. Nearing the city again, it was a sight to remember long, and tell about; the flags against the sky and the tall office buildings looming up like castle towers, their harsh outlines softened by the shadows slanting down their lofty fronts, and the Stars and Stripes flickering everywhere. Coming in from the Narrows was the great German steamer Graf Waldersee; a line of flags bedecked her also from stem to stern. The steerage passengers she carried leaned over her rail, gazing in wonderment at the strange sights they saw. Perhaps they thought that all this was the usual way these Americans carried on. They did not understand that we had been given special license to go mad, and no doubt they imagined that in the brilliant, rejoicing city gold lay in the streets, and there any man might find a fortune for the reaching.

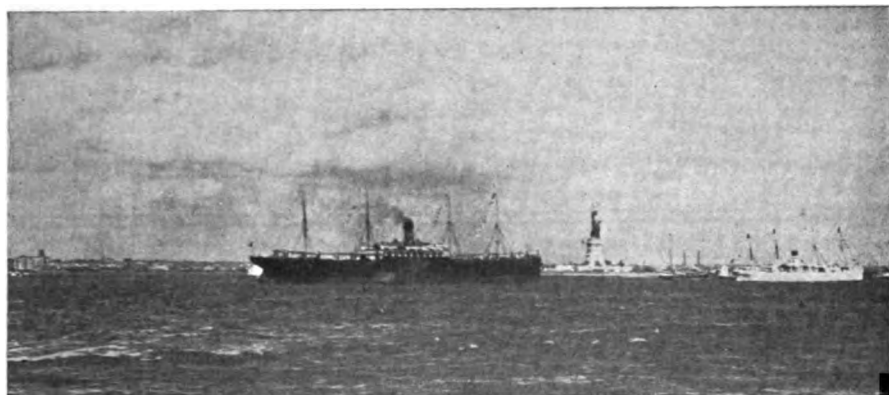
"I would like to know what those fellows think of all this," observed a man in a cloth yachting cap. "It looks like fairyland to me, and I'm only from Wilkes-barre."

We seemed to be the only vessel heading north. Yachts, excursion boats, committee boats, and State craft were all bound south to the rendezvous. We held in close to the pier-heads, and the biograph man kept grinding his long tape of pictures and getting a panorama of the peopled water-front. In order to make the scene more realistic, probably, the crowds were induced to cheer and wave to us as we passed them, and it was done by the use of the watchword of the day.

"What's the matter with Dewey?" some one would call, and the crowds would fall



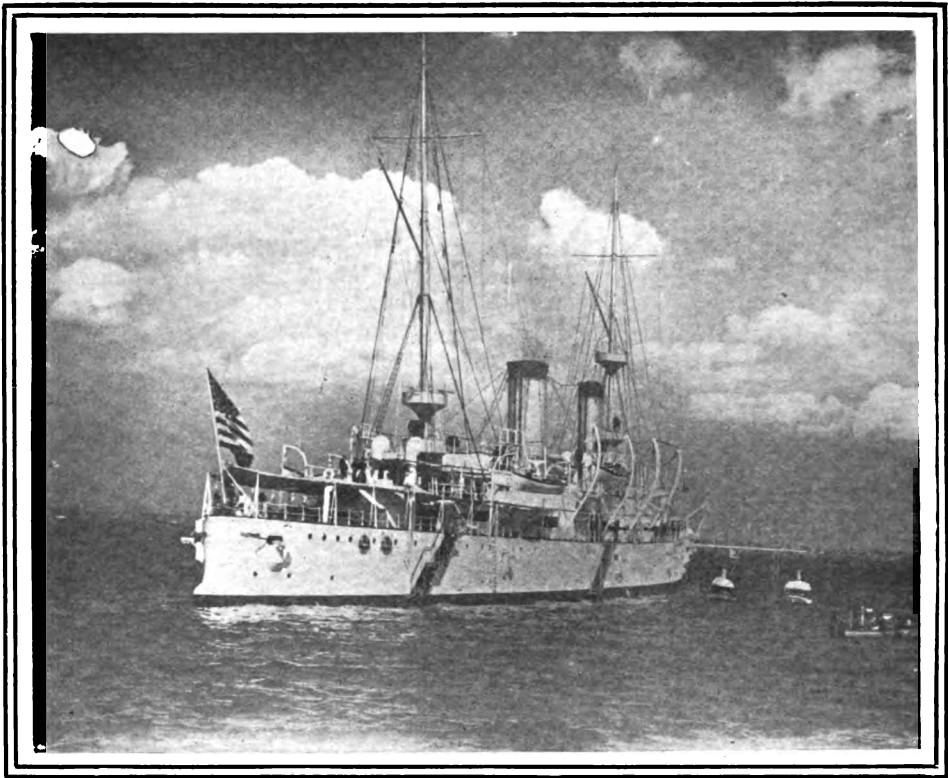
THE ADVANCE OF THE FLEET



LIBERTY'S WELCOME



THE FLAGS AGAINST THE SKY



"THE WHITE VESSEL AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE"

to cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs.

Out in midstream lay the training-ship Portsmouth, and we made close up to her, within hailing distance. She was crowded with guests of the officers, and the boys in the forecastle, who were soon to man the yards in the old fashion, were all in their "clean blues." With the assistance of the Portsmouth's launch, we sent aboard some guests from our own craft and proceeded up the river.

From the time we reached the wooded slopes of the Riverside Park we passed few vessels. Some yachts lay in towards shore dressed in their best, but in the shade of the trees and in the open, sunny spots that ran from the avenue to the water's edge were thousands upon thousands of holiday-makers. The population of a fair-sized city was gathered there. In some places the grass was covered with reclining figures, and the number increased as we neared the Claremont landing. But the camera people's attention had been attracted by two white objects that lay

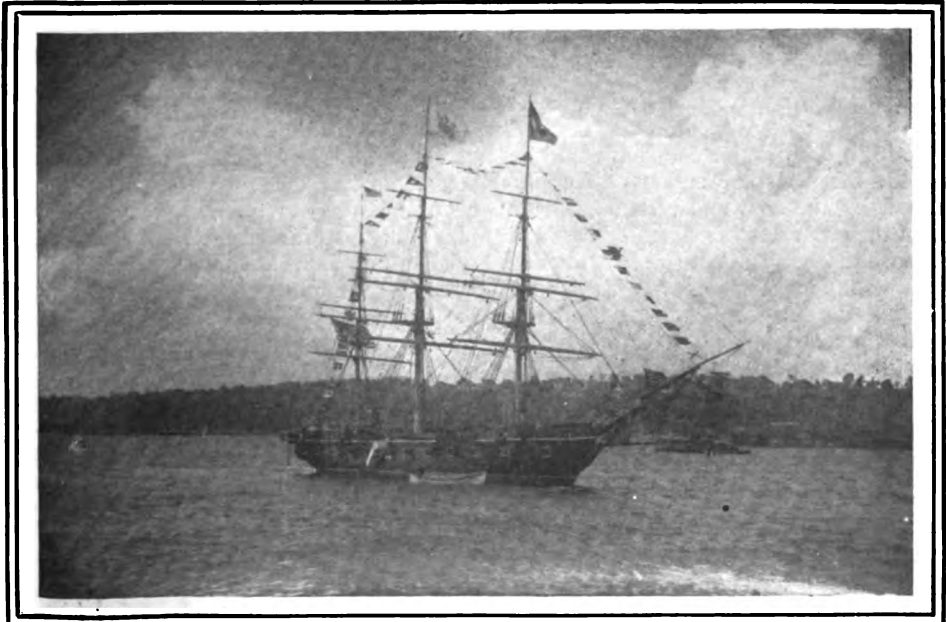
anchored out in the channel. They were the two floats, "Peace" and "Victory," and as we neared them the interest ran high. "Peace," a tall figure made of staff, surmounted a lighter, and, as she was draped in flowing garments, they rippled in the wind and gave a lifelike appearance to the lady with the wreath and palm. But greater attention was attracted by the other that lay farther on. Alas, poor Victory! Owing to the wind or to the rough handling of the tugs that had towed her to her resting-place, she had come to sad disaster. She was in ruin from her waist upwards, and a yawning, ragged hole showed upon what flimsy constructions some of these beautiful figures are erected. Four colossal maidens, blowing upon long trumpets, stood at the corners of her pedestal. The breeze had increased until it was blowing almost half a gale, and the long trumpets wavered to and fro like wands. A figure of Neptune driving his four water-horses to his shell-like car occupied the bows, and on the stern was a huge white eagle gloating

over a great white globe. Four or five workmen stood about smoking amid their classical surroundings.

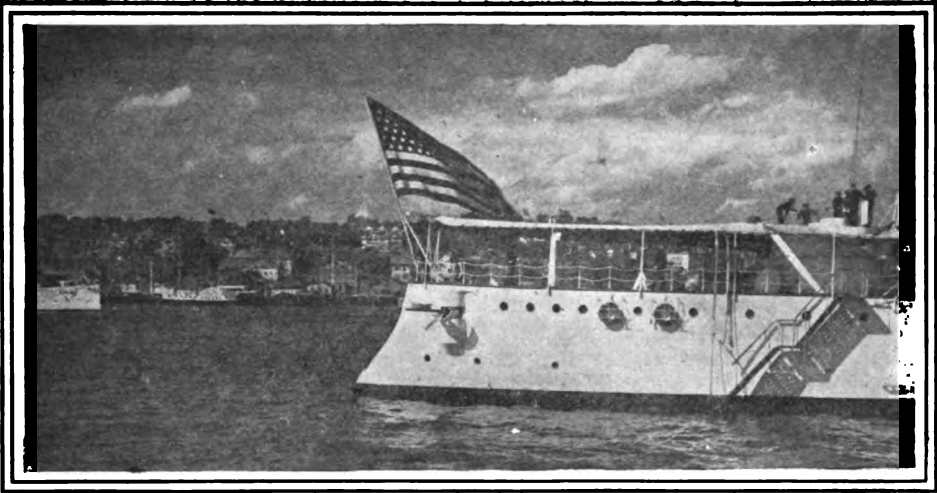
But it was not the ruined float that held the most attention. It was the mass of humanity and the sights to be seen on shore. Every now and then, if one listened, there came the sound of a great murmuring down upon the wind, the mingling voices of the multitude, a constant hum, punctuated here and there by the music of a horn, or mayhap a burst of laughter, or a cheer—for on such days as this was, people cheer at anything or nothing. We were first upon the ground, so to speak; except for a solitary police patrol and the training-ship *St. Mary's*, the stake-boat of the procession, the waters were deserted. A great float that usually carried freight-cars across the river had been turned for the nonce into a battleship, and her sides bristled with the guns of a battery of artillery that were to salute the Admiral as he passed. As we lay there, heaving to and fro in the current, there was one thing that impressed me. It was that all these people had given up their daily work, had left their homes, some of them many miles away, to turn out and give a welcome to a man who little above a year ago had been unknown to them. He had not saved the country

from any overwhelming danger, but in a far-off land he had carried the flag to victory. It was not gratitude that animated them. It was a sentiment of pride and of affection; it was a spontaneous burst of applause for an action that had been well done. Few there were gathered there, who seriously realized the National issues that had been brought up and were yet unsettled, and perhaps not many thought or remembered that we are a nation still at war; but they knew all about Manila, and they longed to see the man and the ships that had fought there.

Suddenly, from the south, that had grown misty with a shower that passed over the lower bay, there appeared a few trailing clouds of smoke and steam and then a moving mass of vessels; and as they neared, borne on the wind, came a great roaring, as if all the noonday whistles in the world had gathered and were giving tongue. Near and nearer it came, and the white smoke from a saluting battery on the eastern shore wafted into the air; then came the jarring reports of the guns. We steamed slowly south to meet the fleet. It seemed hardly an instant, and we were in the midst of them! First came the *Olympia*, moving slowly on; and following her were the other ships, between the long, well-kept line of



"OUT IN MIDSTREAM LAY THE TRAINING-SHIP PORTSMOUTH"



"THERE WERE TWO FIGURES PACING THE QUARTER-DECK "

the police boats. The cannons began to thunder from the float; the vessels answered them. From everywhere and nowhere the crowded excursion boats swept in and gathered. The roaring of the whistles was almost deafening from every side. It was impossible to speak and to be heard on the upper deck of the Hazel Kirke, for a small boy had gained admission to the pilot-house, and he hung on to the whistle-rope with grim determination and a smile of joy. One could not help gaining a confused impression of what followed during the next ten minutes. There was so much to see and to take in. Crafts of all kinds loaded with sight-seers crossed athwart each other's bows and huddled close together. It seemed a wonder if accident or collision could be averted, for whistled signals were discounted by the roar and turmoil. From one of the great Sound steamers, that held perhaps a thousand or more on her crowded decks, was flying a string of big box kites with the American ensign and a lettered flag high in the sky. The string broke, and away the kites went shoreward, and many stopped looking at the procession to watch what happened. Some small boys in a boat near the Jersey shore secured the runaways. The wind blew harder and in gusts. Hats flew off and floated on the water. In one case a tall silk tile went to destruction beneath our paddle-wheel. People cheered one another and shouted jokes and messages from boat to boat. And all the time the procession of war-

ships was moving slowly up to the turning-point, and every one was cheered at and roared at and whistled to. The old Lancaster, a type of vessel that composed our navy but a few years ago and is now obsolete and out of date, was towed up by two puffing tugs prodding her tall wooden sides. She followed the great steel ships like an old fighter whose day was gone but who yet wished to be remembered. Many such veterans did we see on the morrow in the land parade, and somehow when I saw them I thought of the old ship—hale and hearty, but out of the fight forever.

We kept on towards the south, passing the parade as it came slowly on. The transports and the trim craft of the revenue service were next after the war-ships and made fine showing. Then came the steam yachts, and probably there were never before gathered together so many playthings of the wealthy. Sea-going vessels, able to make the circuit of the globe, were there in plenty, and the order that they all kept was most astonishing; no trained fleet could have been more orderly; not a vessel was out of line. On the star-board hand, just abaft the quarter of the flagship Corsair, was the Erin of our visitor, Sir Thomas Lipton, three yellow sham-rocks on green fields flying in her rigging. Sir Thomas, whether he carries the Cup back with him or not, can never complain of the lack of cordiality in his reception; no vessel passed him without saluting, and the boy at the Hazel Kirke's whistle-pull held on so long that it was a question

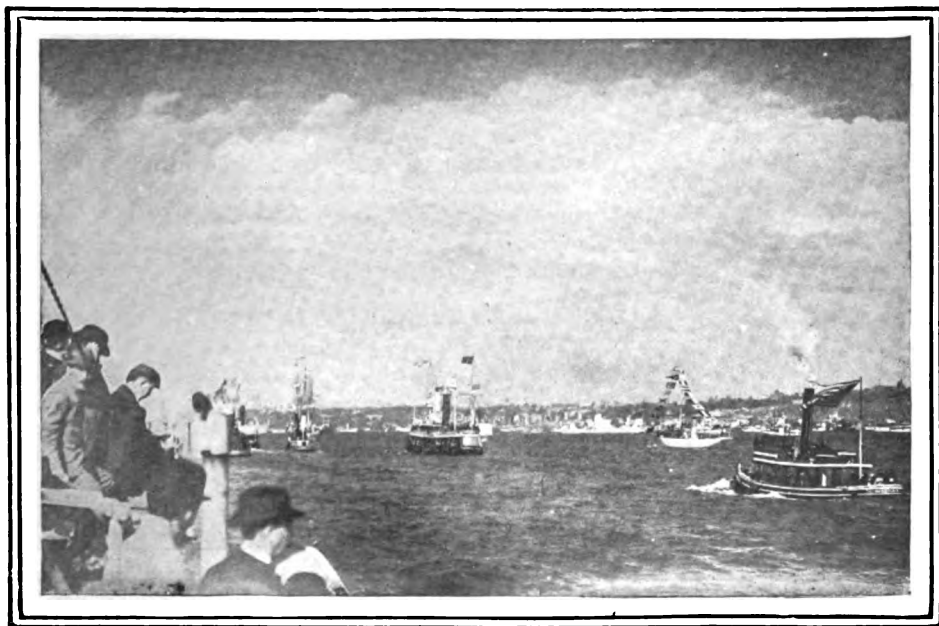
if we should have steam enough left to enable us to reach our pier. But still the vessels filed slowly past. The head of the procession had turned and was coming down, and yet the rear guard was but at Thirty-fourth Street—three miles and more below! Series of great steamers, flotillas of tugs, the merchant marine of the city and outlying cities, were here in force.

The Admiral, doubtless longing for it all to be done, thinking of the time when he could rest and think it over—did he realize that one hundred thousand fellow-citizens, aye more, were afloat that day to do him honor? Mayhap he did; mayhap his mind was filled with other thoughts. Countless thousands had watched him from the shores. People had waited hours to say, "There's the Olympia," to one another. And there was more to come, for the night sky was to be one glare of light in his honor. There was to be little rest on the river front until after midnight.

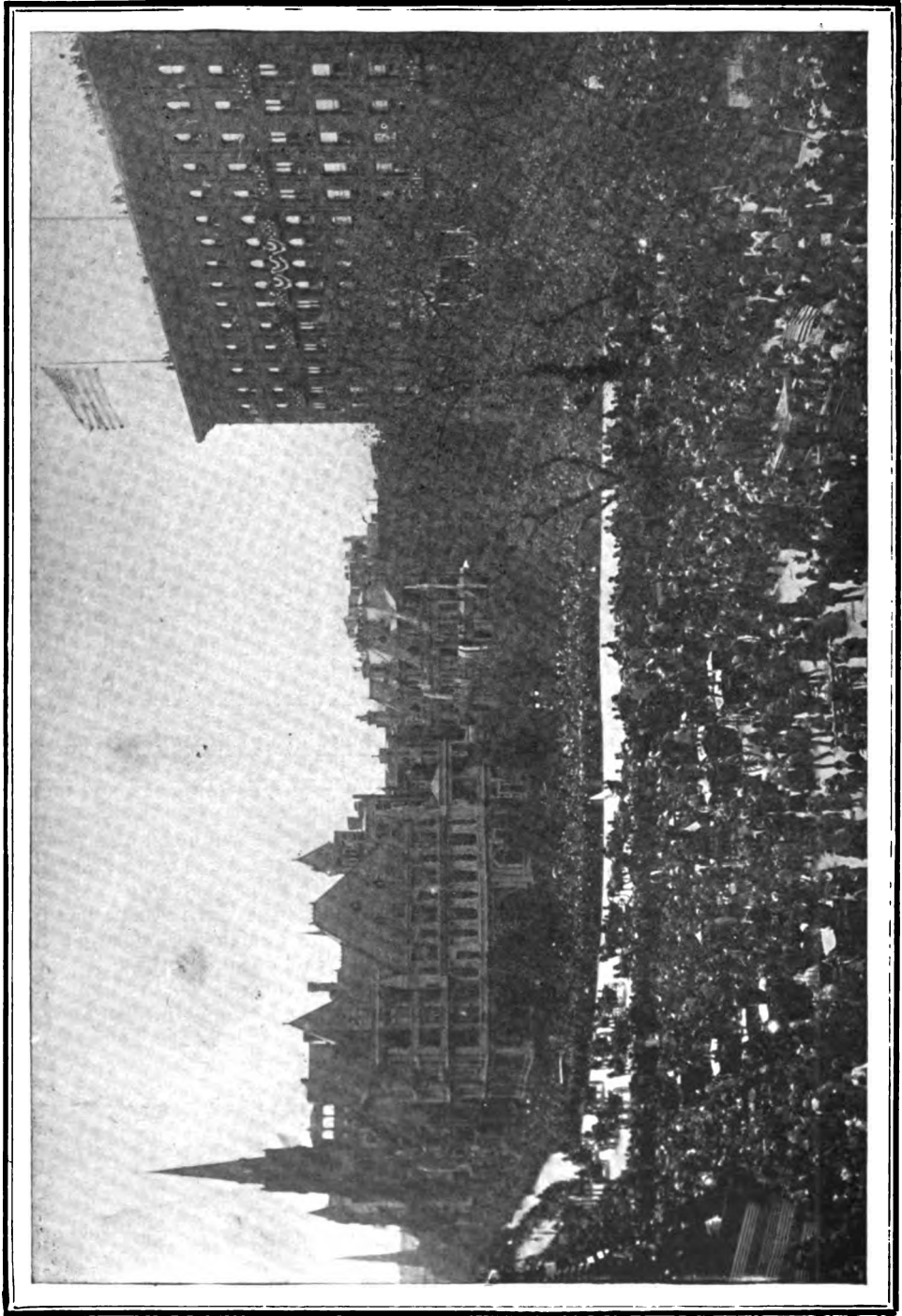
The morning of the next day dawned bright and clear, and, despite the fact that the holiday-makers had had a hard day of it, they were up betimes and out in the streets again. The early hours had been broken by the stirring of drum and fife and the tramp of marching regiments moving northwards to their positions at

the starting-point on the Riverside Drive. A hard stretch of duty the soldiers had ahead of them. Troop A, which acted as escort to the Admiral at the City Hall, were under arms from four o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, and rode twice the length of the city before their work was done. It struck me as I went over the line of parade that patience is to a great extent a growing virtue with us. There were bound to be delays; the head of the procession was not expected to move until eleven; but families by the hundreds were marooned like castaways on the curbstones of the Avenue.

I walked down the line from Riverside Drive. The great bleachers had begun to fill, and at Seventy-second Street and Eighth Avenue was erected the stand for the singing children, where they formed the living word "Dewey" in white letters upon a field of blue; and it was here that the Admiral stopped the procession and listened to the three thousand little voices that sang until they could contain themselves no longer, and burst into shrill cheers of welcome. By ten o'clock it was almost impossible to cross the Avenue from one side street to another without the aid of the police. The East and the West Sides were meeting, and forlorn-



"FIRST CAME THE OLYMPIA BETWEEN THE LONG LINES OF POLICE BOATS"



"WHERE THE LINE CROSSED THE PLAZA"

looking folk traveled aimlessly up and down Fourth and Sixth Avenues, hoping perhaps at the last minute to find a place from which they might see the tips of the marching flags, if nothing more. Half-way down the side streets the stoops of the houses and the railings were pre-empted. Where the old St. Luke's Hospital had stood, a great pile of scaffolding rose to the height of a three-story building. On this one stand twenty-eight hundred people could be seated. The front of the reservoir at Forty-second Street was half hid in the National colors that stood out well against the moving green of its vine-clad surface. At the center of the great Pylon towers a huge gilt eagle spread its wings. The police, by this time, had begun their labors. The crowds had commenced to swerve and sway and occasionally break through and fill the Avenue. The bell of the ambulance had already begun its whirling clangor. Occasionally the shrieks of a frightened woman would ring out, and children would be lifted above the crowd to keep them from the crush. Belated ticket-holders fought their way to the entrances of the stands. At many places it looked as if some calamity might take place, and the police, scenting danger, had flocked there to stand it off. They were working like rescuers along the lines of the human dikes to prevent the leaks that might presage the on-rush. But the crowd was good-natured. It took the pushing and proddings without display of anger. Occasionally a man would break out from the line and endeavor to force his way to some forbidden spot. A half-score might follow him, and then the fun began—if fun it might be called—for the burly policemen shuttlecocked them from one to another, hurled them back and pushed them into place. It was impossible to get down the Avenue to reach the place where I intended to view the parade, the big grand stand at the Arch—for by good fortune I had secured a position among the elect of the day, the tribe of Tammany. Crossing Thirty-fourth Street, where the "court of honor" began, into Madison Avenue, it took me a full ten minutes to get through the block, and there the sight was almost a sad one. People who had despaired of ever securing a position crowded the

doorsteps, waiting disconsolately. A German with his family had opened his lunch-basket and made a table of a broad stone railing. Two little boys in cheap sailor suits, one labeled "Hobson" and the other bearing on his cap the Admiral's name, were weeping woefully as they tugged along on either side of a pale-faced woman who was evidently heading homeward. She was trying her best to persuade them that the parade had gone by! Poor little chaps! I would have given up my ticket to have helped them if I could. Almost every one I passed wore the National colors or badges with the Admiral's features; all were out to get a glimpse of the owner of them.

Crossing Madison Square, it was the same tale. The huge wooden erections shut out the view of the Avenue; the side streets adjoining them were jammed like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Reaching the entrance to the stand for which I had a reserved seat, I perceived that a hundred angry people were standing there arguing with the policemen who were on guard. The stand was closed! Early in the morning the Tammany "pull" had been worked to its utmost. The chosen seats had been filled with privileged interlopers.

"I worked on that Arch for three weeks," said a man, bitterly, "and here I am with my wife and two tickets, and they won't let me in."

"It's a shame," cried the crowd. "We all here have tickets, and they won't let us through."

The barricade was high and strong, the policemen were numerous and large. I showed my ticket to an officer.

"I can't let youse in," said he; "the inspector has closed it up—their's orders! The seats is all took long ago."

I looked back at the unhappy people on the park benches, and the disconsolate tide that wandered across the down-trodden grass. I looked longingly up at the tree-tops filled with boys and men, and then I realized how bitter it is to be shut out; but, "nothing venture, nothing win," said I to myself, and, making a quick spring to the top of the high fence, I managed to tumble over it, while three big policemen made wild and futile grabs for my coat-tails. I almost fell on top of a fat sergeant on the other side. He looked at

me with some astonishment, but said nothing, nor did he have time, for, seeing the success that I had made, the crowd charged the barrier, and the sergeant and his men on the inside were called to the aid of the bluecoats beyond. Not a man got over! All were beaten back, and I climbed the steps and reached the open space above.

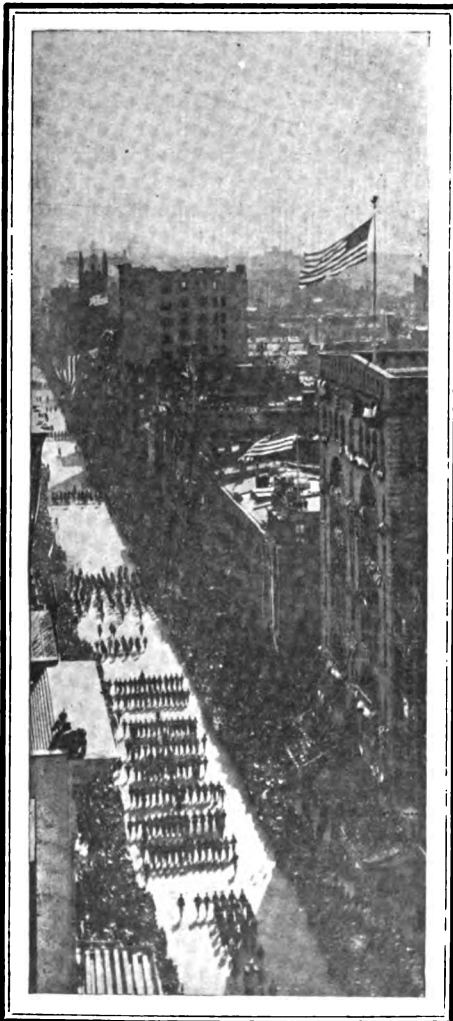
Within a few feet rose the beautiful arch, with its well-modeled classical figures. The Avenue was swept and clean as a ball-room floor; the thousands that filled the stands were raising a great clatter of voices. Waiters were passing up and down the aisles, carrying trays of drink and food. Down at the corner of Twenty-third Street, and up at Twenty-

fifth, the police were fighting the multitude. The swaying, moving mass of men and women, as I looked down upon them, looked like teeming animalcules beneath the microscope. They clung together around one lamp-post like a hive of swarming bees. Men were cursing there and women were shrieking, but the people on the stands were seated in comfort; and surely there would have been room, standing room at least, for all of those outside. But, as I said before, I was among the elect. Without the aid of an usher, I found my seat. It was occupied by a large man with a black mustache and a cigar. I spoke to a policeman standing in the aisle. He leaned down and whispered confidentially.

"I can't move *him*," he said, politely and with some deprecation. "He's a friend of Alderman —; that's him sitting next. But," he added, "I'll call an usher and get you another seat."

I thanked him and waited. The usher proved to be a decent fellow, and in a few minutes I was comfortable. When once seated, I looked about me.

Opposite was the stand from which the Admiral was to review the passing regiments. The front was decked with a bank of flowers. A hundred policemen stood on guard before it. When one looked away from the struggling mass at the street corners, the scene was one of order and discipline, and a beautiful sight. High in the sky floated long lines of kites; a homing pennant, two hundred feet in length, fluttered and whipped from the shining line of piano wire up in midair. The minutes sped by. There was so much to hear and to see that I could hardly realize that I had been seated an hour when the cry arose that the Admiral was coming! The people broke away from the policemen at the corner and filled in for a block the sidewalks that had been kept open. But at last they were in control again, for the reserves were ordered out to meet them. And now, headed by three files of mounted police, the guests in carriages hove in sight, coming down the Avenue. On the box of Admiral Dewey's open carriage, drawn by four horses, sat a trim jacky. It was the same lad who had accompanied him at Gibraltar; and as the carriage came to a halt, he jumped to the ground nimbly and



THE OLYMPIA'S CREW



"THE POLICE BY THIS TIME HAD BEGUN THEIR LABORS"

opened the door. When it was seen that it was really the Admiral, the cheering rose, shrieks and shouts of welcome, and the handsome officer bowed his acknowledgments as he took his seat. More open vehicles of all kinds, barouches, landaus, and victorias, followed, bearing the city's guests; and as the officers were recognized they were cheered in turn. One of the admirals came in for a shower of flowers—Admiral Schley it was. Admiral Sampson, grave, quiet, and dignified, the man whose worth is known by the service and recognized more by the Government than by the news-reading public, descended and took his seat without much demonstration. Our visiting yachtsman rode with the grizzled Chief of the Wigwam. He looked pleased and affable. But at last the motley procession of moth-eaten equipages and seedy horses

had gone by, and down the Avenue came the first marching music, Sousa's great band of one hundred and fifty pieces—a great, welling, thrilling march they played!

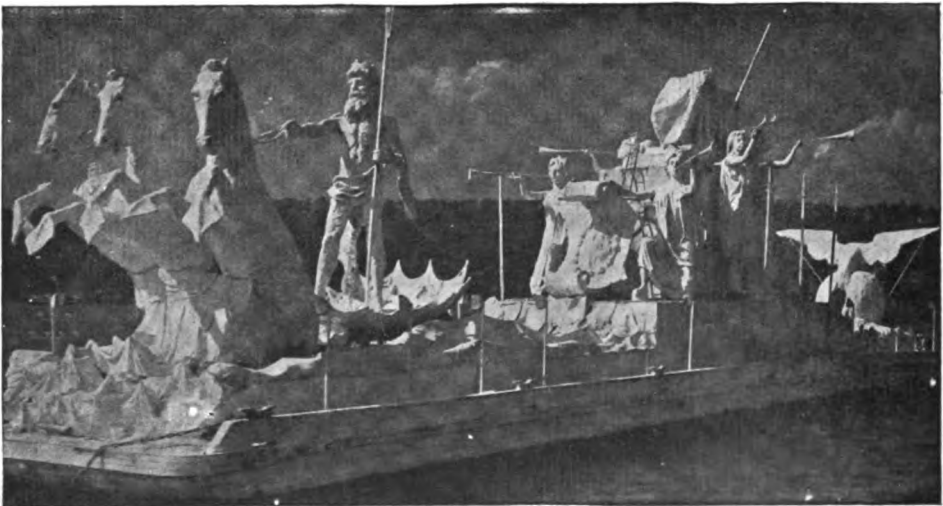
"Here come the Olympia's lads," was the shout, and, led by the marines, the crew came tramping on. And now a strange thing happened.

Perhaps the spectators were so curious to see them that they forgot, or perhaps all had their eyes upon the small, gray-mustached man across the Avenue; but there were no spontaneous shouts of applause; a few shouts here and there, some clapping of hands, but no loud cries of welcome, like the ones that had greeted the Admiral himself. Why was it? I couldn't tell. The officers had risen to their feet as the line appeared. Dewey stood there in silence. He was thoughtful as his men went past. These were

the brave fellows to whom he owed the day; these were the men that he had seen fighting behind their guns. His face bore an expression as if he were bidding them farewell. For three hours and more the saluting soldiers marched beneath the Arch. The West Pointers were followed by the Regulars. Great siege-guns and light artillery trundled by. Visiting regiments from the Southern and Western States came in for hearty greetings, but perhaps the loudest was given to a body of bronzed, sturdy fellows in blue shirts and khaki breeches—the Tenth Pennsylvania, just back from the war in the Philippines. Somehow it made the blood course warmly to see them. The brave men who had enlisted for one war and stayed on to fight another! There were partisans' shouts as favored regiments went by; the Governor of our own State received an ovation as he led his own division. The bands came quicker, some played the old familiar marching tunes, while two at least swung along to the air of "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" the Southerners played "Dixie." The Governor's Footguard of Connecticut, in their old Continental uniform, looked as if they had stepped out of the pages of past history, with their black gaiters, knee-breeches, and their bearskin busbies. The Volunteers and the Grand Army of the Republic followed in their turn, led by the gray, one-armed General. Their ranks grow thinner every year, but there were many there able to

fight again if need be. An old man was trundled along in a large perambulator. He waved his hat from where he lay beneath a covering blanket. Some one said that he had entered Mexico with General Scott! The young veterans of the war with Spain, in their stained and weather-beaten uniform, reminded us how lately we had been in conflict.

The wind had blown up chill and strong from the west, the shadows lengthened, and many seats in the stands were vacant, but the show was not yet over. When the Admiral and his escort had started for the big hotel that has been aptly termed "an American invention for supplying exclusiveness to the masses," there was a rush made by the crowd; the police were swept away; down the Avenue, up the Avenue, from the side streets the people poured, to meet about the Arch. The glorious sunset sky lifted in the west, a half-light descended on the teeming street, the searchlights from the tops of the buildings played their rays upon the Arch. The tired crowd began to dwindle; two hours more, and save for the bunting and the decorations, the symptoms of the madness of the city were dying out. Small boys everywhere were gathering up bundles of wood, the flotsam and jetsam left on the sidewalks. The rush was made for the ferries and railway stations, and as I walked homeward up the Avenue the street-cleaners were loading wagons with the debris the hordes had left.



THE CAR OF NEPTUNE



Meeting Dewey in Manila Bay

By Major-General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A.

First Military Governor of the Philippines

I AM asked to tell of my meeting with Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay; and while there is nothing dramatic to relate, the occasion was one of such comfort and pleasure that I have a vivid recollection of the incidents of that morning.

The transport Newport, carrying the Astor Battery, a battalion of the Third Artillery, and my staff, myself, and a million and a half of treasure, had sailed from San Francisco on the 29th of June. On that morning, just before leaving, we received news that Admiral Camara was entering the Suez Canal, bound presumably for Manila, and his movements were therefore a matter of intense interest. If he should reach Manila and successfully attack Admiral Dewey, or if, avoiding Manila, he should send a ship to intercept us, our situation would be critical in the extreme. Four other ships followed a few days behind mine, carrying General McArthur's brigade, and not one of them could have made any resistance to the smallest gunboat. As it was impossible for the navy to furnish us an armed ship as escort, it was arranged that Admiral Dewey should send one to meet us at a point six hundred miles due east of Cape Engaño, the northeast point of Luzon, and consequently our ship was steered for that spot.

As we neared the looked-for place, there was much staring at the unbroken horizon and much speculation among the officers, which became more earnest as we continued along the due-west course without seeing any sign of a ship. Finally Luzon came in sight. The sea was like a mirror, the sky was cloudless, the air of peace was almost irritating; it gave us nothing on which to base a theory as to why we had not been met except the old, worn-out premises. I was not greatly worried, but, having had no news of any kind for nearly four weeks, and with so much at stake, it was only sensible to examine the possibilities; fortunately, this examination was always reassuring. I believed, in the first place, that we could beat Camara to Manila, supposing he had been able to coal; and even were he to get there first, I felt convinced that Admiral Dewey would give such an account of himself that Camara would have precious little fight left in him.

Thinking thus, we steamed down the coast toward the entrance to Manila Bay. We could see Corregidor Island standing up like a sharp green crag at the entrance; we turned to the left and faced the wide channel. Still no sign of a ship. At last we were past the island, and the shipping

near Cavite could be plainly seen. Then men-of-war could be distinguished, and they seemed very numerous, but no indication of movement or life could be made out. Finally, as we proceeded up the broad bay, dark clouds of smoke began to pour from a funnel; a ship got under way, and then in a little while we could see the Stars and Stripes floating on her, and we knew beyond a peradventure that all was well. It was the Concord, which came to find out who we were. Receiving this information, she showed us the way to our berth, and reported to the flagship.

As soon as we had come to anchor. Admiral Dewey could be seen putting off from the Olympia and coming our way. The officers and men of the Newport crowded the rail to get a look at the famous Admiral, and in a few minutes he was in my cabin giving me a hearty and cheering welcome to the waters he ruled by right of conquest.

After greeting me and making the acquaintance of the officers of my staff (some of whom he had known before), the Admiral carried me away to his flagship for lunch. Of course we had much to talk of, and, strangely enough, it was he, who had been for many months in the East, and not I, so lately arrived, that had the news from home to relate. He told me of the magnificent victories of the army and navy at Santiago, which had occurred nearly a month before, of the gallant fighting our soldiers had done, and the sad losses they had sustained. It was hard to crowd all the events of that historic month of July into one brief talk, but he had not forgotten to save me the latest Hong-Kong newspapers. It was hardly necessary for the Admiral to explain why he had not sent a ship to meet us at the rendezvous agreed upon, for I quickly learned that Camara's fleet had never gotten beyond Suez, and our anxiety was quite forgotten in hearing so much good news. While the Admiral was in my cabin on the Newport, his flag-lieutenant, Brumby, was out on deck giving the news to my staff; and when one of these went forward to tell our men what had happened in Cuba, they cheered themselves hoarse.

From this time on I naturally saw Admiral Dewey frequently, either visiting his flagship or he coming to the Newport,

where, as a matter of convenience, I retained my headquarters. He always impressed me as a self-contained, nervy man, not given to talk, and prompt in action. On more than one occasion I found it necessary to ask him for supplies of different kinds needed by parts of my command. He always seemed to have what was wanted, and was quick to respond to our assistance.

When the demand for the surrender of the city was formulated, we talked over the situation, and the draft of the letters which called on the Spanish Governor-General to take measures for the protection of the women, children, and non-combatants; and afterwards the summons to surrender and the notice of intended attack were all submitted to the Admiral and by him cheerfully acquiesced in. Nothing, indeed, could have been more pleasant than the cordial co-operation of the army and navy in all the work they were called upon to do throughout the campaign.

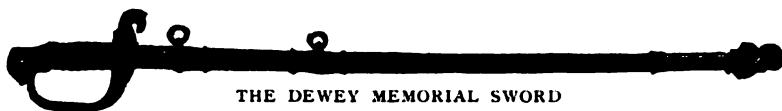
In making the arrangements for the assault of the city, it was Admiral Dewey's desire to open the attack in the afternoon, as he said the sun would then be at his back and in the enemy's face, the light would be better for shooting, and the sea probably smoother. I represented to him, however, the great advantage to the army of attacking in the morning, so as to give us plenty of daylight in which to complete the work, take possession of the city, and guard against the entrance of insurgents. An afternoon attack would leave all of this exacting duty to be done at night, and give every advantage to the beaten enemy, or be disastrous to us in case of failure. The Admiral at once yielded to me on this point, and it was agreed that he should open fire at 10 A.M.

Sailors never like to do the work in a campaign which they think should be done by the troops for themselves, and soldiers can't manage many things on the water which sailors do so handily. To land General McArthur's brigade in time for the assault of the city, which I felt should be undertaken with the least possible delay, to get food, and, above all, ammunition, to the troops through the tremendous surf, was a task for which sailors' skill and navy appliances were much needed, and Admiral Dewey placed both at our disposal.

During the trying week when our trenches were being dug in the face of the enemy, and when our men were subjected to a furious fight every night, although the Admiral was very anxious not to precipitate an attack, yet the Raleigh was stationed off our camp with orders to go in and open whenever we signaled that her assistance was necessary. In these as in all ways, he lent the heartiest co-operation in the trying work our soldiers had to do. We both desired that

the city should not be assaulted until every condition was favorable for quick and decisive results; on the 13th of August this time had come, and Manila was taken with the loss of very few lives of American soldiers.

Admiral Dewey needs no eulogy from me, but any one who comes in contact with him officially will find, as I found, that he does all things in that same workmanlike way which characterized his performance of the first of May, 1898.



THE DEWEY MEMORIAL SWORD

Admiral Dewey's Firmness and Courage

In a book about Admiral Dewey just published by Mr. John Barrett, lately United States Minister to Siam, the author quotes Captain Sir Edward Chichester, of the British ship *Immortalité*, as saying: "Your Admiral accomplished by tact, firmness, and good judgment in Manila Bay what many naval men would have thought possible only by war. Dewey is a natural fighter, but, true fighter as he is, he prefers to win a peaceful victory. He is a great man." As an instance proving this, Mr. Barrett tells of a minor incident which might have proved of the most serious import: A German steam launch attempted to approach the Olympia after dark. A German collier had come late into the harbor, and Admiral von Diederichs wished to get permission that night for it to join his squadron. As the boat neared the Olympia it was hailed, but without reply. The hail was repeated again without reply. By this time, says Mr. Barrett, the Admiral was looking out into the darkness, and after a moment's investigation he called to the officer of the deck: "Why don't you fire? It doesn't stop!" A shot was fired, and the boat came on unharmed. "Fire again, and fire to hit!" exclaimed the Admiral: and the second ball, aimed just as the searchlight revealed the German colors on the intruder, splashed within three feet of the boat. Then she stopped. A launch

was sent, and escorted the German boat to the Olympia, where an excited staff officer of Admiral von Diederichs explained his indiscretion. According to one of the officers present, the American Admiral's comments were as follows:

Do you appreciate what you have done? Do you know that such a rash act on your part is against all the rules of war, and might even have been the cause of serious trouble between your country and mine? Suppose that shot had killed you and sunk your launch, the effect might have been to have brought on misunderstanding and a conflict. It would have been very easy for a Spanish boat meaning us harm to have put up a German flag and sunk the Olympia, if we did not stop it in time. There is no excuse for such carelessness. You should understand the rules of war in a matter of this kind. Please present my compliments to your Admiral, and ask him to direct his officers to be more careful in the future.

In this connection Mr. Barrett speaks very plainly as to the mooted question why Dewey asked to be reinforced by one or two battle ships, such as the Oregon and the Iowa. "Without violating any state secrets," says Mr. Barrett, "I can say that the Admiral wanted them for the plain and simple reason that he wished to be prepared in the event of Germany or any other European Power becoming complicated with America in the settlement of the Philippine question. The attitude of the Germans in Manila Bay had been a surprise, he argued, and there might be still greater surprises in store."



RICHARDOT AND HIS SON. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK
Louvre, Paris.



Sir Anthony van Dyck The Antwerp Anniversary

By Elbert F. Baldwin



ON the fourteenth of August last, at Antwerp, guests from all the European academies of art, together with Belgian civil, military, and religious authorities, assembled in the Grande Place before the City Hall. They were there to hear a special performance on the famous carillon of bells in the tower of Notre-Dame, and to see a procession representing the progress of art through the ages. From the figures of the giant Antigonus and his wife, the traditional patrons of Antwerp, representations of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance art-creative times passed in processional form. Last of all came the crowning feature of the whole pageant, namely, the "Homage to Sir Anthony van Dyck;" for all this celebration was to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the second of the two mighty painters whom Antwerp has given to the world. There he stood, that second one, in impersonation, preceded by a figure representing the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, his protectors; by one representing Rubens, his master, and by those of many of the personages who, through his portraits, have become immortal in art, if not in history—Charles I., Marie Henriette, and their children, Marie de' Medicis, the Earls of Strafford and Arundel, Marie Louise of Tassis, the Marquises of Brignole and Spinola, Cardinal Bentivoglio, François de Moncada, and others. Sir Anthony rode surrounded by honor-guards, each representing a city where his best-known pictures are to be found—Antwerp, Brussels, London, Paris, Madrid, Genoa, Florence, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Kassel, The Hague. The great memorial of the anniversary, however, is an exhibition, still open, of the master's works. For this purpose several hundred canvases, many of them of enormous value, have been taken from museums, churches, and private galleries throughout Europe and gathered in the old Flemish capital, always the home both of commerce and of culture, where, three centuries ago, Anthony van Dyck first saw the light of day.

When he was fifteen years old, he entered Rubens's studio. He made such progress there that before he was twenty he was not only working on pictures which the master gave out as his own, but had done such noteworthy composition as to cause his enrollment as a master in the Guild of St. Luke. This Guild, already two centuries old, named after the artist-Evangelist, was the great instigator and benefactor of Flemish art. The young Van Dyck thus became himself a master while working under one. It was an unheard-of honor to one of such tender age. Rubens was too great a man, nevertheless, to have any jealousy of his pupil as a possible rival. On the contrary, he insisted on procuring a commission for him from the Jesuits, in connection with his own work, to paint forty pictures for them. In the year when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from the Low Countries, the name of Anthony van Dyck

began to be known in those countries as that of another Rubens. An Antwerp picture-dealer wrote to the Earl of Arundel in England that the new painter's works were gaining almost as much esteem as that enjoyed by those of the master himself. Nevertheless, it was that same kind master who presented his pupil to Lord Arundel, through whom access was later obtained to the English monarch, and to honors never before paid to any painter. At the end of his apprenticeship Rubens gave the finest horse in his stable to Van Dyck, who, in return, presented to his elder three canvases which had attracted the latter's special commendation. One of them, a "Christ Seized upon the Mount of Olives," henceforth occupied the place of honor in the chief room in Rubens's house. From association with such a master, his pupil thus gained, not only invaluable technical instruction, but also a generously given start in life. Furthermore, both derived a certain mental stimulus from the similitude of their education, tastes, and ideas, their unremitting labors and their material successes. In truth, the pupil's genius merited protection and patronage. If Shakespeare nodded occasionally, so did Rubens; but even in the younger Fleming's early pictures it is hard to find an awkward or unnatural attitude or an expressionless feature.

Acting on the master's sound advice, his pupil went to Italy to study and to work. The influence of the years spent there is noticeable in the modification of an over-great Rubens leaning. The pictures painted before and after that period have greater mellowness and depth of color. Though he lived in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Palermo, most of Van Dyck's work was done at Genoa, and is still there in the splendid old palaces of the Balbi, Brignole, Durazzo, Raggi, and Spinola families. Van Dyck's portraits of members of these houses combine a Flemish strength and energy with an Italian stateliness and elegance—Rubens and Titian in one.

After some years in Italy, Van Dyck returned to his home city, where, by Rubens's departure as Ambassador to England and Spain, the young artist found a clear field. His fame now extended over Europe. He worked not only at Antwerp, but at Brussels and at The

Hague. Once, when residing in Holland, he went to Haarlem to call on Frans Hals, whom he had never met. Not finding the great Dutch artist at home, he sent word to him that a stranger wished to have his portrait painted. When Hals appeared, the Fleming said that he had but two hours to spare. He asked if Hals could make an attempt in that time. The Dutchman was, of course, equal to the task, and finished the picture. The apparently astonished stranger remarked that "Portrait-painting seems a simple thing. I will try it myself." Thereupon he began to sketch, taking Hals as his subject. He had not proceeded very far, however, in his masterly precision, before the Dutchman cried out: "You are Anthony van Dyck! No one else could do what you have done."

That judgment was not alone Hals's. It has been said that the head of Richardot (in the Louvre at Paris), painted at this time, is as strong as any in portraiture, unless it be that of Cornelius van der Gheest (in the National Gallery, London). It might also be added that, of its kind, the portrait of the youthful William II. of Nassau (in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg) has never been equaled, even by Gainsborough with his "Blue Boy."

Anthony van Dyck is not generally thought of as an etcher, but he showed noteworthy talent in this domain also. One finds astonishing workmanship in the series of *grisaille* portraits of his eminent contemporaries, especially of fellow-artists, which were published as engravings by Martin van den Enden. With wonderful expressiveness, Van Dyck etched the heads in some two dozen of the plates; and the prints in their early state, before any addition of gravers' line-work, are highly prized, both for their historical worth and also as an evidence of the characteristics of an artist's real heyday, when, for the most part, he was still unconscious, unhampered, unflattered, and hence unconventional. Some geniuses "arrive" early, and the sketches, etchings, and oil work of this period of a particular genius show him at the speedily reached summit of his powers.

Probably by reason of inducements offered to him in advance, our artist, now thirty-three years old, decided to settle in England; at all events, he was received



WILLIAM II. OF NASSAU. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK
Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

with unprecedented distinctions. He was immediately made painter-in-ordinary to King Charles, who also bestowed upon him a pension and a knighthood, a town house at Blackfriars and a country lodge at Eltham. What was more, the King gave him a good deal of his personal society, often dropping down from Whitehall in his barge to spend an afternoon with one who charmed all by the elegance

of his person and the refinement of his manners. Permanent evidence of royal favor is found in the painter's thirty-six (according to some authorities) portraits of the King and twenty-five of the Queen. In nearly every representation of Charles one is struck by a certain proud melancholy, a presage of coming doom. No matter how genuinely, if diplomatically, engaging in deportment the painter was,

he was also, what every portrait-painter should be, a psychologist. He knew how to win all hearts, but he knew as well how to dip beneath the surface of things. Hence some of his portraits were not only realities but prophecies.

Among the best works of his English period are the most popular of all his pictures, namely, those of the King's children. Visitors to the Dresden, Berlin, London, and Turin galleries are familiar with these; that in the last-named city is an especially good example. It shows three of the children, Prince Charles (later Charles II.), Princess Mary (later wife of William II. of Orange), and the Duke of York (later James II.). Prince Charles, about five years old, stands at the left in a long, stiff scarlet frock embroidered

with silver lace. His right hand rests on the head of a brown spaniel. Princess Mary comes next, in a white satin dress which, like the robe of her brother Charles, seems, to more modern notions of dress, out of keeping with a child's age. Lastly comes the charming little Duke of York, in another stiff silk frock—blue this time—and holding an apple in his hand.

During the remaining years of his life Sir Anthony van Dyck painted the portrait of nearly every prominent person connected with the English court. No artist was ever so sought after or received so many orders. A visit to his studio was a regular part of the programme of the fashionables of Charles's time. One reason for such signal popularity and success may be found in the chagrined consciousness that in



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK
Pinacoteca, Turin.

England there were no native painters worthy the name. There was a demand for portraits from the King and the nobles; hence we find a Holbein serving Henry VIII.; an Antonio Moro, Queen Mary; a Cornelius Janssens, James I.; a Rubens and a Van Dyck, Charles I.; a Lely and a Kneller, Charles II.

A year after Rubens passed away he was followed by his great pupil. Already shadows were beginning to fall thick and fast on that England where Charles and his narrow-minded nobles, unmindful of just mutterings from the people, had been living lives of too great dalliance. Early in 1641 the royal family were compelled to flee from London; later, one of Van Dyck's best friends and patrons, the Earl of Strafford, was led to the scaffold. His other royalist friends quickly scattered far and wide. The old, bigoted, kingly era was passing away, with the dogma of divine right. There was a kind of poetic justice that the delineator of so many defenders of aristocratic privilege should go too.

It was an early death; Van Dyck was only forty-two years old, but he had accomplished the labors of a century. He left nearly a thousand canvases, most of them of exalted merit.

Of these canvases, the earliest are largely religious in subject. What he was capable of doing in that field may be gathered from appreciations by high and low. On seeing the "Crucifixion" at Mechlin, Sir Joshua Reynolds declared it to be one of the first pictures in the world. When the farmers near the little village of Savenhem, Belgium, heard that the parish



ANTHONY VAN DYCK. BY HIMSELF
Uffizi, Florence.

authorities had sold Van Dyck's "St. Martin Dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," they armed themselves with pitchforks and other weapons, surrounded the church, and would not allow it to be removed. Compared with the works of the early Flemings and Italians, however, our artist's religious pictures show a seeming lack both of spontaneity and of conviction. Sometimes we even carry away from his delineation of sacred scenes the impression of a clever and objective foreshortening rather than that of a subjective, deep-down, Hans Memling, Fra Angelico fervor. Contrasted with those painted in the ages of simpler, sincerer religious feeling, Van Dyck's altar-pieces suffer, but they hardly suffer as much as do most similar attempts during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Compared with the works of his actual contemporaries, our artist gives us fewer

merely theatrical figures, and this is emphasized by his technical power in dealing with the figures he does give, by the harmony of their grouping, the clearness of their outline, the correctness of their modeling, and the satisfactoriness of their color-blending. During the latter half of his creative life Van Dyck found little

Dyck pictures thrill the soul, but all of them have what religious pictures often lack, a union of North and South, of robust dignity with refined grace. Take as examples "The Marriage of Saint Catherine" (Buckingham Palace, London), "The Madonna of the Donors" (Louvre, Paris), "The Repose in Egypt" (Pinakothek, Munich), "The Tribute Money" (Brignole Palace, Genoa), and "The Betrayal" (Prado, Madrid).

Van Dyck's greatest work was in portraiture. The criticism urged against him in this domain is the same criticism often brought against the fashionable portrait-painters of our own day, namely, that they flatter their subjects. While both Rubens and Van Dyck are sometimes open to this charge, no one will deny that rarely, if ever, have portrait-painters possessed more marked ability exactly to reproduce their subjects. If they did not disdain to increase their exchequers by means of occasional flattery, it only shows how widespread is this trick of the portrait-making trade, whether the artist be a painter or a photographer, whether he stand in the lowest or highest rank. There are artists in every rank, nevertheless, who are faithful to absolute



SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT. BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK
Albertina, Vienna.

time to return to the field of his earlier labors. When we gaze upon his latest works, the splendid "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the church at Termonde, or (what is sometimes thought to be his religious masterpiece) the "Dead Christ Lying in the Lap of his Mother" (Museum, Antwerp), we regret that he had not more time. Indeed, we feel this even in viewing the earlier works. Some of the Van

truth and sincere simplicity.

The heads and hands painted by Sir Anthony van Dyck belong in general to that first rank. If traces of flattery and of conventional mannerisms may be detected in some, in most the impression is one of minute and painstaking conscientiousness and perseverance as well as of genius. Indeed, the painter generally insisted on detaining his sitters to partake

of lunch or dinner, so that he might, at his ease, study face and hand characteristics when his subjects were less conscious of being watched.

If, as creative forces and all-round artists, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Titian excel Van Dyck, at least in his particular domain, portraiture, the name of the Fleming is, with theirs, immortal. His name is naturally and must ever be associated with another's, his master's, and both constitute the proudest glory of Antwerp.

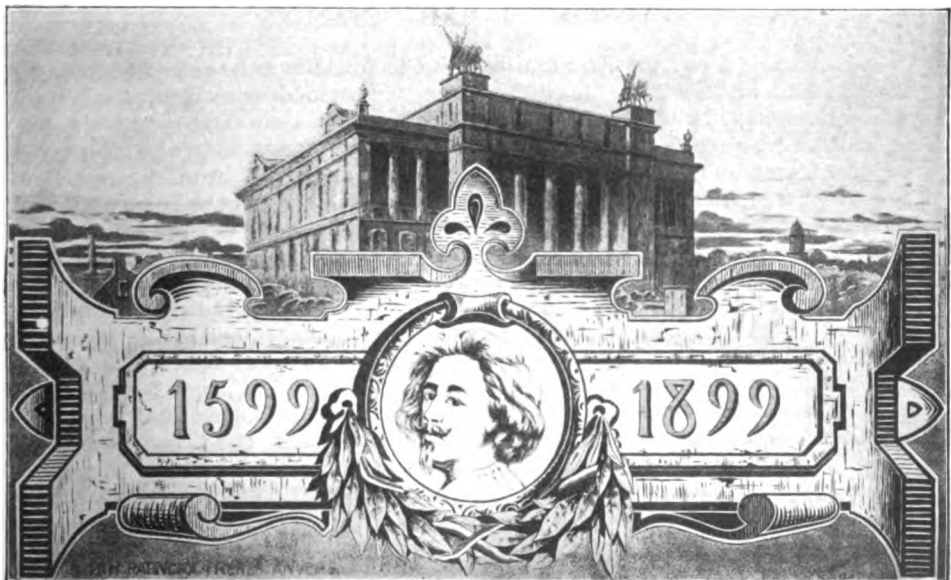
In actual imaginative power, in brute force and fire, in virile energy, in brilliant color, in vigorous handling, and in versatility, Rubens was never equaled by his pupil. The latter, however, more quiescent and reserved by nature, outdistanced the former in harmony of composition, in skill in subordinating accessories, in correctness and clearness of outline, in unobtrusive handling, in delicacy of modeling and color, in sensitiveness of psychologic description, in an almost feminine touch in the power to charm; above all, in the ability to emphasize what was refined or elevated in his subject—that is to say, in distinction. The painter is often not so much in evidence as with Rubens; the artist more so.

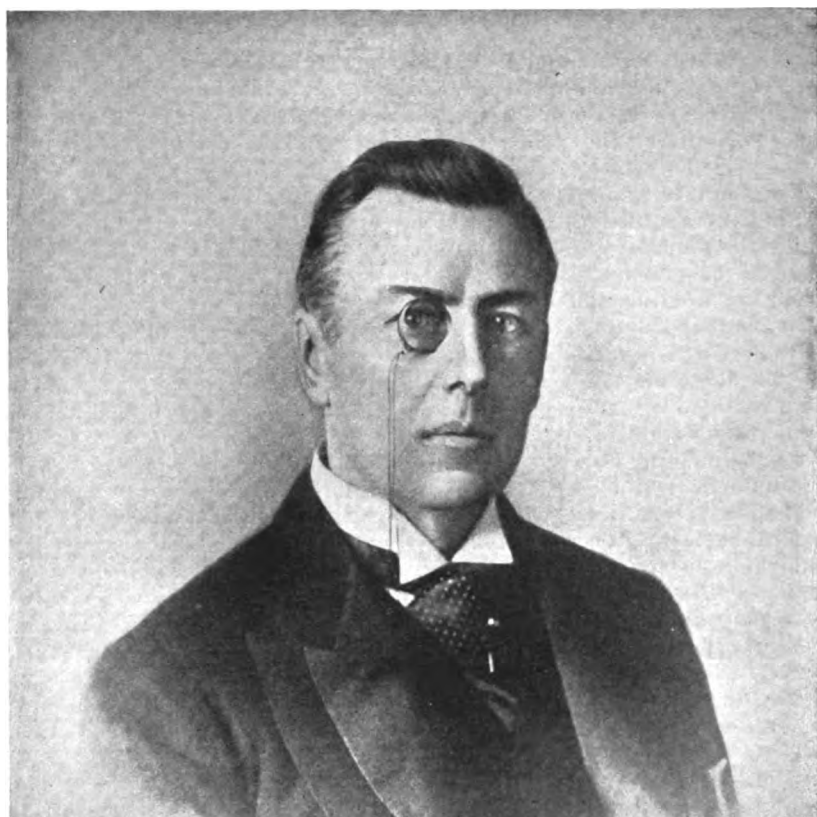
We know well how Van Dyck looked, for he painted no less than thirteen portraits of himself. The best of these hangs in the Uffizi at Florence. The artist

glances at us over his shoulder. His features are clear-cut, his eyes bright and intelligent, his expression grave yet winning. He wears his hair long, he has a lace collar about his neck, and a gold chain over his black doublet.

His extravagant and luxurious living was almost justified by his unbounded hospitality, liberality, courtliness, kindness. Even in his Italian days he was called "*Il pittore cavalieresco*." While his studio was crowded with the most aristocratic society of the day, every strolling player and musician knew that a mere painter was the most liberal lord in London. His was a handsome and fit figure for that courtly time, and his were noble portraits too. But little of his personality has come down to us, and he left his name to no particular school of art, save as he may have more or less affected a certain number of the English painters who came after him.

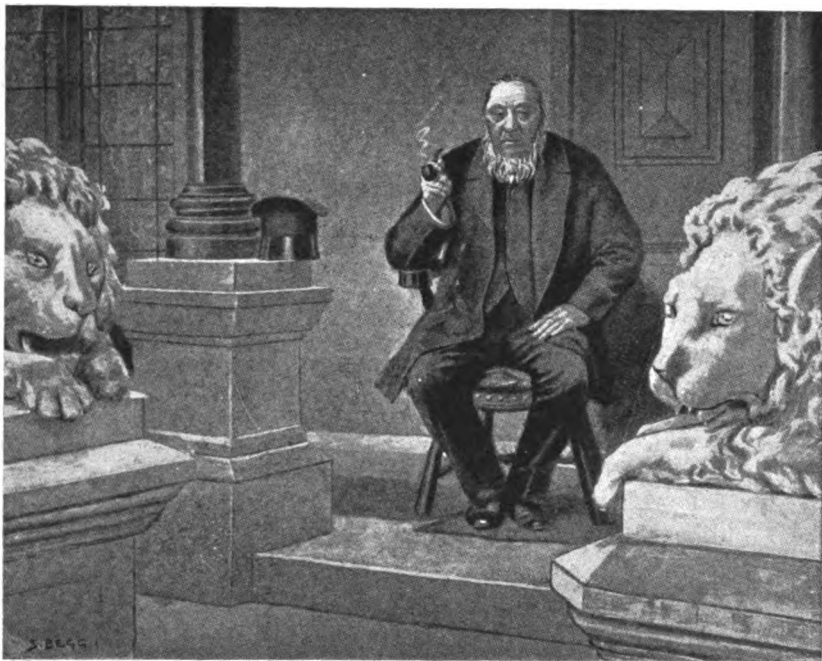
What a pity that he left no school, and what a pity that he could not have lived to a Titian-like age! He died before his own character and career had been entirely developed and rounded and made what both might have become. However, we may not despair at the early death of geniuses if they leave behind such works as those of Keats and Shelley and Chopin and Schubert and Giorgione and Van Dyck, above all of Raphael.





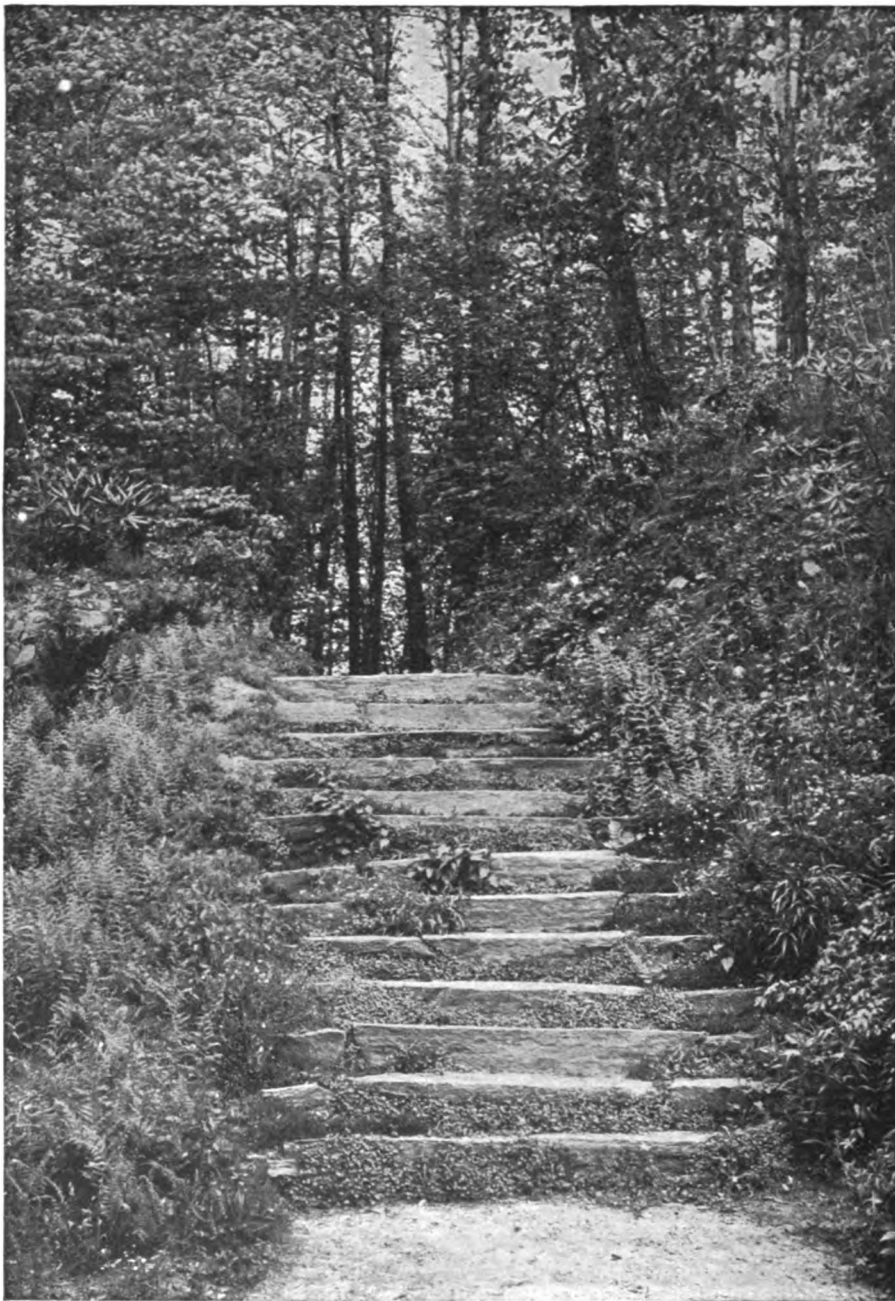
Joseph Chamberlain

This portrait shows the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain as he generally appears, namely, with his monocle, but without the accustomed accompaniment of an orchid buttonhole bouquet. Mr. Chamberlain is now sixty-three years old, but he looks at least ten years younger. His early career was that of a merchant and a manufacturer. His entry on politics was coincident with the revolt of political dissenters against official Liberalism. He was thrice Mayor of Birmingham, and thrice married. The present Mrs. Chamberlain is an American, the daughter of ex-Secretary Endicott. Twenty years ago Mr. Chamberlain was an ardent supporter of Gladstone's domestic and foreign policy. While Mr. Chamberlain was even then no Little Englander, he was not the Imperialist he is to-day. When he entered Parliament, and when he became a Cabinet member, he espoused the cause of the Boers, and later the justice of the Anglo-Boer Conventions which his chief had signed. It must be admitted, however, that, though he defended the Conventions, Mr. Chamberlain also defended Bechuanaland, and thus prevented the Boers from doubling their territory. When Gladstone became a Home Ruler, Mr. Chamberlain wavered for a moment, and then became a Unionist. In those troublous times, as now, when, as Colonial Secretary, he is a member of a Unionist Coalition Cabinet, his coolness and cutting sarcasm in debate made him perhaps the man most feared in the House of Commons.



Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger

President Kruger says of his early days: "I never had a chance to read books; I was always campaigning or fighting lions." When asked, in the light of present events, which he preferred, African or British lions, he replied: "No choice. They are both bad." He himself, however, has justly been called a slumbering lion. In physical appearance he stands six feet high, and has long legs, which must needs be long indeed if he once outran a fast horse for several hundred yards, as they say. He has also been a mighty horseman. His friends aver that, in hunting, if his saddle-girth ever snapped, he threw the saddle off while in motion, and continued the chase bareback. They add that he used to stand on his head in the saddle while his horse galloped, he holding on to the stirrup-straps. "Oom Paul," as the Boers love to call him, is very religious. Curiously enough, he was confirmed by an American missionary. The Bible is quite likely the only book he has read thoroughly. That he knows from beginning to end, and has a text for every circumstance in life. At the head of his grazing, pasturing fold, he seems like an Old Testament patriarch. At first sight he is not a particularly impressive person in his clumsy stovepipe hat and his misshapen coat and trousers, out of which come hands and feet of huge size, the whole an environment for ears, mouth, and chin also of huge size. After this preparation, however, the smallness of his head is as disappointing as is the shortsightedness of his unprogressive political policy; and the Outlanders say that the stolidity of his manner is only equaled in exasperation by the bigotry of that policy. The stolid manner may be emphasized by the fact that the President smokes constantly. As a boy, Mr. Kruger left Cape Town with the Great Trek of 1836. All his life has been a struggle for independence, and it has been a brave life.



"STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE OLD QUARRY"

AN AMERICAN GARDEN

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

WHAT else is a garden in America? Yet there are in our broad land not many real American gardens. Few realize that the trend of rural decoration and lawn adornment in our country has been, for the most part, distinctly imitative of European forms. It was natural that our forefathers, when they began, as Bacon puts it, to "garden wisely," should look for models to their old homes across the Atlantic. In England and on the Continent the adornment of public and private grounds summed up generally as gardening is the growth of centuries of living beyond the struggle for mere existence. It has its distinctive and ripened character, and its materials are quite naturally those of the Eastern hemisphere. True, American plants were introduced in Europe long before the Revolutionary War, and such gentle souls as John Bartram sent to the home lands many members of the distinctively American flora in the last century; but the home gardening sought mainly to introduce the plant life of the older countries. Thus there were brought in and cultivated many familiar plants which are hardly now recognized as foreigners—the geraniums, heliotropes, tulips, fuchsias, of the flower garden, the Norway maples, lindens, and European ashes of the parks.

This growing gardening art became more and more formal, and some quaint old examples of that extreme cultivated barbarism called "Italian gardening," with its clipped and sheared yews and box-trees, yet survive among us. The free, open, hearty plant life of America was practically unknown to us a century ago, in a decorative sense. The pioneers saw little beauty in the wild tangle of the woodlands they had to cut off for home sites, and the rich flora of the meadows and marshes must be subdued to make pastures. The pets of the housewife in her dooryard, when she came to have time for flowers, were exotic strangers, tenderly nourished, and she exchanged

with her neighbors "slips" of the rarer foreign treasures.

But our European cousins have helped to show us the glory of our own woods and hills, and discovered for us the gems of our meadows and roadsides. Many an estate in England exhibits as its chief glory a planting of American laurel and rhododendron; and the ubiquitous American tourist learns with astonishment that the common bushes and weeds of his generous home land are esteemed as rarely beautiful abroad.

Our greater landscape artists have begun to realize the possibilities of America's wealth of distinctive plant life. The



"THE GATEWAY OF THE CHESTNUTS"

Wooded Island at the World's Fair, and the great Vanderbilt estate in North Carolina, have furnished notable object-lessons. It is a smaller but most interesting example that I ask the reader to visit with me, a camera fixing for us a few impressions.

Dolobran, near Philadelphia, is the country home of Mr. Clement A. Griscom. Differing little, as approached by the Haverford road, from other well-kept suburban residences, its broad lawns and fine effects in massed foliage show merely the correct taste of the landscape architect. It is not until one passes the gateway of the chestnuts that the distinctively American garden is entered, and the free beauty of native woodland, marsh, and copse presents itself.

What a change! Here is no tailor-made lawn! No geranium-beds or coleus borders of monotonously continuous coloring meet the eye; no "carpet gardening" of mosaic plants offends the taste. Just the natural beauty of American plants, located cunningly where they love to grow, unrestrained, untrimmed. True, the plants are cared for—fed, if need be, watered on occasion—but no attempt is made to guide them into preconceived forms.

It was said of Thoreau—he who loved and lived with American flora and fauna far ahead of his generation—that he could hardly keep away from him the usually shy denizens of the forest about Walden pond. In a measure, this seems to be the feeling of the plants in this American garden which Mr. Griscom's liberality has created—the plants fairly outdo themselves in repayment of the love lavished upon them. See the richness of this great white boneset—it is actually the same herb of bitter memory to the youth of a passing generation, and it is a despised roadside weed elsewhere. Here its majestic spread of bloom in September excites our wonder and admiration. A sister eupatorium, the "joe-pye-weed," throws up its purple richness in company.

In this garden the changes are quick. We visit it on a spring morning, and greet, freshly bloomed, a dozen friends of last year. We come back in the afternoon, and the curtain has risen on a new scene. One of the charms of the native plants is their evanescence. You look for their first appearance, you watch the growth of the tender shoots, you greet the shy blos-



"THE BLOOMING OF THE YELLOW PITCHER-PLANTS"



"THE HOME OF THE TIARELLA"

soms on a notable day. The processes of Nature go on; the seed-making follows, the plant may pass into its seasonal retirement. The garden is never two days alike, never tiresome—who wants strawberries every day in the year? Would these white trilliums be esteemed if with us continually?

The time of the moss-pink is eagerly awaited at Dolobran. Great beds of it border a rocky walk in the "quarry"—its carmine-pink blaze seems to absorb and store away the sunshine in which it luxuriates. While it is at its height, in a rocky, shady corner we find the lovely

columbines lifting jeweled blossoms of red and yellow, white and purple, to sway in every passing breath.

But we must not overlook the springing of the ferns. See these white "croziers" of the energetic cinnamon fern; how they push up from the black mold, and fairly revel in the early warmth! Look at them later, when the splendid foliage has developed, and the odd fruiting fronds are dressed in cinnamon brown—can any exotic pet present more of interest and life?

In kindly nooks a great fern-cluster nestles away from the sunshine, close by



"THE RICHNESS OF THE WHITE BONESET"

a noble American rhododendron. This latter aristocrat of our hills and mountains has not yet attained the majestic size of its nature at Dolobran, but its vigor proves its satisfaction with the environment. A colony of laurel is established in happy conditions in a chestnut grove, and is already a wealth of white and delicate pink in the blooming season.

The dogwoods cannot be overlooked, for the native trees in the Dolobran groves have responded to the impulse of kindly care, and their snow-drifts of blossoms enrich the tender greens of the spring foliage along the roadsides, while their soft whiteness showing across the quarry takes the eye even from the glow of moss-pinks. These splendid trees have even invaded the formal lawn, to its great distinction.

East of the quarry a wood-road has

been named the "Pansy Path." Just as the dogwood blossoms are falling to carpet the ground, we may see here, gleaming out from the tangle of green things, a tree whose branches are thickly hung with the silver bells which give it name—and, for once, a sensible "common" name!

When Mr. Warren H. Manning, the landscape artist whose love for and acquaintance with American plants has accomplished this notable result, began the work at Dolobran, he found a succession of excavations from which building-stone had been taken. These quarries, right in the woodland of chestnut, oak, maple, and dogwood which is the happy

possession of the estate, were selected as caskets for the floral jewelry to be naturalized. No filling up was attempted, save as rich soil had to be introduced in the borders and fern-pockets. Between the two principal quarries rough stone steps were placed at several points, and appropriate plant life encouraged around and over these steps. The various paths of the garden are named, and unobtrusive but permanent labels give both common and botanical names to the inquiring visitor. There is a constant increase in the number of species, the test being only American origin and adaptability—the rich orange carpet of California poppies is hard by the bright scarlet of the Virginian silene, while on a lovely path in the woods, passing by a group of the delicate and exquisite maidenhair ferns native to the neighborhood, we find

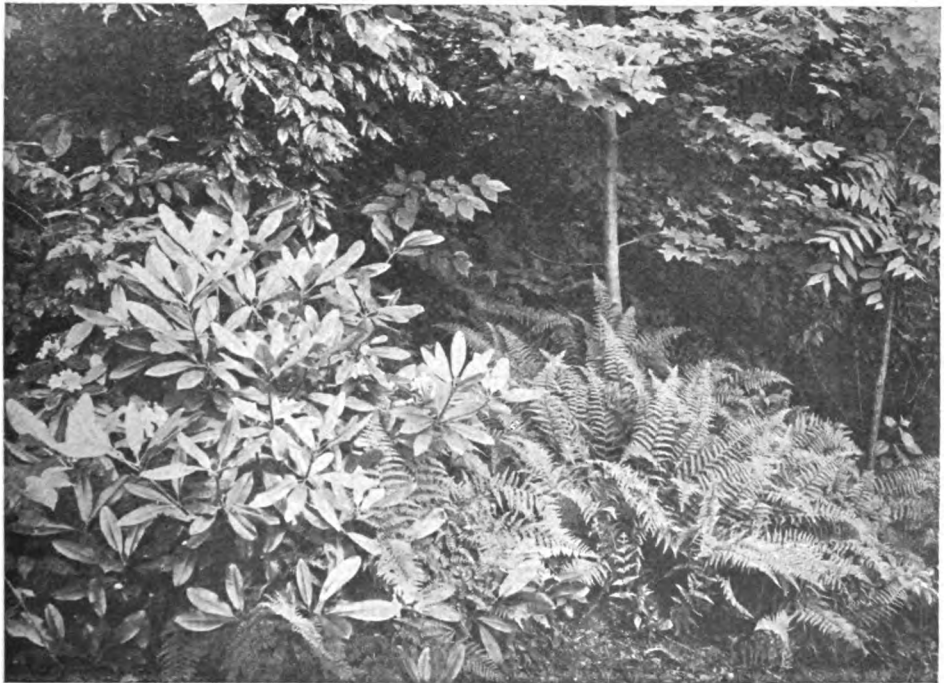
a flourishing colony of the rare shortia from North Carolina—not yet common enough to have a common name! If we search carefully among the leaves and undergrowth, we may look upon the rare flowers of the ginger-plant, produced almost underground. All about are shade-loving plants, fern-clusters, trilliums, and the like.

One of these stairways leading directly to the "old quarry" is itself a thing of beauty, covered with a delicate ivy, bordered by masses of ferns and rhododendrons, and giving upon tall forest trees. Down another rocky stairway, past nodding ferns and a pert plant of the Solomon's-seal, just about the time of the early rhododendrons, one looks across to a notable cluster of the American columbine to the left, while the steep slope to the right is a sheet of exquisite green fern-fronds. Clear into the shady depths of this "old quarry" is the home of the tiarella, or foam-flower, with its delicate white spikes. A little later these grayish-green plants close by give us a burst of forget-me-nots. Almost under our feet are colonies of the primrose-eyed quaker-ladies, dressed in lavender. Deeper yet, where the sun never lights, we step reluc-

tantly upon a wonderful moss carpet, softer to the tread than any handiwork of man, until in a bit of a cavern the peculiarly delicate fern-fronds of the phegopteris are before our admiring eyes.

Step where we will, new beauties are seen. This old quarry is a treasure-house of shade-loving plants, and its cool breath is always refreshing. Here the plants which last week were delighting us in the larger or main quarry are just peeping out now—the shade and the "coolth" have provided a second edition of bloom for us.

Let us return again to the main quarry, along the rich border of the west quarry path, with its changing hues from day to day. Clamber down into the lower walks at evening, amused by the hoarse croak of the frog who has made himself at home in the "gold pond," and we come upon a rare sight—the blooming of the yellow pitcher-plants. Their oddly formed flowers, to be followed later by the curious pitchers, gleam among the rushes and cat-tails as little lamps with amber globes. To the left, a little later, the light purple spikes of pontederia will be open. A step aside, and against the rock face shows a rank of the now fading flower-



"A GREAT FERN-CLUSTER, A NOBLE RHODODENDRON"

spikes of the pink helonias, close to a beautiful natural bouquet, made up of the wild geranium, the giant chickweed, and the feathery seed-heads of the dandelion.

The plant-world is not lavish in blue flowers — perhaps Nature has balanced the azure skies against the masses of white and pink, red and yellow, which are most familiar. Hence the additional interest felt in the blue flowers we have. At Dolobran, in a shady roadside nook, one is fairly startled at the springtime loveliness which the drooping blossoms of the bluet, or *mertensia*, afford. The shy flowers almost hide beneath the whitish-green foliage, until closer looking discloses their shading from pale pink to richest sky-blue.

Back of the blue, the clustered umbrellas of the May-apple are seen, the waxy white and almost concealed flowers just ready to open; and beyond, the wood vista of bursting leaf and bud is a fitting background.

Along the shady "Engagement Glen" Mr. Manning has encouraged the well-known spring-beauty to locate, and its delicate, starry white blossoms fairly carpet the slopes. No one will deny the appropriateness of the common name who sees this *claytonia* here. The violets at Dolobran are a revelation. White as well as blue, the delicate yellow, the bird's-foot with its two-colored form—all are here, and happy they are!

While springtime seems to hurry and crowd its profusion of flowers to make up for the bleak days of winter, the American garden has its glories of early summer as well as its rich autumn blossoms. In late June comes the wild-rose time—and what a time of beauty! The fragrant

sweetbrier clammers over the north quarry bank in perfect abandon. I saw it first near the sunset of a warm June day, and the great sheet of delicate pink, with the upspringing buds and twigs, gave a new

cause to thank God for eyes. The encouragement of food and care has brought this rose into a wonderful richness here, and not even the masses of the prairie-rose, the white loveliness of the multiflora, still less the rich hues and primp bushes of the French-grown June roses in the formal "rose garden," cause one to waver in his admiration for this wild beauty.

Just about rose time comes into bloom a handsome shrub, the oak-leaved hydrangea. Its flat white heads border the quarry path, and on a rocky



"THE LOVELY COLUMBINE"

little promontory near by one sees an interesting result of Mr. Manning's desire to have growing things everywhere—the gray sedum has fairly covered the rock-face, dotted only here and there with associate plants. It is charming to see here, on another bold rock full in the sun, fine little colonies of the quaker-lady, which does also so well in the shade and coolness of the old quarry.

In the bright August days we find a succession of warm yellow blooms. The soft sunflower presents its handsome flowers in a picturesque confusion, giving a sharp contrast to the accepted idea that all sunflowers are large and stiff and coarse. Not far away the delicate blossoms of the gaura hang along graceful branches, and a simply gorgeous cluster of rudbeckia, our common "black-eyed Susan," stops you with its bold beauty. Contrasting sharply, we catch the scarlet-hued bloom-heads of the bergamot. To add grace and delicacy to the picture, here are

six-foot plants of the ragged-sailor (a most unaccountable "common name"), with lightly hung spikes of bright carmine. You have probably kicked aside the same "weed" on many a road-path!

Dolobran is a repository for our lovely native asters and goldenrods, which in late summer give so much beauty. The great New England aster, and starry smaller ones, flank successive bits of the various goldenrods all through the September days, when the rich and mature greens of the tree foliage give place to occasional flashes of scarlet as a maple throws out its brilliant signal of the summer's end.

There is much enjoyment in watching the gamut of greens struck by Dame Nature in any varied woodside, if only the scales have fallen from one's eyes. With the very hint of warmth in the March air, the willows show silvery green, and for three months the color harmony is changing and forming, until mid-July finds the established hues of maturity, with less of delicacy than strength and depth. If my reader has never seen the magic spring procession of greens, let him make a sharp note of it for the early months of next year, and count lost the opportunities he has missed! Here in this American garden I have intensely enjoyed Nature's growth of the leaves which breathe for the tree fraternity, and seen the whole range from delicate pinks, greens, and brighter red-purples of earliest spring to the robust and solid hues of August, giving place to the browns, yellows, and reds of autumn. In the main quarry a rare American poplar has some-

times shaken its spring foliage of silver and sea-green right in front of the moss-pink garland, until one's eyes were almost surfeited with the color joy of it all!

Do I give the impression that Dolobran's American garden is a great park in extent? I do not want to, for its richest setting covers a few acres only, and the variety and beauty are the result of Mr. Manning's careful planning, artistic conception, and sheer love for the work. The miles of Biltmore are but yards here, and well so, for in a happy spring morning one may grasp nearly the whole range of America's rich flora, less than an hour's trip from the shadow of William Penn's statue in Philadelphia.

If the slight hint here given of the delights of this purely wild garden—for there have been mentioned but a chance few of the twelve hundred odd species growing at Dolobran—shall give an impetus to some one who needs to see the beauty and glory of our home plants, I shall be happy. The more friends one has in the appreciation of Nature, the greater the enjoyment.

Dolobran is becoming an epitome of America's plant wealth; but Dolobran can have no monopoly of our native flower jewels. A shady city back yard will give kindly place to ferns and trilliums from the woods, and a suburban place of limited extent may become a thing of unique beauty if we dress it in the inexpensive, easily procured plants of America. These plants need not the coddling of the hot-bed, nor do they require renewal (from gorgeous catalogues) every year; they lived here before you were born, and they are suited to the climate!



"THE WHITE CROZIER'S OF THE CINNAMON FERN"

Christian Liberty

By the Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.—Galatians v. 1.

INDIVIDUAL responsibility, directly to God, is an essential of Christianity. It is one of the features that distinguishes the latter from all other religions, even as the condition on which it rests, which alone makes it possible at the same time that it makes it necessary, is peculiar to Christianity, viz., filial love as the bond of relationship between man and God.

Among primitive peoples God was known almost solely as a mysterious, terrible Power. His voice was heard only in the thunder, and the roar of the storm, and the blasting lightning flashed from his eye. Men feared him; and their worship was to appease him by flattery, threats, or bribery. Soon some shrewder ones among them professed special intimacy with and influence over this Being, and became the mediators between the gods and men, prophets and priests. Rapidly religion and worship grew into a system then, more and more elaborate—a slavish system of priestly tyranny over the minds and bodies of the masses. This promptly and effectually choked off every increase of knowledge, every approach to the truth, and all spiritual life and development. While knowledge and enlightenment grew in all other directions, the knowledge of God and his will and ways toward men could not grow. The organized priesthood monopolized it, distorted and misrepresented it, jealously guarded it, and surrounded it with a dense fog of myth, legend, tradition, and laws, and hid it under a mass of ritual observances, until there was scarce a grain of truth discernible, and not an act or impulse of real religion possible.

Now, with unimportant variations and some modifications, this has been the course of all religious history, in accordance with what seems to be a universal human tendency. Even Judaism yielded to it, and was bound, body, soul, and spirit, with the shackles of formalism, rabbinical tradition, and a network of legal regulations, until Christ came and de-

clared, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—the revelation of God in his true relation to man, and of man in his relation to God. "And the truth shall make you free"—free from the bondage of error as well as sin; free from the tyranny of priestcraft; free from every man-imposed authority; dependent on no human mediator or master, for "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." And they who received this truth, rejoicing in the liberty of this gospel, no longer trembled as the craven subjects of a heartless despot, but rejoiced as the children of a loving Father, his Spirit ever bearing witness with their spirits, and teaching them to cry, Abba, Father; fear was turned into love, and hardest duties became precious privileges.

On this foundation rock-truth, then, did Christ found his Church—the recognition of each man's personal relation to the Father through Christ the Son of God and to his fellow-men through Christ the Son of man, and the consequent love to God his Father and men his brethren. It was simply a loving family. There were no laws or rules enacted; for love regulated the life of each and all. It was a body with one Head and many members, and as many minds and opinions and varieties of belief and custom and taste and disposition as there were members, yet none dreaming of interfering with the other. Even in their love there were differences of manifestation and diversities of operation, but always one Spirit working all, and in all. Read but carefully the history of the Apostolic Church in proof of this. What glorious liberty there was among them! What radical differences of sentiment and opinion! How they withstood one another to the face! But how through it all they remained brethren beloved, in closest and most sincere fellowship! And just as soon as this ceased, as one or the other usurped authority over the rest, as councils and majorities began to infringe on individual liberty of belief, thought, and speech, so soon the family of Christ was perverted into a hierarchy.

Schisms appeared; curses and hatred, persecution and foulest corruption, well-nigh destroyed the Church utterly. For revolting against this slavery, and denouncing the dominant despotism, Huss had to die, and the blood of thousands was shed in the wars that followed—though not in vain, for Luther took up the work, declared the independence of believers, and restored at least some of the liberty of Christianity to Europe.

Yet ever and anon since then the tendency has manifested itself, and does to this day, even in Protestantism, to deny the right, the duty, of Christian liberty to individuals, to substitute some other authority than that of Christ alone, some system of theology, some theory, some opinion of a man or a body of men, and to constrain or coerce all to bow before it. And where one or the other refuses, lo! he is forced out of the ecclesiastical organization, and becomes too often the cause of a schism in what should be the undivided body of Christ, until we have a bewilderingly motley multitude of sects and denominations, and a consequent deplorable waste of Christian energy and strength.

It is one of the chief sources of the weakness of the Church of Christ to-day that, instead of sameness of spirit, love, being recognized as the one all-sufficient bond of union between believers, sameness of opinion on this, that, or the other theological question is insisted on as necessary. "Believe what we believe," cries the majority, "think as we think, or leave the Church; you are none of us." What right has any majority to impose its speculations on me, or to make me accept its interpretation of God's word and will? Nowhere yet in God's kingdom has any majority been given such authority, or indeed been given any authority, any right or recognition whatever, in spiritual affairs. God has made me individually responsible to him, and to him alone. Christ has made my spirit forever and absolutely free by making me a member of his family, where all who love him are brethren. And so long as I love him truly, no majority on earth or in heaven, no synod or council, conference or House of Bishops, nor any other creature, can put me out of his family or deny me fellowship with my brethren.

No Church has the right to do this. For the Church is a divine institution in the same sense in which the family is a divine institution. It is not a mere human organization, like a political, mercantile, or beneficial association. If it were, it might make its own conditions for membership. It might say, You must think and teach as the rest do, or you cannot associate with us. But it is not, any more than the family is. The sole condition of my being a member of my family is the fact of my being the child of my father. No human power or authority can disannul this relationship. And so long as through faith in Christ I am a child of my heavenly Father, neither can this relationship, and my consequent membership in his family, the Church, be disannulled. To be born again by faith and live in the fellowship of love are sole conditions, made by him who alone is the Head, who alone has the right. And to add or to take from them so much as an iota is presumptuous folly and sin, a denial and usurpation of his authority.

Nor is there any truth in the specious plea heard often of late from those who, too cowardly to expel a member, try thus to throw the onus of blame on him, that if a man, especially a minister, finds that he cannot agree with the theories and opinions insisted on by his Church, *i.e.*, by the majority, it becomes his duty to withdraw from it, or at least not to preach and teach what it does not approve. Did Christ withdraw from the Temple, or Paul, or any of the early witnesses to the truth which was not approved of by Judaism? John Huss neither withdrew from the ecclesiastical body whose errors and evils he denounced, nor did he keep silence. Neither did Luther, nor Wesley, nor any of the great reformers, until they were forced to do so. They knew that from the outside they could do little to improve the Church's condition; they felt it their duty to remain and work in it to purify and reform it from the inside. The truth had made them free from the bondage in which the majority of their brethren still were bound. And they not only had the right, it was their solemn duty, not to hold their peace, but to labor for the emancipation and uplifting of the rest. They were not bound to stand by the majority against their own conviction. No one is,

No one, indeed, would deny the majority the right to decide on the form of organization of the Church, or any part of it. This is a merely human creation, necessary, perhaps, for mutual assistance, convenience, and greater efficiency in Christian work; but still only a means, and never to be made an end in itself. Those who accept this organization must abide by the laws and ordinances agreed to by the majority in all matters pertaining to the government and outer regulation of the body; or, refusing, let them withdraw from it, or let the body itself exclude them. But in all matters of the spirit, of belief, conviction, opinion, or conscience, the organization has no authority whatever, but every individual member has a right to be absolutely free and independent. The organization exists for its members, not the members for it. And in no wise is it ever to be mistaken for the Church itself—any more than the scaffolding of a building is to be taken for the edifice itself.

Nor is it a menace to the Church if its members hold different opinions. The Apostles themselves did this. Even on so vital a question as the resurrection of Christ they were not agreed at first. The two going to Emmaus, *c. g.*, though they had been told that Christ was risen from the dead, doubted it, and ascribed the report to mere woman's credulity and talk. Thomas openly declared his unbelief on the subject, and said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." And yet no harm was done the Church—perhaps because he was not expelled from among their number, nor abused by the rest, but was still their brother in Christ and fellow-Apostle. Let, then, the members differ as widely as need be, so long as one and the self-same spirit worketh in all, it will not hurt the Church. On the contrary, it would be death to it if there were no differences—death from stagnation. Surely no one would maintain that it already possesses all truth, and that there are no deeper, larger views ever to be obtained. There must be. But how is it to be done unless we are not only free to confess that

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they,

but also free to examine and criticise, and by all means try to get fuller knowledge and ever clearer light?

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Too long has it been the reproach of the Church that all the progress it has made towards larger, fuller truth and deeper knowledge has been in spite of its councils, synods, and clergy. Improvement had to be sought for and found by those outside the organization. Those within were bound hand and foot by tradition and decrees and precedents; they were denied the liberty that was theirs by divine right; or, if they insisted on it, they were crowded out or excluded by force. Then, long afterwards, when all the world had accepted the results of their thoughts and labors, the Church "authorities" had to stultify themselves by reluctantly doing the same.

And the multitude made virtue of the faith they had denied.

Has not this done the Church infinitely more harm than the extremest liberty of thought and criticism among its members, the widest differences of belief and opinion, could have done?

As a matter of fact, always in the past the life of the Church has been fullest, most earnest and active, during the periods when there was most liberty of thought and research among its members, most criticism, most difference of opinion; for then the Scriptures were most widely and diligently studied, and there was the most intense interest taken in their teachings. And, contrariwise, where this liberty was most restricted, where individual research was most hampered by ecclesiastical authority, and differences of opinion were forbidden till a dull uniformity resulted, there we find that there was most spiritual indifference and deadness. And it is so to-day. It must be so; for it is a virtual denial of Christ's sole headship, and a substitution of pope, council, synod, or popular opinion in his place, if not absolutely as head, yet as mediator between the soul and God. No Church can do

this without vital injury to itself ; and no man has a right to submit to it. He violates his manhood, and sins against his Saviour, if, for any cause whatever, he consents to have his individual liberty taken from him. It is the gift of Christ ; to Christ he must answer for it.

I have said that the Christian life of the Church and of each individual depends upon their maintaining the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free. History amply proves the truth of this so far as the Church is concerned. A little consideration will as clearly show it to be true in the case of the individual.

It is well known that personal experience of any fact makes that fact immensely more interesting, more real and important to us than it could be if received merely at second hand. I read one of Stephen Crane's realistic descriptions of battle, and it is horrible indeed. Yet how tame and pale it appears after I have myself been in the ranks that charged the enemy, have with my own eyes seen the blood flow, and with my own ears heard the curses and prayers and groans of the dying. This I can never forget while life endures. Or, I follow another as he works out some mathematical problem, and give my assent to the result. But am I interested, am I convinced, in anything like the degree that I would be if I worked out the problem myself, and reached the result independently? Now, the great trouble with a vast majority of our latter-day Christians is just this, that they know the truths of the Gospel only at second hand. The whole system of Christian theology is worked out for them and the results are communicated to them. The precious truths of our religion are all carefully wrapped up by experts, labeled, and handed to us. We gratefully accept them, but scarcely ever go to the trouble of opening the parcels and examining the contents. It is so easy simply to take the preacher's word for it, or the creed's and catechism's! And then we are sure of having it much more elaborately worked out, and probably much more correctly, than if we had to find it all out by searching the Scriptures and by hard thinking! Yes, much easier, my friends ; but how deep does it all go? To what extent does it really impress us, enter our soul, and affect our life? No doubt our theology would be

less logical, less symmetrical, a system far less complete, if we had actually to gather it ourselves from the Bible and from our own heart's experience and our own mind's thinking. But though we gained only a few fundamental truths thus independently and originally, they would be infinitely more to us, of more importance and value, of more power, and more vitally influential, than all the tomes of theology ever written by others, all the creeds ever composed, and all the sermons ever preached.

When I look at some old cathedral, I admire it for its grandeur, its symmetrical beauty, its rich symbolism, its magnificent proportions ; it is a wonderful structure. But, with all its elaborateness and completeness, I would not take it in exchange for a little log cabin I know, rude and unsymmetrical and small, which is my home. This I love. I know every stone in its foundation, every log in its walls, for I myself have built it ; my own hands have fashioned each log and stone. It is my very own. It fits me as a garment. It is to me what no cathedral built by others could ever be. Such is the difference between the elaborate theological systems others constructed, and that which I myself have gathered from the Scriptures and really made my own conviction and experience. The cathedral's gloom and chill could never be my home. But in the cabin's warmth and light I can live in peace and do my life's work with joy.

Why, then, should others insist on building a cathedral for me? Or why should I pretend to inhabit one? Is not perchance this the very reason why there is so much coldness and indifference in the Church to-day, because so many of us pretend to believe a great deal more than we really do? We pretend to believe every article of every Protestant creed, and every proposition of every orthodox work on theology. We are not willfully nor even consciously hypocrites in doing this. We ourselves believe that we believe them all, simply because we imagine that not to disbelieve is the same as to believe.

After all, is not this all that the complacent orthodoxy of the multitude amounts to? They do not disbelieve! But neither do they believe with anything like a positive faith, a real personal conviction, even some of the simplest and most vital truths

of the religion they profess. If they did, they could not be the self-satisfied creatures they are, the cold and disinterested men and women we find in our churches by thousands. No wonder their professions have so little relation to their lives, and their Christianity to their characters. What we do not disbelieve does not affect us. But what we believe does. I had rather have them disbelieve a great deal they profess, if only they would also honestly believe a very little.

No wonder, too, that they get so little enjoyment out of their religion. Its most precious gems of truth they never really perceive. This storehouse of truth and beauty, the Bible, is full of such gems; but these poor people see and know nothing but the words and phrases which stand for them. These words are like the bags in which precious stones are sometimes carried and stored in the vaults of the banks. On the bags are written "Pearls," "Opals," "Diamonds." For months and years, perhaps, no one opens the bags actually to see and examine the stones. So far as that is concerned, they might as well be mere sand and pebbles. So they who accept the authority of tradition, or the preacher, or the commentary, in definition of such blessed words as Grace, Repentance, Faith, Eternal Life, the Blood of Christ, and never think of using their liberty to open up the words and see for themselves the inexpressible beauty and fullness of truth contained in them. Words so soon become stereotyped, mere empty sounds! We use them instead of ideas. We sound them, but never think them. And, worst of all, we talk of believing them, when to us they convey nothing that can be believed. Tradition has hidden the reality securely away, authority placed its stamp on the outside, and the world contentedly passes the whole from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, without ever a glimpse at the inside! "We believe in the blood of Christ." Stop a moment to think. What do you mean by "believe"? What do you understand by

"the blood of Christ"? Ask some such questions and see how few will be able to answer them. Then think what an empty, hollow mockery their faith and their religion must be to such as these who have allowed themselves to become "entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Surely the man or woman who has opened up, thought out for himself and made his own the rich, throbbing, living truth contained in any one such foundation-word, though he doubt half the rest of the creed, is richer in spirit and fuller of the truth than he who merely quotes a dozen creeds and only knows the words of the whole Bible by heart! And surely he is also the more genuine Christian and truer church member of the two. What pastor would not far rather have a congregation of real Christian searchers of the Scriptures, thoughtful, honest, and earnest, even though no two of them interpreted alike their teachings on Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Sanctification, to say nothing of minor subjects, than one whose members were a unit in not disbelieving whatever he told them, and ready passively to accept any interpretation at second hand? For

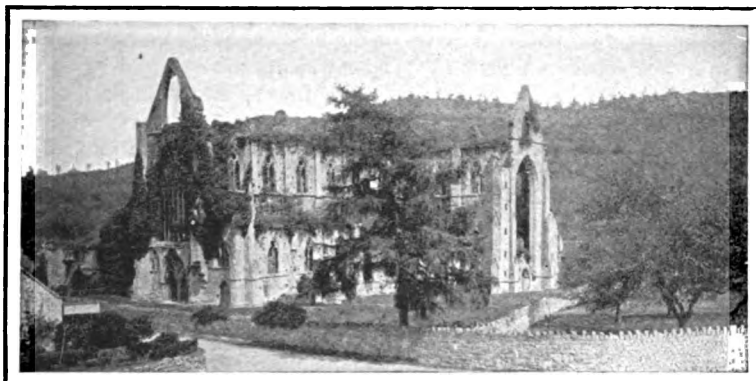
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

O for more thinking Christians, however independent, in our churches! Why will men be satisfied with the dried fruit of the tree of knowledge, or fruit selected, canned, and preserved for them by others, when the tree itself stands free for all to come and pluck it fresh for themselves? They know not what they miss, what satisfaction, what peace, what joy!

Don't be content to have others tell you about the things of the soul, about truth, and about the beauty of holiness. Try them yourselves. He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, himself invites us to "Come and see!" "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."



Country Holidays for Working-Girls



By the Hon. Maude Stanley

Founder of the First Working-Girls' Club

IN an article that I wrote for The Outlook in September, 1897, I alluded to country holidays for girls' clubs and of the great advantage they were to the members. I am glad of the opportunity given to me of writing more about these pleasures, now become so general in England. I know that in the States attractive homes are provided for girls during their one, two, or three weeks' holiday, where they spend a very happy time together, and come back refreshed and rested by the lovely country and quiet, and by the enjoyments which are provided for them; but I still think that the plan adopted by us in England is better, and not only furnishes the girls with more varied pleasures, but also brings them in contact with a greater number of people, who seem most anxious to help them in every way to have a delightful holiday. Thus many share personally in this excel-

lent work, not only by supplying funds, but also by taking part themselves as hostesses in looking after their guests during the holidays.

The first girl I ever sent out from London was a poor lace-cleaner, who was overdone, not only with one year of toil, but with many years, as until on the occasion of this visit she had never been into the country or slept a night out of Soho. This was in 1870, the first time, I imagine, that such an idea had been carried out. It was to Lady Amberley's home, a beautiful spot overlooking the Wye and the ruins of Tintern Abbey, that this girl went. She was free to roam about wherever she liked, over commons and in woods, or she could sit in the garden with her book, or play with the children. She came back to London a different being; not only had she experienced for the first time the delights of country life, but she had been

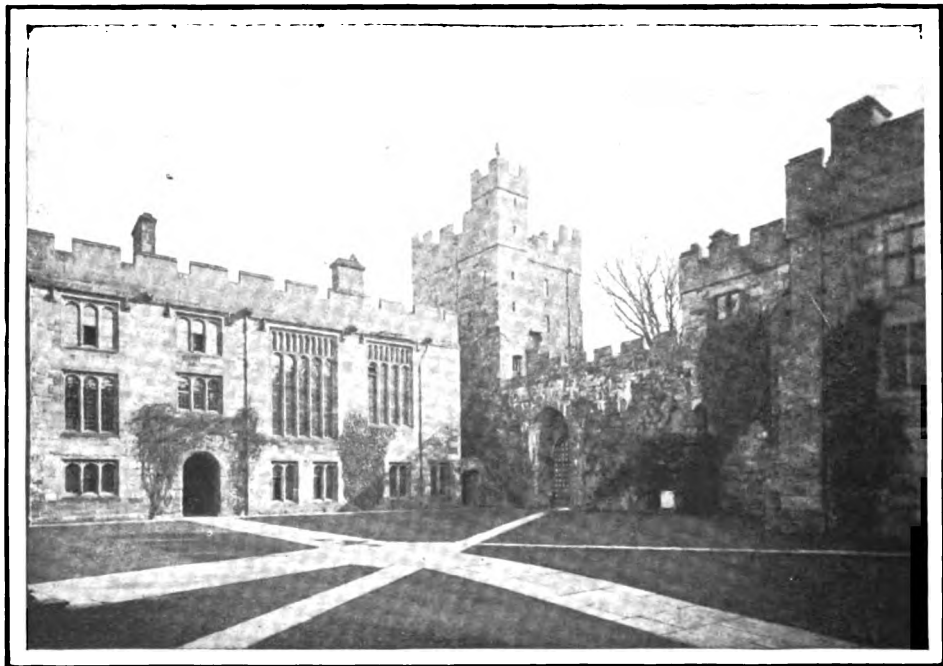
cheered by the warm and cordial hospitality of her hostess, who had for all who came near her the brightest and happiest welcome.

Other ladies, hearing of this visit, occasionally gave me the same privilege of sending down to them a visitor. In 1882 a party of girls went down to stay in Cumberland, at Naworth Castle, that romantic home of Lord and Lady Carlisle. Here they saw for the first time a real old border castle, a large baronial hall with its wide fireplace round which many could sit, tapestry on the wall, men in armor round the hall, and pictures of Belted Will and his wife Bess of the broad apron, the Lord and Lady William Howard spoken of in Scott's "Marmion." They could visit Lord William's library and oratory, seeing the secret passage by which in troubled times the priest was able to escape, and the mysterious dungeons, and they could walk on the roof, seeing far away across the border to the Scottish hills. To Castle Howard, by the kindness of Lady Carlisle, our girls have also been, lodged in the Guest House that is so beautifully arranged for the sick and ailing of the manufacturing towns in Yorkshire, who find there renewed health and

strength which enable them to return to their various employments, whether at the mill or the factory. The park, which is full of deer, was open to them, and they could go where they liked. The garden and the wood they could walk about in, and they were taken through the beautiful rooms of the Castle, where hang pictures of world-wide renown.

In 1885 Mr. Sartoris arranged three rooms in his house for poor people, and many have been the parties of girls whom I have been allowed to send. They have two bedrooms and a sitting-room provided for them. The first evening they arrive, after being fetched from the station, they find a delicious tea prepared for them. After that an allowance of money is given to each to buy their food, whilst they receive from the house milk, butter, and vegetables. Between them they do their own cooking and housework, but this leaves them time to make long and distant excursions, and sometimes they have visited Blenheim Palace, about eight miles distant.

Another constant friend, Lady de Clifford, used yearly to invite two or three girls to spend three weeks with her. They slept in the gardener's house, having all



NAWORTH CASTLE COURTYARD



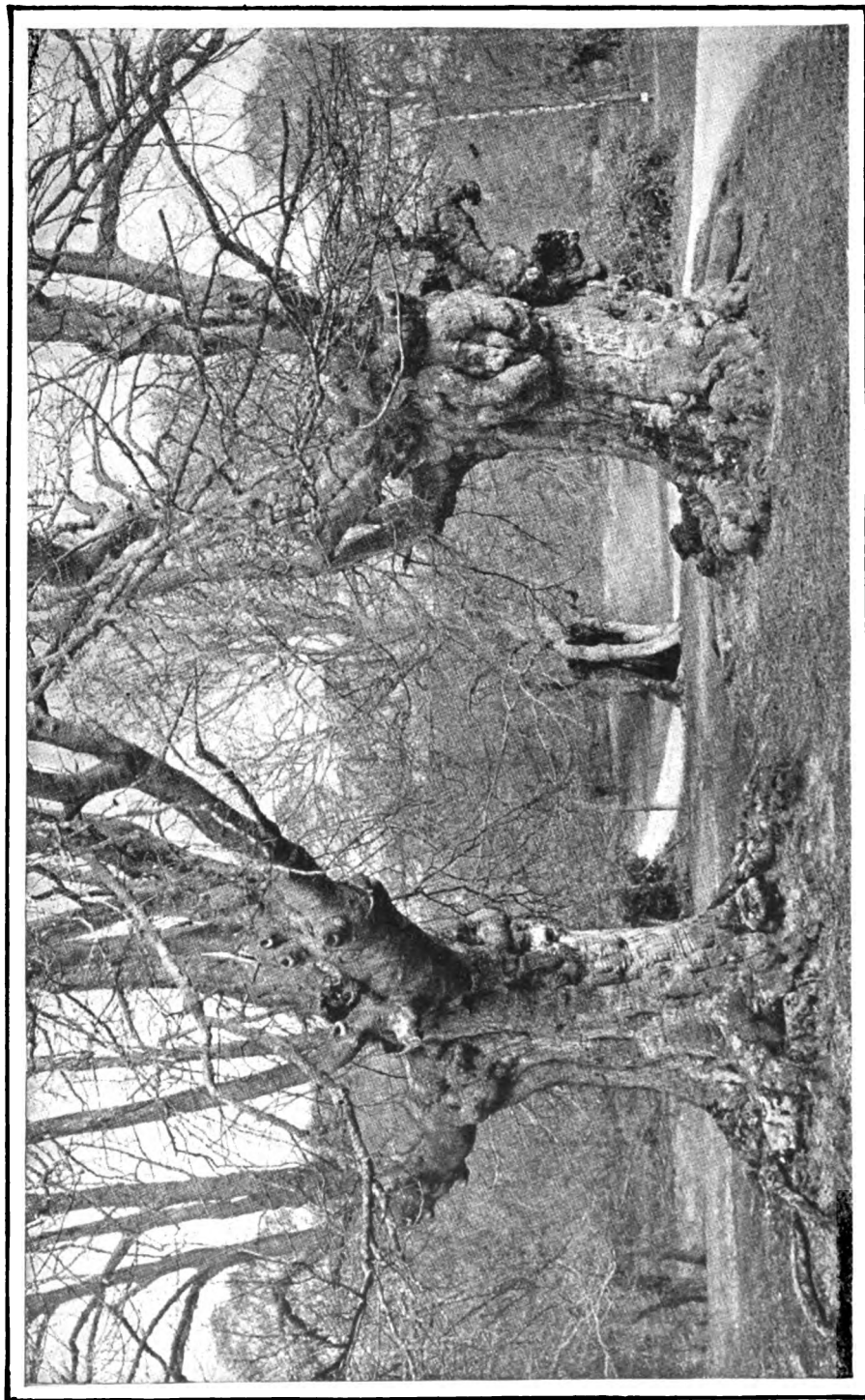
MISS STANLEY IN HER STUDY

their meals with the servants in her house. Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) has also been a very good friend to us, and has had many girls down to the New Forest, where she lives in the summer; and she now helps many poorer members who cannot afford all the expenses of the holidays.

Once we took a cottage near Virginia Water; six girls went down together and boarded with the mistress of the cottage. This was a most beautiful neighborhood to stay in, and so well could they walk that they thought nothing of visiting St. Anne's Hill, and Windsor Castle, which was ten miles off. Sometimes we found lodgings for our girls in farm-houses and cottages in the country.

The first visit we paid together in a large party was to an iron house that Mr. Weigall had put up at Ramsgate for the holiday use of working people. Eighteen girls slept together in one large dormitory. I had a sort of closet adjoining with the window opening on to their room, and by

eleven at night I was obliged to enforce silence, so excited were the party that the talk and the laughter never seemed to cease. But sleep was not for long, for as the first rays of the summer sun burst in upon them they woke to joyous laughter and incessant talk. We had to make our holiday, as usual, at the time of the Bank Holiday, when the working-girls can have three and four days away from business. Some food we had brought with us; the rest had to be cooked as best it could. The sea air and happiness gave us good appetites, which made us not over-critical. We had two more visits on this coast. Our most kind friend, Mrs. Williams, at the Westcliffe Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea, lent us, in 1884, several rooms in a hotel, which she put at the disposal of myself and eighteen girls. Here we had a splendid time, bathing most days, walking to Margate and Birchington, and making expeditions to Canterbury and other places. We were prepared for our visit to Canterbury by having read in the



BURNHAM BEECHES. THE CROSS-ROADS

evenings the "Memorials of Canterbury," by Dean Stanley, so that when we were shown through the Cathedral, and the scene of the murder of Thomas à Becket was pointed out to us, one of the girls exclaimed, "Why, that is just what was in the book!" They thus gained their first idea of history. Not a moment was spared from the enjoyment of the fresh air; sometimes the girls would rub their cheeks with the salt water and then lie down in the sun unprotected from the rays, in hopes they would thus get red faces, which to their minds was the greatest beauty

that people can hardly imagine? When they walked down to the sea, they could on one side look on the steep rocks of Hartland Point, and on the other side were the wild spurs of the Cornish coast. Then at other times they could wander about the delicious garden, through all the luxuriant growth of Devonshire flowers. The three weeks' visit is never concluded before they have been taken to see that unique and most enchanting spot in England, Clovelly, with its steep, precipitous road down to the sea, which no cart or carriage can traverse, as it



A GROUP OF CLUB GIRLS AT HOLYHEAD

they could possess, as it was a sign of health. It was a happiness to see their joy, and any trouble or fatigue was amply compensated by the sense of the perfectly pure, simple, wholesome happiness which was given to this holiday party.

Another time a house was lent to us at Herne Bay for a few days. This again we enjoyed very much.

One of the ladies of our Soho Club Council, Mrs. Stueley, has for many years invited two girls in August to stay in her own house at Hartland Abbey. Can you fancy the happiness of these visitors, who come from the toiling, noisy, heated atmosphere of London, to revel in these natural beauties, which take hold of them in a way

is by many steps that you descend the long street.

Let me speak of one of the three visits we paid to the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo at Loseley Hall, a beautiful Elizabethan house belonging to Mr. Molyneux, whose ancestors had received here the great Queen Elizabeth on a visit. We were all lodged during our four days' visit in June of the Whitsun holidays in the daintily furnished guest-rooms.

I do not think any fairy tale could have devised a more lovely transformation scene than that of our eighteen Soho Club girls, released from their toil, freed from the noise and bustle of the great city, transported from their overcrowded streets

and homes to this lovely abode, warmly welcomed by their hostess, shown the gardens, the park, the woods, the fields, which they were bidden to visit when they pleased; no restrictions, perfect liberty, a liberty which I may say is never abused. And what delicious country food, the bread, the butter, the milk, the eggs—were they not all of superlative excellence!

And if to us who have so much pleasure a country visit is delightful, what must it be to our hard-worked girls? The natural shyness of finding themselves in such new surroundings soon wears off, when all are prepared to make them happy; the kind servants, with whom they had their meals on this visit, did not consider the large inroad as a trouble; they also made the girls most welcome.

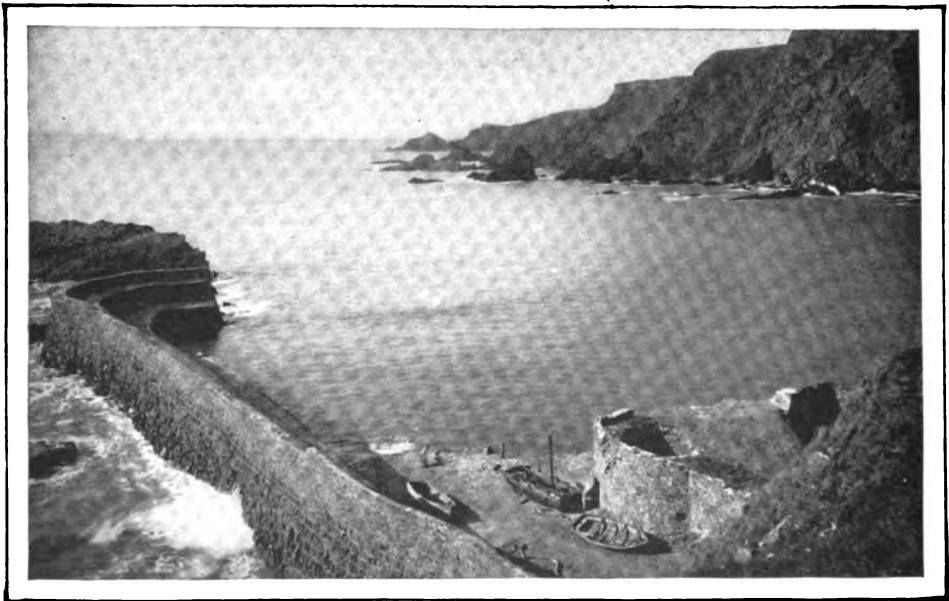
We arrived on a Saturday afternoon, and on the Sunday we walked through the park to the pretty village and to the parish church. Mademoiselle de Peyronet, the sister of our hostess, brought us back another way, and what laughter and amusement were caused, as we walked through the deep lane, at our shoes filling and re-filling with the light sand! Then, in the afternoon, what a walk we had to the Hog's Back, looking over the wooded pastures of Surrey, the view stretching far away till we thought we could see the sea!

On Monday, after visiting the ruined

Castle of Guildford, we were actually driven out to the great public school of Charter House, and were present at a concert. Each day some of the girls went out very early, anxious to see the dew on the grass and the early rising sun. I must say we had a most perfect time of happiness; I will not say the best, for has not each visit been delightful?

In the last few years the girls have had most happy weeks in Cumberland: they have lived in cottages close to Muncaster Castle, under Scawfell, which they ascended with Lady Morpeth, whose guests they were; the pleasure of the ascent being somewhat enhanced by the peril of being caught in a mist as they came down.

Two or three weeks they spent there; every day an excursion was planned for them to the moors, to the river, to the sea, or up the mountain; and the first sight of mountains is as great and thrilling a sensation as the first sight of the sea, and is one never to be forgotten. More than twenty of our members have been to Cumberland. Some of them paid a visit to me in a charming cottage in the heart of the mountains, that had been lent to me by Lady Muncaster. Here we had a very pleasant time, endless walks over the mountains and the moors, bringing home wild flowers and blackberries, which we made into jam. The cottage



HARTLAND QUAY

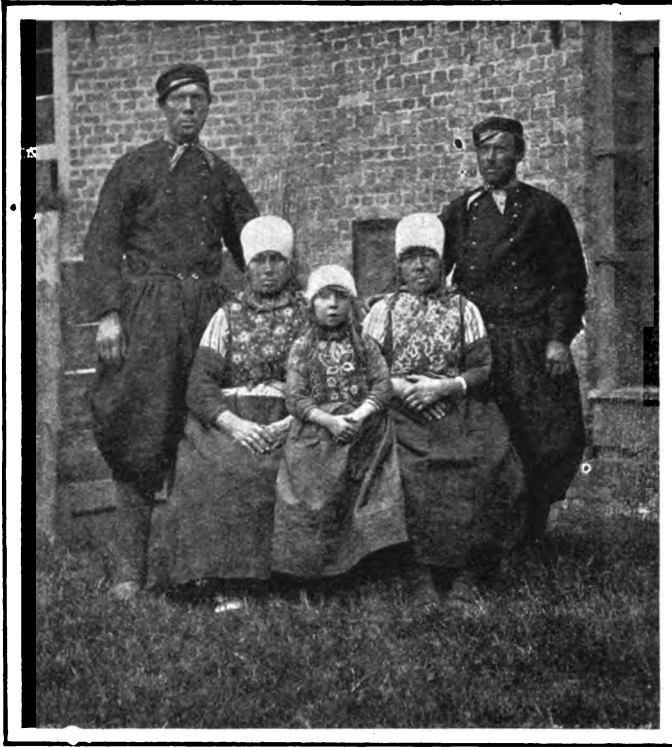


A WELSH TEA-PARTY

was close to a beautiful mountain river and a very fine waterfall; every day one of the girls, who had learned to swim at the London baths, plunged into the river and swam round and round the deep pool. This same girl, who had been a member of our Club for fifteen years, had read and loved and pondered over some of Ruskin's books, and she had the great pleasure of paying a visit with me to Coniston and of being introduced to Mr. Ruskin, who very kindly spoke to her, and she told him what a help his written words had been to her in her own life, particularly those in "A Joy Forever," where he tells us that "wisdom is the reward of kindness, of modesty, of industry," three simple qualities we felt that the humblest might try to possess. Her introduction to these books had been made when on a visit at Haslemere to Mrs. Macmillan, who had read some passages from "Modern Painters" to her, which had revealed to this London toiler the higher aspects of life and the beauties of nature.

Once more let me tell of the visit to Wales, those most happy days, never to be forgotten by any one of our party. We stayed first at Portmadoc for a week, but on the journey from London the eight girls had stopped at Chester to be shown by Mrs. Tom Hughes that ancient town

with its interesting walls and quaint streets. While at Portmadoc we had the ascent of Snowdon, the visit to Mr. Oakley's beautiful place, Tan y Broleh, where a most excellent dinner was served for us in the dining-room, which overlooked the valley and mountains; then a drive through the woods and the journey on the Toy railway. Another day we went all over the slate quarry, and were shown everything by the manager; another morning we made an early start in a tug to visit the Harbor Bar, recalling as we went the beautiful poem of "The Crossing of the Bar." After a perfect week spent at Portmadoc we went on to Holyhead, seeing Carnarvon Castle on the way. Another week was only too quickly passed as guests of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, a week ever to be prized and probably never to be equaled, with expeditions up the mountains, visits to the South Stack, the sight there of the sea-gulls busy in their noisy preparation for departure on the 12th of August. There were the daily bathing and swimming in the sea, moonlight walks, visits to the almshouses, and to the Welshwomen with their tall hats, and to the Breakwater. Here was the first introduction of our girls to a real hero, a fisherman, one who had saved three men from a wreck with his small fishing-boat, and to whom since had been



PEASANTS AT MIDDLEBURG

given the command of a splendid lifeboat close to the scene of the wreck.

I have by no means enumerated all our country visits; space does not allow of it; but not one day's pleasure, not one act of kindness, can be forgotten by those who have experienced it.

Days out in the country to Mentmore, to Coldham Hall, to Maidenhead, to Rockhampton, to Burnham Beeches, to Windsor, to Hatfield, to Richmond, etc., have been numerous; of one only will I speak, for that was given us by an American, who came to us and gave us this day what he said was to surpass all others, and, having given it, he departed; but we live in hopes that, true to his promise, he may yet return.

Mr. Clarence King arranged every detail of the day; a hundred girls started early from Waterloo Station, and on arriving at Windsor carriages were ready to take fifty round the Park, and the other fifty went up the river in a launch; they all met for dinner in the Town Hall, and there, in a splendid room hung round with pictures of kings and queens, they sat

down to a dinner of many courses, with a menu for each girl to keep as a record of the festivity. In the afternoon the parties for brakes and launch were reversed, and a right splendid day was passed.

There remains yet one more holiday party to record—our first foreign trip, which took place in August, 1898. We had often talked of going abroad, and at last we started, a party of twenty—sixteen of our club members and three of my friends, one of them an actress from America, who had never before been on the Continent. The journey was made from London to Ostend by boat, and then an hour's ride brought the party to Bruges, where we

lodged in a most comfortable house on a canal, 12 Quai des Trinturiers. We breakfasted all together, sometimes at six if we made an early start, otherwise at eight o'clock; dinner and supper again were movable feasts. Our ten days were planned out so as to see all we could of the beautiful towns of Belgium. A long day enabled us to get to Brussels and Ghent. We walked and drove about Brussels and saw the picture gallery, the churches, and the "Place" with its splendid buildings. At Ghent we were able to see the beautiful Van Eyck, "The Adoration of the Lamb." We came into the town by one station and were to leave it by another.

Another day we went to Antwerp; we visited the picture gallery and churches; in the Cathedral we saw a life-size figure of the Virgin covered with costly jewels that was to be carried through the town on the Feast of the Assumption. On that feast-day we were at Bruges, and were greatly interested in seeing two processions. In the morning the citizens were dressed as the Flemish nobles and the

great people of olden times. They were carried through the streets, and angels were represented by children with wings, and statues of St. Filomena and the Virgin were carried by women all in white. In the afternoon the procession was more a religious display, guilds and orphanages taking part, the priest carrying the Relic through the streets. Crowds had assembled on each side of the procession kneeling as the priest passed by.

We went three times to Ostend and Blankenburg for sea bathing. We thought we should like to go and see another country, so we started very early one morning and went for two hours by the boat on a long, straight canal, bordered with trees such as we see in Dutch pictures, then by train, and across an arm of the sea to Flushing and over to Middleburg, where we saw the peasant women going to the Fair in their national costumes.

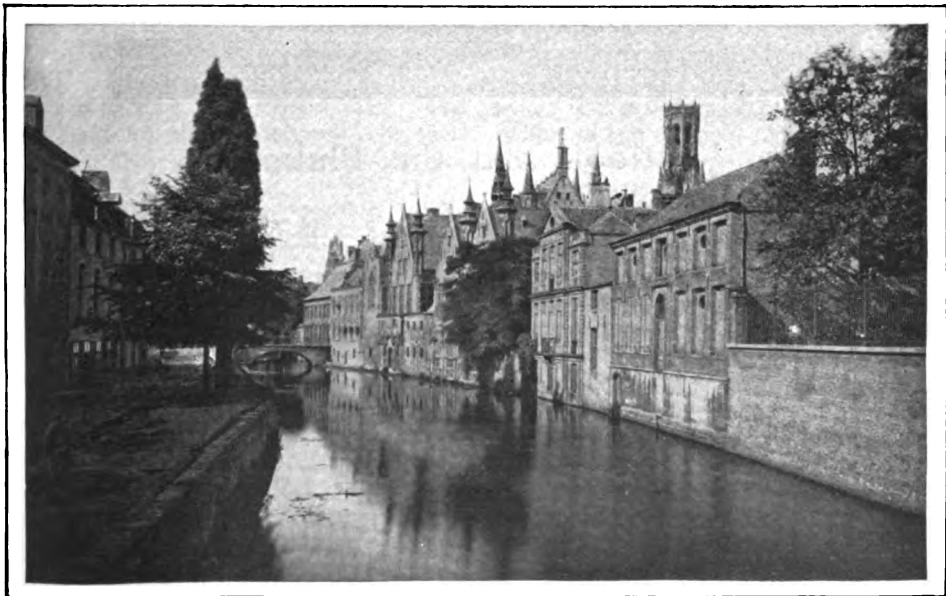
Besides all these excursions, we had some delightful days in Bruges. We visited the Cathedral, where we were shown much that was interesting, among other things the leaden plate found in the stone coffin under the skull of Grenhild, the sister of our King Harold, who, after the death of her brother at the battle of Hastings, in 1066, had come to Bruges vowing herself to a virgin life, and died there in 1087.

She had endeared herself to the Flemish people by her goodness and charity. On this tablet it was written that she was of a cheerful disposition, kind to her servants, and affable to strangers.

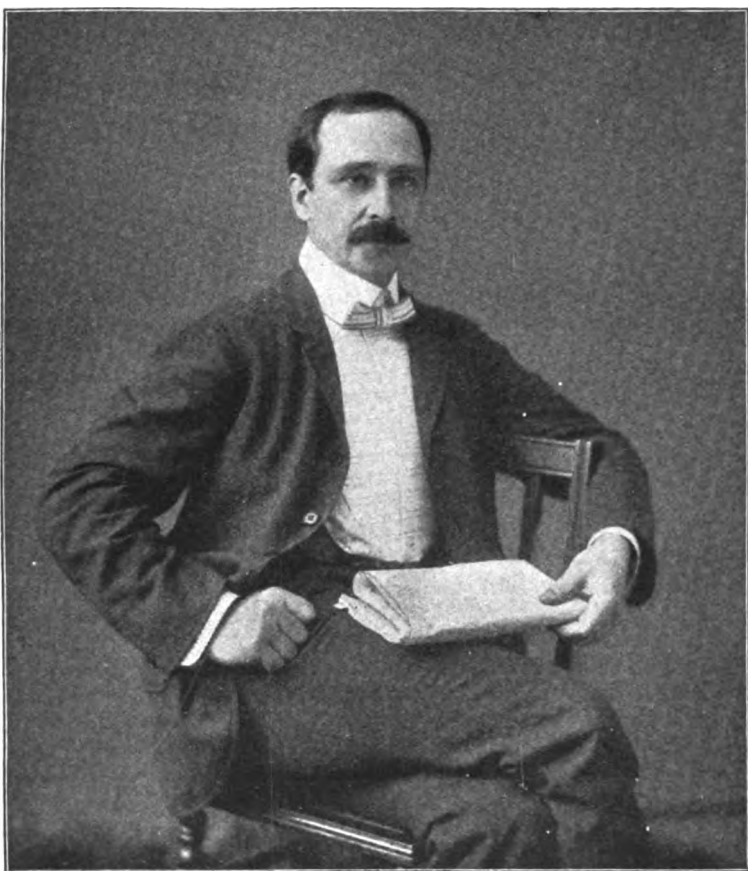
We saw the beautiful pictures of Menching, and our last visit was to the famous belfry of Bruges, from which we could see all the country round and look at the wonderful arrangement of bells whose beautiful chimes we had listened to with such delight.

Our holiday was spent without a drawback; all had been happy and harmonious, enjoying every moment of the day. By being a party of twenty I had got from the Burgomaster reduced fares, feed, and trips, and, wonderful to say, the cost of board and lodging and traveling had been under £3 for each girl for ten days spent in Belgium.

Nineteen years of the life of our Club have brought us many friends and much happiness both to the members and to the workers. Some disappointments there must have been; but they are forgotten in the many good results of our work. We can think of the good lives of so many of our girls, whether they are still in the Club or are happily married, who are aiming at making their homes come up to the high standard of their Soho Club.



AT BRUGES



The Outlook and the Philippines

As this portrait shows, Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh is young, but his experience of life in unusual phases has been remarkable. Readers of his vigorous book, "The World's Rough Hand," know that his adventures have taken him three times around the globe, and that he was five years at sea before he became of age. Then he explored the interior of Australia, engaged in pearl-diving in Borneo, and met with many exciting incidents throughout the East. That he can write picturesquely, forcibly, and attractively "The World's Rough Hand" proves. Last August Mr. Whitmarsh sailed from San Francisco for Manila as the special representative of The Outlook in the Philippines. He will furnish our readers, in a series of twenty or more special articles, with a clear, impartial, and first-hand account of the people and conditions of the islands as he finds them, and will thus do for the Philippines what Mr. George Kennan has done for Cuba by his two series of letters in The Outlook. The editors of this journal are sure that Mr. Whitmarsh's energy, thoroughness, and skill as a writer will make his articles an exceedingly valuable contribution to American knowledge on a subject of continuous and increasing importance.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

VIII.

The Trades-Union Movement in Chicago

Fortunately, the first trade-union leader I talked with in Chicago had been a union man in England, and was able to compare the English unions with the American. The contrast made was singularly sharp. "The trades-union leaders in England," he said, "are, as a rule, superior to those in America, but the rank and file of union men in this country are superior to those in England." It was Douglas Wilson, of the International Machinists, who said this; and when he explained the situation, the sharp contrast, that seemed a paradox, was seen to be the inevitable summary.

"Generally," said Mr. Wilson, "they have trained men at the head of the English unions. Many of them are Scotchmen, whose families have partly educated them for the ministry or the law, but who have been forced to go to work because funds have given out, or something of that sort." These men, he went on, can never hope to become professional men. The only field for their ambitions is in their union. They can rarely even go into business for themselves. "Business in England is all run in old grooves, and it is hard for a new firm to start." Political openings are also relatively rare. Therefore the brightest men remain in the ranks of labor, become leaders, and are "kept in office by their unions year after year."

The contrast between these conditions and those in America hardly needs to be stated. The trades-unions in America are constantly losing at the top. Not only are the ablest members constantly going into business—as employing printers, cigar-makers, carpenters, and the like—but the officials are constantly receiving political appointments or entering the professions. Only a day or two after my talk with Mr.

Wilson I had the pleasure of meeting a brilliant young editor of the Chicago "Record," Mr. Sikes, who a few years ago graduated from the University of Minnesota, President of his class, and President of the Minneapolis printers' union. When Mr. Wilson spoke of the trades-union officials entering different professions in this country, I naturally recalled that two of my own acquaintance in New York had studied law while at the head of their unions. "There are others," he remarked significantly, showing me a law book in his desk.

Nothing further was needed to explain the often boasted superiority of the English trades-union leaders, and a few more words made equally clear the general superiority of American trades-union members—among whom hope and ambition are common possessions. "The trouble with American trades-unions," said Mr. Wilson, "is that nearly everybody thinks he is able to run a union, and therefore criticises and forms combinations against the men who are in." Pretty soon the present officials are ousted, and new ones are installed, who in turn give place to others. In this way the management of American trades-unions suffers from the constant changes of officials, just as the management of American district schools suffers from the constant changes of teachers; but the general intelligence of American unions gains by the rotation, just as the general intelligence of American school districts is increased by the fact that a third of the families may contain some member who has taught school. But the changes in the management of American unions is the smallest part of the ferment here that is lacking in the old country. "In England," said Mr. Wilson, "there are

men who carry the same union card and number that their grandfathers carried." Here nobody belongs to the same union as his father, and few expect their sons to have even the same trade with themselves. "In England the union is a religion. Women will go to the groggeries on pay-day to get from their husbands money to keep up the dues to the union." This chance remark led up to another contrast made between English and American unionists. "Here," he said, "nearly every man shows up the morning after pay-day, but there lots of the men used to have a 'blue' Tuesday as well as Monday. They say it is better now, but when I was there, the workman who didn't drink beer was laughed at. I remember that when one young fellow was converted, and stopped drinking, an old Yorkshireman said of him, 'He used to be a good workman, but he is now workman now.' . . . There is enough drinking here, but it is hardly to be mentioned with the drinking there, where women as well as men go to the 'public' and booze." Before he had finished on this theme he had made graphic the official statistics showing that English working people drink more than twice as much as American. When summed up, the whole contrast between English and American unions followed closely the lines of the contrast between English and American society. If the organization that is best administered is best, the scorn of our English critics may be justified; but if the organization that has the best manhood is best, American unionists may smile at Sidney Webb.

What Mr. Wilson said about English and American unions was only a small part of our conversation. With a frankness that a weaker man or weaker trades-unionist would not have ventured, he went over with me nearly the whole field of trades-union policy. When I criticised the union rules regarding apprentices, he shrewdly replied that "lawyers and doctors will not allow men to practice who haven't served an apprenticeship," and urged that unions had the same right to protect their trades against "incompetent men." He did not, however, attempt to deny that the selfish motive was at the bottom of the regulations. When I questioned him about the

trades-union hostility toward machinery, he admitted not only the truth of President Schwab's charge that English unions sometimes struck against new machinery, but also admitted that he had known American unions to do the same. The coopers, he said, had a long strike against machines for making barrels, and it was finally compromised by allowing machines to be used in making certain barrels and not in making others. The cigar-makers had had similar strikes. These strikes he did not attempt to defend. He believed that opposition to machinery was shortsighted. "The more intelligent unions," he said, "especially in trades where a great deal of machinery is used, accept it as inevitable." He fully recognized, however, the fact that trades-unions were as likely as other organizations to put the employment of their own members above the public good. Their hostility to machinery was on all fours with the manufacturers' hostility to foreign commerce with manufacturing countries.

Mr. Wilson, in his advocacy of trades-unions, would only admit that they shared in the general selfishness of class organizations; but there were not wanting labor leaders who denounced unions as criminal. These labor allies of extreme capitalism were uniformly advocates of extreme Socialism. It was my fate while in Chicago to meet almost as many Socialists as trades-unionists, and the enmity shown between them would have been little short of a revelation to those who condemn in the same breath unionism and Socialism. Two days after my talk with Mr. Wilson I had a long talk with one of the Socialist leaders, who went over with me the feud between his party and the "pure and simple" unionists who exclude partisan political action from the trades-union's programme. Formerly he had been a trades-union leader. During the seventies, he said, he and his sympathizers obtained the control of the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly, and by their influence in the unions organized a workingmen's party with a Socialist programme. In 1876 they polled 4,000 votes, and by 1879 had gradually increased their voting strength to 12,000. "Then," he said, "the Knights of Labor were admitted to the Assembly with fifteen delegates, solidly Democratic. In a year we had to quit, but before quitting

Trades-union
selfishness

The
Socialist
attack

carried a motion using up all the funds in the treasury to help a local strike." The German unions seceded with them, and they organized the Central Labor Union. This body, he explained, remained the champion of Socialism until the Anarchists got control, when "we Socialists were driven out." During all these years there had been intense hatred between the Socialist and the conservative unions. "Members of German unions have come to me with their heads broken," said this Socialist (who is now a lawyer), "and asked me to prosecute their assailants, the 'entertainment committee' of the Building Trades Council. I have offered to stand the racket if they would, but they have always backed down for fear of further violence. . . . The 'entertainment committee' has a lot of thugs, and their favorite method of getting rid of non-unionists is by slugging. . . . The courts are quite right when they say that violence is a necessary part of a strike. Unless it is supported by violence a strike is of no use."

An evening or two later I attended a Socialist meeting, and met several of the leaders of the Debs faction. Their attitude toward trades-unionism was more moderate, and one of them spoke patronizingly of trades-unions as "kindergartens" in Socialism. But they were all contemptuous of trades-union aims and methods. None of them saw in trades-unions the beginning of the democratic control of industry, and all regarded strikes as a futile weapon. In their speeches more attention was given to belittling the reforms advocated by conservative unionists than to attacking the aggressions of capitalism. Nothing but ridicule, for example, was accorded to the belief that falling prices were at the bottom of the business stagnation and the growth of "the army of the unemployed." It was "over-production," said the principal speaker, and he quoted at length the statistics of capitalistic writers exaggerating the recent economies due to machinery. Only when he came to his remedy did this extreme Socialist break with the extreme conservatives. He believed, with logical consistency, that unemployment must continue to increase until public ownership increased consumption to keep pace with the increase in production. It was not easy to

see how any one who believed that over-production caused hard times could have answered him. On the question of trusts, also, these Socialists were in remarkable accord with the extreme conservatives. The trust manipulators themselves could hardly paint in brighter colors the economies of consolidation, or express greater scorn of attempts to stay the natural course of business. Only on the remote question of the ultimate remedy did the Socialists break with the capitalists, by declaring that the control of industry by the public was the only possible outcome of control by monopoly. As I listened to the speeches I realized as never before that on all the immediate economic issues—trades-unionism, bimetallism, monopoly—the extremes of Socialism and capitalism supported one another.

When I went to the headquarters of the building trades unions—one of the few places in Chicago where non-unionists it was easy for me to meet working people—I naturally talked over the criticisms of the old leader in the Socialist unions. It was no surprise to find that the hatred expressed by the Socialists was returned by the unionists. "The Socialist unions," I was told, "aren't unions at all. They are just a lot of scabs that belong to the Socialist party. . . . All that they try to do is to break down real trades-unions." "But," I inquired, "how about the charge that your 'entertainment committee' breaks open the heads of non-union workmen who attempt to take your jobs?" "Perfect nonsense," "All a lie," were the first answers, but when the conversation continued about the work of the "entertainment committee" it was admitted that when the committee waited on non-unionists it might sometimes "threaten to fix them, . . . just for a bluff," and in case of a quarrel "somebody might get his head punched." By this time it was easy enough to see that the Socialist charges had not been made out of whole cloth, and that while the unions formally opposed terrorism because it made them unpopular with all classes, there were plenty of unionists who had more faith in violence than in kindness. I afterwards learned from a former unionist, who was still in sympathy with unionism, that cases of "slugging" were frequent in the building trades a few years ago—the guilty

Extremes
meet

Methods
with
non-unionists

unionists being uniformly pardoned by the Mayor. That such methods were formerly used was virtually admitted by the men at the building trades headquarters before the end of the first conversation. "All that we have to do now to get rid of scabs," said one of the officials, "is to call off all the trades at work on the building." All the building trades unions now stood together as one man in favor of the exclusive employment of union labor, and the contractor who tried to fight one union found himself at war with them all. The official went on to tell me of one contractor who had seemed to win his fight on this issue, but it cost him so much that he soon made terms with the union and has since been a "model employer." At first I was inclined to discount their boasts of power, but when I read the "Articles of Agreement" between the "Carpenters' Executive Council" and the contracting carpenters, and examined the list of over five hundred contractors who had signed them, I realized that the allied Chicago unions ruled the building trades with an iron hand.

The main provisions of this contract were as follows:

"ARTICLE I. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work between the hours of 8 A.M. and 5 P.M., except Saturday, when work shall cease at 12 o'clock noon from June 1st to September 1st.

"ARTICLE II. The minimum rate of wages for journeymen carpenters shall be 37½ cents an hour from April 1, 1898, to March 31, 1899.

"ARTICLE III. Double time shall be allowed on all overtime, Sunday work, New Year's Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas Days, or the days celebrated for the foregoing. No work shall be allowed under any pretense on Labor Day.

"ARTICLES IX. and X. The party of the first part agrees to hire none but union carpenters. . . . A sympathetic strike, when ordered to promote the principles here laid down, shall not be a violation of this agreement."

The great gain from unionism has been the shortening of hours. Only in the Anglo-Saxon countries where trades-unions are strong have the hours of labor been materially shortened; and in

Anglo-Saxon countries the trades-unions have not only led the way in establishing almost ideal hours for skilled workmen, but they have been the chief support of the legislation that has put an end to inhuman hours for the unskilled. To the trades-unions, therefore, Anglo-Saxon countries owe an inestimable debt, for the short-hour movement has been the greatest economic factor in securing the greater physical and intellectual vigor and the better home life that distinguish the working people in Anglo-Saxon countries. It must not be thought, however, that this shortening of hours has brought with it a proportionate lessening of work. When I was in Germany, Professor Roscher, of Leipsic, told me of German workmen who, after living in America, returned to Germany, preferring the longer hours at lower wages there rather than stand the strain at which they were required to work in America. When in Chicago, I found that some American workmen sympathized with this view. At the carpenters' union headquarters, when I spoke warmly of the union victory in securing the eight hours' day, I was surprised to have one of the carpenters remark, "Yes; but if we won seven hours, half of us would be dead." When I asked what he meant, he replied that every time the hours were shortened the bosses made them work just that much harder. He was older than the rest of the group, and it was evident that he found it difficult to keep the pace now demanded. When the trades-unions increased their demands of the contractors, the contractors increased theirs of the men, and there was no power to make any contractor keep any man who did not turn out a remunerative quantity of work. Were it not that the shorter hours enabled most of the men to work with greater intensity and without greater exhaustion during them, the increase of leisure must have been paid for in a cut of wages.

As it was, there had been no cut in wages except that which was inevitable during the hard times. Even here the loss was slight. Between '92 and '97 carpenters' wages in Chicago fell only from 40 cents an hour to 35 cents. In '98 they were raised to 37½ cents, and this year they are again 40 cents. Even in '97 these union carpenters in Chicago were getting

\$2.80 for eight hours, while many of the non-union Southern carpenters were getting but \$1.25 for ten hours. The cut in Chicago due to the hard times was only 12½ per cent., while in Atlanta it had been nearly 40 per cent. Only in one way did the building trades unions in Chicago suffer keenly from the depression, and this was through the want of employment. This evil bore hardest, of course, on the less efficient workmen, many of whom could get so little work at union rates as carpenters that they fell back to be machine-tenders in factories. In this way, it was admitted, a good many of the old union carpenters had suffered a heavy cut in wages. At the bench they used to get nearly \$3 a day. In the factories where building materials were made by machinery, they were now getting \$2 or \$2.25. Every year, in good times as well as bad, the proportion of carpenters' work done in the factories was increasing, and thus carpenters' wages are really suffering reductions that do not appear in the union scale.

The way in which machinery was affecting their own wages may have accounted for the intensity of the feeling against it which these carpenters displayed. Not long before my visit they had sustained the stone-cutters in a barbarous strike against the use of a machine for sawing stone. When I tried, in a bungling way, to show that such strikes lessened the use of stone as a building material, and weakened the unions by arraying the interests of the community against them, I made little impression. The stone-cutters, they said, were skilled workmen who got high wages. The machine-tenders needed no skill at all, and were paid wretched wages. "We believe," said one of them, "that public sentiment sustains us in trying to keep work for well-paid labor."

When I asked them whether they themselves were not glad to buy machine-made goods—like the chairs and desk in their office—they answered rather doggedly that they were not. The hand-made things, they said—after the fashion of aristocratic disciples of Ruskin and Morris—lasted so much longer that they were cheaper in the end. When I instanced machine-made cloth, they were not so ready with an answer, and even expressed

the belief that some machinery was all right. Nevertheless, the belief seemed ineradicable that machinery threw workmen out of employment, as well as concentrated wealth. These men, with possibly two exceptions, were all silver Democrats, yet not one of them seemed to know that the twenty-five years preceding 1873 witnessed at the same time the greatest extension in the use of machinery and the fullest employment of labor that the century had known. All of them, without exception, believed with the Socialists that the increase of the unemployed since 1893 had been due chiefly to machinery. As I listened to them, President Schwab's arraignment of English trades-unions for their hostility to machinery recurred to me, and I felt that the omnipotence of trades-unions would mean industrial stagnation, as surely as the omnipotence of trusts. It is only because competition forces the workmen and capitalists in different trades to accept improvements that industrial progress goes on.

Of minor importance now, but not less threatening for the future, was the willingness of the Chicago trades-unions to combine against the use of out-of-town materials. When the Chicago materials were made by union workmen with wholesome hours and wages, and the out-of-town materials were made by overworked and underpaid hands, there was moral justification for the discrimination. But this was not the controlling consideration. The Chicago unionists were ready to use the boycott in favor of Chicago union labor to the detriment of out-of-town union labor. It was protectionism pure and simple, involving not only the restriction of trade but the forcing of industries out of favorable into unfavorable localities. Every interest except that of the Chicago producers was adversely affected, yet in this peculiarly anti-social struggle the Chicago unions have the support instead of the hostility of their employers. This is a feature of trades-unionism that in the future must be reckoned with.

The discussions of the union rules about overtime and Sunday work went much more agreeably. Here again the position of the unions seemed to me that which

Hostility to
machinery

"A new combination
in restraint of
trade"

Overtime and
Sunday work

the public welfare demanded. The sentiment against overtime and Sunday work was in part philanthropic, the men believing that the union requirement divided the work to be done among more men. In part also it was shrewdly practical. When the employers had to run nights and Sundays, their own earnings were high. Their capital, as one printer pointed out to me, is employed more hours. Their rents and interest are not increased, and there is but little more superintendence needed when work is heavy than when it is light. Therefore they can afford to pay more at such times. The main consideration, however, was the exhaustion caused by overwork. "After night work and Sunday work," said this workman, "we get to feeling like wooden men." His union charged time and a half after six o'clock, and double time after twelve o'clock and on Sundays. One result of such regulations was that they forced employers to reduce overtime and Sunday work to the minimum, and to give the men consecutive work at union hours, instead of alternating—and alike injurious—overwork and no work. The religious motive for the prohibition of Sunday work was disappointingly absent, so far as my limited conversations on the subject went, but—as I had previously observed in New York—the least religious of trades-unionists were insistent upon a free Sunday, and not merely upon one free day in seven. It seems somewhat singular, but at the very time that opposition to Sunday labor is relaxing among well-to-do Christians it is gaining strength among organized workmen.

It is in the building trades that the union movement centers, but it is not here that I found the best exponent of trades-unionism. Early in my work, with a card from one of the residents at Hull House, I called on President George W. Perkins, of the Cigar-makers' International Union, and the two hours' talk with him was so profitable that I took the liberty of returning to him again before I left the city. Here was a man whom any professor of political economy in the country might with advantage call to his chair to give his students a week's course upon trades-unionism. There was no rhetoric, no exaggeration, no claim that trades-union-

ists represented all that was reasonable or employers all that was the reverse. His talk was a calm, clear statement of the organization, methods, aims, defeats, and successes of the Cigar-makers' Union. From my observation in New York I had supposed that this trade was largely in the hands of immigrants, but I found that President Perkins was not only of American birth, but of American ancestry since 1640. Four-fifths of the organized cigar-makers in the country, he said, were of American birth. When I asked how the proportion stood among the non-union cigar-makers, he said that the difference would be slight, taking the country as a whole, because the 20,000 cigar-makers in Pennsylvania were almost all American-born and unorganized. Outside of Pennsylvania, however, unionism was stronger among native-born than among immigrant workmen. The sharp line of cleavage, however, was the sectional one. As I had previously learned about the iron trades, so here in the cigar trade the West was well organized, the East badly. Of the 20,000 cigar-makers in New York City only 7,000 were members of the union; of the 20,000 in Pennsylvania practically none were members; but of the 30,000 cigar-makers in the rest of the country over 20,000 were in the unions. The small towns—and this, too, is fairly typical—were better organized than the large, and "more attentive to the union label." This President Perkins accounted for on the ground that the "neighborly feeling" is stronger in the smaller towns, and therefore organization is easier.

The question of the union label focused the whole philosophy of trades-unionism. What the union label stands for is precisely what the building trades alliance stands for when it orders sympathetic strikes to secure the exclusive employment of union men. The sympathetic strike is the real weapon of the building trades unions to secure their demands, and the union label may in the near future give a similar weapon to all trades-unions. In the labor world the "union label" expresses the same sentiment that "consumers' leagues" express among the well-to-do. It is the moral sense that the old duty to treat our own employees well involves the new duty to patronize others who treat their

The Cigar-makers' Union and President

The "union label"

employees well. This feeling is keen among organized workmen; and their test as to whether firms treat their hands well is whether they grant the conditions demanded by the unions. They believe in the exclusive employment of union labor, said President Perkins, not merely because the non-unionists pay no dues, and therefore are not entitled to the benefits of union action, but also because non-unionists seem to them the tools of the enemies of the labor movement. They believe that the unions are fighting the battle for the entire working class, and their consciences as well as their interests support their discriminations against non-union men. Through the union label all unionists were able to help each other. The "blue label" of the Cigar-makers' Union, he said, was now so uniformly demanded by trades-unionists in the West that many manufacturers could not afford to be without it. When I referred to the current gibes of New York unionists as to the quality of "blue-label" cigars, he said that the time was long since past in Chicago when a "blue-label smoke" was a poor smoke. Union labor, he said, was employed in making the best cigars, and "blue-label" cigars were now to be had at the swellest cigar-shops in Chicago. He was ready to admit that where the union label was new and only a few firms had it, these firms might sometimes take advantage of those determined to have the label; but where the use of the label was well established he thought that patrons obtained the best quality of work at reasonable prices. President Perkins was in no sense a visionary man, and what he said about the growth of popular sentiment in favor of union-label goods convinced me that this, too, was one of the economic forces soon to be reckoned with. To be sure, it is purely moral in its character, since self-interest and indifference will always prompt the unionist to buy the cheapest and most convenient things, regardless of how they have been made. But if the conscience of all unionists, as well as that of philanthropists, once accepts the commandment, "Thou shalt not buy goods which any one has been wronged in making," it will prove a powerful factor in diverting trade to firms whose employees believe themselves to be well treated.

That which possessed the greatest im-
Trades-union insurance mediate interest, however, in President Perkins's talk with me was the report upon the insurance work of his organization. The dues of the Cigar-makers' Union are thirty cents a week, and the dues and assessments together are about seventeen dollars a year. The yearly expenditures for strikes during the past decade have averaged barely one dollar a member. The yearly expenditures for officers' salaries, hall rents, postage, etc., amount to barely four dollars a member. Thirty dollars a week is the maximum salary, and this is paid only to the President, who is at the head of a business aggregating half a million dollars a year. One dollar a member is paid yearly for the union label agitation. The remaining eleven dollars are returned to the members in various insurance benefits. No insurance company, not co-operative, returns to the insured so large a percentage of their payments.

The "death benefits" paid by the Cigar-makers' Union amount to \$200 for those who have been members for five consecutive years, and to \$550 for those who have been members fifteen consecutive years. These payments aggregate about \$70,000 a year, or about \$2.50 a member. The "sick benefits" paid by the union furnish a form of insurance that no capitalistic organization could offer without ensuring a vast amount of unnecessary sickness. Union cigar-makers, after one week of sickness, not due to "intemperance or immoral conduct," are entitled to five dollars a week for a maximum of thirteen weeks in one year. The *esprit de corps* of the union, and the unwillingness of any but the meanest workmen to be suspected of sponging on their fellows, is the chief protection of the order against imposition, but the regulations regarding the visiting of the sick are a rare combination of philanthropy and business caution. The "sick benefits" are more important than those paid in cases of death, and aggregate about \$110,000 a year, or nearly four dollars a member. Most important of all, however, during the hard times, have been the "out-of-work benefits." To begin with, the Cigar-makers' Union lends about \$30,000 a year to members out of work who wish to travel in search of it. These loans are nearly all repaid by the members in

ten per cent. weekly assessments after work is found, so that this tramping in good faith for work is hardly more burdensome to the union than to society. Besides these loans, however, the union pays to all members in good standing when out of work three dollars a week for as high as eighteen weeks a year. The only restrictions are that no benefits shall be paid during the first week after the member is laid off, none during the midsummer months, when living expenses are light and other work easily obtained, and that members who have received the benefit for six weeks must then go without it for seven weeks. In this way the union ensures that its members shall not lightly leave old jobs or be careless about finding new ones. This form of insurance was begun by the Cigar-makers' Union in 1890, and, until the hard times set in, cost less than one dollar a year per member. With the depression of 1893, however, the out-of-work payments suddenly became the heaviest of all. From \$17,000 in 1892 they rose to \$174,000 in 1894, fell slightly with the slight business revival in 1895, rose again to \$175,000 with the deepened depression of 1896, and fell to \$117,000 in 1897, when the present revival began. During all these trying years the Cigar-makers' Union was not compelled to lower the scale of wages to correspond to the fall in prices, like the less organized trades, nor to lose members from its organization because of want of employment, like many of the best organized trades. The out-of-work insurance held all the members together, and while they suffered severely from lack of work, none were pauperized, and their organization came out of the depression stronger than at the beginning. Its reserve fund, indeed, was slightly lowered, but at the close there were \$177,000 in the union treasury.

Only one thing seemed to President Perkins to threaten the increased prosperity of his union, and that was the possible entrance of the trust into the cigar-making business. Among the Socialists, as I have said, the trusts were rather welcomed than otherwise; but among the trades-unionists the trusts are as cordially hated as among farmers. The trusts can crush unions. Competing firms, on the contrary, can be compelled to make

terms with their workmen or risk the loss of men and business to their rivals. President Perkins told me of cigar firms that had won in the strikes against them, but had found their business gone when they attempted to resume it. At present the cigar-making business is chiefly in the hands of small firms—some of them employing but one or two men. It is, therefore, almost as easy sometimes for the men to find other employers as for employers to find other men. But if the trust which already controls the cigarette business to the utter suppression of unions should enter the cigar-making field, there is trouble for the workmen ahead. This sentiment among the cigar-makers had its counterpart in that which prevailed among the carpenters about the contractors' association—though the outlook there was more hopeful. "At first," said one of the carpenters' officials, "we wanted the employers to organize, as we preferred to have one agreement to a lot of little strikes with single employers. Afterwards they tried to take advantage of their union to force us down, and we broke up their association." "But," I asked, "couldn't they go longer without their profits than you without your wages?" "No," was the reply, "because they knew that if they all stopped, the union itself would take contracts." Here, then, is a possible outcome for the future. The unions are accumulating reserve funds, and, in spite of immigration, are increasing rapidly in discipline and intelligence. The time is coming when the unions may be able to manage business co-operatively. They are, it is true, in need of moral restraints from within, and the restraints of public opinion and even public law from without; but the road to industrial democracy surely lies in the strengthening of the one democratic factor in the control of industry, and not in its threatened overthrow by industrial absolutism. The time is yet coming when historians will look back upon the present-day struggles of trades-unionists as historians to-day look back upon the parish and town meetings of the despised Puritan "levelers" of the seventeenth century. The men may seem commonplace and the measures petty, but it is through just such instrumentalities that the great designs for human advancement are always worked out.

Organized labor
vs.
organized capital

An Abandoned Cloister

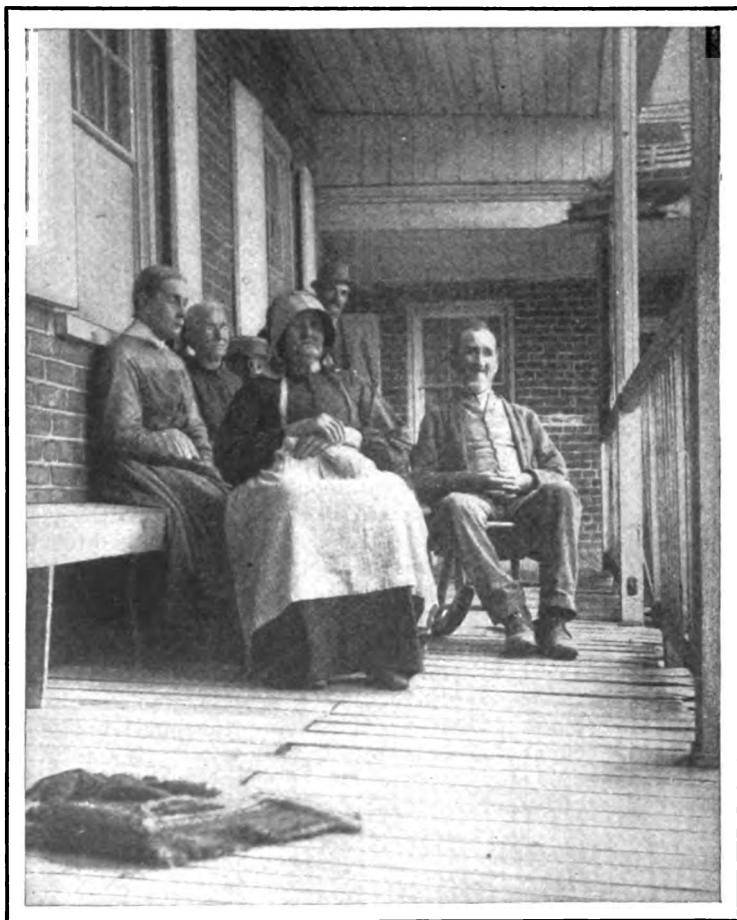
By W. H. Richardson

NESTLING at the foot of South Mountain, thirteen miles below Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is a collection of time-worn and weather-beaten buildings, so entirely unlike any other in the beautiful valley which commences to unfold there that the attention of the traveler with even a grain of curiosity is at once arrested. A great brick house, of even more ample dimensions than the homes which have given the Cumberland Valley its reputation for hospitality and opulence, is the nucleus of the community; around it are grouped other structures in picturesque arrangement, century-old trees and masses of color and shrubbery heightening the exquisite effects which Nature can produce when man lets her have the most to do with them.

An inquiry addressed to a native elicits the information that the main building is "the nunnery;" then the visitor looks sharply at its open doors or into the dark shadows beyond the windows in expectation of getting a glimpse of sober-clad women, with their pale faces framed in some religious habit; he listens for the hum of voices softly saying the daily prayers for strength in a holy life. But he looks and listens in vain for these things. Instead of them the breeze wafts across the flower-spotted garden the laughter and

chatter of a couple of buxom young Pennsylvania-German girls; an older woman is devoting herself to some domestic industry, and a stolid farmer just come in from the fields for the noonday meal adds still further to one's perplexity over the name.

It is only a few steps from the Waynesboro' road up the hollyhock-bordered path to "the nunnery," and then one begins to learn something about this particular relic of one of Pennsylvania's peculiar peoples—the German Seventh-Day Baptists, a sect



PRESENT TENANTS OF THE OLD CLOISTER

The last of the "single sisters" in the foreground.



A FLOUR-MILL BUILT IN 1807 FOR THE SOCIETY

which here gave expression to a most unusual social and religious condition.

Away back in 1708 a German named Alexander Mack and seven others who had searched the Scriptures with him conceived the idea that the only way to arrive at the true spiritual life was to abandon all existing traditions and observances and proceed upon original lines, or, rather, to adopt the primitive plan as they interpreted it. Their new route for the pilgrim's progress was eventually the one by which the later society of Dunkers walked, apart from other religionists. In a few years persecution had driven these Dunkers into various parts of western Europe; in 1719, swept by the great wave of German and Dutch emigration, many of them came to America and dispersed to the different sections which their kindred of other denominations were then populating.

One of these bands of Dunkers settled in the Conestoga country (now in Lancaster County); their leader was Conrad Beissel. In a little while this Conrad Beissel fell under the influence of the

Sabbatarians, of whom there were many in the province, and became converted to Sabbatarianism; then he believed that his Dunker brethren erred in observing the first day of the week as the Sabbath; that the Scriptures especially commanded the observance of the seventh day as the day of rest. In his fervor for the cause he had espoused he prepared a pamphlet for circulation among his people, after which he found it expedient to withdraw to a lonely cell on the banks of the Co-calico Creek, where he lived the life of a hermit. Finally some of his old flock followed him into his retreat, accepted his beliefs, and embraced, as well, certain mystical ideas with which he had been imbued in Germany years before, and the organization or community they then established became known as "Ein Orden der Einsammen"—the order of the solitary. The solitary life, however, gave place to a conventual one in the year 1733, when buildings were finished for the accommodation of the rapidly growing institution.

So complete an account of the Ephrata Community, as Conrad Beissel's band of



THE MEETING-HOUSE

mystical Dunkers is perhaps more commonly known, has been compiled by Mr. Julius F. Sachse, a most patient and careful investigator of the history of that religious experiment, that the interested reader can easily follow the rise and fall of that unique attempt to blend the temporal and the spiritual life. Ephrata's great men, her monumental contributions to American bibliography, her marvelous manuscripts, her picturesque social affairs, are of most profound interest to the student of our National life, and especially to the student who may visit Ephrata or its successor, the Seventh-Day Baptist Society of Snow Hill, as the community on the banks of the Antietam Creek at the foot of South Mountain is termed.

The war of the Revolution and the so-called Sunday laws of 1794 were the undoing of the parent organization, and before the end of the last century the white robed and hooded brethren and sisters, with their mystical rites and ceremonies and their almost supernatural music, with all the paraphernalia of their peculiar belief, were as a tale that is told.

About the year 1795 land was purchased at Snow Hill, and a few years later arrangements were made for the founding of a society of the same character as that at Ephrata had been. In that remote spot it was expected that outside influences would not operate to its hurt; and that such expectation was realized to a large extent is very evident when we are told that the present building, erected for the accommodation of those who chose to adopt the celibate life, was commenced in 1814 and added to until 1843. The capacious structure is eloquent enough of the fact that something more than mere enthusiasm was required to rear it.

It is always a difficult thing to analyze the causes which are responsible for the decline or decay of an undertaking, and the difficulty is emphasized especially in the case of a religious movement. The convent at Snow Hill apparently failed to attract new people; the young men and the young women who were there had taken no irrevocable vows; they had not renounced the world; they fell in love and were married, and lighted fires on their

own hearthstones. Accessions became rarer and rarer, until now the only suggestion of the ancient order of things is one elderly woman who is spending the last of her days as a charge of the Society. The large farm which once gave employment to some of those who had lived in the house is now "shared" by a couple of farmers, and they and their families occupy the rooms which are so redolent of one of the most peculiar phases of moral earnestness that has ever found expression in this country.

But what a mine for the antiquarian these old rooms are! As the visitor is shown from floor to floor, and sees closet after closet opened and stores of utensils and domestic appliances of generations ago revealed, he is likely to slip his grip on the commandment which reads, "Thou shalt not covet . . . any thing that is thy neighbor's." How could one look in the face of that ancient high-case clock and not say in his heart, at least, "How I wish you were mine!" In a corner cupboard in the refectory is a store of antique china—teapots, cups, saucers, sugar-bowls, etc.—that fairly makes one's fingers itch to possess it; here are also the turned wooden flagons and paten used in the celebrations of the Lord's Supper. In a closet in a small room, evidently a pantry in former times, are dozens of deep-red earthenware dishes, the handiwork of potters a half-century dead. Then there are as many small plates in which the portions of "ludvarreck" and bread and butter are served at the love-feasts.

An old holz-kist (or box intended for holding firewood) on another floor contains a lot of hackles and other appliances used in the preparation of the flax for the spinners whose deft fingers once guided the tow from distaff to bobbin on the wheels which now lumber up a corner in

an adjoining room. It must be remembered, too, that some of the inmates of the convent were famous weavers, and specimens of their wonderfully intricate patterns are highly prized to this day; others were skillful basket-makers, and a dozen or more of their shapely productions have survived the ravages of time, which has turned their makers to dust.

In the attic, covered with a miscellaneous collection of bottles and the flotsam and jetsam of years, are a number of old candlesticks and iron lamps. The latter were known in the days of their use as "fett-lichts." They are small wrought-iron vessels covered with a lid and finished on one side in a sort of trough-like spout. A wick was laid in this spout and

hot fat poured into the bowl. The lamp was an improvement over a tallow candle, perhaps, but still it was not a very long step toward a kerosene lamp. When it was desired to use the lamp, it could be hooked over a nail or the crane in the fireplace, or suspended from the barb thrust into a wooden beam.



IN THE KITCHEN OF THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE

A path, grass-grown since the population of the convent scattered to homes of their own, leads across the brawling Antietam to the meeting-house. Here, every seventh day, four or five score people who stand up for the doctrine which Conrad Beissel introduced to the Dunkers still gather to listen to the truth which their minister interprets from the well-worn Bible, or to participate, at proper intervals, in the festivals which they deem essential to the religious life. The meeting-house was erected in 1829, but previous to that time services were held in a room in the convent, in which are yet to be seen, it might be remarked, several fine examples of the fractur-schrift, or illuminated manuscripts for which the Ephrata community was celebrated.

It is considered quite a mark of prog-

ress in these days to have a department of the modern church structure supplied with facilities for cooking, the church supper or sociable being responsible for the introduction of this "advanced" idea. But the idea is not so advanced, after all; this little seventy-year-old meeting-house has its kitchen—it is that small building which adjoins the meeting-house on the left, as shown in the picture—and it is furnished with a gigantic bricked-in kettle.

Like the Friends' meetings of old, the interior of Snow Hill Church is very plainly furnished; there is no provision made for elaborate pulpit oratory; believing that the Gospel was sent without money and without price, their minister is not a "hireling." His plain desk is furnished with an English Bible, and English hymnals are also used by the congregation now instead of the German ones formerly used. Peeping from beneath the desk, on a shelf, were several copies of the ancient tune-books, very likely the work of some pious Sister at Ephrata. They are marvels of execution, both in coloring and lettering. Much of their music is a heritage from Conrad Beissel, whose skill in harmony is said to have been of the highest order. Old people who lived in an age near him have told of the impression made by the rendition of his six and eight part hymns—a sublime performance that is now numbered with other lost arts of his community.

A short distance down the creek is an old flour-mill, built in 1807 for the use of the Society. Although somewhat battered-looking, its solid stone base and heavy

weather-boarding still give assurance of many years' further defiance of the elements. Only one of its really primitive features yet remains inside the mill—the wooden water-wheel. The water is carried through the wall of the mill in an oaken flume. This somewhat unusual arrangement of the power was not made for the purpose of keeping poets and artists from going into rhapsodies over it and neglecting other important work around the community, but for the very utilitarian purpose of keeping it from freezing up in winter-time. While millers are a jolly lot usually, it requires an extraordinary amount of good nature to take a man cheerfully into the wheel-pit on a cold winter morning to chop loose the frozen-up water-wheel. The humming of the burr-stones and the click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a of the damsel beneath the hopper gave place a few years ago to the less poetical but more practical harmony of a modern outfit of steel-roller grinding-machines and kindred devices.

Community life at Snow Hill may never again be resurrected, and there may be those who believe that the spirit of ages to come will never again prompt devotees of a religious idea to work it out in exactly the fashion expressed there and at Ephrata. But still the relics which yet remain are most interesting monuments of a people who were actuated by a desire to lead an entirely spiritual life, and are strongly suggestive of the days when the conventual system exercised a powerful attraction. Snow Hill is the failure of a mediæval idea in modern times.

The Hermit-Thrush

By Francis Sterne Palmer

Hidden away in the underbrush,
So somber and shy is the hermit-thrush,
One feels that nature has not done right
To so rob a bird of a bird's delight.

His cousin the robin of song is bold;
Meadow-lark has a breast like gold,
Brazen plumes and a brazen tongue,
And far in the field his cry is flung.

But when the evening sunlight shines
Through pulpy leaves to forest shrines,
Then in that solemn hour I hear
A hymn that comes so sweet and clear,
So pure of tone, it seems to be
A bit of heaven's minstrelsy—
And I know that nature is not unfair
To the hermit bird she has hidden there.

Miss Ophelia's Beau

By Annie Steger Winston

MY eyes strayed involuntarily over the little country church during the long wait for the straggling congregation. Here and there above the pews rose a sober iron-gray head, a smart or dowdy bonnet, but over each my glance passed listlessly undetained.

The stamping of a horse or the rattle of harness came in now and then through the open windows, and I could see the younger men of the congregation talking and laughing together under the locust-trees until the service should begin. As I looked back into the church my eyes were suddenly arrested.

In my first survey I had seen, a few pews in front of me, a woman's gray head, surmounted by a bonnet so naively, almost childishly, constructed that it had caused me a slight pang of amused pity; but it had passed from my thoughts as my eyes wandered on to rest on the feathery green of the locust boughs which swayed against the window. Now, however, the wearer had turned a little, and I could see her face.

I found myself staring like a child, hardly knowing what it was which so held my gaze. Certainly amusement no longer, for I was no longer conscious of the absurd bonnet. The long, delicate, incongruously young profile again turned from me, but it left with me a sense of quaint distinction which stamped itself indelibly upon every detail of the figure in front of me.

Her large, peculiarly limpid blue eyes rested upon me, as the congregation laggingly left the church, with something of the same interest with which mine had been dwelling upon her, and I foresaw acquaintance.

That was my first sight of Miss Ophelia Witherspoon. My second soon followed. I was boarding for the summer at Queen Mary Court house—the little settlement so called from its center of interest. A few years before lithia springs had been discovered in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, a large frame hotel had been built on the edge of the pines. But the

promised tide of fortune had somehow never reached the "Cote'ouse," and the hotel then stood broken-windowed and ghastly—as desolate as Palmyra.

There was, however, lodging to be had with the famous housewife of the village, in a delightfully old-fashioned house, set back in a sunny, box-bordered garden, and I was well content in the bosom of her small, dull family.

I was sitting one day in the little arbor in the garden, when I saw coming up the front walk the lady whom I had seen at church.

Her step was very light and gliding as she passed in her pale grayish muslin gown between the low, dark rows of box and went up into the vine-covered porch. In a few minutes I was summoned by Mrs. Wingate. She seemed flurried and important.

"Miss Geddes," she said, "Miss Ophelia Witherspoon's come to see you. She said she reckoned you might be kin to her; her great-grandmother was a Geddes, she said: and so she made up her mind she'd come to see you directly she heard what your name was. That's a great thing for Miss Ophelia to do, I must say. It surely is."

Miss Ophelia soon came to a comparison of genealogies. I did not much care what she talked about—there was such a subtle, old-world charm in her soft speech; and as she talked I scanned her face at leisure under pretense of listening—so oddly was it like a faded miniature of some lovely young face of long ago, notwithstanding (or partly because of?) the light curls of gray hair that showed under the ill-trimmed bonnet—which no longer struck me as ill trimmed.

"And so," she said, "we must really be cousins."

She smiled with the sweet graciousness of one who is conferring an honor which she is glad to bestow.

"I am so glad," she went on, "because I was so drawn to you when I saw you at church; and I am seldom drawn to strangers. It must have been the tie of

blood. Don't you think so? Nature is so very mysterious—"

"Yes, indeed," I murmured, ambiguously. "And I am so glad."

"It must be very dull here," she said, "for a young thing like you. Of course these are worthy people—there are *very* worthy people around here."

She left her qualification delicately unexpressed. She looked at me a moment as if making some sort of rapid calculation, and then her face cleared and brightened.

"My dear, won't you do something for me? It would give me so much pleasure. It is true, Castlewood is rather cramped, but there is a plenty of room for you, and mamma and I would be so delighted. Can't you come? These are *worthy* people, you know; but *not*—you understand. And then it would give us so much pleasure!"

I was disconcerted for a moment by this unexpected invitation, which she gave quite eagerly; but I pleaded an unwillingness to leave Mrs. Wingate, who had already upset her arrangements on my account; and, with a sigh, she finally acquiesced in my decision. I walked with her down to the front gate, and she paused there.

"I am afraid you find it very lonely," she said. "I hope we shall see a great deal of you—but it isn't that. A young girl wants—well, not exactly *beaux*, you know—but young company. And there is really nobody"—she dropped her voice. She hesitated a moment, and colored faintly.

"There *is* a gentleman, a friend of mine, whom I should like very much for you to meet. I should really like for you to know each other; but, unfortunately, he is away now. I am too sorry it happens so. I know you would like him, and he you. But you needn't mention, dear, that I spoke of him."

Mrs. Wingate was evidently but slightly acquainted with my visitor, except by hearsay.

"They keep mightily to themselves, old Mrs. Witherspoon and Miss Ophelia do. The old lady's got the chronics and never puts her foot outside her door, and Miss Ophelia ain't very strong. Miss Ophelia certainly did use to be pretty. And Castlewood was a splendid place.

They lived in a heap of style before the war. And afterwards, too, till Castlewood burnt down—"

"But she said something about Castlewood," I said, "as if she were living there."

"Oh, they couldn't bear to part with the name, I reckon," she explained.

She pointed from the window. "Do you see that little teeny wooden house over yonder that don't look much bigger than a good-sized chicken-coop? That's Castlewood."

The name certainly seemed a little out of proportion to the house, as I approached it a few days afterwards; as much too large as the enormous antique brass knocker which shone upon the miniature door, and which startled me with its summons to the quiet household.

An old, old yellow woman crept from a little outbuilding and entered at the back of the house to let me in, ushering me into a small room which seemed part dining-room and part parlor.

I was so fascinated with a scorched cabinet in the corner filled with wonderful little spindle-legged silver things that I did not hear Miss Ophelia's light step upon the waxed floor.

She gave me a kiss upon my cheek, holding both my hands.

"My dear, I hoped you would come. I had a real presentiment; and yesterday, too, but that one didn't come true. I was selfish enough to hope you would feel a little lonely—just enough to want to run in to see me. I sometimes feel a little lonely myself, nowadays, when everybody has left the county."

"But there are so many things to do," I said. "With books and music and flowers."

"Oh, yes," she assented, "and the care of poor mamma. You must see her, by the way, before you go. You know she is bedridden. And there is sewing, of course, and housekeeping. But as for music, while I long for it, I lost my piano when my old home burnt down, and of course I could never get another."

"But you have that beautiful old violin," I said.

One was hung upon the wall over the cabinet.

"I should think you would learn to play on that."

"Oh, that has been in the family a

hundred years," she answered; "but we use it only as an ornament, though the gentlemen of the family have played on it. My grandfather was quite skillful. But don't you think that, for a lady, it is a little too masculine? I can't help feeling that it is masculine, but I have often wished that I had had a brother who could use it."

"If your friend were musical—" I suggested.

A tinge of color crept into her face, and she smiled.

"Isn't it unfortunate?" she said. "He isn't at all musical, though I am sure he could sing if he would only try; he has such a really delightful voice in speaking. I have often told him so. Not, of course, that his voice was nice, but that he ought to try and see if he couldn't sing or play on something. But we were speaking of doing masculine things," she hurried on, as if she felt that she had been a little too unreserved. "There is such a tendency in that direction now. It is really lamentable, don't you think so? As if woman could ever find happiness out of her own sphere!"

It was not long before I was further in Miss Ophelia's confidence.

"Don't you think," she said, one day, as we sat in the arbor, "that the Virginians are beginning to think less of blood and family and things like that? It seems to me that people attach less importance to those things than they used to."

"Yes," I assented. "Perhaps they do."

"It certainly seems so to me," she said; "but then I live so completely out of the world!" She broke off a fragrant bunch of blooms from the pink and yellow honeysuckle which overran the arbor, and kept it in her hand, putting it every now and then to her face as she talked. I fancied that I could see the light through her hand as she lifted it, it was so thin and pure in color.

"When we were living at old Castlewood," she continued, "our nearest neighbors were the Ashleys. Everybody in the county visited them. Ashley, you know, is a good name, but Mr. Ashley had *stooped*, and it made against his children."

She paused, and lowered her voice.

"Mrs. Ashley was a Miss Hoggins."

"Ah?" I said, mechanically, echoing her tone.

"Now I really would like for you to tell me honestly what you think. Do you consider that so great an objection that a person should—that a person couldn't—Do you think, in short, that it is an insuperable objection?"

"To marrying a person you *cared* for?" I exclaimed. "Why, Miss Ophelia!"

She blushed as if with pleasure, but held her ground.

"But, my dear, consider," she said. "There are any number of the Hogginses, I am told; and they live in the upper end of the county."

I gave Miss Ophelia a little squeeze.

"Never mind the Hogginses," I said, "if he is nice, and I know he is. *He* is the one with the melodious voice, is he?"

She laughed, coloring beautifully under her gray hair.

"The idea of your stopping for Hogginses!" I insisted.

"It really isn't at all a good connection," she went on, "but, personally, I must confess there isn't an objection. And perhaps—"

"Where is he now?" I asked her. "And what does he do, and what does he look like?"

She was looking at me a little abstractedly.

"My dear," she said, "I don't know what you will think of me for telling you about this—this matter that is on my mind. It seems almost indelicate, but there is really nobody else here that I can talk to but poor mamma; and I fancy it distresses her for me even to speak of marrying. Though nothing should ever come between me and my duty to her, and I could do so much more for her comfort then."

"I think it is just lovely of you to tell me," I said. "But go on telling me. Is he handsome?"

"He is considered so," she answered, with careful impartiality. "I have heard some people say that he was the handsomest man in Virginia. But you know, my dear, they hadn't seen every man in Virginia, and there may be others every bit as handsome. But I think you would like his face."

"And he has a delightful voice," I added.

"Most delightful," she assented.

"With plenty of sense, and good?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Really brilliant, and noble in character."

"And you stop to think of Hogginses!" I ejaculated. "You don't deserve to have him!"

That was but the beginning of many long and delightful conversations with Miss Ophelia, though a certain fine reserve never left her, which was not unfrequently baffling and tantalizing.

Sometimes she would change the subject abruptly, as if she felt that she had said too much; and again it would crop up in the most unexpected ways, and out of all obvious connection.

I was surprised to find that she showed a curious hesitation about telling me his full name, when I had most innocently asked it. I did not often ask her any question, but I could not imagine any reason for shyness upon this point.

"I suppose people get attached to their family names, no matter how ugly they are," she said. "But it does seem a pity to perpetuate them, sometimes. A name may be so ugly that it is a positive objection to a person. Now, *would* you marry a person named Hezekiah?"

I burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"Yes, indeed, I would—if he was as nice as somebody we know."

She smiled rosilily and dropped her voice.

"You know Mrs. Ashley was a Miss Hoggins. I have always thought this must have been her father's name. It seems to go with Hoggins, and it isn't an Ashley name."

"It isn't so very ugly," I said.

She looked at me earnestly, her head a little on one side. "No?" she said. "Don't you really think so?" She paused a moment.

"It doesn't sound at all ugly to me. But then I thought that was only because—"

She broke off with a quick blush, and rose to go. We had been sitting in the little arbor, which, I had noticed, was the favorite scene of Miss Ophelia's confidences. In her own home her references

to her "friend" were few and hurried, as if she feared that her mother might overhear and be distressed.

"Because?" I said.

She hesitated, turning to break off a spray of honeysuckle—and then she laughed and blushed and made no answer. But she kissed me first upon one cheek and then upon the other; and I understood. She stood a moment holding both my hands. Suddenly she gave a long, deep sigh.

"But, oh, Helen, the difficulty will be to reconcile poor, dear mamma!"

The next day Mrs. Wingate took me upon a long drive, saying that it was "a shame" that I had seen nothing of the county beyond the "Cote'ouse."

We drove to the old Castlewood, but of the house there stood only a blackened chimney and a fragment of wall, and I did not care to linger.

"I reckon it would have passed out of their hands anyway by now," my hostess said, as we drove on. "Nearly all of these old places have gone over to strangers—people got so poor after the war. But it certainly is a pity about the family burying-grounds. Now just look over there at that brick wall. That's the old Ashley burying-ground; and there ain't a soul to care for it since they sold the place."

She drove up to the low wall, and checked the horse to look over. I felt a little thrill at the name, so thoroughly had I entered into Miss Ophelia's romance. But the dank inclosure was a gruesome sight; so overgrown and neglected that it was a blot upon the fair face of the earth.

"Just look at that tombstone right there that's tumbled flat," she said. "It's real scandalous, but I don't know whose business it is to tend to it. What's that written on it? H-e— Oh, yes!"

"HEZEKIAH ASHLEY,

Aged 22.

Killed at Malvern Hill.

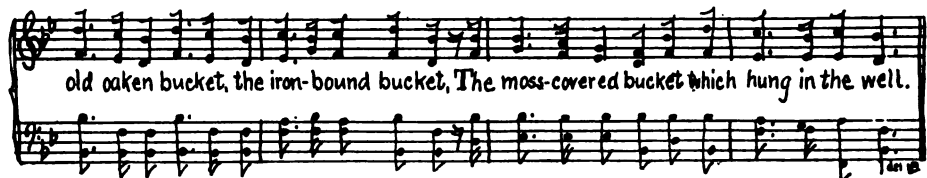
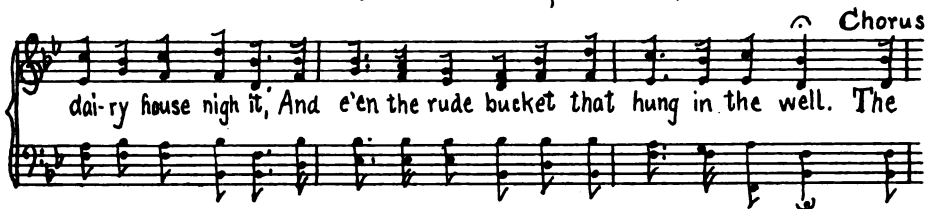
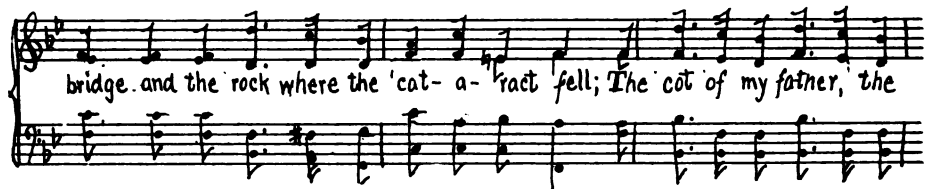
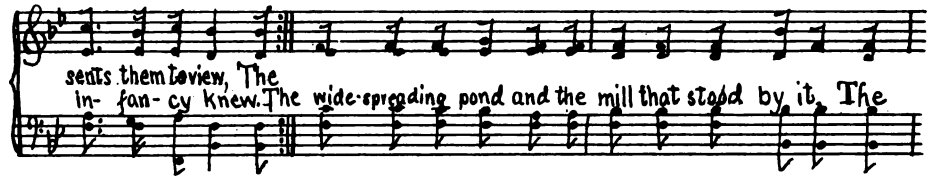
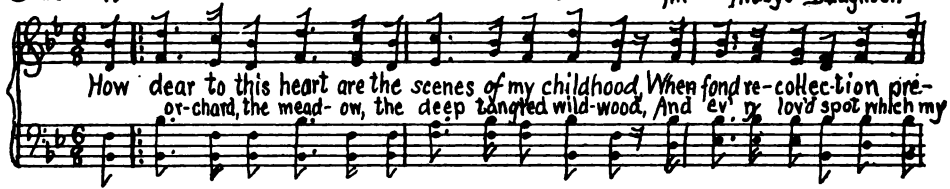
"Miss Ophelia's beau, they said he was, and a mighty nice young man. But ain't anybody remembered long in this world! (Get up, Grover!) The place makes you feel real creepy, don't it?"



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Hoodworth.

Air - "Araby's Daughter."



That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure:
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

“The Old Oaken Bucket” and its Author

By James S. Gibson



SAMUEL WOODWORTH
From an old miniature.

About thirty miles from Boston, in the old town of Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, flows a little stream known as the First Herring Brook. This little brook—scarcely three miles in length—sparkles through shady woods, offering a mirror to many a dainty overhanging fern, and, gliding across quiet meadows, meets the North River near Scituate Harbor, and finally joins the waters of the sea. Passing through the quiet village of Greenbush, its course retarded by an old dam, broadening into a pond, it turns the wheel of an antiquated mill. Although the stones in this mill have done good service for two centuries and a half, and the mill was one of the first built by the men from Plymouth, it is not because of its historical interest that the reader's attention is now directed to this little old building and its surroundings. A few rods from this mill lived, when a boy, the poet Samuel Woodworth, author of “The Old Oaken Bucket.” Who does not know it? For three generations it has sung its way around the world, until its familiar lines are loved wherever memories of childhood and home are held dear.

Samuel Woodworth came from good Pilgrim stock. The first record of his family in America appears on the books

of the Plymouth Colony, where the name of Walter Woodworth may be found numbered among the Freemen of Scituate.

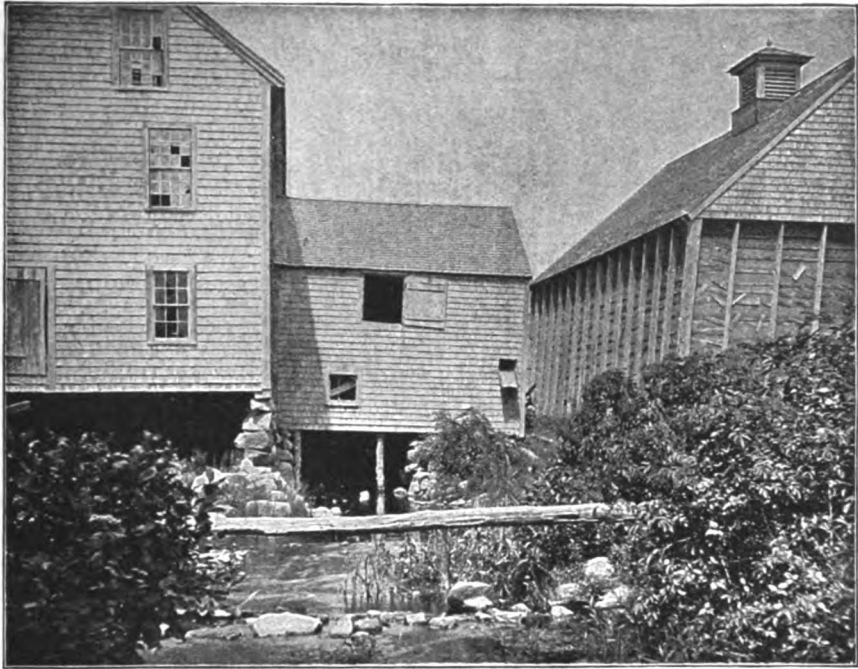
An interesting historical incident, connected with the family of this first American representative of the Woodworths, may be found in the old records of the Plymouth Colony. This incident occurred during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when all New England and a large portion of the civilized world were inflamed by that wave of superstition known as the Witchcraft Delusion. One of the unfortunates suspected of being in league with the devil was an aged woman, Ingham by name, and the following is the quaint language of the charge against her: “Mary Ingham, thou art indited by the name of Mary Ingham, wife of Thomas Ingham, of Scituate, for thou, not having the feare of God before thine eyes, hast, by the help of the Devil, in a way of Witchcraft or scorcery, maliciously procured much hurt, mischieff and paine unto the body of Mehitabal Woodworth, daughter of Walter Woodworth, of Scituate, and to some others, particularly, causing her greate paine unto several parts of her body, at several tymes, so that the said Mehitabal hath been almost bereaved of her senses; and hath greatly languished, to her much suffering thereby, and procuring of greate grieffe, sorrow and charge to her parents; all which thou hast procured and done against the law of God and to his greate dishonor, and contrary to our sovereign Lord the King, and his crown and dignity.” She was duly tried and found “not guilty:” good sense triumphed over superstition! Plymouth Colony, be it said to its credit, has no judicial murders of this character as a stain on its record.



THE WELL.

Samuel Woodworth was born in Scituate on the thirteenth day of January, 1789. At fourteen the only education he had received was a partial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, obtained at the village school during the three months of the winter season. At this early age he gave indication of his talent, and his verses attracted the attention of the local schoolmaster and parish clergyman, Rev. Nehemiah Thomas. His parents were encouraged to place him under the care of the latter, and he remained in the family of this worthy minister for one year, during which time he was taught the English and Latin grammar and gained some proficiency in the classics. It soon became necessary for him to think of obtaining some employment. Choosing the profession of a printer, he proceeded to Boston and bound himself an apprentice to Benjamin Russell, editor and proprietor of the "Columbian Sentinel," with whom he remained until his apprenticeship expired in 1806. During this period he employed his leisure hours writing poetry for publications then issued in Boston, generally under the signature of "Selim." He continued to use this *nom de plume* for many of his writings in after life.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship he became ambitious to take an extensive tour through the United States, for the purpose of writing a description of his travels. A friend furnished him sufficient funds to enable him to begin his tour, and as he expected to procure employment in the different towns through which he was to pass, he had no doubt he could reach New York without suffering inconvenience. This expectation was the source of severe disappointment; for, after vainly applying at every printing establishment in the various villages on the road, he at length found himself in the city of New Haven, a stranger, footsore and penniless. He finally found employment with a Mr. Babcock, remaining with him nearly a year, contributing meanwhile to a local paper. Woodworth now desired to establish a publication of his own. He obtained a press and type on credit, and we now behold the poet as the editor, publisher, printer, and—more than once—carrier of the "Belles-Lettres Repository," a weekly paper, dedicated to the Ladies; subscription price two dollars per year, payable quarterly in advance. As might have been expected, the subscriptions received in advance were insufficient to



THE MILL FROM THE REAR

meet the expenses, and at the end of two months the young editor found his publication a failure, and himself burdened with debts. He shortly after left the city, venting his feelings in a poem of six hundred lines! Returning to his birthplace, he made a brief visit and again set out in search of fame and fortune, assuring his friends that he would never again visit the place of his birth unless he was accompanied or preceded by one or both of the objects of his pursuit.

The poet next located in Baltimore, where during the summer of 1808 he contributed both prose and verse to various newspapers. The following year he proceeded to New York City, and the next year—1810—married Miss Lydia Reeder. He continued to reside in New York until his death. His married life was happy, although for some years not far removed from want. During the war of 1812 Woodworth conducted a weekly paper entitled "The War," in which he chronicled our victories by land and sea. He edited at the same time a monthly magazine called the "Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository," devoted to the promulgation of the doctrines of Swedenborg, of whom he had been for some time

a sincere disciple. Both of these ventures were financial failures. Discouraged by his lack of success, he felt no inclination to commence any new undertaking on his own responsibility. He therefore applied for and obtained the position of foreman on the "Columbian," one of New York's early daily papers. In 1816 Woodworth wrote "The Champions of Freedom; or, The Mysterious Chief," a two-volume romantic novel of the war of 1812; and at a later date a series of prose papers entitled "The Confessions of a Sensitive Man." He subsequently conducted "The Casket," "The Parthenon," "The Literary Gazette," and published "The Complete Coiffeur." In 1823 he was associated with George P. Morris in establishing and conducting "The New York Mirror," which afterward became the property of Morris and N. P. Willis. It seems to have been the rendezvous of poets. Besides the three associated with it, there were numbered among its contributors Hoffman, Cooper, Sigourney, Fay, Halleck, Leggett, Whittier, Verplank, Irving, and other well-known writers and poets of the day. At this time Woodworth wrote much for the stage. "The Deed of Gift," a comic opera, "Kings Bridge Cot-



"THE DEEP TANGLED WILD-WOOD"

tage," a two-act drama, and "The Forest Rose" were popular for many years.

It is not generally known that several of Woodworth's poems were attributed to Wordsworth, and, as such, became popular in England, and were recopied in the United States as the productions of England's Poet Laureate! Six years previous to his death he suffered an attack of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, and died in New York City in 1842, in the fifty-eighth year of his life. His remains now lie in the Woodworth mausoleum in San Francisco.

Samuel Woodworth's whole career is full of interest. As a poet he has been eulogized by Webster, Channing, Everett, Halleck, Irving, Griswold, Duyckinck, Story, Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent writers. In private life he was kind, gentle, and universally beloved.

The first edition of his poems was published in 1818. The fourth, and last—a two-volume edition, edited by his son—was published by Scribner in 1861. All are now out of print.

Although Woodworth's writings would fill many volumes, his fame rests secure upon one poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," originally published as "The Bucket."

Some years ago the statement was widely circulated that the poem which had made Samuel Woodworth famous was written in a saloon. This report is without foundation in fact. Upon the authority of a member of the Woodworth family, the writer states that the true version is as follows: The poem was written during the summer of 1817, while the family was living on Duane Street, New York. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water—New York pump water—exclaiming as he replaced the water on the table: "That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: "Samuel, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from the depth of his heart the beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth.

The old oaken bucket long since dis-



THE ORCHARD

appeared, but the old well still remains—its water as pure as the poet found it in his boyhood days. The “cot” has given place to a comfortable farm-house; and the old mill and pond remain practically unchanged, but the orchard has nearly disappeared. Two years ago a movement was agitated in California looking toward the erection of a statue or monument in memory of the poet, and in Massachusetts there has been some talk of

purchasing Woodworth’s homestead and dedicating the ground to public use as a park. Nothing substantial, however, has yet been accomplished toward the realization of these projects. Many visitors annually journey to the obscure village of the poet’s boyhood to see the mill and pond and drink from the old well, delighted to visit the scenes made familiar to their parents and grandparents by the musical lines of “The Old Oaken Bucket.”

The Cameo-Cutter

By Clarence Urmey

Worker in that most venerable art
 So much esteemed in mediæval days,
 And now brought forth for fresher, brighter bays,
 What talismanic dreams must crowd thy heart,
 Of brilliant booths in Greek and Roman mart,
 Where careful, cunning workmen deftly raise
 On jasper, onyx, bloodstone, chrysophrase,
 The life and scenes of which they form a part.
 O patient lapidary! in the stone
 What wondrous arabesques of shine and shade
 Abide their time thy tracing to adorn—
 Imprisoned beams, perchance, that one day shone
 In primal Eden-bower, glen or glade,
 Waiting thy touch—their resurrection morn!

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

For Tired Kittens

By B. B. Reeves

Said Kitten Black to Kitten Gray,
Confidingly, one lovely day :
" I'm growing thin as any rail,
Just chasing my rambunctious tail."

Said Kitten Gray to Kitten Black :
" It's evident you are a Jack !
To catch your tail's no work at all :
Just go to sleep curled in a ball ;

" If when you wake you do not stir,
Nor stretch away from where you were,
Beneath your nose you cannot fail
To find a tame and tranquil tail."

Our Nearest Neighbors

By Helen S. Perkins

On one of the streets of the town in which I live stands a little red house. Behind it slopes a broad green meadow, where grow many apple-trees loaded in spring with lovely pink-and-white blossoms, and in autumn with delicious rosy fruit ; and each side of the front door, like sentinels to guard the little red house, stand two pine-trees that have grown so straight from always looking at the sun.

The little red house is a kindergarten, and here every morning comes a merry troop of boys and girls, some with curly and some with straight locks, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, and black-eyed, to spend three hours of happy work and play. Here, too, one bright spring morning, came some one else—a little chipping sparrow who had just come North and was now house-hunting.

She looked at the tall elm-tree just outside the gate, where hung the oriole's deep pocket of a nest, and then at the pile of brush where her cousin the song-sparrow had found a home ; but, like the great bear's and the little bear's chairs, one was too high and the other too low for her, so at last she decided that one of the little pine-trees standing so close to the kindergarten was just right. When the children came at nine o'clock, Mrs. Chippie was busily at work—a wonderful little carpen-

ter, building her own pretty home. She made the outside of the dried grass that she found in the yard, woven together with small twigs ; but for the inside. Prince and Patty, in the field beyond, gave her some black hairs from their tails to make a soft bed for the precious bird babies who should come some day.

You may be sure the children were delighted with their new neighbor, and all the crumbs from the lunch were saved for her, and some of the seeds from Buttercup's—the canary's—cage were strewn under the tree, in case she might like variety in her diet.

One day in May the biggest boy in the kindergarten climbed up on the fence. From there he could easily reach the tree, and, pushing the branches aside very gently, he looked into the little nest. There lay five greenish-blue eggs, so prettily flecked with brown, cuddled close together. Day after day, we could just see the chestnut cap of Mother Chippie as she sat upon them and kept them warm under her soft gray breast.

Patient little mother, there she sat, day and night, and it was not often that we could get even a glimpse of her treasures. She was kept well supplied with food by the children, and a little dish of water was put on the fence so that she might have a well in her back yard, so to speak, and not be obliged to leave those precious eggs to grow cold while she went in search of water.

When one morning we heard Mrs. Chippie calling "Come! come! come!" in her loudest tones, we knew the babies had finally appeared. It was hard to tell which was the more delighted, the children or the little bird mother. From his watch-tower on top of the fence the biggest boy reported that there were no eggs at all in the nest, but five baby birds—not very beautiful babies to any one but their mother. I have no doubt she thought them the daintiest little darlings in the world, and possessed of enormous mouths and appetites to correspond. We watched

them day after day, as their mother fed them, taught them to say "Chip! chip! chip!" and we were present at the first flying lesson, when one of the babies ignominiously tumbled to the ground and had to be rescued and put back on the tree again, until at last they grew old enough to fly away and make homes for themselves. And when the children scattered for their summer vacation I think their own homes and their own dear mothers were dearer for this little glimpse of the bird world.

Bossy's Entering the World

The children were delighted. They had watched the driver coming up the street, and their tender little hearts were saddened by the sight of the weak, tiny calf driven along with the strong cows and bulls, with no thought of its weak, wobbly legs by the driver.

Their father was as tender-hearted as the children, and he bought the calf, and drove it through the front door into the little back yard, where the grass grew up in little tufts between stones, cinders, and the usual things to be found in a yard surrounded by tall tenements. Other children in this region had goats for pets, but these little ones were envied by all their little friends. A calf promised so many things—milk, butter, buttermilk—besides all the love and pleasure she would give.

The calf grew. She had the sweetest temper and warmest heart that ever was. Every dainty that could appeal to the appetite of a growing calf was saved and fed to her. If only those five little loving barefoot children could have seen the future, so near and so shadowed!

One day the terrible discovery was made that Bossy had outgrown the back yard. This was not because Bossy was so enormous, but the back yard was so small. What was to be done?

The limits of the yard were settled. There were the walls of the tall tenements. Not only was the terrible discovery made of Bossy's dimensions exceeding the capacity of the back yard, but she seemed to grow larger every day.

To this was added another terrible discovery. Bossy had outgrown the width of the doors that had gladly closed between her and the cruel drivers. Friends advised, but they did not help.

The butcher came and bought Bossy, but he could not remove her. The question roused the neighborhood. The children were in despair. She could not stay in the yard, and no one could get her out.

The butcher came one morning and gave orders that Bossy must not be fed. Loud were the protests, but the butcher convinced them all that Bossy must have more room, light, and air, and the doors were the only means of reaching these.

The day came when it was thought Bossy could go into that outer world that would offer her fitting opportunities. All gathered to see her pass triumphantly where she had entered so meekly.

She passed through the back door and into the hall, but the front door was too narrow.

The butcher, the children, and their father looked at each other in despair. The butcher called for a hammer. It was given to him. He removed a part of the door-frame, and proudly led Bossy through.

"Well," said the father, "when I buy another cow, it will be a rabbit."

He was thinking of the back yard.

From the Vine to the Box

Raisins, as you know doubtless, are dried grapes. But the raisin-grape is of a peculiar kind. It is said that the country is indebted to a few men for the introduction of the raisin industry in California. These men went abroad and studied the process of raisin growing and drying, and spent money in their efforts to prove that it would be a profitable business in this country.

The grapes are picked and must be dried out-of-doors.

When the grapes are ripe, the bunches of the best grapes are very large. These are laid on wooden trays. When the grapes on one side are dried, they are inverted on another tray, as the raisins that are handled least are best. When dried, which involves watching the trays and tipping them to catch the sun as much and long as possible, they are put in boxes, and in these boxes taken to the packing-houses. Now a sorting process begins. This gives employment to many people. It is said that in the harvest or gathering season, miles of wagons pass over the roads loaded with the grapes and

raisins. The children have so many of these to eat that they do not stop to pick up the bunches that fall from the wagons.

The best raisins are packed in wooden boxes of sierra-wood, and the paper and decoration used on them improve every year.

The making of the boxes and of the decoration gives employment to many people. Whenever you eat a raisin, think of the sunny vineyards of California and the hundreds of men, women, and children who work in them to give you this delicacy.

The City of Toy-Makers

Nuremberg, an ancient city in Germany, is the home of the toy-makers. Hundreds of makers of toys live in this city. The houses are tall and have high roofs, which have two and sometimes three tiers of windows. The toy-makers have their factories and shops, and live in one of these buildings often. Each family has a specialty. One will make wooden toys, another tin, another papier maché. One will make only tin kitchens, while another will make only tin soldiers; another man makes only magnetic toys—the fishes that will follow a magnet—while another will make the toys that are run by clockwork. In some houses only the members of a family are employed; in others many outsiders. This old city is noted for its skilled workers. Beautiful carving in wood and ivory is made here, and very beautiful ironwork. The people pride themselves on doing beautiful work, and the little children are trained to admire the artistic and the skillfully made. They learn to imitate the beautiful things that are made in their homes; and that is why Nuremberg is the center of the trades that require daintiness and skill and a love of the beautiful.

A Protector and Guide

Three little girls went berrying recently, going up the side of a mountain. Sunset came and the little girls did not come back, so the family went after them; but night came and they had not been found. All night long the people searched, but there was no sign of the children. Word

was sent out, and all the neighbors joined in the search.

Early the next morning the bark of a dog was heard, and the people shouted. There was a sound of crashing in the bushes far up the side of the mountain, and the dog that had gone with the little girls came bounding into the path barking with all his might.

When he saw the people, he turned about and went bounding, running, and barking joyfully up the mountain. The people followed, and there they found the three little girls sitting close together under the protection of a big rock. The dog had laid at their feet all night, and only left them when he heard the voices, to guide the hunters to them.

Sleep-Fairy

By Annie E. Tynan

"Heigho, my precious!" sings the little brown Mary,

"Baby is sleepy, and Mary is too;
So shut the white eyelids and hark for Sleep-Fairy;

She'll come with her dream-songs to sister and you.

Hear her soft mantle among the high grasses!

Hear the sweet twang as she touches her strings!

All the winds pause when her fairy harp passes,

And all the birds listen when Sleep-Fairy sings.

"Heigho, my primrose, the daylight is sleeping!

Draw the white curtains across your blue eyes.

Shut out the shadows that round us come creeping;

For night never darkens in Sleep-Fairy's skies.

See how the daisies nid-nod as they listen!

All the brown bunnies lie warm in their nests.

Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes glisten—

Sleep-Fairy sings while the busy world rests."

—St. Nicholas.



Correspondence

Cuban Character

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I have recently read the article published in *The Outlook* under the title of Cuban Character. It pleased me very much, and I wished to show you the approval of one who is living with them. Most Americans who come here stay for about two weeks, and usually come in contact with no one but waiters, merchants, or hack-drivers, who are almost always Spaniards! They go back to the States and air an opinion which is biased in the extreme, and never think how much harm they are doing the real Cubans. I have, like the writer of the article, lived with them and have been brought in contact with all classes, and am able, I think, now to have an opinion of their character. His ideas coincide with my observations entirely, though, of course, there is a certain higher educated class which is much superior, as there is a lower class that is much inferior, to his character sketch, which, as I read it, is a boiling down of all classes and getting an average out of the result. I am sorry to have taken up this much of your time, but could not help letting you see my approval of the article.

WILLIAM N. BISPHAM,

Ad. Surg. U. S. A. .

Chief Surgeon's Office, Department of Havana.

Already United States Territory

To the Editors of The Outlook :

It appears to me that the fact that the Philippine Islands are United States territory is a most important factor in the settlement of the Philippine question. That they are a part of the territory of the United States is settled by treaty and recognized by the whole civilized world. The Filipinos are inhabitants of the United States, and possess the rights of citizenship. It is the constitutional duty of the Government to establish law and order in the Philippines, and to protect each individual there in his personal liberties as thoroughly as a citizen of the States is protected. If it be necessary to send a million soldiers there to establish authority, law, and order, it is the

duty of the Government to send them, and that promptly.

Our dilemma in this matter is made unavoidable by the lack of wisdom in making such a treaty. The Filipino must submit or die.

The Outlook's heart is all right on the settlement of the Philippine question; but such a settlement as it desires is one of the grand ideas made, by governmental blundering, impossible to be realized. The Outlook says: "The duty of the United States respecting the Philippines is exactly what it is respecting Cuba—first, to disperse all armed forces and establish order based on law and justice; and, when that is accomplished, leave the government and control of the island to its people." With respect to Cuba, we have bound ourselves to do so, and declared it to the world; with respect to Porto Rico and the Philippines we declared no such thing, and now our hands are tied.

The Outlook suggests that the question of belonging to the United States or not be left in due time to the vote of the people of Cuba and the territory acquired from Spain. Such a move on the part of Cuba is very proper; she would be voting to come in; but Porto Rico and the Philippines would have to vote on going out—a most radical difference—for they are already in. There is an acknowledged constitutional right of our Government to acquire territory, but none to let it go. "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever," is one of the strong principles of our Government, emphasized by a great war; and the idea of permitting Porto Rico or the Philippines, or any of our territory, to deliberately resolve by ballot to go out is an idle dream.

Oral, Mich.

S. D. WATSON.

Retributive Justice

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Your article on the Fetich should be widely read and pondered. The Fetich rages also among examining boards for teachers from Florida to Maine. In Florida a successful teacher holds a certificate for four years at longest; then he

must either stop teaching or pass a fresh examination, to qualify himself to continue in the profession. There is no such thing as vacation rest; the whip and spur of elementary examinations are forever active. The Teachers' Institute must also be supported, and attendance is virtually compulsory. Is it known what great mind originated the Fetich? Internal evidence points to that style of School Board or Legislative Committee which would fain set the universe in order, discipline everybody into line, and send stragglers about their business; which is ready to supply the world with machine-run architecture, and voters as well as students and teachers. The brethren probably were stirred to emulation by the civil service system. Why not apply it everywhere and every time, and thus tackle and shackle teachers themselves with a noose of their own expert making?

It really seems like retributive justice, and the most extraordinary thing is that the whole teaching corps has submissively put on the harness far and wide, apparently without flinching or wincing. The fact is, teachers dare not confess that they do not stand prepared every day and hour to take all manner of examinations. Omniscience is expected by school boards, and by not a few pupils—the precocities who are always probing their teacher's knowledge instead of increasing their own. The system has spread over the land, as panics have a fashion of spreading; it should be reasoned down before it is legislated that the test be applied to candidates for college presidency. Those already seated would do well to hold down their chairs vigorously. It is very doubtful whether Seth Low or President Eliot would be able to "pass" into other positions if examined on elementary studies. I am unfamiliar with the customs in California, but trust that "the powers that be" there are not preparing to worry the new and brilliant President of the State University, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, with elementary examinations. If such things are to be, why should not the public demand that, first of all, school boards and college examining committees be examined

to make sure of their competency to examine? Alas that these searching tests do not secure the results we all desire! Alas for the fact indisputable that the English both written and spoken by students who have successfully passed not only entrance but final examinations at our schools and universities, and by men and women who have passed and repassed the examinations guarding the portals of the teacher's profession, should be so often a shock to ears polite, ears cultivated and sensitive though perhaps less skilled in mere text-book knowledge. How much is the teaching capacity of a candidate increased by having been able to answer such questions as these taken from a list which has seen much active service? "Draw a township, number its sections, subdivide its twentieth section into quarter-quarters, and its S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ section of the northeast quarter into quarter-quarter-quarters, and make a cross in the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$," and "Have you attended a teachers' Summer School this year? If yes, 20 credits. If no, no credits." We are reminded of the old saw, "Do you like cheese?" Ans. "No, but my brother plays the German flute."

I know a woman of mature years and of wisdom which has come from intellectual growth, of French stock and a student and teacher most of her life of the French language and literature. She spends her vacation in studying to keep abreast with the newest literature and methods in her specialty. She can and has carried off the highest university credits in examinations on the critical study of Corneille or Racine or French construction; and yet when she is selected by a Boston superintendent as the most desirable special instructor he can find, she is not able to accept the position, because she has neither strength nor courage to prepare herself for examinations in physics, algebra, geometry, chemistry, and other studies which she disposed of as a schoolgirl and which have no bearing on her chosen work in life. If this system is persevered in, we shall have nothing but misfits in school positions—the mechanical toy.

Ithaca N. Y.

S. W. M.



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An Editorial Change With this week's issue of The Outlook the two Departments entitled respectively "The Religious World" and "The Home Club" are discontinued; at the same time the space devoted to a review of the week is proportionately enlarged, and hereafter events of importance in the ecclesiastical and the domestic worlds will be treated as are other events in the editorial pages of The Outlook. Setting the Religious World off in a department by itself is not consistent with the spirit of this paper. No other truth seems to us more fundamental, more important, or more needing emphasis in our time than the truth that religion is not a department in life, and that when we try to make it so it ceases to be religion. Religion is a standard by which all life is to be measured, a principle by which all life is to be governed, a spirit by which all life is to be imbued—the spirit of hope and faith and love. Similarly, the distinction between topics which belong to the home and those which do not belong to it is a purely conventional distinction. The home touches the great world outside at every point. Is the question of woman's suffrage political or domestic? It is both. Is the question of home sanitation domestic or municipal? It is both. Where belong questions of education and industry? They belong alike to the home, the State, the Church, and the individual. Hereafter, therefore, all topics—the so-called religious and the so-called secular, the domestic, the industrial, the ecclesiastical, and the political—will be treated, without attempt at formal separation, in our editorial pages; and as every paragraph, as well as every longer editorial, has its title, it will be easy for the reader to make such classification in his reading as he may like, omitting what

does not concern him and reading what does.



Admiral Dewey in Washington

Following the splendid reception at New York, it was feared by some that the Washington welcome to Admiral Dewey might suffer by contrast. If the New York ceremonies were unprecedented in the history of the metropolis, so the Washington ceremonies were also unprecedented in the history of the capital. It was a genuine home-coming as well, for henceforth Washington is to be the Admiral's official residence. He was immediately received at the White House by President McKinley and the members of his Cabinet. On the following day he was escorted by the President and Cabinet in public procession to the Capitol—an honor never before paid to any American. An escort was formed by the Governors of eight or more States with their staffs. Many regulars and marines were in line, and, when the Admiral alighted, a procession of girls marched before him as he went to the Capitol, and strewed his path with roses. The presentation of the sword was prefaced by an eloquent address from Secretary Long. The President's speech was as follows:

Admiral Dewey: From your entrance in the harbor of New York with your gallant crew and valiant ship, the demonstrations which everywhere have greeted you reveal the public esteem of your heroic action and the fullness of the love in which you are held by your country. The voice of the Nation is lifted in praise and gratitude for the distinguished and memorable services you have rendered the country, and all the people give you affectionate welcome home, in which I join with all my heart. Your victory exalted American valor and extended American authority. There was no flaw in your victory; there will be no faltering in maintaining it. It gives me extreme pleasure and great honor in behalf of all the

people to hand you this sword, the gift of the Nation voted by the Congress of the United States.



Admiral Dewey's Reply When it became necessary for Admiral Dewey to reply, he twice made an effort to speak before his voice would respond. He finally replied as follows:

I thank you, Mr. President, for this great honor you have conferred upon me. I thank the Congress for what it has done. I thank the Secretary of the Navy for his gracious words. I thank my countrymen for this beautiful gift, which shall be an heirloom in my family forever as an evidence that republics are not ungrateful; and I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Committee, for the gracious, cordial, and kindly welcome which you have given me to my home.

The same evening, in honor of Admiral Dewey President McKinley gave the largest dinner-party in the history of the White House, covers being laid for over eighty persons. Other interesting events of the week have been the Admiral's formal acceptance of the house presented to him by the Nation, and his formal detachment, at his own request, from the Olympia, thus terminating his connection with a cruiser which for more than two years has been his home. On Sunday Admiral Dewey attended service at St. John's, where he is an old parishioner. At his request two formal prayers were added to the usual ritual. One of these gave thanks to "Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of All the World, in whose hand is power and might, which none is able to withstand," and for "all the victories and deliverances of the last two years." The other offered thanks for "conducting in safety through the perils of the great deep this Thy servant, who now desireth to return his thanks unto Thee in Thy holy church."



Admiral Dewey's Advice The most important event of last week in connection with the campaign in the Philippines was the order by President McKinley and Secretary Long, made on Admiral Dewey's advice, for the immediate despatch of four war vessels to augment Rear-Admiral Watson's naval force at Manila. The opinion of the Admiral of the Navy is that ships are quite as necessary in the Philippines as troops. With

the establishment of a hard and fast blockade the insurgents will be cut off from the outer world. They will be compelled to depend entirely on their own limited resources. It is a pity that the Administration has apparently had to wait for Admiral Dewey's return before deciding on a course the desirability of which has long been evident. Three of the ships already selected are the armored cruiser Brooklyn, the protected cruiser New Orleans, and the gunboat Nashville. At present the Asiatic squadron consists of the Oregon, Baltimore, Charleston, Concord, Petrel, Monadnock, Monterey, the rescued Spanish prizes, and, last, and surely least, the old Monocacy, which for years has rested placidly in the mud at Wusung, China. It is to be hoped that Admiral Dewey has also offered another bit of advice in the interviews which he has had with President McKinley, namely, that General Otis be relieved of some of the many duties which he is now called upon to fulfill. According to Admiral Dewey, General Otis is endeavoring to be Military Governor, Civil Governor, and Supreme Judge at one and the same time. It is not surprising, then, that we have not had at Manila some development of that civilizing progress which has characterized the administration of General Wood at Santiago, General Ludlow at Havana, and General Henry in Porto Rico. Again, even in the military sense, General Otis was not selected as an ideal candidate for the command he now holds. General Merritt was the officer chosen as being fitted for the solution of army difficulties in the Philippines; General Otis merely succeeded to the command.



The Philippines The events of last week near Manila encouraged the hope of a speedy ending of the war. The Filipinos released some of their prisoners, and a communication from the insurgent Governor was presented. The letter was declined. The insurgent officers then declared that Aguinaldo desired to end the war. General Otis believed that the action was a trick to obtain some acknowledgment by our authorities. At Imus, south of Manila, General Lawton obtained a decided victory over the insurgents, in which he was effectively aided

by marines from the fleet. Later General Schwan occupied Cavite Viejo, and Novleta, near by. Our evacuation of Porac, north of Manila, was followed by its re-occupation by the insurgents, who are now endeavoring to get control of Calamba. The expedition sent to the Orani River to recover the sunken gunboat Urdaneta returned to Cavite with the hull of the gunboat. On Monday of this week, however, the depressing news arrived that the insurgents had attacked the suburb of Laloma, only four miles from the center of Manila.

Self-Government in the Philippines

Previous reports intimating that General Otis has proposed a comprehensive scheme of local government for all cities and towns in Luzon occupied by American forces appear to be semi-officially confirmed. The plan involves the election of a municipal council, a mayor or president, to be elected by a *viva voce* vote of the residents of the town, the president's election to be approved by the commanding officer. The general government of the municipality is apparently to be vested in this president and council, the latter subject to supervisory control by the military authorities. This attempt to establish local self-government in the island is praiseworthy, but is not likely to be very effective. We must first get the control before we exercise it, we must establish our authority before we delegate it to others. The value of this attempt will be chiefly in the assurance it may convey to the Filipinos of our intention to intrust them with powers of local self-government similar to those exercised in American communities. As an object-lesson it may have moral effect. As a basis of future government it can hardly be permanently effective.

Secretary Root's Speech

The most notable feature of President McKinley's Western tour was the speech by Secretary Root at the Marquette Club dinner in Chicago. The following paragraph from that speech is an official statement of the present condition of our resources in the Philippines, and is for this reason of historical importance:

Well, the army, 17,000 of them, have been brought back from the other side of the world,

and 27,000, another army, have been sent and are there to-day. Seventeen thousand more are on the road and 17,000 more are in camp to-day, ready. By the 15th of November 49,000 American troops will answer to the commands of Generals Otis and Lawton and MacArthur. By the end of the following month 65,000 will be there. They are the best youth of America. Let me tell you that in the month of July we enlisted 2,900 men for the regular army, and they were enlisted out of 14,000 applicants, of over whom 11,000 were rejected on examination.

Mr. Root effectively restates the cause of the expansionists in response to the criticism made against the course of the present Administration. It is, in brief, that there is no Filipino nation to whom we can transfer the responsibilities of government; that the people do not consider themselves capable of government, since the most advanced of them have asked nothing more than the right to govern themselves under the protection of the United States—that is, "liberty to make wars and that we should aid them," that a vast majority of the Tagals, men who own the property, do the business, and possess the intelligence, are ready and anxious for the protective government of the United States; that, in brief—

We are fighting against the selfish ambition of a military dictator brought from exile by an American ship, furnished with arms by American soldiers and sailors, who has been permitted to gather all the forces of disorder. All the men who prefer a life of brigandage to a life of industry, around the paralyzed Spanish army during the ten months when America was prevented by her international obligations and the faith of her protocol from interfering; who was permitted to gather them by American sufferance; who has attained supreme power by the assassination of his rival, and who maintains it by the arrest and punishment of every one who favors the United States, and the murder of every one whom he can reach who obeys her. The closest analogy to be found in our experience to Aguinaldo is the perpetual military revolutionist of Central America.

If this is a somewhat one-sided and partial presentation of the Nation's cause, we believe it to be far more accurate than that presentation which finds currency in the anti-imperialistic press, and to which it is a reply.

Boer War Preparations War preparations in the Transvaal have also been of interest. The necessary conscription has entailed the closing of the

civil courts, as the burghers are now all in the active army. Last week the Mining Commissioner recalled his official proclamation of the week previous, which had stated that, in the event of war, mines could be worked and miners would be protected. This assurance has now been withdrawn, and the Commissioner advises all British subjects to leave the Transvaal as soon as possible. Gold in transit, valued at two million five hundred thousand dollars, has been detained by the Transvaal authorities. This act has been severely criticised in many quarters. On Friday of last week the Transvaal Government issued a Green Book referring to Great Britain's interference in the internal affairs of the South African Republic. President Kruger explains, in his reply to Mr. Chamberlain, that if the Outlanders had first addressed the Transvaal instead of Great Britain, their complaints would have been immediately heeded. He also alleges that those complaints emanate from "a small body of British who are breeding race hatred and a revolutionary movement." If, the reply adds, the real character of the "South African League" were exposed,

The Afrianders would then no longer fear that the interests of the British Empire necessarily implied the destruction of the two republics and the enslavement of the Afriander population, and the white races in South Africa would return to the brotherly harmony that had set in until a treacherous complot, at the end of 1895, revived passion on both sides.



British War Preparations

On Saturday of last week in Privy Council at Balmoral the Queen assented to the calling of Parliament, to the mobilization of the Reserves, and to the continuance in the army of all soldiers now serving who, in ordinary circumstances, would be entitled to discharge or transfer to the Reserves. A royal proclamation was immediately signed and published. Under this proclamation twenty-five thousand men will be summoned. The British Government has already chartered a large number of vessels to be used as transports, among them the Aurania, Servia, and Cephalonia, of the Cunard Line, the Nomadic of the White Star Line, the Mohawk and the America of the Atlantic Transport Company, the Mongolian and three other ves-

sels from the Allan-State Line, together with ships from the Wilson and Furness-Leyland Lines. Owing to the chartering of so many boats, the predicted increase in freight rates has already begun to manifest itself. Offerings of freight for shipment are also becoming comparatively small, the shippers waiting for the outcome of affairs. It is interesting to note that the British Government has given out a large order for our horses and mules, in spite of the fact that the price is one-third higher than a year ago. The British Government is also sending a large quantity of balloon material to South Africa, the War Office considering that ballooning will prove of especial value in the guerrilla fighting expected. The staff of General Sir Redvers Buller, who is to command the British forces in South Africa, has been officially gazetted. It is the largest since the Crimean War.



President Steyn and Sir Alfred Milner

On Monday of this week the recent correspondence between President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, and Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner for South Africa, was published. In a communication dated September 26 President Steyn pointed out that the tone of the British despatches was altered, and that the Imperial Government had departed from the original basis of negotiations with the Transvaal. On his advice, the Transvaal had agreed to the holding of an inquiry. The Free State was still prepared to render its services to procure a solution of the difficulties. It felt hampered, however, by want of knowledge of the definite object and the extent of the demands of the Imperial Government; also by the fact that the Imperial Government was pursuing a policy justifying conclusions contrary to its own assurances that it did not wish to interfere with the internal affairs of the Transvaal or to disturb its independence. The Free State, added Mr. Steyn, will not concede that the differences regarding the franchise or the representation in the Volksraad justify the extensive and ever-increasing military preparations being made upon the borders, not only of the Transvaal, but also upon those of the Free State. On October 1 President Steyn informed Sir Alfred Mil-

ner that, in order to allay the excitement of the Orange and Transvaal Boers arising from the continued increase and movements of British troops, he repeated his offer of aid in securing a friendly settlement. Replying on the same date, Sir Alfred Milner refers to the mobilization of the Transvaal forces on the Natal border as indicating a possible intention of immediate invasion of the Queen's dominion. President Steyn replied that the action of the Transvaal was only the natural result of the continued increase of the British forces and their movement in the direction of the Transvaal border. On October 3 Sir Alfred Milner answered that all the movements of the troops were made necessary by the natural alarm felt by the inhabitants of the exposed district, and declared that these movements were not comparable in magnitude with the recent massing of armed Transvaal forces on the borders of Natal. On the same date President Steyn replied that the increasing British military preparation retarded the efforts of all who were working to maintain peace. It was his earnest conviction that on those who introduced the military element and on those who had continued a policy of menace and intervention would rest the responsibilities should all effort fail to secure peace and an honorable settlement. He further said that, in view of the action of the British authorities, the reasonable request of the Orange Free State had not only been ignored, but the activity in military preparations was proceeding more persistently than ever.

The Kimberley Mines

Though the Orange Boers have not so many bitter anti-British memories as have the Transvaal Boers, there is one memory which dies hard in the Free State. When, in 1871, diamonds were discovered at Kimberley, Great Britain was quick to claim the region now known as Griqualand West. As the Free State also claimed it, the British purchased an old native chief's claims and pushed them as its own. Meanwhile the matter was referred to arbitration by Great Britain in the face of the Free State's protest against any arbitration. The umpire of this so-called arbitration was a British officer. He de-

cided in favor of Great Britain. The Free State again protested, but by this time thousands of unruly miners had arrived, hence the British claimed with justice that they alone were strong enough to protect the now turbulent region. The Free State was too weak to fight, but Mr. Brand, its President, went to London to make a last protest. Finally the Free State was induced to accept four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the forfeiture of its claims. Since the cession that property has yielded more than four hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds. This production would have been much augmented but for the fact that Mr. Rhodes and his friends made an agreement by which the annual output was so limited as to meet but not much exceed the annual demand of the world's diamond markets. The supply at Kimberley is so plentiful that, in other parts of the world, diamond-digging has almost ceased; it now amounts to but two per cent. of the whole. The Kimberley mines pay ten million dollars a year profit on a nominal capital of double that amount.



Redistribution of Seats in Parliament

If the distribution of seats in the British Parliament were equal, there would be one member for every 9,851 votes. As a matter of fact, however, the boroughs are of various populations between the extremes of 1,784 and 26,731 votes. The present disparity favors Ireland, but bears heavily upon England. Ireland has at present one hundred and three members to a population of about six million, while the city of London itself, with a scarcely smaller population, has only fifty-nine members. Under an equal distribution Ireland would have seventy-four members instead of a hundred and three, and England five hundred members instead of four hundred and sixty-five. Before the recent adjournment of the House of Commons, many Unionist members signed a memorial to the Government looking to the removal of the present disparity. The memorial suggested that (1) a readjustment of the graver anomalies should be made before the next dissolution; (2) such readjustment need not necessarily involve a general redistribution or an alteration in more

than one-fifth of the constituencies; (3) the principle adopted should be submitted to the members specially interested early in the session in which the matter is dealt with, in order to give time for careful consideration. In reply, Mr. Balfour, Government leader in the House, said that he would bring the resolution before his colleagues at the earliest opportunity. It is expected by those who enjoy the confidence of the Government that it will rid the country of the present absurd anomalies in one of the sessions of the present Parliament. The best plan of readjustment would be an automatic one, which, after every census, would involve a rearrangement of Parliamentary seats. Both Conservatives and Liberals would benefit by such a reform: the first by the inevitable reduction in the number of Irish members; the second by the inevitable increase in the representation of London.



The Rilands Library On Friday of last week, at Manchester, England, there was opened the finest library memorial ever given by one person in Great Britain. Some time since Mrs. Rilands, a wealthy woman, purchased the extremely valuable Althorp library, which had been offered for sale. It is supposed that the price paid was about \$1,250,000. Mrs. Rilands has spent as much more in the erection of a magnificent structure as the appropriate home for the library, which, together with the buildings, she has now presented to Manchester. It was only fitting that the authorities should confer upon her the freedom of the city—the first time a woman has ever received a similar honor from Manchester. The library is especially rich in early English literature: its collection of Caxtons is of peculiar interest and value. Despite the rare character of most of the books, such favorable conditions have been established as to insure freest inspection on the part of the public, consistent with proper preservation. The noble memorial which Mrs. Rilands has thus established in memory of her husband in the great Northern manufacturing and mercantile center should be an object-lesson to rich people not only in England but elsewhere.

A Franco-German Understanding?

To the possibility that one day there may be but three single-state Great Powers in the world, England, Russia, and the United States, Germans not unnaturally add a fourth, namely, all Continental Europe, except Russia, under their leadership. Such a leadership is not impossible. To its accomplishment it would be necessary to arrive, first of all, at a Franco-German understanding. Some statesmen in Germany believe that such a combination will be necessary in the very near future. For example, Professor Schmoller declares that this combination must soon be made "in order to keep in check the three giant Powers—Russia, England, and the United States." An even more famous member of the University of Berlin, Professor Mommsen, adds that "the future of our civilization will be based upon a friendly understanding between Germany and France." A Franco-German understanding, however, is no particularly new notion. Thirty years ago it was discussed by Counts Bismarck and Benedetti on behalf of their respective countries. They had then a crafty scheme in prospect. The German Chancellor coveted the neighboring little kingdom of Holland and its colonies. As for the covetousness of France for Belgium and its great African outlet, the Congo State, the desirable harbor of Antwerp has probably as much to do with such a wish (there is no very good French harbor on the English Channel coast) as have the immense industrial resources of Belgium. France may remember, however, that she was one of the Great Powers which collectively placed themselves under the obligation of protecting Belgium's autonomy and integrity. It must be admitted that, in developing a desire on both sides of the frontier for a Franco-German understanding, William II. has shown himself to be a past-master in that particular art of diplomacy. We have already called attention to his admirable speech commemorating the French as well as the German dead on the field of Saint-Privat. We have also to remember his recent interchange of telegrams with President Loubet following the visit to a French cruiser, and his seizure of every circumstance, such as the death of any great French soldier, to send one

of his always well-worded despatches to France. It is undoubtedly he who has now inspired the semi-official "Kölnische Zeitung" to say that, because of recent rebuffs in colonial enterprises, the French realize more than ever that they and the Germans have many things in common and very few conflicting interests. This wooing has met with amicable rejoinders from a number of French papers; and, among French statesmen, M. Leroy-Beaulieu has declared that the formation of a solid federation of the hitherto divided peoples of the European Continent is an absolute necessity.



Russia, and Siberia The hope of Russia in developing Siberia is that the harvests of the gigantic province will supply Russian grain needs. The efforts, therefore, recently put forth toward attracting Siberian immigrants have been great, but it appears that the province is worthy of such inducements. Its five million square miles have at present a population of four million people, but, owing to Russian energy, last year's addition amounted to no less than four hundred thousand persons. Mr. Monaghan, our Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, reports to the State Department that this movement is unequaled anywhere except in the records of past immigration into the United States. He says that Siberia, long looked upon as a barren waste, is destined to be one of the world's richest and most productive sections. "In northern France wheat ripens in 137 days; in Siberia, in 107 days. Even strong night frosts do not injure the young seed. I may add that oats require in Siberia and the Amur country only 96 days, and in the regions of the Yenisei only 107. The frost period lasts only 97 days in the Irkutsk country." Speaking of the Yenisei, it may not be known that ten steamers carry the mail regularly on that river. The Obi has already a hundred steamers and two hundred tugs in service. As to the other important industrial development of Siberia, namely, mining, Mr. Monaghan reports that between Tomsk and Kuznesk there lie over twenty-three thousand square miles of coal lands which have never been touched. The iron mines are particularly good in quality, yielding as high as sixty

per cent. In eastern Siberia alone there are over four hundred places yielding gold. Russia's place as a world-power is thus likely to receive abundant substantiation in the near future.



**Russian Advance in
Central Asia**

The completion of a branch line from Merv on the Russian Central Asiatic Railway to Kushk on the Afghan frontier may be regarded as a significant step in advance, not only for Russia but also for England. It has an immediate significance to the first Power, first, from a commercial standpoint, because opening to the modern world a great tract, once one of the most fertile in the world, but needing the impetus and advantages of quick transportation to compete with more western lands and regain its old-time income. Secondly, the completion of the Merv-Kushk railway is significant to Russians, for it affords an easy and speedy passage to their soldiers and guns almost to the coveted Herat—not only "the garden of Afghanistan," but also the gate to India. To England, however, the gain is not so immediately apparent. More and more, however, Englishmen are chafing at the long sea journey to India. They rebel at spending seventeen days in doing what might be accomplished in five or six. Rival governmental barriers and jealousies have hitherto been a factor in keeping the British from reaching India by rail, but that leveler of the mountains of political prejudice will not be always kept from its logical work. Indian travelers have been drawing lines across the map from London to Karachi and Bombay. One set of lines comprises a railway journey from Calais to Brindisi, a Mediterranean sea trip to Alexandretta, and then the proposed Euphrates Valley line to India. Another line, and a straighter, comprises the journey from Calais to Karachi by the following itinerary—Berlin, Warsaw, Rostov (near the Sea of Azov), Baku, thence two hundred miles across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk, the western terminus of the great Central Asian Railway, which already extends to Samarkand and is expected to tap western China at Kashgar. From Krasnovodsk the Indian traveler would proceed over the Central Asian line to Merv, thence by the new line to Kushk,

and thence by the only part to be built—a stretch of, say, four hundred and fifty miles through Afghanistan, probably by way of Girishk and Kandahar, reaching the Indian frontier and the railway world again at Chaman on the way to Karachi or Calcutta. Such a new highway might do much towards bringing together in prosaic, every-day relations the two mightiest of empires. As we have before said, their union means peace to Chinese Asia; it means peace not only to that vast region, but also to the vaster domain occupied by the Russian Khanates to the north and by the empire of India to the south of Afghanistan.

Austrian and Spanish Cabinet Changes

On the resignation, week before last, of the Austrian Cabinet under Count Thun, the Emperor Francis Joseph intrusted the task of forming a new Cabinet to Count Clary, formerly Governor of the province of Styria. Count Clary was successful in this task, and last week the Emperor approved the assignments of portfolios. One member succeeds himself, namely, Dr. von Kindtger, as Minister of Justice. He was formerly President of the Provincial Court of Trieste. Drs. von Hartel, as Minister of Education, Stibral, as Minister of Commerce, and Kniazolucki, as Minister of Finance, were the Departmental Chiefs in the Ministries of which they have now become the respective heads. It is hoped that the new Ministry will deal fearlessly with the question of languages in Bohemia and Moravia, a problem which has seemingly insufficiently enlisted the energies of the preceding Badeni and Thun Cabinets. This question involves to a large extent the loyalty of Germans in the Empire. In Spain, on the refusal of General Polavieja to reduce his estimates of national defense, the entire Cabinet resigned. The particular question at issue was that of an extraordinary credit to be used in increasing and strengthening frontier fortifications. The Queen-Regent, however, with her customary cleverness, persuaded all the members of the Cabinet except General Polavieja to continue in office, and a new War Minister, General Azcarraga, more amenable to economy, was appointed.

The Political Situation The Massachusetts Republican Convention held in Boston last week indorsed the administration of President McKinley, and expressed the profound trust of Massachusetts Republicans that the hostilities in the Philippines would speedily be ended and a government established "as free, as liberal, and as progressive as our own, in accordance with the sacred principles of liberty and self-government." The supporters of Senators Hoar and Lodge both express themselves satisfied with the resolution. The other declarations of importance were a condemnation of trusts and monopolies, a demand for National legislation to build up our merchant marine, a reaffirmation of the party's allegiance to the cause of Civil Service Reform, and a moderate plank favoring greater restrictions upon immigration. Lieutenant-Governor Crane was nominated for Governor. In Maryland the State campaign is being conducted almost solely upon State issues. The Republicans have been embarrassed by the factional quarrel which Senator Wellington pettishly aggravated by resigning his post on the campaign committee. The chances seem to favor Democratic success, though this result, if achieved, will have little significance. In Pennsylvania the Democrats are endeavoring to conduct the campaign entirely upon State issues, and the Republicans just as assiduously are endeavoring to conduct it entirely upon National issues. The Democrats have as their candidate for State Treasurer a farmer whose record appeals strongly to ballot reformers and Civil Service Reformers, but the indications are that the Quay machine has succeeded in keeping the great body of its Republican critics in line. In Kentucky the Democratic faction opposed to the election of Senator Goebel—who represents in Kentucky exactly what ex-Senator Quay represents in Pennsylvania—is still conducting a vigorous campaign in favor of ex-Governor Brown. Inasmuch, however, as this faction is made up chiefly of silver men, and inasmuch as Mr. Bryan is to enter the campaign in support of the regular nominees for Governor and United States Senator, it is feared that the revolt will lose in strength before election day. In Ohio, Iowa, and Nebraska the campaign is being

conducted purely upon National issues, with "expansion" or "imperialism" in the foreground. In Ohio the Democratic opposition to Mr. McLean seems to be offset by the lukewarmness of the Bushnell-Foraker faction of the Republicans, and the result seems somewhat doubtful. The fact that the vote by which Governor Bushnell was elected in 1897 fell nearly fifty thousand short of that polled by Mr. Bryan in 1896 shows that everything depends on the distribution of the stay-at-home voters.



The Ohio Campaign Funds

The Republican Campaign Committee of Ohio has been guilty of the moral wrong and political folly of appealing to postmasters in other parts of the country for contributions to aid in saving the State this fall. A circular signed by the treasurer of the Finance Committee has been sent out calling attention to the fact that this Finance Committee has been so constituted as not to include any Federal office-holders, and therefore that contributions may be sent to it without danger of prosecution under the Civil Service Law for the payment of political assessments. Without doubt the Committee has conformed with the letter of the law while violating its spirit, but this conformity will not satisfy the conscience of the State, even if it does satisfy the conscience of the Committee. On its political side also the appeal is thoroughly bad. The Democratic party in Ohio is this fall, for the first time in years, well supplied with campaign funds—and the chief source of Democratic weakness is the moral dissatisfaction of Democrats with the candidate from whom these funds are received. When the Republican party, containing nearly all the large fortunes in the State, sends out a thinly disguised assessment to Federal office-holders in other States, it creates similar dissatisfaction in its own ranks and apologizes for the tactics of its opponents. It furthermore makes a confession of weakness inspiring to its opponents and dispiriting to its adherents.



Polygamy We are glad to see that the women are taking vigorous action against the seating of Representative-

elect Roberts from Utah, on the ground that he is an avowed polygamist. Miss Helen Gould, by an open letter, has given an incentive to this agitation. We have heretofore expressed our convictions on this subject, and subsequent study has only confirmed them. The House of Representatives has no right to exclude a duly elected Representative from a State on account of his religious or irreligious convictions, but it has a right to exclude a Representative on satisfactory evidence that he is living in open violation of the laws and Constitution of the State which he claims to represent. It could not have been required to receive from a Southern State, in the period just preceding the Civil War, a man openly and avowedly in favor of disunion. It cannot be required now to receive as a Representative from Utah a man who is openly and avowedly in favor of polygamy, which is prohibited by the Constitution of the State—a prohibition which was made a condition precedent of the admission of Utah as a State. The women who are moving in this matter should have the support, not only of every church and of every home, but of the entire press and of all law-abiding citizens.



Philadelphia Election Frauds

The Municipal League of Philadelphia has taken up seriously the work of putting an end to the election frauds practiced in that city. Its statement of the extent of these frauds is appalling, but is indorsed as conservative by the leading Republican and Democratic dailies. At the election last November, they state, the number of fraudulent votes cast and returned was not less than 30,000, and may have reached 50,000. The Pennsylvania law does not require personal registration even in the largest cities, where no one knows all the voters in his district, and the assessor seems to make out the lists very much at his own discretion. In one "typical" district, says the Secretary of the League, the assessor made out the new voting lists from previous lists, without a house-to-house canvass to learn whether old voters had died or moved, and then added such names as he pleased from the lodging-houses in the division. The judge in this district is the

brother of the assessor, and accepts the vote of every man who presents himself. Democratic politicians connive at these frauds, illustrating the old paradox that "there is no politics in politics." The explanation is that they can wield more power through the favor of the dominant machine than through a hopeless struggle to make their own machine dominant. The League proposes at the coming election to have watchers at every polling-place, and make fraudulent voting dangerous. Honorable party men in Philadelphia ought to contribute liberally to the prosecution of this work, and honorable party men throughout Pennsylvania ought to make it impossible for the Quay machine again to defeat thoroughgoing election and ballot reform measures. What the Republican machine gains by these frauds the Republican party loses many times over, so that a wholesome party spirit as well as public spirit demands their overthrow.



Philadelphia's Water Supply Philadelphia, it seems, is at last about to provide for the filtering of its water supply. The commission of engineers appointed by Mayor Ashbridge last spring, in fulfillment of his pre-election promise, reported that an adequate system of sand filtration could be provided at a cost of less than \$12,000,000, and recommended that this method of securing pure water should be adopted rather than resort to the far more costly and far less speedy course of reaching new and distant sources of supply. This recommendation had in its favor not only the saving of money and time, but also the danger that a new water supply when secured could not be kept free from pollution. The Mayor promptly recommended the passage of an ordinance providing for a vote at the November election on the issue of the requisite bonds, and the Council has as promptly passed the ordinance without a dissenting vote. Those who have carried on the long and hard struggle to secure action by the city and prevent the transfer of this important public work to private hands hardly know what to make of the sudden disappearance of the forces that have opposed them. There seems little doubt that the public will vote in favor of the

issue of the proposed bonds, for at the time when the private water company came so near getting its disgraceful ordinances enacted the unbribable Councilmen who saved the day seemed to have the support of all classes outside of the Council chambers. If the proposed filtration works can be constructed for the estimated sum, the interest and sinking fund payments thereon can be secured out of the net revenues from the works, and still leave a handsome balance. The city is at present securing its enormous supply of water—a thousand gallons a day for every family—at a cost of little over \$1,100,000 a year, while its revenue therefrom—even at the "cent a ton" rate—is \$2,500,000.



Unveiling the Poe Bust It is doubtful if in its history of almost seventy-five years the University of Virginia has ever worn a more gracious air than on Saturday, when the Zolnay bust of Edgar Allan Poe was unveiled in the presence of a large and representative audience in the new Public Hall of the University. The day was an ideal October day, and the beauty of the grounds, the architecture, and the surroundings of the University was borne in upon every visitor. The admirable restoration of the Rotunda, partially destroyed by fire four years ago; the extension of the pillared arcades at either side; the disappearance of the old and unattractive structure behind the Rotunda, and the completion of the great quadrangle at the southern end, have at last fully realized Jefferson's ideal housing of the institution which was so near his heart. The University must now take its place among the most nobly planned institutions of its class in the world, all its parts finding place in a consistent and impressive architectural scheme; its great campus or "lawn," framed in a long succession of pillared colonnades, is very impressive by reason of its extent and beauty. The exercises on Saturday morning consisted of an admirable address by Professor Charles W. Kent as President of the Poe Memorial Association; a brief speech of presentation on behalf of the Association by a student; a still shorter speech of acceptance on behalf of the Board of Visitors by Professor Barringer, Chairman of the Faculty; a long address by Mr.

Hamilton W. Mabie, interpretative of Poe's work and place in American literature; and a poem by Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, read with striking effect. In the evening there were two short addresses, a delightful rendering of "Izrael," and readings from numerous letters from writers of distinction expressive of interest in Poe and in the occasion.



Poe at the University

In the course of his brief address Dr. Baringer took occasion officially to deny the reports set afloat from time to time that Poe was expelled from the University. The matriculation records were on exhibition in the Public Hall. They show a clear record for Poe. During his stay six students withdrew from the University, three were suspended, three dismissed, and three expelled, but the only mark on the matriculation book opposite Poe's name is the staining of the page by the many hands which have touched it; a fact significant of the unfortunate fate of the poet, who has suffered more in reputation from the malice of those who like to smirch great names and from the unwise defense of indiscreet friends than from his own misdoings. Gambling was very prevalent in the University in 1826, and Poe did not escape the fascination of play, but the only record bearing upon the subject reports the fact that he was called before the Faculty, with other students, to testify concerning charges brought against a hotel-keeper for playing cards with students. "Edgar Poe," the record reads, "never heard until now of any hotel-keepers playing cards or drinking with students." The only other note in the books of the University records the excellence of Poe's translation from the Italian. He was constantly found in the library, where he was a devout reader of the best literature; and he was given to long, solitary walks over the mountains. His room, No. 13 West Range, commands a beautiful view of the Blue Ridge. Mr. Zolnay has somewhat idealized the poet's head and features, but has made a bust of singular beauty and essential truthfulness. It represents the poet in deep meditation, the droop of the head and the sharp definition of the hands betraying complete detachment from his surroundings and complete absorption in

thought. The image is full of dignity and pathos. It will find a permanent place in the Library of the University, which ought to become the repository of the Poe memorials and literature.



The Inauguration of President Hazard

Two events of interest occurred in the academic world last week.

On Tuesday Miss Caroline Hazard was formally inaugurated President of Wellesley College in the new chapel. Few colleges furnish so fine a background for an academic procession, and rarely has Wellesley seemed more beautiful than at the moment when the procession in academic dress took its way from College Hill to the chapel. The presence of ex-Presidents of the college, the representatives of the faculty, the trustees and the graduates, with the heads of nearly all the New England colleges, evidenced the general interest in the occasion. Mrs. Durant, whose association with the College has been so intimate and whose service to it has been so great, presented the seal, the charter, and the keys to the new President. The inaugural address, in its emphasis on the great experiences of womanhood, may be taken as one of many evidences of the fact that higher education for women is now following normal lines for normal ends. A brief extract brings out Miss Hazard's position:

The problem is not simply that of bringing children into the world, but what kind of children shall be born, what kind of a mother shall be educated; or, if the highest development of motherhood is denied her, how shall she take her place in the world, a useful and honored member of the community, having children of her spirit. For I take it the eternal feminine is simply this: It is the power of love which has its throne in a good woman's heart. Call it altruism if you like, call it the Mother sea, found a philosophy or a system of speculation upon it—it is simply this endless capacity of love and devotion which Mary of Bethany showed when she sat at Jesus' feet.

Granted, then, that this is at the root of woman's life, that every woman child who comes into the world has this gift and responsibility, that this is her contribution to human life, with what reverence, with what awe, should we approach her, to make or to mar! Sentimentality and mannishness, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand on either side. The intellect must be trained to its full capacity, or there will be an uneven balance. Heart and head in happy union must rule the conduct. And so we believe in what is called higher educa-

tion. Ideal justice is not a common virtue, and the powers of the mind must be trained to regulate the emotions.



Free Libraries

By act of the last Legislature the circulating library has become one of the State institutions of New Jersey. The Library Commission has decided to buy twenty libraries of fifty books each for circulation in the State, to be under the control of the State Librarian and sent out to communities on application. Each community must provide a trustee and librarian, pay five dollars annually for the use of the books, and guarantee to replace all books lost or destroyed. Preference will be given to communities too small to support public libraries. All the libraries are loaned for six months, and exchanged at the close of that period. In connection with the free lecture courses of the New York Board of Education, loan and reference libraries will be provided this year. The books selected will be those that bear directly on the subjects of the lectures. Formerly text-books have been loaned to attendants at these lectures. It is now proposed to establish in "lecture centers" libraries of standard works, to be open to adults in the evening. Last year the lectures were attended by over half a million people. It is believed that the open libraries placed directly in connection with the lectures will greatly increase their value to the hearers, and develop the reading habit among the people.



A Home for Juvenile Offenders

A few years ago a woman actively engaged in bettering the conditions of the poor in Jersey City missed one of the most regular members of a little girls' club in which she was interested. She found the child, ten years of age, confined in a cell with women arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The child had passed ten days in this companionship: her offense was the stealing of an apple. Investigation showed that the city and county made no other provision for juvenile offenders. The case resulted in awakening the active interest of men and women who decided that adequate provision should be made for the care of youthful criminals. Members of the State

Charities Aid Association of New Jersey appeared last week before the Hudson County Board of Freeholders to urge the purchase of a building formerly used as a hospital, as a home for juvenile offenders. It is proposed to establish in this building a system of education and training especially adapted to the needs of the inmates. The injustice of confining children, whose offenses are often ignorantly committed, with hardened criminals is so monstrous as to be a disgrace to every citizen who keeps silence after the fact is known.



Home Economics Conference

At Lake Placid, N. Y., there has just been held the first Conference on Home Economics in this country. The Conference was attended by leaders in the "Home Economic Association" movement. Professor Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was elected Chairman. The most important decision of the Conference was that of making a collection of books and pamphlets on home economics and household arts, giving a complete history of the development of the work. As the New York State Library has already begun such a collection, the Conference decided that it was best to spend its energies in increasing this collection as far as possible, so that there should be available at one point in this country the fullest possible library on these special subjects. Another important action was the arranging of topics for discussion at the various Household Economic Association meetings to be held during the year and the appointment of committees to report at the next Conference. Among the topics selected were "Courses of Study for Public Schools and for the Training of Teachers," "Courses of Study in Home Economics in Colleges and Universities," "Mission Work and Kitchen Garden Classes," "Simplified Methods of House-keeping." Public recognition was given by the Conference to the work accomplished in the Department of Agriculture; some of the most valuable contributions to the whole subject of Home Economics are the pamphlets issued by the Department and circulated free. A resolution was passed recommending the Associa-

tions of Home Economics and Household Arts to keep in close touch not only with the United States Department of Agriculture in its experimental work, but with the work in the colleges, universities, and experiment stations in their own States. The New York State Legislature was asked to give the same recognition to household arts and home economics that is now given to agriculture and the mechanic arts, by providing suitable instruction in State schools and colleges, by publications, by traveling libraries, institutes, and the other agencies for extension teaching and home education.

**The Meeting of the
American Board**

At the ninetieth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held last week in Providence, R. I. (the fourth time this body has held its annual meeting in that city), appropriate exercises commemorated the services of Dr. Lamson. His place as President was filled by the almost unanimous election of Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston, whose rare spirit, business experience, and eminent philanthropy are gained to the leadership of the Board. Yale University and this body now experiment wisely with a layman at the helm. Mr. D. Willis James, not less eminent in the directions named, retains his place as Vice-President. The usual official papers setting forth the extent and character of the work done in foreign lands and the methods and efforts for raising funds for its support were read, and printed copies of the same distributed. We share in the opinion, freely expressed in the private conferences, that much of the time used in their reading might have been more usefully employed in an opportunity for discussing them. There is a debt of eighty-eight thousand dollars, a part of which was brought over and part incurred through failure during the year in expected revenues. Over two thousand Congregational churches, more than thirty-five per cent. of all, and forty-eight hundred and ninety of the fifty-six hundred Sunday-schools, or eighty-eight per cent. of all, made no contributions. This is regarded as an abnormal condition to be speedily corrected. Only the multiplication of other objects which divert the young from Congregational interests can

account for this amazing condition. The Students' Volunteer Movement had an able and encouraging presentation. The number of young men in readiness for missionary work gives emphasis to the necessity of an increase of gifts.

**Membership and
Address**

Fourteen corporate members have died and six more have resigned during the year. Twenty were, therefore, elected to fill the quota of three hundred and fifty, among them five ladies: Miss Abbie B. Child, President Caroline Hazard, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. Grace L. Kimball, Mrs. Mary P. H. Leake. The election of the first woman to the Corporation occurred last year. This may mean the beginning of a movement, long counseled by some, for the joining together of the two boards, which really are but one, thus saving the great expense of the two meetings when one would doubtless secure better results. There were present one hundred and seventy-four corporate members, the largest attendance ever had. One hundred and ten of these were from New England. Every one from New Jersey was present, and all but one from Missouri. One hundred and forty-four was the largest number of ballots cast in any vote. Among the most effective of the speakers will be remembered the gracefulness, wisdom, and kindly words of Mr. James, who was Chairman of all the sessions until the election of Mr. Capen in the afternoon of Thursday; the captivating manner of the new President in every utterance; the presentation of the "forward movement" on Wednesday evening by Mr. L. D. Wishard, together with that of Drs. Warner and Bradford; the stirring address of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton for the Committee on Missions; and the burning words of Dr. Pentecost on Dr. Barton's "Perpetual Ground of Appeal." A large number of missionaries were present from the various fields. The climax of interest in the missionaries was perhaps the appearance and the words of the venerable Dr. Hamlin, to whom the entire audience gave fervent greeting.

Zionism

While efforts at colonizing Jews in Palestine had been made by Sir Moses Montefiore, by Lord Shaftesbury, by

Laurence Oliphant, and by Dr. Friedman, the first real colony was founded in 1870 by Charles Netter. Its success and that of its related colonies near Jerusalem, Jaffa, in Galilee, and even beyond the Jordan, is largely due to the financial strength and personal energy given to them by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. There are now about sixty thousand Jews in Palestine. Schools have been founded there, including a high school at Jaffa and a national library at Jerusalem. These facts are mentioned in an admirable article in the "North American Review" by Professor Gottheil on "Zionism." Three years ago Dr. Theodor Herzl, one of the editors of the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," published a pamphlet in which he definitely laid down the lines upon which the ideal of a Jewish State in Palestine could be established. The next year, instigated by him and by Dr. Max Nordau, the first congress of Zionists took place at Basle, where similar congresses have met in succeeding years. Professor Gottheil declares that Zionism is not purely a religious movement nor purely an economic one: its first work has been to find a common ground on which a new Jewish nation can be built. For the first time in two thousand years, he says, the Jews scattered in the four corners of the globe may feel that, as such, they are part of a great body. "Zionism has written boldly in its programme that the Jews are bound together, though they often do not know it, by the ties of race, by the ties of a common past, by the ties of common opposition to what they consider religious error, by the ties of common hope." The reform wing of the Jewish Church, believing that anti-Semitism is but a passing indisposition (even though that indisposition has lasted for twenty centuries), is not very Zionist, but the orthodox wing, praying, as it must, a certain number of times each day for the return of Palestine, has naturally given to the Zionists the largest number of their recruits. As to practical conditions, Professor Gottheil calls our attention to the fact that the Palestine of the future is not to be the Palestine of our Sunday-school books and missionary reports. The threatened absorption by Russia of Armenia and Persia must break the spell which has hung over the Mediterranean Oriental countries. Mesopotamia will

awake from its lethargy with the completion of the Euphrates Valley Railroad, and "when that country once more supports a teeming population, as it did in the times of the old Babylonian and Assyrian kings, the hour for a new Palestine will have struck. The nearest outlet for Asia, Europewards, is the borderland of the Mediterranean Sea. That inland ocean will once again be covered with merchantmen as it was in the days of the Italian Republics. In that upbuilding work the Jewish people in Palestine will find an occasion to use those powers which have been generated in their midst during the long centuries of exile."



American Zionists Writing to The Outlook on this subject, the Rev. S. S. Wise, formerly Secretary of the American Zionist Federation, declares that the statement attributed to him in a daily paper concerning Palestine barrenness, as due, not to the poverty of soil, but to Turkish exaction, is incorrect. On the contrary, Mr. Wise believes that, in the main, Turkish subjects are well and wisely governed. Antagonists of Zionism among the Jews have called attention to the fact that Palestine is not able to support such a population as the Hebrews now aggregate, that the proposed State could not be conducted under the suzerainty of the Turk, and that there are only ten thousand American Jews enrolled as Zionists. To these statements Mr. Wise replies that, since the persecutions of the Russian Jews began, no less than twenty-five colonies have been founded in Palestine and all have been prosperous, that Jewish emigration and industry would be welcomed by the Sultan and the Turks as alleviating their immediate poverty, and that the list of American Zionists consists of more than twelve thousand names, in addition to the many thousands of American Jews who are in full sympathy with the movement but have thus far failed formally and technically to affiliate with a Zionist organization. We believe that it will be difficult for non-Russian Zionists, at least, to induce a people essentially commercial to turn again to agricultural pursuits. The eastern shore of the Mediterranean may indeed one day see some revival of old-time shipping, but

from the present outlook that day is far distant.

Mrs. Ward and the
Anglican Church

Few writers are surer of an interested audience than is Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her latest public appearance in print is not in the form of a novel, but of an appeal for the revision of the standards of the English Established Church. She appeals to many readers, both of her own and of other schools of thought, for a wider ecclesiastical comprehension. She makes this appeal in order that those who have drifted from orthodoxy, whether toward Romanism or toward rationalism, may yet remain in the Anglican communion. The Romanist is gratified by Mrs. Ward's desire that he shall, "if he so please, express the truths that are dear to him in ways as vivid and beautiful as he can devise." Mrs. Ward is not less incisive in stating the case for her own party. She declares that within Christianity there are two distinct Christianities; one is the Christianity of tradition, the other of a free, critical thought. The appeal may serve as a text for a discussion of the permissible limits of opinion in the Christian Church.

The Venezuela Decision

Last week at Paris another notable illustration of the superiority of arbitration over war as a method of settling international disputes was furnished.

Like the Transvaal imbroglio, the Venezuelan trouble has been largely due to the discovery of gold, and the desire on the part of the more progressive of two powers properly to develop a gold-bearing section. The feeling of that power was very probably expressed by one of its distinguished representatives who said: "If you saw a pile of gold, not protected, lying on the ground, what would you do?"

In 1781, and again in 1796, Great Britain seized the Dutch colonies in South America, and in 1814 acquired them by treaty, without specific boundaries being named. During those years Great Britain marked the western boundary of its new possessions as beginning near the mouth of the Orinoco River, at a place known

as Punta Barima. In accordance with the claims of the Dutch, this line followed the watershed between the Orinoco and Essequibo valleys. The Essequibo River lies much to the south, and, like the Orinoco, empties into the Atlantic Ocean, not far from Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. Venezuela has always claimed the Essequibo as her southern boundary, holding it to have been the ancient frontier between the Spanish and Dutch colonies.

In 1840 the British Government commissioned Sir Robert Schomburgk to survey a boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. The line which Sir Robert drew was a fair compromise between the two claims. The line was an arbitrary one, in that it did not follow the courses of mountains or rivers. This boundary, declined by Venezuela, is the one adopted, with some modification, by the Court of Arbitration.

Since 1840 Great Britain has gradually increased her claims and pushed forward her actual occupation of territory, the extreme limit of those claims being indicated by the dotted line beginning at Punta Barima on the annexed map. At length, in 1882, Venezuela proposed to submit the matter to a tribunal of arbitration, and asked our own Government to exercise its friendly offices in that direction. We acted accordingly. Lord Granville at first declined, then consented; but before any treaty could be signed the Liberal Cabinet went out of office, and Lord Granville was succeeded by Lord Salisbury, who refused to confirm the agreement of his predecessor.

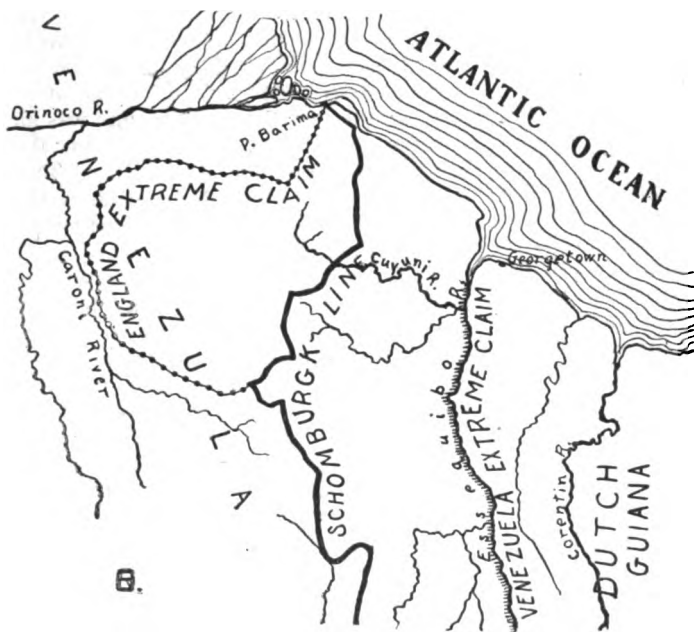
In 1886, 1887, 1888, 1890, 1894, and 1895 our Government tendered its friendly offices in securing arbitration, only to have its offer persistently declined. Three weeks after the last declination President Cleveland sent to Congress his famous message. He recounted the history of the case. He reaffirmed that arbitration was our policy, and declared that, since Great Britain would not agree to arbitration, nothing remained for us but to investigate the case on our own account; and then, in language startling and undiplomatic, affirmed that it would become the duty of the United States "to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests,

the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela." Whatever may be said in criticism of such a declaration—and The Outlook has never seen occasion to modify its judgment expressed at the time—the result of it proved beneficial. It startled both nations, and compelled instant attention to a dispute which had been languidly conducted in a corner for over three-quarters of a century. The

appointed by President Cleveland to investigate and ascertain a proper boundary line. Representing Great Britain, the members of the tribunal were Baron Herschel and Justice Collins, of the British Supreme Court of Judicature. When Lord Herschel died, Lord Russell succeeded him. The fifth member of the Board, M. de Martens, Chief Counselor of the Russian Foreign Office, was, according to the provisions of the treaty, chosen by the other four. At the sittings of the tribunal the Chief Agent of Venezuela was Señor José

Maria de Rojas. In the conduct of the case he was assisted by ex-President Benjamin Harrison as Chief Counsel, and by ex-Secretary Tracy and by Mr. Mallet-Prevost as Associate Counsel, the last named formerly Secretary of the Venezuelan Commission appointed by President Cleveland. The Chief Counsel for Great Britain was Sir Richard Webster. The rules of procedure proposed by Russia at the Conference were communicated to counsel as obligatory.

The decision is the first international decision following the Hague Conference.



DISPUTED VENEZUELAN TERRITORY

protests against possible war, far more than the perils of war itself, compelled the English Government to concede what it had six times in succession refused—the arbitration of the question at issue between itself and Venezuela, which by his message President Cleveland had converted into an issue between itself and the United States; and in 1896 an arbitration treaty between Venezuela and Great Britain was signed, by which it was provided that the questions at issue should be submitted to an arbitration tribunal of five members. Venezuela chose as her members Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer, of our Supreme Court, the latter of whom had been a member of the Commission

It is of exceptional import, not only in actual results but also in the methods by which a verdict was reached. It is known that the judges differed, first, as to the principles which ought to govern in determining a proper boundary line, and, second, in regard to the boundary line itself. To some the first discovery appealed as a principal consideration; to others, the actual occupation of territory. It has been admitted by the judges that the award was a compromise. So are most awards; but the admission gives rise to the suspicion that the court may have lost something in rigorous judicial-mindedness by paying undue attention to the diplomatic aspect of the case. In so far as this

suspicion is justified, it will tend to discourage arbitration. Nevertheless, compromise has its advantages. Since 1873 all international arbitral awards have been decided by a majority. Last week's decision was the first to be unanimous.

The decision itself may be briefly summarized by saying that, of the two hundred thousand square miles claimed by Venezuela, half is obtained. This will seem to the ordinary observer as establishing an equal balance, but a nearer view hardly confirms that impression. It is true that Venezuela saves Punta Barima. The new boundary line starts about thirty-five miles east of that place at Punta Playa, a point too near the mouth of the wide Orinoco to give much control of that waterway. Venezuela saves Punta Barima, and thus preserves the best point for the control of the Orinoco, besides a large tract of land on her side of the Schomburgk line.

On the other hand, Great Britain is, first of all, confirmed in her claim to the whole Atlantic coast up to the mouth of the Orinoco. In the matter of the auriferous *hinterland*, though Venezuela gains the celebrated Yuruari mines near the Cuyuni River, British Guiana has now an indisputable title to a far greater gold-producing country. With the exception of the Transvaal Witwatersrandt in South Africa, the upper basins of the Cuyuni and Caroni Rivers are as full of mining promise as any. Our own interests in that country are considerable. As nine-tenths of the Americans in the Transvaal favor British control, so did our miners in Venezuela. During the crisis, four years ago, letters from American miners protested that their interests depended on the continuation of British law-compelling power, and that, if Venezuela gained this region, mining property would be exposed to spoliation. It is not surprising, therefore, that, regarding the verdict, Justice Brewer has been reported as saying: "The present insurrection in Venezuela and the consequent feeling of instability weighed to a certain extent in the balance."

As a whole, the gain lies with the British rather than with the Venezuelans, and it is not surprising that the decision is interpreted by the former as a decided victory.

The result of this arbitration has secured four things: (1) It has prevented danger

of war between Great Britain and Venezuela, into which the United States might have been brought. (2) It has saved to Venezuela her proper territory. (3) It has created an opportunity for the development of territory long unproductive by reason of racial antagonisms. (4) It has illustrated and emphasized in a concrete way the advantages of arbitration over war as a means for the settlement of international controversies.



Home Industries

The article published in this issue on the development of home industries as an expression of National life, a means of income, and a mental resource for women living in remote sections of the country, is of peculiar interest. The women's clubs of the country are appealed to as a medium for introducing and encouraging this effort. In Maine one woman has succeeded in introducing an industry for women in the farming districts which has given room for the exercise of the artistic faculty, and proved a source of income. In Deerfield, Mass., certain industrial work of the colonial days has been revived and developed, making the historic town a recognized center of industrial art in specific lines.

These facts give evidence of the opportunity that may be used in other States to accomplish like results, although whether there ever can be developed an industry or industries that shall be National in the true sense is doubtful. We are a cosmopolitan people. We appropriate more quickly than we create. Our powers of amalgamation are unlimited. Everything that enriches material life we appropriate, and successfully, because of the many-sidedness of our National character. A characteristic expression of our home industries is found in the women's exchanges of the country. Here every department of home industry is exhibited. Much of the result is crude, some of it ugly, too large a percentage seems useless; made, not to fill any want, but to sell. With all these defects, it is one of the best evidences of the growth of the art spirit in this country that every year the product offered in the women's exchanges can lay larger claims as the expression of art; fewer articles

made merely to sell are offered to the exchanges, still fewer of this class offered to the public; while the articles intended for use improve in quality and finish.

The work in the exchanges, however far it may be from the standards of the art experts or critics, compares favorably in its own field with the art, the architecture, the literature, the music, the drama, accepted by the mass of the people. And this must always be the measure of standard of any people. The expert opinion must always be the Nation's ideal, the goal toward which it struggles. What is acceptable to the mass of the people represents its degree of education or its sense of moral responsibility.

The women's exchanges have been both educative and redemptive; they have made an outlet for the artistic expression of thousands of women, and have educated these women at the same time. They have taught thousands of workers that need is not the first requisite of the worker. To need must be added ambition to produce that which the world wants, and that product must meet the world's standards. To create certain specific industries which shall develop mutual helpfulness and create healthful local stimulus through competition is an aim that should receive the intelligent, cordial support of all who look to the home as the center of National life and National development.

The social life of every community must respond to that which affects the intellectual life of each member. To establish in any community any form of industry which calls into activity the creative faculties is to benefit the whole country to just that degree.



The Song of the Lark

It was a warm July morning; the low arch of the English sky was soft blue, or dimmed by the faintest of clouds; the fields were ripe for the harvest and fragrant under the touch of midsummer; the very heart of the season was laid bare in the gentle undulations of meadows waiting for the harvester, in the deep verdure, in the languorous air. One felt embosomed not only in the beauty and fertility of nature, but in the rich and mellow life of an old country. There was

a full, deep sense of fertility in the air, of unexhausted vitality; but there was also a sense of energy controlled and directed, of forces mastered and used. There are countries in which one feels that nature holds man under a stern hand, and there are places in which one feels as if man had oppressed and exhausted nature; but in England one is always aware of a happy and honorable co-operation, a long and friendly living together on terms so intimate that nature has entered into the spirit of man through the impress of climatic conditions, and man has enriched, supplemented, and guided nature. Wherever one looks, the landscape is composed, as the painters would say; human intelligence has constantly and lovingly touched it, and human hands have wrought upon it through unremembered years.

On this fragrant morning, when nature seemed to be yielding her innermost life to the sun, England was not only a country but a home; a place touched everywhere with human associations, enfolding everywhere human activities, and ministering everywhere to human needs. It is in old countries only that these subtle co-ordinations of the human spirit with its material environment, this unconscious and harmonious co-operation between human intelligence and physical forces, are found. It is this deep and final adjustment between the Englishman and his country which gives him such poise and composure, and the landscape such ripeness and repose. There are certain national, as there are certain individual, qualities which are "the long result of time," and cannot be plucked by the eager hand of a young and stirring race; and repose in spirit, manner, and landscape is one of these qualities.

It was in the very heart of England, within touch of some of its most tragic and romantic historical associations, some of its most splendid literary traditions, some of those beautiful homes which bear witness to its ancient and opulent life. The road was concealed between green banks or ran almost invisible through harvest fields; in the foreground was a quiet hamlet, with its cluster of thatched roofs, its windows gay with flowers, and the low, square tower of its ivy-covered church. In the shadow of the church a

little school was reciting or studying out-of-doors; before the little inn two or three laborers from the fields, in smocks, were lunching; from the distant shadow of elms and oaks in which the Avon was hidden came the shouts of boys at play in the golden weather.

But all these sounds were distant, and veiled, as it were, by the warm air; one was conscious of them only as he recalled himself from the charm of the landscape to the details of his surroundings. The landscape was not silent; it had a voice, or rather a multitude of voices; for the skylarks were breaking the silence of the fields with melodies which seemed to issue out of the heart of the day. It was an unforgettable place and hour; one of those fortunate moments in the monotony of the common day when the hidden soul of things suddenly lies like a bloom on the face of the world, or breaks into sound like a fountain of pure song. The gladness of the hidden singers was like the gladness of the mountain brook; it was not cold, remote, unhuman; but it seemed to issue from springs below the regions of sorrow and change and care. The passion of the nightingale, touched with human longing and grief, was not in it; the full, rich strain of the thrush, which has a mellowness almost humanized, was not in it; it was the gladness of nature untouched by the changes of time and unclouded by the shadows of life. One could have wept for very joy to hear it; and yet its springs were far from that fountain of tears which has fed so much of the deepest poetry.

And the joy of it lay not alone in its pure tone, but in its volume: it was a chorale of many hidden singers; as if the field had suddenly broken into multitudinous music. This range and volume gave the song an added ecstasy, as of an emotion so full that it had burst rather than run into sound. Some deep spring of joy had been opened that morning, and the world overflowed with sound. Nor was the song wholly dissociated from the singer. At intervals a bird would suddenly rise out of the heart of the field, and, steadily mounting, seem to vanish in the upper air, leaving no trace save a swift succession of notes which dropped from the sky in mysterious and bewildering profusion. One sometimes sought in

vain for the little singer, a tiny point of black hardly discernible in the wide space of the heavens. Then, as suddenly, the bird would fall swiftly through the air as if about to drop at one's feet. As one began to be anxious, however, the lark, after the manner of its kind, spread its wings, shot a little distance over the ground, and was gone.

Through the busy life of a country intensely active, out of the heart of a landscape worked over with most minute and searching care, that sudden burst of pure melody was something more than the joy of one of those hours which make the heart young; it was a symbol of the genius and life of a race. No one can understand the English people who takes account of their practical, executive genius and fails to take account also of their imaginative genius. A life so full of action, so aggressively energetic, dealing so masterfully with material forces and reckoning so much of its wealth in material values, would have gone to seed long ago if it had not been sustained and partially inspired by spiritual ideals. The England of Drake and Burleigh was also the England of Spenser and Shakespeare; the England of Chamberlain and Kitchener is also the England of Browning, Tennyson, and Ruskin. Side by side with the England of industry and action has been the England of meditation: out of the heart of the most tremendous activities in the widest and hardest fields of practical work the lark has swiftly risen from time to time, and down from the sky has come a song which has searched the heart of the most selfish age. No one knows England who sees the field and does not hear the lark.



The Presbyterian Council and the Bible

It is sometimes said that the principal difference between the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches is one of government. The most casual reader of the published reports of the two Councils recently held in this country—the International Congregational Council at Boston and the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Washington—can hardly fail to perceive in those reports the evidence of a difference much

more vital. In the Congregational Council the attitude was that of a mind entirely open to the new views in science, literature, and philosophy; it is hardly too much to say that in the Pan-Presbyterian Council the attitude was that of a mind barred and bolted against them. In the Congregational Council the doctrine of evolution and the methods of the new criticism were frankly admitted, and the questions discussed were not the admission of these new views, but how to employ them in the nurture of the spiritual life. In the Presbyterian Council both were assumed to be enemies of the Christian faith, and the problems discussed were how they could be met and overthrown. Doubtless there are evolutionists and modern critics in the Presbyterian Church; doubtless there are in the Congregational Church some who regard both evolution and the new criticism with suspicion, dread, or aversion. But if these two contemporaneous Councils may be regarded as affording an indication of the mood which prevails in these two denominations, then we may confidently affirm that in the Congregational Church the mood is one of welcome to the new interpretations of theology based on an acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, and to the new interpretations of the Bible based on the doctrine that it is to be studied as the literature of a unique people; and that in the Presbyterian Church the mood which prevails is one varying from ineradicable suspicion to intense hostility.

This mood found clear expression in the opening sermon preached by Professor John De Witt, of Princeton Theological Seminary. Arguing at some length that historically the Protestant Churches are founded on the Bible, he insisted that this history "involves, at the least, the statements that the Bible is one; that it is true; that it is inspired; and that it is self-evidencing. However we may define them, the Bible's unity, truth, inspiration, and self-evidencing quality cannot be given up by us as Reformed Churches without a complete revolution." He then proceeded to argue, with considerable force, that the new critical view of the Old Testament destroys the unity of the Bible, denies its truthfulness, despoils it of its inspiration, and robs it of its self-evidencing power. How, he asks, can

we maintain the unity of the Old and New Testaments "if we accept the conclusion that the Nicene theology is not yielded by the Bible, but is the product of Greek thought modifying or rather revolutionizing the primitive Christianity?" How can we defend the truthfulness of the Bible if we concede that "which the modern criticism of the Bible almost unanimously assures us is made necessary by the literary study of the Old Testament"—namely, that the Tabernacle, which we are told by the author of Exodus "was actually constructed by the appointment of Moses during the wandering in the wilderness, and was intended to be, and really was, the shrine of the sacrifice of the Levitical law which was given by Moses at the same period," was, "in point of fact, not constructed at all, that it is only an imaginative reconstruction of the temple of Solomon?" How can we maintain the inspiration of the Bible if we deny its inerrancy in historical narrative, since religious doctrine is inextricably involved in history, as in the Old Testament narrative of the Fall and in the New Testament narratives of the miraculous birth, the crucifixion, and the resurrection of Jesus Christ? And, finally, how can we assert under the new criticism the self-evidencing character of the Bible, since to evidence "doctrines like the love of God and the forgiveness of sin, which can become elements of individual experience," . . . "is mediate to evidence the history with which they are necessarily connected."

If this charge against the new criticism were well founded, it would be a conclusive objection to it, since no mere literary or historical evidence would suffice to convince the spiritually thoughtful mind that a book which has produced the moral influence in the world's history which has been produced by the Bible is without unity, truth, inspiration, or self-evidencing power. And the candid believer in the new criticism must, we think, frankly recognize the grounds on which this charge is based, for he must recognize that the new school entertains a conception of three of these qualities of the Bible—its unity, its truthfulness, and its inspiration—very different from that entertained by the older school of inspiration. For it analyzes the Bible into its

constituent parts, and shows, or attempts to show, the materials of which it is composed; it denies the historical and scientific inerrancy which has been claimed for the Bible; and it regards the notion of verbal inspiration as a contradiction in terms, holding that dictation and inspiration are mutually exclusive—that what is dictated cannot be inspired, what is inspired cannot be dictated.

According to the new criticism, the Bible is not a book but a collection of books, constituting the select literature of a unique people, and containing all that was best worth preserving in their laws, history, poetry, fiction, drama, *belles-lettres*, philosophy. Its unity is not uniformity. It is not the unity of a single voice, nor even of a single and simple philosophical system. Its unity cannot be expressed by such a formula as the Nicene Creed. It is the unity of many witnesses, speaking in many voices, but bearing testimony to the same great fundamental truth of human experience. It is the unity of an orchestra composed of many instruments but tuned to the same key and uniting to interpret the same theme. It is the unity, too, of a growing conception of truth—truth seen at first vaguely, imperfectly, crudely, in the childhood of the race, seen at last clearly, and becoming a supreme dominating force in the life of those that see it. It is the unity of the seed growing into the tree, of the dawn growing into the day, of the babe growing into the man. It is the unity of a curriculum which begins with the primer and ends with the profoundest works in philosophy.

This literature bears witness to truth; not to all truth, but to truth in a single realm of life—the truth concerning God and his relations to the human soul. It is the truth that God is in his world of nature and of men, that he is in the world reconciling man to himself, that his tabernacle is with men. And this truth is seen all the more clearly because it was experienced by men of like passions as we ourselves are, because it illumined men who were ignorant, narrow, and prejudiced, because it transformed men who were proud, sensual, bigoted, vain. It is all the more effectively revealed to us because we see it not only in the experiences of men of very different temperaments, but growing into human life through the vari-

ous stages of human development. It is a revealing or unveiling of God to the human soul because it is a gradual experience of God in the human soul; and it is all the more effective as a revelation because it is progressive, not instantaneous, because it is seen as revealed to and in men who saw in part and prophesied in part, and saw all in a glass, darkly.

This truth is inspired in human experience because we grow into the knowledge of this truth only as God dwells in us and we perceive him in ourselves as a conscious presence. The truth that God is in men is inbreathed into human consciousness and repeated by the soul which is conscious of that presence to other souls less clear-eyed, in order that they may also become conscious of it. The truths important to us are not such as the date of the building of the Tabernacle; they are such as the fact that God tabernacles among men; and this truth that God is in his world of men wherever they are may be all the more clearly seen by us if we see how this consciousness of God—not his presence, but man's consciousness of that presence—was first limited to special men, special occasions, and special places.

Finally, the evidence of this fundamental truth of the Bible, and of all those ethical and spiritual truths which grow out of it, is in the response which our own souls make to the experience of other souls as recorded in the Bible. This is why Jesus Christ spoke with authority and not as the scribes—because in him and through him God spoke, and the divine in us hears, recognizes, responds to the divine voice.

The modern critic of the evangelical school believes in the unity, the truth, the inspiration, and the self-evidencing power of the Bible not less than his conservative neighbor; but he believes in a unity which is vital, not mechanical; in a truth of spiritual life which is exhibited more effectively because exhibited in a progressive revelation; in the inspiration of the sacred writers, that is, in this, that they recorded experiences breathed into them by the ever-present Spirit of God; and in the self-evidencing power of the Bible, because the voice of God speaking in and through human experience speaks to it and is recognized by human experience in our own time and in all times.

Ecumenical Presbyterianism

By a Staff Correspondent

THE General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance at Washington has had two serious competitors for public attention—Admiral Dewey's reception and the America Cup races. It has, therefore, hardly obtained in the daily press the notice due a body which, next to the Lutheran, represents the largest aggregate of Protestants similarly organized. This world council partially realizes Calvin's aim, proposed to Cranmer in 1552, for a comprehensive Protestant union, "to bring the separated churches into one according to the rule of Scripture." The Synod of Dort in Holland, as far back as 1618-19, in which a majority of the Protestant churches were represented, including members from the Church of England, was the first forerunner in this movement.

In 1897 there were nearly ninety bodies in the world organized presbyterially. At the organization of the Alliance in its Council at Edinburgh, in 1877, over forty of these were represented. The register of the present Council showed twenty-four bodies, nearly all belonging to this country and the British dominions. The ocean voyage is probably deterrent to many foreign brethren. The history of the Alliance shows a growing work. Through its executive commissions and committees in both the Eastern and the Western world, it has unified the foreign missionary work in Japan, Brazil, and elsewhere, has secured a plan of co-operation for the majority of the Presbyterian and Reformed churches in the United States, has invigorated the churches of Continental Europe, notably in Bohemia and Hungary, has exerted influence on Governments for arbitration and peace and the regulation of liquor-selling in the Pacific. An interesting accession to the Alliance is the first-fruits of South America, the newly received Synod of Brazil, now including seventy churches and six thousand members.

An ecumenical council may be expected to draw to it men of note, and such there were; perhaps not so many as might have been anticipated. Among such from abroad were Dr. Lang, of Glasgow, whose

presidential address was admirable in its irenic spirit and thoughtful outlook—and Principals Salmond, of Aberdeen, and Stewart, of St. Andrews. The presence of these gentlemen, together with Professors Patterson, of Edinburgh, Lindsay, of Glasgow, and Hamill, of Belfast, gave a stronger representation to British schools of learning than to our own. The delegates from the Transvaal, Messrs. Bosman and Meiring, were objects of peculiar interest, as well as the beloved Dr. Paton, from the New Hebrides. The best known of the American members were Dr. Radcliffe, of Washington, and Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Philadelphia. Men of the liberal school in that branch of the Church in which controversy has been acute did not seem attracted to the Council, and their absence was conspicuous.

The subjects laid out for the Council were tripartite: first, the common interests of the constituent churches in polity and doctrine, in missionary work at home and abroad, and in their own history; second, archæology, comparative religion, and apologetics; third, the field of Christian ethics, in business and in social questions generally, particularly in regard to marriage and divorce, and the conservation of the Lord's Day. Among the points of interest brought out was the exalted reputation accorded in other lands to American missionaries; also the approval evoked by the declaration that theological seminaries should pay more attention to Sunday-school work as requiring some special training of candidates for the ministry. Mr. C. J. Guthrie, Q.C., son of the well-known Dr. Thomas Guthrie, and an eminent lawyer of Edinburgh, treated with touches of humor the subject of morality in business, and declared that successful business was in no way incompatible with the highest Christian life. The Rev. Dr. E. B. Coe, of New York, speaking of "The Church and Social Questions," said that the Church was to blame if it met hostility from any societies seeking the advancement of humanity. "The first socialist," he said, "was Christ." "But," he added, "the Church has been too often on the

side of capital." Dr. Coe admitted that he was taking advanced ground, and that his views might be not wholly accepted. They were, however, noteworthy as uttered by the senior minister of the wealthy Collegiate Church.

The clash of Dutch and English in South Africa was surprisingly reproduced in a mild form on the floor of the Council. A Maryland delegate, the Rev. Cyrus Cort, introduced a resolution urging the two Governments to arbitrate their quarrel. This encountered lively opposition from the British delegates. Dr. Lang, the President, said that, while he favored arbitration, he objected to interference in the present acute stage of the crisis. Dr. Meiring, from the Transvaal, rejoined: "What is the use of a general principle if you do not apply it when necessary?" The matter was postponed till the following day. But Dr. Meiring's feelings had been so disturbed by some expressions that the next day he sent in a letter withdrawing himself from the Council—his colleague, Mr. Bosman, having been previously called home. The difficulty was compromised by the adoption of a substituted resolution, confined to simple hope and prayer for the preservation of peace. With this Dr. Meiring was satisfied, and the incident was closed. In view of many current stories of the inhumanity shown by the Boers to the native Africans—the like of which might be reproduced from our own frontier—Dr. Meiring's statement deserves wide circulation: "We have now seventy-five missionaries who are working among the Kaffir tribes."

The utterances of the Council in relation to Biblical criticism contrast strongly with those of the recent Congregational Council. There, no disparagement and no apprehension of the higher critics was expressed, but rather an outspoken recognition of the fact that they have greatly modified our traditional ideas of the Bible, without in the least detracting from its spiritual authority. Here, the attitude taken was substantially that which has been customary in the annual meetings of the General Assembly. There were quite a number, particularly among the foreign delegates, who strongly dissented. Among these was Principal Salmond, of Aberdeen, who is co-editor with Dr. Briggs of the *International Theological Library*. Some

exasperation was privately expressed, but forborne in public, that Dr. De Witt's opening sermon before a meeting for fellowship should have been of so polemic a character. The paper by Professor Beardslee, of Michigan, on "Recent Apologetic Methods and Tendencies," was of similar type. But the programme gave no equal opportunity to the other side. Unfortunately, but not strangely, such conditions have created a feeling, which has found sharp expression in one Presbyterian journal, that the programme had been arranged in favor of the party which triumphed in the controversy about Dr. Briggs. That this impression was not groundless appeared from criticisms to the same purport made later on the floor of the Council, especially by Professor Patterson, of Edinburgh.

A lively discussion of the programme took place the day before the Council closed. Dr. Lang said there had been too much of dry, academic material that had been often threshed over. The Rev. J. A. Macdonald, from Montreal, added that as the churches were partly liberal and partly conservative, the programme should reflect the sentiment of the whole, and not a part. Other speakers declared themselves tired of the business of paying tribute to the memory of the founders of Presbyterianism, whose fame was secure. These and other suggestions were turned over to the committee who will have to make up the programme for the next Council.

Speaking of the general progress made by the Alliance, the General Secretary, Dr. Mathews, of London, said:

We have not made much progress in uniting the English-speaking part of the Alliance with that of the Continent. We draw together the English-speaking part, but the others we cannot reach. Many of our brethren on the Continent cannot obtain consent of their various Governments. Then there is the question of language and of expense, for the European brethren do not receive the incomes obtained by those of the Western section. There is also the question of subjects; the English-speaking churches like "practical" subjects, while the Continental brethren are more apt to be interested in scientific theology and social movements.

The next meeting of the Council is to be held in Liverpool. Principal William Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, succeeds Dr. Lang in the presidency of the Alliance.

Presbyterian Union and the Anglo-Saxon League

By the Rev. James Stewart, D.D.

For thirty years a resident of South Africa, and the head of the well-known Lovedale Mission.

SOME years ago, when I entered New York Harbor for the first time, on a glorious summer afternoon, what I saw forced this expression to my lips: What a heritage God has given to the people of the United States! All climates, innumerable products, vast area, a country extending westward three thousand miles, multiform and rich resources everywhere and in almost exhaustless abundance! A second visit has only deepened this impression to an extraordinary extent. The streets of Washington and of New York, and of many other cities I have looked at, all the way to Portland, in Oregon, and San Francisco, point to these limitless resources and exhaustless vitality. They also point to a future which baffles the imagination to describe. Yet the safety of the State and its power permanently and beneficially to influence the world depend wholly on its moral conditions. No material resources can arrest moral decay. They will only hasten it, if they are wrongly used. The Christian churches of the land are the moral conservators of this or any other country. But they have a double duty—one to the land in which they are planted, another to the great non-Christian or heathen world abroad. During the past short history of Christian missions—one century only, or rather half a century of actual work on any scale—there have appeared different problems, sometimes insoluble problems they seemed for a time to be. The first was that of closed doors. Later the difficulty was to find men. There remains only the third difficulty to be solved. It is how to awaken the Church at home to such an extent that it will adequately meet the altered missionary condition of the world to-day.

How, then, can the churches in the United States, and especially the Presbyterian Church, best do this great work?

answer this by asking another question. How are the United States

strong and powerful? Simply because they are the United States. What it cost to preserve that unity or union thirty-five years ago, you yourselves best know. The costliest sacrifices that human beings can make had to be lavishly made. Now, applying this fact in recent history, should the unity of the State be more precious to us, or more worthy of self-sacrifice and the exercise of a little self-denial in the giving up of individual preferences, than the unity of the Church of Christ, or any portion of it—let us say the Presbyterian portion?

As a stranger coming among you, I have been struck by this: the vast power that might be wielded by the Presbyterian Churches of the United States of America if they formed one solid body. Taking the North and the South, and the too many other sections of the same, leaving out Canada, which for administrative purposes must remain as the Churches of Great Britain do, and also for the present another division of the good old Church, surrounded by a color line, there would probably be a compact denominational body of 650 presbyteries, 14,000 congregations, with nearly 2,000,000 church members, and a yearly revenue for home and foreign work which would be counted by millions if it were once massed together. There would be nothing like it, or approaching to it, as a Presbyterian Church, in any other part of the globe.

As a reader of missionary reports, home and foreign, it has sometimes struck me, and I express the view not in any querulous spirit, but simply as a fact which is perhaps true, that Presbyterian missions and Presbyterianism itself in some quarters receive a scantier recognition than either or both deserve. This may be non-intentional and accidental, and due most probably to the fragmentary way in which the great work of Presbyterianism at home and abroad is presented to the public view. The eye gets confused by the divisions into which Presbyterianism

is now split up. Men are all impressed by a large, compact, organized force accomplishing results on a considerable scale, and which can be presented and seen at once, and they are not impressed by small and apparently isolated efforts. Are the minor differences that separate these nine or ten sections of a Church with such a history as it has, of such value as to warrant or justify our continuing the weakness and disabilities of various kinds which division and separate action impose upon us? I hardly think so. We have a little of the same in two countries as widely separated as South Africa and Scotland, but this movement towards unity is going on.

In this same month the third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa is being held. That is the youngest Presbyterian Church in the world. In Scotland also we are beginning to mend our ways. In less than two years it is safe to predict that the two sections of Presbyterianism known as the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church will form one Presbyterian Church under a name I cannot or may not yet give.

You have in this country your difficulties; so have we in Scotland and South Africa. You have not the question of State relations to keep you apart; you never had that difficulty. You have, however, that of color, and so have we in South Africa. You have also that very minor one, of the way in which we are to praise God, and in what kind of composition we are to utter our hearts to him. I think that might be left to the slow influence of time, and to the growth of opinion, and to God himself. What He does I think is this—He leaves it to the individual soul to utter its praise and adoration, love, penitence, grief, or gratitude, in any way it likes, or in any words it chooses, provided the heart is in the service, and the worship is spiritual. If the soul is on its knees, the posture of the body does not matter much, provided it is not an irreverent posture. And what God allows an individual to do, he probably allows a church or a congregation to do; and these secondary things should never be raised to the rank of things of primary importance, or regarded as good reasons for keeping apart portions of

Christ's Church which might otherwise very well be one.

There is a responsibility in this matter we may not overlook. We are apt to limit our ministerial responsibility to that which belongs to the welfare and eternal destiny of individual souls; and sometimes, as we all know, that presses on heart and conscience with appalling weight. But there is another matter and wider responsibility, and that is, to the welfare of the Church of Christ as a whole, and especially to that section of it in which God in his providence has given us ministerial duty, power, and responsibility as his servants in the Gospel. We are bound by this general responsibility, as we shall answer to Him at the last, to seek the things that make for peace and unity, because these things in a Church mean spiritual power, and a blessing to the whole world, as well as to the individual Church which strives after this unity, and which sacrifices minor convictions and individual preferences, or even the preferences of individual congregations, to obtain them.

It is getting on in the afternoon with some of us; and the sun goes down rapidly as it nears the horizon. Like some of my readers, I am getting to be an old man. There are some things I should like to see, if it were possible, before I go on that longest of journeys. One of them is that the Presbyterian Church of the great American Republic should be formed into one great solid, compact body, so to become a formidable spiritual force in the land where it lives, and also to the great non-Christian or heathen world outside.

In my inmost heart and soul I verily believe that if this were done, not for any poverty-stricken denominational reason, but out of pure love for our Master, out of love for our personal Saviour, Jesus Christ himself, and out of the love and duty we owe to his Church, which is his Church, not ours, redeemed by his blood, not ours—if this gathering into one were brought about, such new power and blessing would come as would gladden the hearts of Presbyterian Churches all over the world.

No people so well as yourselves know the power of numbers—their subtle sympathy, magnetism, force, and momentum. A slight movement of the heart and a true

purpose of the will on the part of a few, who are the leaders of the different sections, might set this great work in motion.

This movement might also be helpful to a unity of another and wider kind which would undoubtedly be beneficial to the world, and that is a good understanding between the two countries, and which might ripen some day to something stronger than an understanding. There are many reasons for this, some of which spring out of the relations of the churches of the two countries. In looking over the world, or rather in wandering over it, I have seen American missionaries working side by side with the missionaries of Great Britain, sometimes in the same mission field, sometimes in contiguous fields. These American missionaries, I can testify, are doing everywhere most excellent work, and by methods in which sound, practical common sense is combined with solid work and with the highest missionary aim and result—and that is always a spiritual aim and result.

I need not utter truisms about the benefit and power of co-operation, union, and thorough mutual understanding in any great cause or object. These two countries are represented by well-known flags. I would express the hope that the two countries may be so united that co-operation in all that affects the world's best welfare may be always reckoned upon. Nothing but good can come out of such understanding and co-operation between Great Britain and the United States of America. It would be well if this were a thing always kept in view and sought after—blood being thicker than water—and the religion of Jesus Christ being a bond stronger than either. Mere senti-

ment will not do this; personal interests, personal prejudices, and national piques and touchiness—for you are a little touchy and so are we—may keep men apart; but the religion of Jesus Christ should bind them together. The great power possessed by these two countries has been given to them by God. Power has its responsibilities. And if a great Anglo-Saxon league for national purposes, which would be for the world's progress and peace, may not be, or cannot be, at once formed, it may be, and should be, slowly striven after, by all legitimate and solid means, apart altogether from all sentiment, as an object in every way desirable. One of these two countries is represented by a flag which is already distinguished among the flags of the world. It has had a marvelous history—short though the past has been, and as the lifetime of nations is measured. And the future—the future of the Stars and Stripes—what living man is able to predict what that mighty and not distant future shall be?

There is also the other—the old Union Jack—which, with all its faults, is still the flag that has waved a thousand years in the breeze and battle of the world's freedom. My prayer to God this day is that those two flags—emblems of two nations that God has generously gifted with many blessings—may ever wave together in peace, may ever each be proud of the other, and for no mere temporary or selfish or empty sentimental reason, but for the credit of our common Christianity and for the good of the world. Thus they may promote the conditions most favorable to the world's peace, and the extension of the kingdom of Him who is the real King and Ruler of this world.

Home Industries and Domestic Manufactures

By Candace Wheeler

THE subject of Home Industries is beginning to attract the attention of students of political economy and sociology; and thoughtful people are asking themselves, Why, in all the length and breadth of America, are there no well-established and prosperous domestic manufactures? Except in a political sense, thing that answers to the name

of "home manufactures"—no articles of use or luxury made in our homes, and subjects of commercial interchange or sources of family profit.

To this general statement there are but few exceptions, and, curiously enough, these are, for the most part, in the work of our native Indians. A stranger in America, wishing—after the manner of

travelers—to carry home something characteristic of the country, can buy only what we call "Indian curiosities." There are, it is true, moccasins, baskets, feather-work, and—the one admirable and well-established product of Indian manufacture—the Navajo blanket; but these hardly represent the mass of our people.

To add to the list of Indian industries, lace-making is being successfully taught at some of the Reservations; but it is not as yet even a self-supporting industry. With the exception of the above-named "curiosities" and the Navajo blanket, we have nothing in well-known characteristic hand-work produced by our own race or that of the co-existent Afro-American. When we contrast this want of production with the immense home product of Europe, Asia, parts of Africa and South America, and even certain islands of the Southern Seas, we cannot help feeling a sort of dismay at the contrast; and it is only by a careful study of conditions which have made the difference that we become reassured. It is, in fact, our very prosperity, the exceptionally favorable circumstances which are a part of farming life in this country, which has hitherto diverted effort into other channels.

These conditions did not exist during the early days of America, and we know that while there was little commercial exchange of home commodities, many of the arts which are used to such profitable purpose abroad existed in this country and served greatly to modify home expenses and increase home comforts.

To account for the cessation of these household industries it is only necessary to notice the drift of certain periods in the short history of America's settlement and development. We shall see that the decline of domestic manufactures in New England and the Middle States was coincident with two rapidly increasing movements, one of which was the opening and settlement of the great West, and the other the establishment of cotton and woolen mills throughout the country. In short, the abundant acreage of cheap Western land, fertile beyond the dreams of New England or Old World tillers, threw the entire business of production or family support upon the man. The profit of his easily acquired farming land was so great and certain that it became almost a

reproach to him to have his womenkind busy themselves with other than necessary household duties.

The cotton and woolen mills stood ready to supply the needed material for clothing, and it was positive economy to push the spinning-wheel out of sight under the garret eaves, and chop up the bulky loom for firewood. The wife and daughters might reputably cook and clean for the men whose business it was to cover the black acres with golden wheat, but spinning and weaving had gone out of fashion. Even the emigrants from countries where the spinning and weaving habit was an inheritance as well as a necessity were governed by the custom of the country, and devoted the entire energy of the family to the raising of crops.

It is, in fact, owing to fortunate circumstances that, if we except the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains, in the region which Professor Vincent, in a recent article in the "Journal of Sociology," calls "A Retarded Frontier," there are no longer farm-house or domestic manufactures in America.

As I have said, this only goes to prove the hitherto unexampled prosperity of the country. In fact, the absence of these very industries means that there are greater sources of profit within the reach of farming households.

This being so, it is natural to ask why the re-establishment of farm-house manufactures, or the encouragement and development of them, is a desirable movement.

There are exceedingly good individual and personal reasons; and there are also commercial and National ones which are by no means to be ignored.

All farmers are not successful. There are many poor as well as rich ones, and the wife of a poor farmer has less pecuniary independence, less money to spend, and fewer ways of gaining it than any other woman of equal education and character in America.

A poor farmer needs—to pay for labor and fencing and stock and insurance and taxes—every dollar gained by the sale of his crops; and if, by good luck or good management, there should be a small excess, he is apt to hoard it against unlooked-for emergencies. This at first enforced economy grows to be the habit of his

life, so that, even if he becomes well-to-do, or possibly rich, he distrusts exceedingly the wisdom of any expenditure save his own.

A mechanic, or a man in any small line of business, must trust his wife with the disbursement of a certain part of the family income. It passes through her hands in the way of housekeeping, and the management of it exercises and develops her faculties. The wife of the farmer has no such interest. The farm is expected to supply the family living, and this blessed fact becomes almost a curse when it deprives the wife of the mental stimulus incident to the management of resources.

Added to this, there is often—at least through the winter—partial or complete isolation from neighborly or public interests. The great crops of the country are produced under circumstances which necessitate distance from even the most limited social centers. That the farmer's wife suffers from this we know, not only from observation, but from the statistics of insane asylums. And here I am tempted to quote from a letter of a close student of farm-house life in the West. She writes: "That the farmer himself, as isolated and hard-worked, makes no such record I believe due to the mental tonic, the broadening influence, that comes from a sense of responsibility in life's larger affairs. The woman works like a machine, irresponsible as to final results; the man like a thinking, planning, responsible, independent human being."

This seems to me a very fair statement of the case. The woman who misses social companionship, and who has not the saving influences of administration and responsibility even in her own household, is narrowed to a very small point in life's affairs, and it is inevitable that she should suffer from it. The variety of her work also has dwindled. Cooking and house-cleaning follow each other in monotonous routine, with too much of it at planting and harvest seasons, and too little at others. She has not even the pleasure of comparison and emulation in this daily work. It neither exercises her faculties nor stimulates her thought.

During the winter months she has abundant leisure for a harvest of her own in some interesting manufacture adapted to her education and circumstances, and

in the prosecution of these she would be brought into a bond of common interest with other women. So far, I have spoken only of the individual and personal reasons for which certain domestic and artistic industries might well be encouraged; but the public and economic reasons are easy to find.

In looking at the variety and bulk of our National imports we may be surprised to see how large a proportion of them are of domestic origin. In fact, nearly everything which comes under the head of artistic products is the result of domestic industry. The beauty and simplicity of many of these things is surprising, and yet they have required neither unusual talent nor careful training. They are simply the result of the *habit* of production, and their value is in the personal expression we find in them. They have always this advantage over mechanical manufacture, and can be safely relied upon to find a market in the face of close mechanical imitation. Among these domestic products we shall find the laces of all countries—Ireland, Belgium, France, Italy, Sweden, and Russia contributing this beautiful manufacture, from finest to coarsest quality. It is as common a process as knitting in the homes of many countries, and the fact of its being successfully taught in the Indian cabins of the Far West proves that it is not a difficult accomplishment. Embroideries, in all countries but our own, are common and profitable home productions; and when we come to hand-weavings, the variety is infinite. In practical England the value of hand-weavings in linen has led to the introduction of small "parlor looms" from Sweden, and damasks of special designs are woven for special customers who appreciate their charm and worth.

Of all hand processes weaving is the most generally or widely applicable, and the range of beautiful production possible to the simplest weaving is almost beyond calculation.

Many of the costly Eastern rugs are as simply woven as a Navajo blanket, or even a rag carpet. The process is in many cases almost identical, the variation being only in closeness or fineness of warp and arrangement of color.

I have been much interested of late in

an application of art to a local industry in New Hampshire. It is one which seems to prevail to a greater or less degree all through New England, and the product is called "pulled rugs." The process consists of drawing finely cut rags through some loose, strong cloth, mainly bagging or burlap. I have seen these rugs at Bar Harbor and along the Massachusetts coast for many years, and while they possessed the merit of durability, they were, for the most part, so ugly and unattractive that only the most sympathetic personal interest in the maker would induce one to purchase them. The change that has been wrought in this manufacture by an intelligent application of art is really marvelous. The product came under the attention of a woman trained in that invaluable school, "The Institute of Artist Artisans." She tried the experiment of using new material carefully dyed to follow certain Oriental designs, and the result is a smooth, velvety, thick-piled rug, which cannot be distinguished from a fine Oriental rug of the same pattern. The cost of this manufacture is necessarily considerable, since the process is slow and the material costly. This can undoubtedly be much modified by using coarse carpet yarns instead of rags; and, indeed, the principle of using materials already manufactured for other purposes is uneconomical and faulty. In addition to this, the industry would be a much greater benefit to the neighborhood (which is a farming one) if the wool grown in the vicinity were devoted to rug-making instead of being sold at competitive prices to manufacturers. In place of the twenty-eight yards of manufactured woolen cloth which goes to the making of a rug, the same weight in coarsely spun yarn would produce the same effect and undoubtedly wear more equally, none of the fibers being cut, as must occur with fully one-half of the fiber in the manufacture of wool.

Mrs. Helen R. Albee, who has so successfully inaugurated the Pulled-Rug industry, thinks, however, that cloth can be more successfully used than yarn. I quote from a recent letter: "A specified amount of wool woven into cloth represents more surface than when spun into yarn. Also, to make a rug durable, the material must be so inserted as not to pull out, which is better secured when a strip

is pinched into a small hole, and springs full width beyond it, than when the hole is filled with even threads."

Whether or not the best conditions for the manufacture have been secured, the rugs themselves have met with deserved favor, and are a source of profitable labor to the community. I believe this to be the beginning of an important industry, which owes its success entirely to the art education of one woman.

There is an improvement somewhat akin to this, in the weaving of rag-carpet rugs, and this is not confined to one locality. It consists in the use of *new* rags carefully selected as to color both of rags and warp, and the result is surprisingly good. Bath-rugs are woven of white strips of muslin, using a yarn warp of indigo blue color. This produces a soft, thick mat of excellent effect, which can be washed and bleached without loss of color, and is really an acquisition in the way of bath-room furniture. These white-and-blue bath-rugs were brought to the front in aid of the Red Cross societies, and are only another instance of the benefit resulting from the conjunction of the woman with art ideas and the woman with domestic methods.

One might say that we have in this country peculiar advantages for positive artistic excellence as well as volume of production. We grow our own wool and cotton. We have a great and growing population, with such application of mechanical invention to routine and necessary work as greatly to reduce household labor. Added to this, there has been during the last ten years so much and such general art-study as to have created a sort of diffused love of art manufactures; so that many of the people who would naturally adopt the work would have an instinctive judgment regarding it. I should not be afraid to predict great and even peculiar excellence in any domestic manufacture which became the habit of any given locality.

The subject of our domestic industries is one which should fall naturally within the objects of women's clubs. If every woman's club in the country sifted out from its members those who, by artistic instinct or education and the possession of practical ability, were fitted to lead in the work, making of them a committee on

home industries, the committee's reports would soon become of absorbing interest to the club, and the productions made under the protection, so to speak, of the club would have an advantage that any commercial business would consider invaluable. Neither would the advantage be limited by the interest of a single club. That great social engine, "The Federation of Women's Clubs," can wield an almost magical power in the creation of interest or encouragement of effort; and the federation of organizations, each one exchanging experiences as well as products, would be an ideal means of growth and extension.

The machinery for the work exists in almost every county of every State in the Union.

The best results of this general awakening will probably be in the South. Certainly no conditions could be more favorable than those existing in the Cumberland mountains, where the wool and cotton grown upon the rough farms are habitually spun and woven and dyed in the home cabin. The dyes are often made from walnut-bark, pokeberry, and certain nuts and roots which have been found to be "fast" and easily procured, although, unfortunately, the facility with which aniline dyes can be used is not unknown. The "linsey-woolsey," which is not only a common manufacture in the farm-houses,

but the common wear of both men and women, is an interesting and good manufacture, capable of much wider use than it enjoys at present. It is both strong and flexible—two qualities which would commend it as a ground for certain kinds of embroidery and draperies; and, in fact, it only needs to have its capabilities properly developed to give it the place in art embroidery of "the missing textile." Linsey-woolsey is not the only home weaving done in the Cumberland mountains. The showing of cotton homespun towel-weaving at the Atlanta Exposition was a feature of the Exposition; and the homespun blankets of various kinds which one finds in common use are only a step removed from the process of the admirable Navajo blanket.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Johnson, of Rome, Ga., have given much effort to the lifting of these manufactures into the region of art; and Berea College, Kentucky, is a strong influence in their development.

We see from these different possibilities and indications that, although we are still a people without true home productions, there is every reason to believe that this condition will not be a lasting one, and that, before many years, we shall find that the special advantages and general cultivation of the country have not only produced but given character to a large domestic manufacture.

October

By M. Algon Kirby

September came with purple and gold,
Robes that a king might wear;
Berry and nut for the squirrel bold—
For each wild thing its share.

Deeper the purple and gold have turned,
But October wears them still;
Brown—where the flame of the maple
burned—
Is the crest of yonder hill.

The birds have all sung their farewell songs
To the woods they love so well,
And sped them away with courage strong
To a warmer land to tell

Of the dear, green North—of its waving
trees
With their quivering shadows flung,

Of the sunshine fair, the cooling breeze
That softly the nestlings swung.

Sharp and cool is the morning air,
The early mist is here;
The shortening days, though skies be fair,
Tell of the waning year.

What if the fairest flowers have fled—
We know they might not stay;
The beech and the walnut are thick o'er-
head:
Let us up—to the woods away!

He loves who loves our woods aright,
The hush of October's noon;
And he who would ride on a perfect night
Must ride by the hunter's moon.

THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN¹

XII.—Last Days in Cuba

ON the next evening after the banquet at the Santa Clara Hotel, a grand ball in honor of General Gomez was given in the fine, large theater on the plaza; and as we had been furnished by the committee of management with complimentary tickets, and were curious to see how the commander-in-chief of the Cuban army would appear and behave at such an entertainment, we decided to attend.

The pleasure-seekers began to assemble early, and at nine o'clock, when we arrived, the boxes in the dress circle were already occupied, and the spacious parquette, from which all the seats had been removed, was filled with a throng of perhaps five hundred people of both sexes, all ages, and all shades of black and white from the opaque chocolate-brown of the heavy featured mulatto to the chalk-enhanced paleness of the wealthy and aristocratic Cuban dame in whose veins there was no perceptible admixture of negro blood. General Gomez had not yet made his appearance, and, pending his arrival, the people promenaded slowly, without music, around the theater, while the orchestra tuned its instruments and tried noisy experiments on kettle-drums and scratch-gourds in the gallery. Making our way with some difficulty through the crowd of cigarette-smoking officers who blocked up the approaches to the parquette, we took a position in the central aisle, at the inner edge of the dress circle, and amused ourselves by watching the promenaders. The heterogeneous types of Cuban humanity successively presented to us, as the endless column marched around the theater, were socially and ethnologically much lower than those that I remembered having seen in Quesada's audience at Matanzas. The faces of the men, who were mostly army officers in

new uniforms, seemed to me far less striking than the faces of many of the common soldiers in Gomez's escort, while the women, almost without exception, were plain and coarse-featured if not ugly. There were a few young girls, dressed in simple gowns of white muslin or tulle, who might have been pretty if they had left their faces as Nature made them; but they had artificially darkened their eyelids with lampblack and covered their cheeks with chalk until they looked almost as worn and ghastly as some of the unfortunate creatures who roam Piccadilly and the Strand on a summer night in London. Taken as a whole, the assemblage impressed me as greatly inferior, in dress, in good looks, and in intelligence, to the audience that gathered to hear Quesada speak in the Esteban Theater at Matanzas.

General Gomez, in a plain, dark-blue uniform without shoulder-straps or other insignia of rank, stepped into the parquette about half-past nine o'clock. The orchestra in the gallery struck up the "Bayamesa;" the men and women in the dress circle rose and began to clap their hands, and a few girls waved handkerchiefs in the crowd on the main floor; but there was no shouting or cheering, and the comparative feebleness of the demonstration was in striking contrast with the noise, enthusiasm, and excitement of the previous day. General Gomez, so far as I could see, made no acknowledgment of the rather perfunctory greeting, but took a seat quietly in one of the boxes and began talking with a group of friends. The orchestra, at the end of the national air, swept suddenly into the first measures of the lancers; sets were formed all over the parquette, and in a few moments the dancing began.

Whatever may be the capabilities of the Cubans in other directions, they certainly cannot dance. I have seen greater

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freedom and grace of movement, better observance of time and rhythm, and incomparably more dash, spirit, and abandon in a negro cake-walk in Tennessee than in all the Cuban balls and dances that I have ever attended or witnessed put together. The movements of the Santa Clara dancers were stiff, awkward, and constrained; their acquaintance with the figures of the lancers was evidently limited; and they showed no more exhilaration or enjoyment than they would have shown had they been performing some tiresome and perfunctory religious rite on the floor of a damp and chilly cathedral. They must have been conscious that they were neither appearing to advantage nor enjoying themselves, because at the end of the third figure the sets broke up and, after another solemn walk around, the men took partners for the distinctively Cuban waltz known as the "danzon." As the orchestra struck up the queer, barbaric, rag-time music of this saltatory exercise, I said to Mr. Gray, "We'll see now whether they can dance anything at all; they certainly don't know the lancers; but they've got this thing down on the programme for seven out of the ten dances, so it must be their favorite."

If I were asked to describe the Cuban "danzon" in a single sentence, I should say that it is a tropical combination of a two-step waltz with an ecstatic wiggle-waggle, and is danced in a jerky, unrhythmical way within the limits of an eight-foot circle. Regarded from the point of view of a non-participant, it has neither grace nor dignity. It bears no discoverable relation in time to the extremely irregular but wild and exciting music that accompanies it; and the pleasure that it seems to give is due, I think, rather to proximity and suggestiveness than to the exhilarating swing of rapid, joyous, and synchronous motion. As I have seen it, it has always been a pantomimically suggestive and often an immodest dance; and when one finds that even on state occasions, and in ball-rooms where the German waltz is well known, it fills seven places out of ten on the programme, one can hardly help drawing unfavorable conclusions with regard to the character of the people who dance it. I do not mean, of course, to assert that the preference of the "danzon" to the waltz is *prima facie*

evidence of moral depravity. Some allowance must be made for custom, national temperament, and point of view; and the "danzon" may seem no worse to a Cuban than the German waltz seems to many good Presbyterians in the United States. All I intend to say is that from an Anglo-Saxon point of view the "danzon" is the dance of a voluptuous and sensual rather than an artistic and music-loving people; and its most objectionable features are evidently of African rather than European origin.

General Gomez did not take part in the dancing, and remained in the theater only a short time. After his departure I went up into the gallery and spent an hour or more in watching and listening to the orchestra, whose music interested me much more than the dancing did. The instruments were three brass horns, two oboes, three violins, a bass viol, two kettle-drums so tuned that one of them was a little lower than the other in pitch, and a large, curved gourd, finely grooved or serrated on one side so that when struck a glancing blow with a piece of bamboo it made a sound which sometimes suggested a rattle and sometimes the sharp, penetrating click of bones. The gourd, however, was not played in synchrony with the kettle-drums, nor were the drums used to mark and accentuate the time, as they would be in a European orchestra. The wild, barbaric music had, to my unaccustomed ear, no measurable time at all, and the relation of the drums and the scratch-gourd to the violins and the horns seemed to be as purely fortuitous as the relation between the drumming of a partridge and the simultaneous singing of a robin in a tree overhead. The gourd-player struck his gourd at all sorts of unexpected and apparently capricious intervals; the drummer played his drums alternately or together, with as little regularity as if he were beating out upon them the letters of the Morse telegraph alphabet; the horns tooted away at random, regardless of the violins, and everything seemed to go helter-skelter and haphazard. I was soon convinced, however, by the effect produced, that there was method in the orchestration and perfect order in the playing. The music, although not comparable with anything of the kind that I had ever before heard, was undeniably

fascinating and exciting. It lacked time, it lacked recognizable melody, it lacked almost everything that I had been accustomed to look for in dance music; but it took hold of me nevertheless. African although it might be in origin, and half-savage as it certainly was in spirit, it made a vague, indescribable appeal to elemental instincts and impulses, which not only excited the players and dancers, who perhaps had inherited a peculiar susceptibility to it, but stirred the blood even of an alien and unsympathetic auditor. In the far-off African jungle centuries ago this was the music of primitive, elemental passion, and the object of the men who created it was not so much to mark the time of the dance as to rouse and stimulate the emotions of which the dance was the outward expression.

When we left the theater, about eleven o'clock, a hundred couples were still turning and wriggling in the "danzon;" and the last sounds that came to my ears, before I lost consciousness in sleep, were the clash and click of the big scratch-gourd and the muffled, intermittent rumble of the two-toned drums.

Early Tuesday morning General Gomez, accompanied by a hundred and fifty armed soldiers, attended divine service in the Roman Catholic church on the plaza, and shortly afterward, with a body-guard of women and a small escort of horsemen, he walked to the railway station and took a special train for Cienfuegos.

I made a call of courtesy upon Major Barker, the American commandant of the post, visited the municipal hospital, the leper hospital, and the old Spanish barracks; and about three o'clock in the afternoon followed General Gomez to Cienfuegos on the regular daily train.

The country through which the railroad runs from Santa Clara to Cienfuegos does not differ much, in appearance, from the palm-sprinkled and generally flat interior of the province of Matanzas. It is, or has been, a great sugar region, and the only interest that it possesses—at least for the ordinary traveler—is economic rather than scenic. Between La Cruces and Cienfuegos lie some of the most important and extensive cane plantations on the island; and before the insurrection the sugar produced by them and shipped from Cienfuegos amounted in value to

nearly \$10,000,000 per annum. The output was greatly reduced, of course, by the war; but as most of the proprietors of sugar estates in this district were possessed of ample means, they could afford to pay the Spanish military authorities liberally for protection, and were able, therefore, in many cases, to save from destruction their immense and costly mills, even though they could not wholly prevent the burning over of their cane-fields. I saw mills that had been fortified until they looked like mediæval strongholds, and that had evidently been garrisoned by several hundred men. Spanish commanders were always ready to furnish a guard of soldiers to protect a sugar-mill, if the planter who owned it would agree to pay and feed the force so detailed, and, furthermore, make from time to time suitable pecuniary acknowledgment of the favor shown him. Such an arrangement not only brought to the commanding officer a handsome revenue, but enabled him to pocket the pay and sell the rations to which the soldiers would have been entitled if they had not been detached, and thus get a double profit out of the same transaction. How much money was thus extorted from planters and stolen from the Spanish Government during the insurrection it is impossible to say, but that it amounted to millions, if not tens of millions, of dollars, there can be little doubt.

Mr. Warner, distributing agent of the Red Cross, told me in Santa Clara that when he first went to Cienfuegos, at the close of the war, he made the acquaintance there of a Spanish officer who, with his wife, was living at the Hotel Union. The officer wore diamond rings worth at least \$2,000; his wife had diamonds to the value of \$3,000; they occupied a whole suite of rooms, kept two or three servants, and were spending money at the rate of \$12 or \$15 a day; and yet the salary to which the man's rank entitled him was not more than \$1,500 per annum. Mr. Warner could not positively assert that the means which enabled this couple to live in so extravagant a style had been dishonestly acquired in Cuba; but that such was the case he had not the slightest doubt. Similar stories, which were told to me by many different people in many parts of the island, led me to question, more than once, whether the failure of

the Spanish military authorities to put down the insurrection was not due as much to dishonesty as to incapacity. A commanding officer of the type usually sent to Cuba by Spain was not likely to labor very energetically for the termination of a state of affairs that enabled him to make ten times as much by extortion and fraud as he could ever hope to earn by honest and meritorious service.

The distance from Santa Clara to Cienfuegos is only about forty miles ; but our train made long stops at Esperanza, Ranchuelo, and La Cruces, and we did not reach our destination until after five o'clock P.M. It was then so late that we had little time for sightseeing, but after a hasty dinner we strolled through some of the principal streets in the vicinity of the hotel, visited a few of the most attractive shops, walked down to the edge of the large and almost landlocked bay on which Cienfuegos is situated, and finally found our way to the spacious and beautiful plaza, where, in the variegated glare of colored electric lights, an American band was playing operatic airs to an immense crowd in front of the house occupied by General Gomez.

Most of the cities of Cuba may be referred to one or the other of two distinct classes or types: namely, first, ancient, half-decayed Spanish towns like Santiago, Baracoa, and Puerto Principe, whose streets are generally narrow, often tortuous, and always destitute of proper sidewalks ; and, second, comparatively modern cities like Cardenas and Gibara, which have been laid out on a more generous plan, with regular streets, forty feet or more in width, and sidewalks along which at least two persons can walk abreast. Cienfuegos, which was founded in the first quarter of the present century, belongs to the latter class, and takes rank commercially as the most important city on the southern coast of the island. It did not impress me, however, as a particularly interesting place from any point of view. It is less attractive, architecturally, than Matanzas ; its environment is not nearly so picturesque as that of Baracoa ; the bay on which it stands, although large enough to hold the navies of the world, is not half so beautiful as the Bay of Santiago ; and its claim to distinction—if it make any such claim—must rest solely upon the importance of

its commerce and the width of its streets. It has a few shops that are better, or at least more nearly American in appearance, than any that I saw on the island outside of Havana ; and its spacious plaza, set with royal palm and flamboyant trees, and decorated with beds of foliage-plants and flowers, is attractive and satisfying to the eye ; but with these exceptions the city presents little that is noteworthy or unusual.

Eight miles below the city, however, at the narrow, bottle-necked entrance to the bay, there is a queer old stone castle which we visited on the next day after our arrival, and which proved to be well worth inspection. It is known as the Castillo de Jagua, and stands at the back of a little bight or bay on the western side of the channel, in such a position as to command and defend the entrance. Like the old Morro Castle at Santiago, it is extremely irregular in outline, but it may be roughly described as a two-story citadel of heavy masonry, standing inside a rectangular inclosure formed by a twenty-five-foot stone wall. In the middle of the inclosure, which has an area of perhaps one thousand square yards, there is an immense cube—or, to speak more accurately, an immense parallelopiped—of masonry, higher than the encircling wall but corresponding roughly with it in outline, which forms the lower story of the citadel. This parallelopiped, which contains storerooms, dungeons, and a powder-magazine, supports upon its upper surface a second story consisting of two similar but smaller parallelopipeds, which stand corner to corner, *en échelon*, with a twelve-foot cylindrical tower of stone rising above and covering their intersecting angles. As the two upper parallelopipeds do not occupy the whole of the area formed by the massive base upon which they stand, there is left, in front of what may be called the second story of the citadel, a sort of esplanade or fighting platform, where, under the protection of an embrasured parapet, have been mounted half a dozen ancient, muzzle-loading howitzers. Standing at the edge of this gun-platform, one may look either over the top of the wall that forms the perimeter of the fortification, or down into a sort of courtyard which separates the wall from the base of the citadel, and which is now utilized as a vegetable garden.

At each corner of the esplanade, on the sea front, there is a cylindrical stone turret or tower with a pepper-box roof, exactly like the tower over the parallelopeds of the second story, but smaller. There is no gate, or other opening, in the outer wall of the fortress; but from the high ground in the rear a narrow plank walk, supported by a trestle, runs through a shallow notch in the battlement, and then across the sunken courtyard to an arched door in the second story of the citadel, where there is a mediæval drawbridge, raised by a clumsy combination of levers and chains. If the castle were attacked, its defenders would at once raise the drawbridge and knock away the light wooden trestle leading to it from the rear. The attacking force could then gain access to the citadel only by scaling the outer wall, crossing the sunken courtyard under fire, climbing on ladders to the esplanade or gun-platform of the second story, and then forcing an entrance, either by breaching the solid stone walls of the upper parallelopeds, or battering down the heavy door that leads to them through the cylindrical tower in which their intersecting corners meet. The success of such an attack would be problematical even now; and when the fortress was new and in a perfect state of defense, I doubt whether it could have been taken by any force without the support and co-operation of siege artillery.

I have been unable to ascertain when this interesting old castle was erected. On a stone or slab over the arched doorway in the second story of the citadel there is an inscription and a date; but both are so worn and blurred as to be nearly illegible, and the second figure of the year date has been wholly effaced. That the castle is older than the city of Cienfuegos there can be no doubt; and from its appearance and architecture, as well as from its resemblance to the Morro at Santiago, I should conclude that it was built some time in the seventeenth century, to protect the harbor from the incursions of the buccaneers. I saw only two other castles of this type in Cuba; one of them the well-known Morro at Santiago, and the other a much smaller but even more curious specimen of mediæval defensive architecture at the mouth of the Chorrera River near Havana. The latter could be entered

only by means of a wholly detached stairway of stone, from the top of which there was an eighteen-foot drawbridge to a small door in the second story, at a height of thirty feet from the ground.

On the crest of a sloping hill, directly back of the Castillo de Jagua, we found an extensive earthwork, flanked by barbed-wire entanglements, which was evidently intended further to strengthen the defenses of the harbor; but it contained no modern guns, and the fire of its old muzzle-loading howitzers would hardly have prevented a battle-ship from forcing an entrance, provided there were no torpedoes in the channel.

We returned to the city by the little steamer that runs down to the mouth of the harbor and back twice a day, and Friday morning, after calling upon General Bates, the American Governor of the province, we left Cienfuegos by rail for Havana. When we reached Matanzas, about four o'clock that afternoon, my interpreter, Mr. Gray, who had been complaining for several days of lassitude and headache, had a slight chill, followed by fever, with a temperature of 103° and all the characteristic symptoms of calentura. He seemed for a time to be threatened with a serious fit of illness; but under the skillful treatment of Dr. Frost, of the Eighth Massachusetts, who kindly offered to attend him, his fever abated and he was able on Sunday to make the short railroad journey to Havana.

Although the time for our return to the United States was drawing near, I wished, if possible, to get at least a superficial acquaintance with the extreme western part of the island; and on the next Wednesday after our return to Havana, as Mr. Gray seemed to be better, I decided to make a flying trip to Pinar del Rio. Leaving the hotel long before daybreak, we drove to the station of the Western Railway, took seats in a dimly lighted, cane-seated car, and just as the sun was rising through a clammy, malarious mist over the muddy waters of the bay, we rolled away from the station platform, passed under the gray walls of the Castillo de Antares, rumbled through the dingy quarter known as Jesus del Monte, and finally, just beyond the suburban village of Arroyo Naranjo, emerged into the open country.

The Western Railway, which unites

Havana with Pinar del Rio, is in better condition and furnishes a better service than any other road on the island. Its trains are not fast, but they run very smoothly over a well-laid and well-balasted track, and make the distance of one hundred and five miles between terminals in about five hours. So far as the roadbed is concerned, they might make it in three; but a Cuban would doubtless regard himself as defrauded if he were forced to pay seven dollars and a half for a ride of only three hours. When he is five hours on the way, he seems to be getting more for his money; and, after all, why should he hurry? Business is not pressing, and, as he says with cheerful optimism, "There'll be another day tomorrow." He would much rather have the running time increased to ten hours and the first-class fare reduced to three dollars than be compelled to pay ten dollars for transportation to his destination in three hours. The extremely high passenger rate on this line—seven and one-half cents per mile—dates from the period of the insurrection, and is a result of the difficulty experienced and the expense incurred at that time in keeping the road open. Trains were attacked and bridges and culverts destroyed so frequently and so persistently by the insurgents that the company would probably have suspended the movement of trains altogether if it had not been allowed by the Spanish Government to add first ten per cent. and then an additional twenty per cent. to its regular freight and passenger rates. With the revenue derived from these high rates the able and energetic English engineer who managed the road was able not only to keep it open but actually to improve its condition, so that at the end of the war it was in many respects the best railway in Cuba.

The country lying along the road south and west of Havana does not differ much from that in the immediate vicinity of the city except in the nature of its agricultural products. The great fields of sugar-cane, which are a characteristic feature of the province of Havana, gradually disappear as one goes westward, and their places are taken by fields of tobacco, separated one from another by low stone walls, or impenetrable hedges of thorny cactus. There is nothing like picturesque scenery

until after the train passes the station of San Cristobal, when the range of mountains that runs parallel with the road on the northern side approaches the track, and affords glimpses now and then of wild, beautiful gorges, stretching backward and upward between densely wooded slopes where the dark-green plumes of the southern pine mingle with the drooping, fern-like fronds of the royal palm.

We reached our destination about eleven o'clock Thursday morning, and, after a Cuban breakfast at the "Globo" Hotel, walked up the main street to the plaza, where I expected to find and intended to call upon General Williston, the military Governor, and Dr. Kneedler, the chief Surgeon, of the province.

Pinar del Rio, the commercial center of the famous Vuelta Abajo tobacco district, is a compactly built and comparatively modern town of perhaps eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated on rather uneven ground in the midst of a great rolling plain, which begins at the coast of the Caribbean Sea and stretches northward to the base of the mountain range known as the Sierra del Rosario. There are no forests of any considerable extent in the immediate vicinity, and if it were not for the dark-green fields of tobacco, and the scattered clumps of pine, palmetto, and royal palm which fringe here and there the edges of the long, rolling slopes, the country would look desolate and arid. Judging from its appearance at the end of the dry season, one would never take it to be a rich agricultural region, nor believe that, under favorable conditions, a single acre of its soil may be made to produce \$3,000 worth of tobacco.

In the town itself there is little that is interesting or noteworthy. The houses are mostly one-story buildings of stone or stuccoed brick, with broad piazzas fronting on the street in Cuban fashion, and if it were not for the Doric columns by which the red-tiled roofs of the piazzas are supported, Pinar del Rio would differ little from other Cuban towns of its size and class. These large white or blue columns, however, standing in rows along the sidewalks of the principal streets, give the place a semi-Grecian appearance which is striking and distinctive.

I found Dr. Kneedler at home in a large, comfortable floored tent just off the

plaza, went with him to call upon General Williston, and had a long talk with both. The people of Pinar del Rio, they said, were slowly getting on their feet, and, after the harvesting and sale of their growing crop of tobacco, most of them would be able to support themselves without governmental assistance. About six thousand persons were then drawing indigent rations in the province, and there was still a good deal of suffering in remote, outlying villages which could not be easily reached; but the situation was steadily improving, and General Williston thought that in three or four months more the population would be self-supporting, and that in another year or two it would be as prosperous as ever. The sanitary condition of the city, Dr. Kneedler said, was fairly good. Smallpox was quite prevalent when our forces took possession of the place, and our surgeons had great difficulty, at first, in dealing with it successfully, owing to the reluctance of the people to submit to vaccination. One prominent and wealthy Spaniard refused absolutely to be vaccinated, locked himself up in his house, and defied the medical officers to come and take him. Dr. Kneedler, seeing that this would be a test case, sent a file of soldiers to arrest him, marched him through the principal street of the town at the head of an excited crowd of indignant sympathizers, and shut him up in the guardhouse. On the following day, when the prisoner had had time for reflection, the doctor went to call upon him. No sooner had he entered the Spaniard's cell than the latter sprang to his feet, tore open his coat and shirt so as to lay bare his breast, and exclaimed dramatically, "I'm ready to be vaccinated, all over, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, if you'll fight me afterward and so give me a chance to

avenge the insult to my dignity and my honor." Dr. Kneedler laughed at him, placated him, argued with him, and finally persuaded him to be vaccinated without a fight. This ended opposition to vaccination in the town. The people saw that resistance was useless, that no exceptions would be made or exemptions allowed, and that first or last they would have to submit. In the course of the next month or six weeks eight thousand two hundred persons were vaccinated in the town and the country adjacent thereto, and the epidemic of smallpox was effectually stamped out. Meanwhile, under the direction of the health officer, Dr. Gonzales, the streets and courtyards of the city were thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and at the time of our visit the place was in as good sanitary condition, apparently, as Matanzas or Cardenas.

Friday morning I called again upon General Williston; drove with Dr. Kneedler to the camp, where I had the pleasure of talking Russian with Major de Niedeman, a descendant of the Narishkins, who is now in the service of the United States; and at one o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Gray and I returned to Havana.

Three days later, after witnessing the enthusiastic reception given to General Gomez upon his return to the capital, we made our farewell calls, packed our trunks, obtained certificates of health from the sanitary inspector of the United States Marine Hospital Service, and sailed on a Plant Line steamer for Tampa.

As a result of my six months' experience in Cuba, I formed certain opinions with regard to the character of the Cubans, and reached certain conclusions with regard to their capacity for self-government. These opinions and conclusions, together with the facts upon which they are based, I shall set forth in another article.

The Life of Horace Bushnell'

PROFESSOR GENUNG has given a very significant title to his volume on Job—"The Epic of the Inner Life." The adventures of the spirit in Job exploring the mystery of pain as truly

constitute an epic as do the adventures of Ulysses in the Odyssey. Life is one of outward circumstance and of inward development, and the outward circumstance, however dramatic, is always subsidiary to the inward development. In the life of Horace Bushnell there was no outward

¹ *Horace Bushnell*. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$2.

circumstance. Quieter and less adventurous life in material relations it would be difficult to conceive. He entered on his pastorate at Hartford almost immediately on his graduation; he remained in the same pastorate to the day of his death. The quiet service rendered in the quiet life there lived was broken in upon by occasional services elsewhere in public addresses (of which there were not many), by three or four journeys for rest and health, and by a futile attempt to try him for heresy, which came to nothing. In such an uneventful career there would be scant material for a biography if there were no epic of the inner life.

It is the inner life of Horace Bushnell which is of interest, and to write the biography of such a soul requires a spiritual interpreter. Such a spiritual interpreter is Dr. Munger. The charm of this volume is not chiefly in that classic English of which he is a master, the crystal simplicity of which is emphasized by the contrast it presents to Dr. Bushnell's rugged and often jagged sentences. The prose of the one might be compared to Tennyson's poetry, the prose of the other to Browning's. The charm is in the interpreter's spiritual vision, his clear perception of the inner life which he interprets, his sympathetic understanding of the inner man, the genesis of his thought, and the process of its growth. Dr. Munger enables us to see this prophet of the New Puritanism grow through the successive stages of his spiritual development. The biography is spiritually biological.

The title of Dr. Bushnell's greatest book is the index to his character and the explanation of his service to mankind: "Nature and the Supernatural." New England theology had laid its stress on the supernatural. It had separated religion from daily life, and theology from secular philosophy. It had tied life up in separate parcels, labeled them, and put them where they would not and could not intermingle. In this respect it had followed the course of ecclesiasticism in all ages and all forms of development. Philosophically it had become a new form of scholasticism; spiritually and intellectually, an unrational if not irrational mysticism. This bred in New England, as it has always bred everywhere, a reaction. But New England was too law-abiding to

entertain a lawless philosophy like that of the French encyclopædists—albeit Thomas Paine was for a little time strangely popular in the home of Edwards and Emmons and Hopkins; and New England was too reverential to entertain a deistical revolution like that of England. The reaction against Puritanism could not be irreligious, nor even untheological; it necessarily took the form of a new theology. Unitarianism was a just protest against the supernaturalism of the Puritan churches, but, like all protests, was too negative to be an adequate correction. The transition from the modified Puritanism of Channing to the rationalism of Theodore Parker was both natural and rapid. The philosophy of an unnatural supernaturalism provoked and so created the philosophy of an unmystical rationalism. Against a theology which was irrational was put a theology of rationalism. Phenomena which could not be explained were either retained without explanation or defended by irrational explanation in the older system, and were simply eliminated from consideration in the other. Orthodoxy insisted that Christ was not human but divine; Unitarianism, that he was not divine but human: orthodoxy retained miracles, defending them by the impossible hypothesis that the God of order could introduce disorder into the universe whenever he chose; Unitarianism gradually eliminated them as mythical or legendary: revelation was in the one philosophy an incursion from without breaking into the order of nature; in the other it was a form of moral genius: of conversion neither had a psychological explanation ready; the one attributed it to a special grace and coupled it with an unethical, not to say immoral, doctrine of election, the other dropped it out of its philosophy altogether or treated it as a species of hysterical emotionalism which ought to be dropped out of life.

It was at this hour that Horace Bushnell appeared. We do not know that he was the author of the familiar phrase, "The supernatural is all most natural, and the natural is all most supernatural." He was not the first to entertain this belief; traces of it are to be found in Augustine. But he was the first to interpret it as a dominating principle in what was truly a new theology. He did not clearly see this

truth at first. He did not always consistently maintain it. Some of his explanations have been set aside by later philosophy, as some of those of later philosophy will probably yield to philosophical explanations yet to come. He did not fully apprehend either the philosophical doctrine of evolution or the theological doctrine of divine immanence; but both are really implicit in his teaching, though not fully perceived by him. No one, even to our time, has more clearly set forth the truth that language as a symbol of thought is an imperfect instrument for its expression, that its imperfection is most apparent in dealing with the highest themes, and that for this reason, if for no other, no dogma can ever be the final expression of divine truth, and revelation itself must, in the nature of the case, be imperfect, because it must use an imperfect instrument. On the other hand, he never set forth as clearly as Henry Ward Beecher, and certainly not with any such passionate eloquence, the truth that it is love, not wisdom or power, which makes God worthy of our allegiance and our service. There are three principles which constitute the very essence of the so-called new theology: the doctrine that God is in all phenomena, that evolution is only the gradual manifestation of his secret presence, and that therefore there is no real distinction between the natural and the supernatural; the doctrine that language is an imperfect manifestation of thought, and therefore that not only all human creeds but all divinely inspired utterances are imperfect revelations of divine truth; and the doctrine that God is love, and therefore love, not fear nor conscience, must be the mainspring of all human activity, as it is of the life of God himself. Of the first two of

these Horace Bushnell was pre-eminently the prophet.

The limits of our space do not allow us to follow Dr. Munger in his admirable interpretation of Dr. Bushnell's growing thought, nor even to show how the application of these principles, while it leaves intact the facts of sin, revelation, incarnation, sacrifice, and immortality, necessarily revolutionizes our philosophical interpretation of them. It must suffice to hint in a sentence the revolution: Sin is no longer natural, but contra-natural, revelation is not a something added to human experience *ab extra*, but an unveiling of God in human experience, and therefore both partial and progressive; incarnation is God dwelling in man, not two incongruous natures, the human and divine, mysteriously joined together in a God-man; sacrifice is not the substitution of an innocent victim for the guilty in a governmental system, but the method by which alone life can be imparted by the innocent to the guilty; and immortality is not a miraculous new gift of life to the dead in a future resurrection, but the continuity of a life which is not dissolved by the dissolution of its earthly dwelling-place. The germs of these definitions, if not their full development, can all be found in the writings of Horace Bushnell, who might well be called the father of the "new theology." No thinker since Jonathan Edwards's time has influenced more profoundly the religious thought of New England, and we do not know where the layman who has not time to make a special study of his works can find so good an interpretation of his intellectual and spiritual life as in this biography of one prophet of the New Puritanism written by another prophet of the same school.

Fiske's "Dutch and Quaker Colonies"

PROFESSOR FISKE'S great work of writing our colonial history from the discovery of America to the adoption of our National Constitution is nearing completion. With the present volume covering the middle colonies, as "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" covered those of the South, nothing remains

but to resume the story of "The Beginnings of New England," and follow the struggles for English against French ascendancy, which had hardly ended when the already recounted struggle for American independence began. This final work Mr. Fiske hopes to complete in about two years, and all lovers of American history and American literature will hope that his hopes may be fulfilled.

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is of great importance that the same hand should follow the settlement of all the colonies. No historian with the requisite enthusiasm to write a good history could investigate the history of any section without danger of concluding that out of the development of that section has come nearly all that is of value in the Nation's present character. In one of the early chapters of the present work Mr. Fiske himself calls attention to a striking instance of such partiality. Mr. Robert Vickers's valued "History of Bohemia," published a few years ago in Chicago, claims that a knowledge of the history of Bohemia is indispensable to every American because "the civil constitution of Bohemia is the parent of that of England and our own." In dealing with the contributions of Holland to our political development, Mr. Fiske confronted an extremely intricate problem, and only the broad work he has done upon the settlement of New England, the settlement of Virginia, the Quaker settlements, and the great but often forgotten inpouring of the Scotch-Irish Puritans, who almost made great portions of the new West, has enabled him to weigh the Dutch influence in the scales of justice. Few Dutchmen, we think, will care to quarrel seriously with Mr. Fiske's estimate. The chapters reviewing the forces that gave the Netherlands their commanding place in commerce, art, literature, and popular culture at the close of the Middle Ages are marvelously illuminating contributions to the history of civilization. England in the long run had an advantage over Holland in the development of her liberties because of her greater remove from the threatening militarism of the Continental powers; but the very tyrannies against which Holland had to struggle made her contribute to England some of the most progressive elements in her population. Every Hollander will read these chapters with glowing pride, and few will declare that New England prejudices were responsible for Professor Fiske's analysis of the reasons why the colonies of the Dutch West India Company did not prosper as did the colonies of England.

But the history of the Dutch colonies, though they form the larger part of the

present work, do not contain the chapter of unique value. Professor Fiske's studies in philosophy, and his steadily growing faith in the immanence of God, have fitted him peculiarly to be the historian of the Quaker colonies. Both the mystical side and the rationalistic sides of the Quaker belief that the inward light, rather than ritual or tradition or even the letter of Scripture, is the supreme guide for the soul of man, lay hold of Professor Fiske's thought and feeling, and he writes of the Quakers as those who have realized "the Christian ideal more perfectly than any other sect of Christians." The noble portrait that is presented of William Penn is one that is calculated to inspire a deeper and higher patriotism among students of American history, young and old.

The following miniature taken from Penn's missionary journey through Germany will afford a glimpse of the scenes of spiritual exaltation that here glow again with life:

The missionaries proceeded next day to Herwarden, in Westphalia, where Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine, had her court. This Elizabeth, sister of Prince Rupert, was a woman of liberal and cultivated mind. She had received lessons in philosophy from the immortal Descartes, who was reported to have said that he "found none except her who so thoroughly understood his works." She had for a time given protection to Jean de Labadie [an apostle of Christian communism], and now she cordially welcomed Penn and his companions. . . . "We were all," says Penn's diary, "sweetly tendered and broken together, for virtue went forth of Jesus that day, and the life of our God was shed abroad amongst us. . . . The princess put me in remembrance of a promise I made them in one of my letters out of England, namely, that I would give them an account (at a convenient time) of my first commencement and of the tribulations and consolations which I had met withal in this way of the kingdom that God had brought me to. After some pause I found myself very free, and prepared in the Lord's love and fear to comply with their request, and so after some silence began. . . . As soon as the meeting was done, the princess came to me and took me by the hand (which she usually did to us all coming and going), and went to speak to me of the sense that she had of that power and presence of God that was among us, but was stopped. And, turning herself to the window, broke forth in an extraordinary fashion, crying out, "I cannot speak to you; my heart is full."

No one of the Quaker faith could have drawn these lines with a tenderer love.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Look Out!

By Mary F. Butts

Tap! tap! tap!

Who's at the door?

Tap! tap! tap!

Tapping o'er and o'er.

The tap! tap! tap!

Louder still it grows—

'Tis Jack Frost riding on the wind

After Baby's toes.

The Adventures of a Gray Cat

By L. B. Johnson

Did you ever hear of a cat's playing scarecrow? And a stuffed pussy, too, at that? Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies and picked up all the little grass and flower seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy little fellows, not easily frightened away, and the lady was in despair.

"Why not have a 'cat?'" some kind friend suggested; but no, a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind, and, to her family's amusement, a sleek-looking *gray flannel* pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained, but not one of them dared brave that fierce-looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden, but late in the afternoon she mysteriously disappeared, and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence; so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home, there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring porch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, when a door opened and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile on her face.

"I must tell you how completely I have been deceived," she exclaimed. "You know how very much afraid of cats I am?

Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying 'Shoo!' 'Scat!' to that very lifelike animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!"

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another funny story came to the Garden Lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past carrying by the neck a large gray cat, and shaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby and started in pursuit, crying. "You shall not kill that cat! You *shall* not!"

Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of gray flannel and stuffed with cotton?

She could not guess its rightful home, so she left it on the step where the dog had dropped it, whence it came once more into the hands of its owner, and at last accounts was sitting in quiet dignity under the watchful eyes of the disappointed sparrows.

The King who Served

We hear stories of kings of many years ago, who, in hiding during times of war, entered houses, and, not being recognized, did menial service. One king let the cakes burn that he was set to watch, and received a severe scolding from the housewife for his carelessness. We do not think of a king of to-day being ordered to do work in payment for food. Yet it is said that recently this actually happened to the King of Italy. He was hunting in the mountains, when in some way he was separated from his party. After wandering a while, he discovered that he did not know where he was. He walked on until he came to a little house where he found the owner, an old woman. He asked her the names of the peaks of mountains in sight, and for a drink of

goat's milk. When he had drunk the milk, he asked the kind old woman what he could do for her.

"You have a gun," she said; "perhaps you could kill the polecat who kills my chickens, and who even killed my cat."

"Anything else?" asked the King. "You seem to be alone here."

"Yes," said the old woman, sadly. "The King has taken the only one I had left—a grandson. Some say the King is forced to do it. It's hard on lone folks like me."

"What's his regiment?" asked the King.

"That I do not know. But here's a letter from him. Perhaps you can read it—that gives the regiment, maybe. I thought the schoolmaster would read it for me Sunday."

The King read the letter to her, so she did not have to wait for Sunday and church, where she would see the schoolmaster.

The King took his gun and hunted until he killed the polecat that had killed his hostess's chickens and cat. She insisted on giving the King a few pence.

The next year the King was hunting again in the same neighborhood. He decided to visit his hostess of the previous year, and find out whether the grandson sent home from the army was all that a brave soldier ought to be to a grandmother.

Both were working in the garden. The returned soldier saluted, saying, "It is the King, granny; it is the King!" His grandmother laughed, saying, "It is the man I gave money to for killing the polecat; I told you about him!" But the boy knew the King, and, to stop the grandmother's scolding, told her he was the King.

At first she was startled, but the King put her at ease, she brought out milk, they drank together, and then the King went his way down the mountain.

A Queer Market

Over in New Jersey there is a man transacting a business that many little boys would think most desirable and interesting. This man buys and sells and rents wild animals to parks, circuses, and zoölogical gardens. In Europe, in three cities, there are dealers in wild animals. They understand how to capture and care

for the animals so well that it is found that it pays better to buy the animals from them than to send men to Africa, India, or Alaska to capture animals and bring them directly here. The man who is transacting the business in New Jersey is known all over the country. His headquarters are adapted to the needs of the animals. The elephant lives in a house that is heated in winter, but having a roof entirely of glass, so that the sunlight may reach him and his brothers, sisters, and cousins, and keep them well. The polar bear lives in a house with one side open, having only bars, and a tank in which he may at any time take a bath. The birds from warm countries live under the sunlight and in the warmed houses, while eagles and other birds from cold countries have only shelters from storms.

The animals are often rented to small parks and to small circuses. It is interesting to know that if you save \$3,000 you can hire an elephant, a pair of camels, a pair of lions warranted to roar, a tiger, a leopard, a pair of hyenas and bears, a deer, antelope, and an ostrich, with smaller animals; macaws, cockatoos, and several other interesting birds. The animals will have their own cages and attendants. The cost of these animals would be \$15,000 if you bought them, and then you would have to provide cages, and caretakers who know how to feed them and train them.

Not the least interesting of the animals is a young tiger who is like a playful kitten. He chases his tail and rolls over on his back just as your kitten does. The fat-tailed sheep, an animal that we rarely see, is here.

The place is not only a wild-animal market, but a training-school. Young men who want to learn the menagerie business go to this place to learn how to feed and care for wild animals, how to train them and control them.

Strange Antics

A curious story comes from England of an owl that has been stealing hats. People walking out in the early evening would suddenly be startled by their hats being removed from their heads. For a time the culprit was not found, but at last, while he was trying to remove a hat that fitted very tightly, he was discovered. Do you suppose this was a humorous owl?

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Among the Farmyard People. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

In this book the farmyard people tell their own story, and the telling is conceived with decided originality.

Asia, The Heart of. By F. H. Skrine and E. D. Ross. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$3.50.

A well-told history of Russian Turkestan and of the Central Asian Khanates is timely, now that Russia is more than ever mistress among the Khanates. "The Heart of Asia" is also a good supplement and companion to Lord Curzon's "Russia in Central Asia," published ten years ago.

Auswahl aus Luther's deutschen Schriften. Introduction and Notes by W. H. Carruth. Ginn & Co., Boston. \$1.

Babylonians and Assyrians. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. (The Semitic Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

The series of Semitic Handbooks, edited by Professor Craig, of the University of Michigan, with the collaboration of eminent specialists, has been well introduced by this volume. The account of those wonderful scribes and artisans and bankers, whose civilization has been traced back to 6500 B.C., is graphically sketched from the results of the latest explorations. A profoundly human interest is stirred by it, with admiration for attainments which in some respects, notably in regard to the independence accorded to women, modern culture has not yet out-matched.

Barrys, The. By Shan Bullock. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.25.

Mr. Shan Bullock has written many vigorous short stories of Irish life. He is as exact in his literary reproduction of that life as is Mr. Seumas MacManus, some of whose stories have been printed this summer in *The Outlook*, but Mr. Bullock has the stronger imaginative and creative power.

Blix. By Frank Norris. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.25.

"McTeague" was a powerful and disagreeable book; the author's "Blix" is a refreshing contrast. It is a slight story and has some improbabilities and crudities, but it is light-hearted, jolly, and its man and maiden, if a little Bohemian in their jollifications, are clean-minded, healthful-bodied people whose frolics are harmless and amusing.

Bushnell, Horace. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$2.

Child's Primer of Natural History, A. By Oliver Herford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

China, Intimate. By Mrs. Archibald Little. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$5.

While from physical ponderosity this is certainly a great book about China, it will hardly take the place of any of the authorities on that subject. It is, nevertheless, a particularly readable book concerning life in the Flowery Kingdom. Mrs. Little writes with a feminine incisiveness yet with a feminine lightness of touch. She discusses politics and religion, it is true, but she informs us more at length concerning the social side of Chinese life, especially concerning its stunted-footed women, its leasts, its marrying and giving in marriage.

Constitution, The Growth of the, in the Convention of 1787. By W. M. Meigs. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$2.50.

By reason of its arrangement this work is exceptionally

valuable to students and teachers of constitutional history for the substance of all that was said on each topic is brought to the attention at once. Where the same topic—as, for example, the power of the judiciary to annul laws—came up for discussion under different sections of the Constitution, the authors' index enables the reader to examine all the references together if he so desires. Upon this particular point it is interesting to note that the author holds that many members of the Constitutional Convention anticipated the power of the judiciary to annul laws, now so frequently exercised.

Cicero: Eleven Orations. Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by R. W. Tunstall. University Publishing Co., New York. \$1.20.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. (Vol. III.) By Thomas Carlyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Cuba and International Relations. By James Morton Callahan. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. \$3.

Cycle of Stories, A. By Barbara Yechton. Thomas Whittaker, New York. \$1.50.
An appropriate book for very young readers.

Darwinism and Lamarckism. By Frederic Wollaston Hutton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.

A good conspectus of the forty years' debate on the development of species—the name at first applied to the theory of organic evolution. The four lectures grouped under the title "Darwinism and Lamarckism" give the modifications of the theory, and the current misconceptions attaching to it are exhibited in a lucid and popular treatment of the subject, while the still unsolved questions are explicitly recognized. Mr. Hutton's book has the positive value of clarifying ideas in a region which of late has become somewhat bogged.

Davidson, Samuel, Autobiography of. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

In 1857 Samuel Davidson was removed from his professorship in Lancashire College for writing his "Introduction to the Old Testament" on the line of the higher criticism conservatively applied. He had attained the foremost rank among Biblical scholars, but this did not hinder his virtual excommunication from Congregational fellowship, which was made a direct excommunication after his "Introduction to the New Testament" in 1868. Nowadays men are ordained to the Congregational ministry in this country whose confession of faith is substantially identical with that of Dr. Davidson written in 1876. He was a man of gentle as well as courageous spirit, whom persecution did not embitter, and he found in other churches the fellowship denied in his own. The fruits of the Biblical studies which he pursued till near his end in 1898 are abundantly displayed by this autobiography.

Day's Work, The. (Part II.) By Rudyard Kipling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Dewey, Admiral George. By John Barrett. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.25.

Doctrine of Saint John, The. By Walter Lowrie. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Symmetrically expanded from its original form in an academic thesis, and conformed to that type in its mode of presenting the Johannine theology according to the commonly received evangelical view. The ethical import of such fundamental terms as "truth" and "life" is recognized, but not so fully as seems desirable.

Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 v. \$4.

Elizabeth, Queen. By the Rt. Rev. Mandell Creighton, D.D., Lord Bishop of London. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Students of history will welcome this new edition of Dr. Creighton's, "Queen Elizabeth." The Bishop of London's predilections for the Queen who exalted the episcopacy against the wishes of her strongly Puritan people have not led him to erase or withhold a line that disclosed the vanity, the unscrupulousness, or even the coarseness of her nature. Indeed, these prejudices only betray themselves in the author's belief that a deep religious conviction determined her attitude toward the Puritans.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo: Letters to a Friend, 1838-1853. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.

Essays and Addresses. By R. W. Dale. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. \$1.75.

The subject matter of this collection relates to religious and ecclesiastical questions of fundamental importance in England and, to a large extent, here also. The appearance of a second edition within six months is a fit recognition of the book's value.

First Glance at the Birds, A. By Charles A. Keeler. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 50c.

Forbes, John Murray, Letters and Recollections of. Edited by Sarah Forbes Hughes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 vols. \$5.

The life of John Murray Forbes is the sort of biography that young men especially should read. Mr. Forbes was a successful business man in Boston. He used his wealth with the most admirable public spirit in the service of the country during the Civil War, and in a private benevolence equally praiseworthy. Somewhat more than half of Mrs. Hughes's two volumes is concerned with his patriotic activity behind the public scenes of the war and of the events immediately before and after. The promptitude with which Massachusetts then took the field was largely due to him; he was the chief confidential adviser and helper of Governor Andrew. It was characteristic of him that when the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued, he had a million copies of it printed on small slips and distributed in our army, in packages of fifty each, to be circulated wherever the march led. A long succession of guests shared the hospitality of his home, but Emerson thought that Forbes was "not likely in any company to meet a man superior to himself."

"Forward March!" By Kirk Munroe. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.25.

The success of the author's other books will prepare readers for the still greater success which will doubtless attend the appearance of his latest volume. The subject matter, however, and wealth of interesting information given will have largely to do with that success. The story of the Cuban campaign is cleverly told; the rest not so cleverly.

France and Italy. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand's latest volume is likely to command attention from the same interested audience which has turned over page after page of the clever author's other works—works which have a hold upon the popular mind something like those of Louisa Muhlbach, though their value as history is of course higher. M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has not only a clear way of putting his facts before the reader, but he has a Frenchman's talent to give to that reader such a spicy admixture of high-class gossip that the events which he describes stand out saliently in the reader's mind. The translation is a fair one.

God's Education of Man. By William De Witt Hyde. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

This is a strong book from a strenuous mind. Its introductory chapter generalizes the present theological situation, and, incisively dealing with the defects both of orthodoxy and liberalism, urges the "reorganization of the faith." The body of the work in three chapters out-

lines such a reorganization from the point of view indicated by the title, and in the interest of a truly social theology. The closing chapter presents the contrast of the older theology with this as the same contrast between "an abstract and a concrete idealism" which appears in such types as Plato and Aristotle, Garrison and Lincoln, besides others. It is a book for the times indeed. Clear in vision and keen in statement, so succinct as not always to guard against misunderstanding, it is a book which the serious reader who begins will read to the end.

Graded Literature Readers. (First Book.)

Edited by H. P. Judson and Ida C. Bender. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 25c.

He, She, and They. By Albert Lee. Harper & Bros. New York. \$1.

These bits of social humor have already seen the light in a popular periodical, and are worth republishing for their originality and jollity.

Holy Family, The: A Christmas Meditation.

By Amory H. Bradford. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 50c.

Murillo's masterpiece in the National Gallery at London has given Dr. Bradford his subject. His interpretation of the artist's work is the idealization of home and childhood, and divinizes the conception of family life. Exquisite selections of poetry, as prologue and epilogue, give it an appropriate setting.

Honor of Thieves. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.25.

House in the Hills, The. By Florence War-den. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.

A new and cheaper edition, in an entirely satisfactory form, of one of the most interesting and successful semi-historical novels which has yet come from an American hand. "King Noanett" deals with life in colonial Virginia and Massachusetts Bay sympathetically and picturesquely.

Kipling Primer, A. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Brown & Co., Boston.

Kipling lovers will do well to read these biographical and critical chapters. The volume also contains interesting bibliographies and an index to Mr. Kipling's principal writings.

Kit Kennedy: Country Boy. By S. R. Crockett. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett here gives us a companion piece to his "Cleg Kelly," who was a city boy, while Kit is of the farm. Like all of the author's recent novels, this is a curious mixture of good and bad—real humor, natural characters, energetic writing, together with absurd melodramatic incidents, and carelessness of construction of the crudest kind.

Laboratory Exercises. By H. H. Nicholson and Samuel Avery. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 60c.

La Strega and Other Stories. By Ouida. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Life Indeed. By Edward B. Coe, D.D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.25.

In this volume of sermons the preacher deals with the roots and growth and hindrances of our higher life. He touches but slightly its external relations and activities. Abstaining from rhetorical ornament, and almost devoid of anecdote or illustration, it is in form a model of chaste simplicity of style. It is a plain but sympathetic appeal to the heart.

Lointaine, La Princesse. By Edmond Rostand. The F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 90c.

The publication of any drama by M. Rostand will, of course, command immediate reading from lovers of "Cyrano." It is incredible that any one who has read or heard that genius-full poem has not enjoyed it deeply. His enjoyment of "La Princesse Lointaine" will also be

genuine, although that delightful drama is by no means equal to "Cyrano."

Main Points, The. By Charles R. Brown. The Whitaker-Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.

Religiously reared people who have lost confidence in the traditional statements of religious doctrine should read this book. General interest attaches to any professed restatement of "modern orthodoxy." In Christology these sermons are conservative to the extent of retaining the fifth-century theory of "two natures" united in one person. In theology proper Dr. Brown is satisfied with the Biblical Trinity apart from philosophical elaboration. As to the issues of future retribution he avows nescience. In other points his views are distinctly "liberal."

Mammon & Co. By E. F. Benson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Benson now returns to the London of his erratic, not to say scandalous, "Dodo." After his two excursions into the romance of Greek revolutionary history. Mammon & Co. is not as disagreeably smart as was "Dodo," it is lively in spots, while in other spots it barely escapes positive dullness. The latter part of the story is serious enough, but it fails to produce the impression intended by the author.

Methods of Knowledge. By Walter Smith. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25.

The successive treatises on epistemology which have recently appeared from Ladd, Mivart, Bowne, and others, show an increasing concern with the problem at the root of the controversy with materialism and agnosticism. A man's epistemology, *i. e.*, his theory of the method and limits prescribed to the search for certain knowledge, determines his philosophy concerning reality and the universe. Dr. Smith has made a fresh contribution to this fundamental inquiry. The constructive as distinct from the critical part of his essay develops the view that the true method of knowledge is a combination of the method of science and the method of art; in a word, it is the method of "sympathetic imitation." This, of course, can give knowledge only of what is other than the present self, the knowledge of which in consciousness is immediate and absolute. The view thus barely stated here is set forth with vigor and originality. It is, in substance, fresh amplification of the fact that certain knowing is the product not of mere thinking but of acting.

On Trial. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

This shows more reserve and a lighter touch than the former volume of tales which made known the name of "Zack"—an English story-teller and, we believe, a woman.

Reflected Lights from "The Face of the Deep." By Christina Rossetti. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The greater part of these selections are from "The Face of the Deep." The editor and compiler has shown a deep sympathy with the author in selection and arrangement. It is a special book for devotional reading.

Robespierre and the Red Terror. By Jen ten Brink. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$3.50. Occasionally in Dr. ten Brink's book there is a little straining after brilliancy of effect, and occasionally an inartistic diversion from the great scenes to writers about them. Nevertheless, the work is one of rare historical interest. The essentially religious character of Robespierre's mind, and the deep faith in God and immortality that accompanied his hatred of the priesthood, are justly brought into the foreground to dissipate popular misconceptions.

Romancers, The. By Edmond Rostand. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 50c.

The fact that a charmingly published little volume containing a drama by M. Rostand has appeared will be a sufficient reason for many people to buy it and enjoy it. The enjoyment, however, will not be extraordinarily great, if one expects to find a repetition of such force and charm as distinguished the author's masterpiece.

Roman Life under the Cæsars. By Émile Thomas. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

Short View of Great Questions, A. By Orlando J. Smith. The Brandur Co., New York.

Sir Tommy. By Frank Dunlap Frisbie. De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.

"Sir Tommy" is a so-called "society man." The account of six events in his life is a poor imitation of "Van Bibber."

Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. By E. B. Simpson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

There is a prevalent feeling that somewhat too much has been written about the minor personal history of Robert Louis Stevenson, while the true and satisfactory life is still to come. We confess to finding in the "Edinburgh Days" a good deal that could be omitted without injuring the reader's appreciation of Stevenson's immensely interesting personality, although there is also much that will furnish acceptable material for a judicious biographer. Stevenson's boyhood is the more interesting because to the end he was always a good deal of a boy—as Mr. Barrie says. "He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."

Ten Times One is Ten, and Other Stories. By Edward Everett Hale. Little Brown & Co., Boston.

Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates. By Herbert Vivian. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.

This covers new ground, supplies the need of reliable information about Tunisia from other than French sources, and goes far to prove that the French administration there is corrupt. Some of the chapters were first printed in English journals. The book describes a picturesque people in a picturesque way.

Two Tragedies of Seneca: Medea and the Daughters of Troy. By Ella Isabel Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 75c.

Under the Cactus Flag. By Nora Archibald Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

This is a charming story of the experiences of a young American girl as a teacher in Mexico. The description of life in a Mexican town has in it the saving element of humor, a marked characteristic of this vigorous yet graceful writer.

Vision of the Madonna, The. By Grace L. Slocum. Thomas Whitaker, New York. 50c.

Vital Science. By Robert Walter. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

Making allowance for some overstatements and some infelicitous phrasing, this book is commendable for general reasonableness and some wholesome suggestions. Though willing to "throw physic to the dogs," we cannot agree with the author that all medicines are poisons till we have agreed in defining "medicines." In his conclusion, "Health by living healthfully," we fully agree.

Voyage of the "Pulo Way," The. By Carlton Dawe. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Ward Hill at College. By Everett T. Tomlinson. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

The latest addition to the "Ward Hill Series" is mostly confined to the experiences of Freshman year at college. Incidentally the book gives many practical and ethical suggestions to the boy who has an introduction to college before him.

Wee Lucy's Secret. By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Boston., 75 cts.

White and Black under the Old Régime. By Victoria V. Clayton. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. \$1.

Year Book of Colonial Times, A. By the Rev. Frederick S. Sill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Yellow Danger, The. By M. P. Shiel. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In your issue of September 16 you say the book of Daniel was written some four hundred years after Daniel, to encourage the Jews to resist the Syrian tyrant. I have seen the same statement from other sources, but never knew upon what evidence the assertion was based. I suppose you can give all the facts which sustain this allegation. While not questioning your conclusion, I have a great desire to know the evidence upon which the statement is made.

R. B. C.

The evidence in condensed form is as follows: 1. The book shows a much more exact acquaintance with the history of the later (or second century) period than with that of the earlier (or sixth century) period, when Daniel lived. 2. Hebrew philologists generally hold that the language favors belief in the later period as the date of the book. A fairly intelligible point here is seen in comparing 2 Kings xxv., 4, 5, where "Chaldeans" is the name of Nebuchadnezzar's warriors, with Daniel ii., 2, 5, 10, where "Chaldeans" is a synonym of magicians, etc. 3. The book is unmentioned in literature till the second century, but then began to be conspicuously influential upon succeeding literature. 4. Its place in the Jewish canon is not, as in ours, among the prophets, but near the end of the final section, known as the *Hagiographa*, or sacred writings.

May I ask: 1. For a brief statement of the proofs that the book of Daniel was written later than the time held in the traditional view. 2. How is the later view to be reconciled with Matthew xxiv., 15? 3. Does the later date make Jesus indorse a fictitious book?

G. C. S.

1. See reply to the same question above. 2. When we quote a passage from the *Iliad*, in remarking, "Homer says, 'Many-headed government is a bad thing,'" we do not pronounce upon the correctness of the popular tradition of Homer's authorship. Jesus quoting the book of Daniel must be held to have done as we do. 3. Your question implies what is certainly not true, viz., that a book in which there is some fiction is therefore false, and an unworthy medium for the inculcation of religious lessons.

1. In this column, September 9, you give Canon Cheyne's rendering of 2 Kings xviii., 27, and Isaiah xxxvi., 12. Is this change truer to the original, or to make the reading less vulgar? 2. Did angels ever appear to people in the form of men; or are such passages as Judges ii., 1; vi., 11; xiii., 3, and Revelation xix., 10, legendary or figurative? 3. Are we to understand from 1 Chronicles xiv., 14, and similar passages, that God ever gave directions to man, as one person to another, or as the President might give orders to General Otis? 4. Does Isaiah ix., 6, refer to Christ?

C. L. N.

1. Truer to the original. 2. People in modern times have been visited when awake by apparitions in human form, and in sleep have had visions of that sort. Forms so appearing would have been anciently called "angels"—a word signifying "messengers." This is a basis of fact for the Old Testament stories, to which there are doubtless some legendary additions. In John's Revelation the "angels," as well as the "beasts" (chapter xiii.) and other things, were beheld in an ecstatic vision, as purely mental phenomena. 3. No; compare 1 Samuel xxiii., 9-12; xxx., 7, 8, for a fuller account. In the crude religion of that day the Hebrews practiced divination of the future very much as the heathen did, the priest with his ephod giving responses which were regarded as God's answers to the inquirer. 4. Christian scholars entitled to our confidence regard this as directly referring to a royal child contemporary with the prophet. The language may

be transferred to Christ as a better realization of the prophet's hopes, but there is no evidence that the prophet looked so far into the future.

1. When and where was the first Sunday-school established? 2. What books or papers would be of service to one wishing to write an article on "New Methods for the Modern Sunday-School"? 3. What book or books would you recommend as a sort of text-book for a class of boys or young men, age about sixteen or seventeen, on Old Testament history—something very concise, giving an outline of principal facts? 4. Also on New Testament or the Life of Christ.

J. D. P.

1. November 3, 1783, at Gloucester, England. 2. "The Bible School," by Dr. McKinney (Lentilhon & Co., New York, 50 cents). In this you will find references to other desirable books. 3. "Studies in Old Testament History," by Dr. Hurlbut (Eaton & Mains, New York, 25 cents). A better book, though probably above your requirements, is Professor Toy's "Primer of Old Testament History" (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston, 50 cents). 4. Dr. Stalker's "Life of Christ" in series of Handbooks for Bible Classes (Scribners, New York, 50 cents).

1. Please state the best cheap but comprehensive works on "The Religions of the World," with publisher and price. 2. I wish to preach a series of sermons on the leading doctrines of the Christian faith (Justification, Adoption, etc.) as viewed in the light of the new theology. Can you suggest helpful works of reference? I have W. N. Clarke's "Outlines."

M.

1. "Non-Biblical Systems of Religion," a symposium by Dean Farrar and others (Eaton & Mains, New York, 90 cents); "Oriental Religions and Christianity," Dr. F. F. Ellinwood's Lectures in 1891 at Union Theological Seminary (Scribners, New York, \$1.75); Dr. Matheson's "Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions" (A. D. F. Randolph Company, New York, \$1.75); Dr. J. F. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, two volumes, \$2 each). 2. If you have the new edition of Professor Clarke's book, we can refer you to nothing more helpful.

Will The Outlook kindly state its opinion of the following: A fairly prosperous church during 1898 had paid the pastor, who had been with the church five years, \$1,300 (usually \$25 every Monday). His resignation took effect March 5. He had preached ten Sundays in 1899, and the trustees paid him \$234.75 (2 1-6 months at \$108.33). A member of the church, learning the facts, insisted that the pastor should have been paid \$250. The church voted to sustain the trustees. Who is right?

B.

On the basis of the facts as stated in this case, the church member was right. If the trustees reckoned by months, the period was 2 1/4 months, not 2 1-6, and the amount should have been larger than the sum paid. If the pastor had been paid weekly \$25, or 1-52 of \$1,300, there is no justification for any other rule of final settlement, unless there was some existing contract that permitted it.

A CORRECTION.—Two correspondents have written us criticising our paragraph in The Religious World of July 15, mentioning Mrs. Buford's hospital in southern Virginia as "the first" ever built for a negro. They refer to other hospitals for negroes that were built earlier, and show that the South is doing much more for the sick and disabled of this race than our paragraph indicated. We are glad to recognize that our correspondents are right and that the philanthropic work in the South of this description is larger than we had supposed.—THE EDITORS.

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The South African War: The Negotiations

The Outlook has already given a history of the events which, beginning with the exodus of the Boers from Cape Colony in 1835 and the founding of the Transvaal Republic, have preceded and prefaced the present war in South Africa. To these articles we refer the reader who wishes to understand the course of events which has culminated in the negotiations finally broken off by the ultimatum of the Transvaal Republic. Without further comment on the mutual suspicion and the ineradicable incongruity between the stolid and apathetic Boers and the ambitious and aggressive British which pervaded and embittered this diplomatic intercourse, we here briefly summarize it, that the reader may comprehend its culmination:

May. Twenty-one thousand Uitlanders present to the British Government a petition praying for redress of grievances indorsed by Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. For statement of these grievances see pages 447-448.

May 31. Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger have a conference in which Sir Alfred demands that five years shall be sufficient to secure the franchise, with a naturalization oath similar to that in the Orange Free State. President Kruger consents to halve the present residence of fourteen years, but insists on Great Britain's abandonment of her claim to suzerainty.

July. The Volksraad grants retrospective franchise after seven years' residence, despite British protest that it will not be satisfactory. The British Government proposes a joint conference.

August. President Kruger, as an alternative, proposes to accept five years' residence, provided Great Britain abandons her claim to suzerainty and pledges herself never again to interfere in Transvaal affairs. Great Britain refuses to make such pledge, but reproposes conference on all points at issue.

September. President Kruger withdraws proposal for five years' residence for franchise, but consents to a conference, on the condition that the Transvaal shall be recognized

in the conference as a sovereign State, involving an abandonment of the suzerainty of Great Britain and its right to interfere. Great Britain refuses to accept these conditions, and promises to formulate afresh its demands. Three weeks pass by. During that time the British Government is evidently making preparations for possible war. Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain officially gives the assurance of the Government that there was "no desire to interfere in any way with the independence of the South African Republic," and offers "to give a complete guarantee against any attack upon that independence either from within any part of the British dominions or from the territory of a foreign State."

October 10. The Transvaal Republic sends its ultimatum to London, demanding (1) that all points of mutual difference shall be regulated by diplomacy or arbitration; (2) that all British troops on the borders of the Transvaal Republic shall be instantly withdrawn; (3) that all reinforcements of troops that have arrived in South Africa since June 1 shall be removed, and (4) that troops now on the seas shall not be landed in any part of South Africa. Finally, if these four demands are not acceded to before five o'clock of the next day, the Transvaal Government will regard the failure "as a formal declaration of war."

Effect of the Ultimatum By those who felt that Great Britain would fight, whether or no, this peremptory ultimatum was regarded as an obvious military precaution. It must be admitted that there was something in the British attitude to confirm Boer suspicion. Not only was there no receding from the London Government's insistence on its demands; there had even been enlargement of those demands—for instance, the proposed introduction of the English language into the Volksraad. Again, both by word of official newspapers and by the deed of War and Admiralty Office preparations, Great Britain was expressing in no uncertain language her intention to enforce her demands by arms. In addition, the Boers charged Mr. Chamberlain with irritating them beyond the bounds of

endurance, thus having "a shifty plan of removing responsibility from himself." It is an old saying that the aggressor in a war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders the use of force necessary. Finally, the majority of the Boers are densely ignorant. Many of them are still convinced that they can conquer any British force sent against them. They feel self-confident, first, because of their constant successes obtained in the war of 1880-81, and, secondly, because it would not be possible for Great Britain to abandon her manifold interests in other parts of the world to concentrate a sufficient force in South Africa. The Boers are also justified in the feeling that they are sure to have signal successes at first. The temptation to win these successes against a hereditary foe is apparently irresistible. Nevertheless, it seems incredible that President Kruger should have been willing deliberately to forfeit the steadily increasing Boer claim to public sympathy. He had a good chance to gain peace and independence with honor. He has thrown that chance away. Even he must realize that his ill-judged ultimatum will probably mean the destruction of the Boer Republics as self-governing entities. Following the ultimatum, an official manifesto has now been issued by the Transvaal Government to British subjects in all South Africa, urging them to resist Great Britain and accusing the London Government of the single desire to swallow the two republics for the sake of the gold-mining industry. This, of course, is an attempt to excite a race-uprising throughout South Africa.



**President Steyn's
Proclamation**

After the receipt of the Transvaal ultimatum, Sir Alfred Milner formally inquired as to the course of the Orange Free State. President Steyn replied, in accordance with its offensive and defensive alliance, that it must make common cause with the Transvaal. Martial law was immediately proclaimed throughout the Free State, and the courts closed. A proclamation was issued warning British subjects to leave immediately and calling upon the burghers to respect those who secured such permits. President Steyn asked all burghers to do their best in

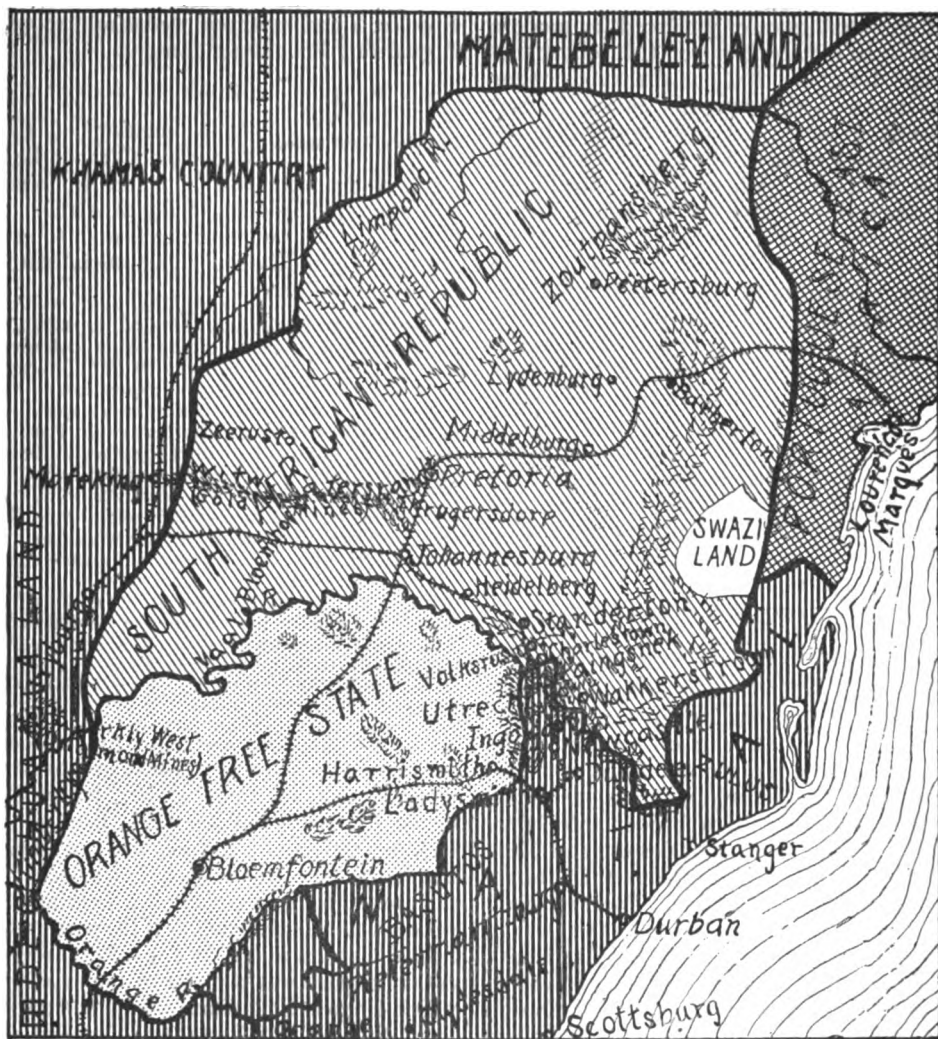
securing the continuance of the Free State's independence. Solemn obligations, he said, had not protected the Transvaal against the annexation conspiracy, and when its independence ceases the Free State's existence as an independent State is also meaningless. "The experience of the past shows that no reliance can be placed upon the solemn promises and obligations of Great Britain when an administration is at the helm prepared to tread treaties under foot." Then follows a historical sketch of the alleged wrong. The proclamation continues:

The original conventions have been twisted and turned by Great Britain as a means of exercising tyranny in the Transvaal, for which no return injustice has been done in the past. No gratitude has been shown for the indulgence granted British residents, who, according to law, have forfeited their lives and property. Compliance with the British demand would be equivalent to the loss of independence, which has been gained by the blood and tears of many years. The British troops are concentrating on the borders of the Transvaal in order to compel by terrorism compliance with the claims and crafty plans of those whose motive is love of gold. Realizing which, while acknowledging the honor of thousands of Englishmen who abhor deeds of robbery and violence, the Free State execrates the wrongful deeds of British statesmen.



**Premier Schreiner's
Proclamation**

Close on the heels of President Steyn's proclamation, one was issued by Prime Minister Schreiner, of Cape Colony. He declared that, owing to the state of war existing between the Imperial Government and the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, it is expedient to warn British and others of their duties and obligations to the Queen. The proclamation exhorts all to observe loyalty to the Queen and the Government, and to abstain from treasonable and seditious acts, and all words and acts tending to excite disaffection. It warns her Majesty's subjects not to enlist or engage in the military service of either of the two republics, and not to carry on trade with or to supply goods to either republic, or to the citizens of either. Following these proclamations Great Britain and the Transvaal made the usual provisions for representation. Great Britain's selection of the United States to act for British interests in the Transvaal, and the Transvaal's



THE TWO SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS

selection of Holland to act for Boer interests in England, are sufficient indications of elective affinities. Any refusal of such invitations on our part or that of Holland would be construed as a distinctly discourteous, not to say unfriendly, act. Mr. Macrum, our Consul at Pretoria, will be the representative of British interests in the Transvaal.



The British and Boer Commanders

Much of the British control of South Africa has now passed from the Colonial to the War Office. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Redvers Buller,

left London on Saturday of last week. The chief commander in Cape Colony is Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, and in Natal, Sir George Stewart White. When the time allowed by the ultimatum for a British reply had expired, and only a reply had been received that the ultimatum could not be considered, the British posts near the Transvaal and Orange frontiers were hastily abandoned and British garrisons withdrawn. Of course, at present, the British are at a decided disadvantage, both in numbers and supplies. The Boers have a corresponding advantage. Their Commander-in-Chief is General Joubert, who has been called the ablest leader

of mounted infantry produced by modern war. In consequence of the report that some burghers had misbehaved themselves on their journey, General Joubert issued a public letter declaring that any plundering raids will be severely punished. He adds that "when we are unwillingly compelled to cross the boundary line of our country, let it not be thought that we are a band of robbers; with that in view, remain as far as possible from private dwellings and from places where no enemy is stationed. When food or forage for the cattle is needed, let certain officers acquire such goods from the owner, and let a receipt be given with promise of recompense by the Government." While General Joubert commands the Boers advancing into Natal, those advancing into Bechuanaland are commanded by General Cronje, who made his reputation in the war of independence, and also in his prompt checking of the Jameson raid.

Boer Advances Across the Border

The events of the war so far show rapid movements on the part of the mounted Boers to prevent British concentration. The Transvaal forces advancing across their southern border into Natal have now occupied Charleston and Newcastle. Fighting is reported near Dannhauser, Glencoe, and Dundee. The Transvaal forces are now being joined by the Orange Boers, who marched from Harrismith through the Draakensberg by way of the Van Reenen Pass to Ladysmith in Natal. It is interesting to note that these two towns were once in the same country. They are named for Sir Harry Smith and his wife. In 1848 Sir Harry was Governor of Cape Colony. The Boer forces advancing across the western border have destroyed two armored trains and captured the ammunition, together with a number of prisoners. The British railway from Cape Town to Bulawayo runs for more than five hundred miles parallel with and only from five to twenty miles from the Dutch border. In many places the roadbed and bridges have been already destroyed. The Boers have laid siege to Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell is encamped with an insufficient force. It is now reported that the Boers have also laid siege to Kimberley, where Mr. Cecil

Rhodes, aided by three thousand troops, is guarding his diamond-mines.

Canada's Contingent At a meeting of the Canadian Cabinet last week a decision was reached to send one thousand soldiers to South Africa as Canada's contribution to the British forces now fighting the Boers. The official statement is as follows:

The Government has decided to send a larger number than any of the other colonies has sent, and larger than the British Government has suggested. The only question in the way of the Government acting more speedily in the matter was as to whether or not Parliament would have to be called together to meet the expenditure. This point was got over by the form of enlistment, the War Office having stated that units of men of 125 each should be sent, and that they would be attached to an imperial corps. The Canadian Government would have preferred to send a whole regiment, with Canadian officers in command. Good marksmen will have the preference. The Government will equip the contingent and pay the cost of transportation to a point on the South African coast. Enrollment will begin at once.

Though Canada sends double the number of troops asked for by the British Government, double the number decided upon by the Canadian Cabinet might have gone but for the opposition of one member, Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, who threatened to resign if such a contingent were sent. He declared that the participation of Canada in one of England's foreign entanglements was a phase of imperialism which French Canadians would not tolerate. Finally Mr. Tarte was induced to relax his opposition upon a compromise as to the number and payment of the men. The Canadian Cabinet had proposed to equip, transport, and maintain two thousand men throughout the entire South African campaign. To placate Mr. Tarte it was agreed to reduce the number and to allow the British Government to pay the men, who will be attached to the British forces. Quebec Frenchmen are much divided on the question, but it is said that the English throughout Canada are a unit.

Colonel Picquart and Others

Last week a letter was published from General de Gallifet, French Minister of War, concerning Colonel Picquart's

management of Secret Service funds. At the recent Dreyfus court martial a number of the witnesses from the army had criticised the financial conduct of the Intelligence Department during the time when Colonel Picquart was in charge. The most pronounced of these witnesses was General Roget. He declared that Colonel Picquart had squandered a part of the Secret Service funds in trying to obtain information which would facilitate the substitution of another officer for Captain Dreyfus. Colonel Picquart indignantly announced that he would demand from the Minister of War an immediate investigation of the manner in which the Intelligence Department had been conducted. Accordingly, the Minister of War called a Council of Inquiry. The Council investigated the affair and made its report to General de Gallifet, who summed up the conclusions in a letter to Colonel Picquart. As might have been expected, the results of the examination gave no ground whatever for the slightest suspicion as to the honorable character of Colonel Picquart's management. Last week the High Court of Justice dismissed the case against Judge Grosjean, of the Versailles court. Advocate-General Melcot had preferred charges against M. Grosjean in connection with the trial of M. Déroulède, Chief of the so-called "League of Patriots." M. Déroulède and his accomplices are now before the Senate, which sits as an extraordinary court of justice. The charge against them is that of a conspiracy to change the form of government. Last week also occurred the condemnation to two years' imprisonment of MM. Firman and Jardin, who wounded a commissary of police while the rioting of Sunday, August 20, was in progress. M. Sébastien Faure, editor of the Anarchistic "Journal du Peuple," who did more than any one else to provoke that riot, was sentenced to only two months' imprisonment. It will be remembered that the mob invaded two Paris churches, and during the various encounters outside and inside nearly three hundred persons were injured.

Concessions in Poland

Prince Imeretinski, the Russian Governor-General of Poland, has just issued an important announcement. It is nothing

less than a consent to the petition of leading Poles to allow more instruction in the Polish language. Hereafter, according to the Governor-General's ruling, teaching in all middle-class schools will be carried on in Polish, while in the higher-class institutions the Polish language will constitute a main subject. The history of Polish literature will also be included, and will correspond with the course in the Russian language and literature. These concessions have, of course, caused great satisfaction throughout Poland, and equal surprise among the Poles in Russia and Austria, but especially among those in Germany. The Germanizing of Prussian Poland has been pushed to an extraordinary extent. Finland has suffered and is suffering from a non-fulfilling of solemn promises made by Russia; Poland, long oppressed, will now be somewhat heartened by the permission to enjoy a little more national life.

Earthquakes in Asia Minor and in Ceram

It is now believed that at least fifteen hundred persons have perished from the recent earthquake in the neighborhood of Aidin in Asia Minor, an earthquake felt as far as Smyrna. Entire villages were destroyed, and so sudden was the shock that men, women, and children were buried in the ruins of their homes before they had any realization of their danger. Five hundred persons were killed at Sarakeni alone. Throughout the Aidin district the level of the soil has subsided in consequence of the earthquake, sulphurous springs have burst out, and the country has become full of crevices, out of which rushes muddy water in great volume. A still more terrible earthquake has occurred on the island of Ceram, to the west of New Guinea. The town of Amhei was completely destroyed; four thousand people are reported as killed. Many of these probably met death by fire, the usual accompaniment of earthquakes in the villages of the Malay archipelago. A volcanic mountain chain traverses the island from east to west, and the peaks rise in some instances to a height of ten thousand feet. Ceram belongs to the Dutch government of the Molucca Islands. It is the largest and most mountainous of that group. The inhabitants are partly

native Alfuros and partly immigrant Malays. They have long been famous for the manufacture of inlaid and damascened arms, but still more for their production of spice and pepper.



The Philippines Last week Secretary Root ordered all available army chaplains to the Philippines. When, at its last session, Congress increased the temporary strength of the army from twenty-five thousand to a hundred thousand men, it failed to make provision for any additional chaplains. The clause which limits their number to thirty seems to have been overlooked. It is reported that, of this number, ten of those holding commissions are superannuated; hence the "spiritual service" has been rather limited. Eight of the regular chaplains are already in General Otis's army corps. The most important event of last week in the Philippines was the march of General Schwan's column south of Manila, by which a great scattering of insurgents was effected. The movement has apparently been successful. Two hundred Filipinos were killed and four hundred wounded. Near Angeles, to the north, there has been considerable firing from ambush upon our forces. In announcing the release of certain American prisoners, Aguinaldo has issued a proclamation in which he says that in America there is a great party insisting on the Government's recognition of Filipino independence:

That party will compel the United States to fulfill the promises made to us in all solemnity and good faith, though not put into writing. Therefore we must show our gratitude and maintain our position more resolutely than ever. We should pray to God that the great Democratic party may win the next Presidential election and imperialism fail in its mad attempt to subjugate us by force of arms. There are some Americans in the Philippines who have joined us because they disapprove a war of what Mr. Atkinson calls criminal aggression. When offered a chance to return to their own camp they declined.



Colonial America:
Archbishop Chapelle
and Bishop Potter

The interesting news and opinions which are constantly published concerning religion in our new possessions will be more than ever in people's minds now that two distinguished prelates

are about leaving for Honolulu and Manila. Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, having been appointed by the Pope as Apostolic Delegate, has discussed the colonial situation in the Pacific with President McKinley, and declares that their views are in entire harmony. Leo XIII. has apparently given complete authority to Archbishop Chapelle regarding ecclesiastical matters in the Pacific possessions, and the latter hopes to do much toward pacification in the Philippines through the influence of the Church. Regarding the acquirement of property by the Church, Archbishop Chapelle says that the Queen and Government of Spain had no share whatever in it, and therefore could not and did not concede to this country any title or right to the property, which is exclusively the property of the Church, acquired by three hundred years of residence and possession. The early departure of Bishop Potter on a visit to our Pacific possessions is also of great interest to the people at large. As an avowed anti-expansionist, Bishop Potter's addresses have been listened to with the attention which his words always command. His influence regarding missionary endeavors, not only of his own, but of all churches in our colonies, will and should have great weight. Whatever may be thought of the expansion policy of the Government, there can be no question that the Church must keep pace with the State, and wherever the latter establishes its authority, whether rightly or wrongly, there the Church must go to lay the foundations of civilization by religion and education.



**Expansion Discussion at
the Episcopal Congress**

Bishop Potter and
Dr. Rufus W. Clark,
of Detroit, were

among the speakers at the Episcopal Church Congress at St. Paul. The former truly says: "It is possible that a nation which still preserves the forms of democratic government may in time subordinate them to methods of its administration which sooner or later will bring the substance of imperialism along with them." This is the danger which he apparently apprehends in the Philippines, where, he adds, America's "first word is subjection, its first demand surrender, its first, second,

and third conditions are, 'We will recognize nobody, we will treat with nobody, we alone will dictate all the terms.'" As an honorable alternative, he proposes that we "submit to an international court, representing the best wisdom of the best peoples, the question of the present disposition and future administration of the Philippines." This is a definite alternative to the maintenance of our own sovereignty, and seems to us better than the proposition that we withdraw from the Philippines altogether and leave them to such government as they can establish or such anarchy as they may fall into. The objections to this course appear to us weighty and conclusive, but we need not enter upon them here. Dr. Clark insists that expansion does not involve imperialism, that the American Government "does not rest without qualification upon the principle of personal liberty. It rests upon the principle of the largest good to the largest number," a contention which he confirms by citation from our past history. It appears to us that in this he is fundamentally right. The parenthetic assertion in the Declaration of Independence that just governments rests upon the consent of the governed is subordinate to its fundamental assertion that governments are instituted among men for the benefit of the governed.

The President in the West

We do not think it important to report either the President's speeches in his Western tour or the reception given to him. That the latter is cordial and even enthusiastic is a matter of course. The Nation will always receive its President with cordiality if not with enthusiasm, unless he has rendered himself extraordinarily unpopular. For, little as the Nation is inclined to honor its public officers, it has not yet lost the inclination to pay respect to its chief executive. Nor can he do more in his speeches than repeat what he has already said and what The Outlook has already reported, namely, that it is the policy of the Administration to establish the sovereignty of the United States over the Philippines and then leave Congress to determine what the future relationship of those islands to the United States shall be and how the government

shall be organized. As our readers know, we believe that the Administration can do nothing else. But we nevertheless think that the President is making a mistake in undertaking this tour. There are two questions now before the American people, closely connected: Ought we to maintain our sovereignty in the Philippines? Can we maintain our sovereignty in the Philippines? It is the business of the President to prove that we can. If, by concentrating his attention on that problem, he demonstrates to the satisfaction of the Nation that we can, very few Americans will contend that we ought not and that it is our duty to withdraw. On the contrary, a considerable number of Americans are beginning to question whether we can, with any reasonable expenditure of men and money; and if we cannot, then most Americans will conclude, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, that we ought not. Events are more potent than logic. The place just now for the President is in Washington proving that sovereignty is practicable; if he will do that, he may leave others to argue that it is ethical.



Generals Wheeler and Funston

In this campaign Mr. McKinley quotes a letter from Major-General Wheeler, now in the Philippines, which will and should carry weight on account of its testimony as to facts. General Wheeler says: "I am confident that if we should withdraw our army now, Aguinaldo could not hold himself in power without carrying on warfare with other tribes, and this would cause a constant turmoil and warfare for years. . . . For us to withdraw our army now would be criminal, and for such an act we would be arraigned and denounced by the civilized nations of the earth. . . . There is no question as to the richness of soil [in the Philippines] and as to the richness and abundance of gold, copper, and coal mines. . . . The receipts at this port [Manila] from customs are averaging \$600,000 a month. This, with the internal revenue, I believe, would in ordinary times pay the entire expenses of the government. An idea seems to be prevalent in the United States that this is an unhealthy country and that white men cannot live here. This is a great

mistake." This is confirmed by some published interviews with Brigadier-General Funston, who has just arrived at San Francisco from Manila. He says that, if the Filipinos were left alone, the islands would soon be a scene of insurrection; that, while the Filipinos possess much shrewdness, they are treacherous; and that "with the 35,000 men now there and the additional 25,000 that will be on the ground when the November campaign opens, there will be ample soldiery to walk through the islands;" he adds that "there should be a Governor-General, who should have absolute power over the civil government and also the command of the United States troops and any native troops that it may be considered judicious to organize." He believes that "as soon as the rebellion is crushed, there will be an entire change of heart among a large percentage of natives, and that they will be quite willing to carry arms under American officers."



The Mohonk Indian Conference

At the Mohonk Conference last week, Mr. Jones, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, reported some interesting and encouraging facts. There is a total enrollment of pupils in Indian schools of nearly twenty-five thousand, an increase of about a thousand during the past year. Of the more than twenty-five hundred employees in the Indian school service, 1,160 are Indians, a hopeful sign of the advance they are making. Allotments go on steadily; 2,773 were made last year. The fact that five thousand dollars was paid to each of the families of the two Seminole boys who were burned alive by a white mob, though showing the willingness of the Government to try to meet the case properly, serves also to remind us anew that civilization is not yet confined to the white race. No such atrocity was reported as committed by any of the red people of the land. The Government has happily put an end to the troubles of the Chippewas: last year a sad tale came to the Conference about the ill-treatment which they received at the hands of the whites with reference to their pine lands; it is extremely satisfactory that the present Secretary of the Interior pays ready heed to just complaints

and rights them as fast as clumsy machinery will allow. As last year, so this year's complaints had to do with the white man's greed; with the difficulty in holding allotments; with the loss of water for irrigation because it was diverted by white people living higher up the rivers; with the taking of Indians from reservations and allowing them to go about the country in red paint and feathers, exhibiting barbaric customs. The perplexities that come with progress find illustration in the difficulties relating to the inheritance of property and to the lack of a registry of births, marriages, and deaths among the Indians. This is especially true as regards the varying tribal laws of inheritance, which differ widely from the white man's. Following common law, some affairs are becoming apparently hopelessly entangled where allotments have been made. For instance, the case of a young Indian who, through the death of his kin, had fallen sole heir to land covering the area of two townships, is but one example showing the need of meeting these exigencies. The strongest factor in Indian civilization is the continuity of missionary work, because the missionary remains longest with the Indian: commissioners, superintendents, agents, unfortunately come and go.



The International Commercial Congress

The International Commercial Congress at Philadelphia opened last week with four hundred delegates in attendance, and an audience of nearly four thousand. Twenty delegates represented officially as many nations, and the remainder represented commercial bodies. The opening addresses by delegates from various countries have naturally been largely expressive of international goodwill. The second day, for example, ex-Speaker Reed, the Chairman of the day, and Wu Ting Fang, the representative of the Chinese Empire, put in different ways the same thought regarding the moral side of this commercial gathering. Mr. Reed said: "I am one of those who believe that God made out of the men of all nations one humanity. . . . We desire to become acquainted with you; we desire that you become acquainted with us." Wu Ting Fang said that he had learned from Confucius: "If you deal fairly with other

people, all the people on the four seas are your friends and brothers.' Here we have delegates from America, Europe, Africa, and Asia. We all congregate now and become a family of the universe." Of the addresses on strictly commercial questions, perhaps the most significant was that of Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, who said that "by means of machinery which emanated from the genius of American mechanics, we claim that we can sell our products abroad cheaper than can other nations;" or that of Mr. Sternburgh, a representative of the iron industries of the same State, who said: "I believed in a protective policy while our industries were being developed, but now that we are strong enough to compete with the world we should take off some of the stones in this protective wall and have a freer trade; at least give to other nations what we ask for ourselves." Such expressions coming from the very citadel of protectionism indicated the drift of sentiment toward closer commercial relations between the nations of the earth.

Anti-Tammany Union

The Republican leaders in New York County have this year united with the anti-Tammany Democrats and Independents in putting forward a ticket of unusual excellence. At its head, for Justices of the Supreme Court, are Judge Barrett and ex-Judge Daly, two independent Democrats, who have not only borne the highest reputation for judicial ability but have stood for judicial independence of partisan assessments. This principle is perhaps the most important issue presented, as the testimony of ten judges before the Mazet Committee that they contributed from \$5,000 to \$15,000 each to the political organization that nominated them has awakened a part of the public to the scandal of purchased nominations. Of the five remaining nominees, only two—those for Surrogate and for Judge of the Court of General Sessions—are Republicans. Two candidates nominated by the Independent Labor party for Judge of the City Court and for Sheriff were indorsed—the judicial candidate of the workingmen, Mr. Samuel Seabury, the President of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, being recognized as a lawyer of

unusual ability and high character. The quality of this ticket, and the fear inspired in Tammany by the Independent Labor movement, has led that body also to nominate a much better ticket than usual, with Judge Barrett as one of the nominees for the Supreme Court, and a single-tax lawyer popular with the trades-unions for Surrogate. For the further conciliation of this disaffected element, the Tammany platform pledged the speedy construction of the rapid-transit system, and its Corporation Counsel has approved the contract drawn by the Rapid Transit Commission for this purpose. Whether or not the union movement this year can overcome the majority of 60,000 for Tammany in this county a year ago, the public spirit and independence of partisanship shown insure a better city government than would be possible without it.

Mayor Jones's Campaign

The reports received regarding the campaign of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, for the Governorship of Ohio indicate that the discontent of both Republicans and Democrats with the dominant machines may make the independent vote a considerable factor in the result. The Toledo "Bee" has sent one of its staff over the State with Mayor Jones, and the reports he is sending back show that the Mayor is not only having well-attended meetings, but also that at the close of these meetings he is usually "surrounded by men who come forward to pledge their support to him." "It is not hard to understand," says this correspondent, "that the anti-Hanna element in the Republican party and the anti-McLean faction in the Democratic party will cast their votes for Jones. This outside element will not, however, constitute the Jones vote, nor even the great bulk of it. There is undoubtedly a large number of voters who are tired of the party yoke and are welcoming an opportunity to rebuke by their individual votes, not individuals, but party tactics." Mayor Jones has had the advantage of a most favorable introduction from the party papers of both the old parties, the Republicans thinking that Mayor Jones's labor and anti-monopoly programme would attract chiefly Democratic voters, and the Democrats thinking that Mayor Jones's

former Republican affiliations would attract chiefly Republicans. According to the "Bee's" correspondent, the Democratic hopes come the nearer to being realized, the Jones Clubs in some of the rural districts consisting of about five Republicans to two Democrats. In the manufacturing cities, however, where Mayor Jones's canvass is most successful, the losses of the two great parties seem to be more nearly equal. The speeches that are made invariably contain a severe arraignment of party government. Mayor Jones quotes with approval Washington's views regarding "the baneful effects of the spirit of party," and makes his campaign not only against the present misrule of the two parties in Ohio, but against all party organization. He arraigns it as a form of competition destructive of brotherly feeling and zeal for the public welfare. That it may also be a form of co-operation through which to secure the public welfare he does not recognize. Many of his addresses read like sermons, and no one who hears them questions his sincerity in trying to realize Christian ideals of brotherly equality through the agency of the State.



President Harris The inauguration of Dr. George Harris as President of Amherst College took place with due ceremony on Wednesday of last week. The presence of the trustees, faculty, alumni, the students, together with the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Williams, Dartmouth, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and of Boston University, indicated the general interest in the occasion. The address on behalf of the trustees, and the presentation of the charter, seals, and keys of the college to the new President, were made by the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald. The inaugural address had as its theme "The Man of Letters in Democracy." Dr. Harris's clear and wise treatment of this subject is well brought out by a brief extract from his address:

Three attitudes may now be taken towards the democracy in which we have our habitation. One attitude is withdrawal. One may insulate one's self from vital concern in the actual life of the people. The second attitude is the parasitic, or, even more strongly, the piratical. One may go into the democracy for what one can get out of it for one's self. The third attitude is the reciprocal. A man looks out on democracy and contributes to it, put-

ting in as much as he takes out, or more, paying his full tax, making his pursuit part of a whole which is for good. He is a Christian citizen of the modern world. His maxim for at least half of his life is "Your rights, my duties." The man of letters, by whom I mean the man that is liberally educated, the cultivated man, for practical purposes the college man—although there are men of letters that never saw a college, and college men that are uneducated—the man of letters is expected to take this last attitude of contributing his part in promoting the ends of democracy, putting in as much as he takes out. The State needs citizens of intellectual ability, of character, and of high standards for leaders, rulers, and teachers, and has a right to look to the college for them. By cherishing higher educational interests, the State signifies its need of cultivated men in the professions, in business, in legislation. We have outgrown the crude notion that democracy is equality, and that it has no use for aristocracy. For the aristocracy of birth it has no great regard, although it does not forget that blood tells. Democracy would replace the aristocracy of birth by the aristocracy of worth; would set aside the aristocracy that buys place with gold for that which earns place by capability and distinguished service.

The choice of Dr. Harris promises to be a solution of the perplexities through which Amherst has passed. The new President brings to his position qualities which promise to give him the authority which, as head of a great institution, he ought to command: clear moral and spiritual integrity, breadth of view, dispassionateness of temper, genuine sympathy, not only with sound scholarship, but with young men who are trying to secure it.



The Church Congress Among the most suggestive and interesting conferences for the discussion of religious and ethical topics are those of the Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The discussions are generally characterized by freshness of thought, by frankness of statement, and by breadth of view. The note of catholicity is distinctly struck in them, and the most vigorous thinkers of all schools inside the Church generally come to the front. This year's Congress met last week in St. Paul, Minnesota. Bishop Potter's speech, which is commented upon in another column, was characteristic of the body which listened to it. The question of Sunday observance called forth some very interesting addresses. The Rev. Henry Tatlock, of Ann Arbor, declared that the

Sunday problem is largely the workingman's problem, and that in order to have a real Sunday the workingman's interests and resources must be constantly kept in mind. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford treated the disregard of Sunday as a part of the general disregard of the law, which he thought was the most serious sign of the times. What the Church needs, in his judgment, is inspiring guidance rather than men who are simply students of the past. He quoted a Judge of the Supreme Court who had recently said to him that people want guidance, and that among the clergy of the city in which the speaker lived there was not a man in the pulpit who was capable of guiding them. The address on the bearing of the newspaper on intellectual and moral life evoked a very interesting discussion. The Rev. Dr. Greer declared that it was impossible to treat the newspaper either as wholly good or wholly bad:

Looking, then, at the newspaper as it exists to-day in our American society, we find that it is a power which is both bad and good; it is a sword that cuts both ways; it has its noble qualities and the ignoble defects of its qualities, which are at times exceedingly ignoble, whose influences upon the moral and intellectual life are altogether bad. It is not only a mixed diet that it gives us, but a highly seasoned diet, a highly stimulating diet, or perhaps it would be a more conventional use of the adjective to say, a highly stimulating potion. And stimulants are good: they have their place in use; but it is not good to live on them. The newspaper habit seems to have so fixed itself upon some people to-day that, while there is a literature of the best and purest sort around them on every hand, within their easy reach, it is not sufficiently stimulating for them to take and read. Water, water everywhere, but not a drop for them; and all they want and ask is to have their daily dram. It is not the newspapers but the newspaper habit that does the hurt, and not only does it hurt the intellectual life, it is apt to hurt as well the moral and religious life.

The Lutheran General Council

Following the good example of the recent Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention at New York, the Lutheran General Council, before closing its sessions last week at Chicago, expressed its sense of the desirability of uniform marriage and divorce laws. It recommended the enactment of such laws by the Congress of the United States. The General Council, through its eight Synods, has control of

no less than three hundred and fifty distinct missions. We desire to call special attention to the noble work of the Lutheran deaconesses. It may surprise some readers to learn how large it is. At present there are eighty-four Lutheran Mother-houses, having thirteen thousand five hundred sisters engaged in labors of mercy in eight hundred institutions of various kinds,



The South African War

What are we to think of the war in South Africa? To enable our readers to form an independent judgment on that question, we give them in this issue a brief summary of the negotiations which culminated in the ultimatum of the Transvaal Republic, and we invite two well-informed correspondents, the Rev. Dr. James Stewart and George W. Van Sicken, Esq., to give respectively the British and the Boer side of the question. Here we state, with frankness, what The Outlook thinks respecting it.

The war in South Africa is an unnecessary war. It is the natural outcome of a long history of incompatibility, aggravated at times by lack of tact and a too aggressive spirit on the part of Great Britain: the history has been heretofore told in these columns. Its proximate cause is the fact that the President of the Transvaal is a fanatically self-willed and obstinate opponent of the spirit of the nineteenth century, and that the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain is an impatiently ambitious and aggressive representative of its spirit. If General Joubert had been the President of the Republic and Mr. Balfour had been the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, there would still have been friction, but no war. But the war is on, and the present question is not, How might it have been avoided? but, What is its result likely to be, and what its effect on the continent of Africa? Upon that question we can have no doubt. It is a war between progress and inertia, republicanism and oligarchy, civilization and—not barbarism, but intellectual sloth.

Let us not be confused because the Transvaal is called a Republic and Great Britain is called an Empire.

The Constitution of the Transvaal

excludes any churches which do not accept the Heidelberg Catechism; forbids baptism and the Lord's Supper to negroes; allows only members of the Dutch Church in the Upper Chamber, which alone possesses real political power; requires all government officers to belong to that Church; practically abolishes all constitutional protection to the minority by allowing the Constitution to be amended at any time by a simple resolution of the Volksraad or Legislature, and by allowing any Judge of the Court to be dismissed at any time if his decisions are not satisfactory to the President and the Executive Council. This is not a Republic: calling it so does not make it so. It is certain that if the Boer Republic is destroyed as a result of this war, the Constitution of the future will provide for a true representative assembly, for the separation of Church and State, and for the independence of the Court.

This will be the political result; the commercial results will inevitably follow. Freedom and law are the foundation of commercial prosperity. We cannot better present these results than by quoting some sentences from an interview in last Monday morning's New York "Times" with Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield, who was for four years the United States Consul-General at Cairo:

The war ended, there will come a deluge of business in South Africa. This is the real issue of the war. The rush of Englishmen and European capital to the Transvaal is sure to be enormous. Trade there has always had the menace of political trouble overshadowing it. British administration established at Pretoria would, I should say, double the value of every industrial undertaking in the Transvaal, and be especially beneficial to the railroads leading to that marvelously rich region.

A true Republic where there is now an oligarchy, a living commerce encouraged by law where now commerce is overtaxed and unrepresented: these, we anticipate, will be the results of the war in the Transvaal.

The question still remains: Is this a righteous war? The Boers were first in this wilderness. What business is it of Great Britain what they do with it? If men do not like to live under Boer laws, pay Boer taxes, and have no voice in Boer government, why do they not leave? This raises another question: What

rights do priority of occupancy give to a people? Have they a moral right to retain a territory undeveloped against the rest of the world, because they got there first? Have half a million of North American Indians a right to a continent which can support a hundred million? Have a community of Boers a right to a country rich in mines which they either will not or cannot develop? Has the dog a right to keep the ox out of the manger?

We think not. And while we believe that a true statesman in Mr. Chamberlain's place would have won without war all that he will win by war, and not have left to the future a heritage of bitter hate between Dutch and English in South Africa, we believe that neither justice, liberty, nor civilization would be favored by the victory of the Boers, and all three will be at the last the gainers in the victory of the British.



The Philippine Problem

Four gentlemen, whose character and position entitle their opinions on any question to serious consideration, present on another page of the present issue of The Outlook their views on the Philippine problem, from different points of view, none of them quite that of The Outlook. Dr. David Starr Jordan, one of the ablest representatives of the anti-expansion sentiment, answers at length one question recently put in a review of his volume, "Imperial Democracy." The Rev. John White Chadwick, the well-known Unitarian preacher and writer, indorses The Outlook's nomination of Admiral Dewey as Governor-General of Cuba, and supplements the nomination with an added recommendation. Mr. Joseph Parker Warren considers the larger theme—the relation and duties of civilized nations to barbaric communities, and asks some questions which indicate that his point of view is not ours, but which certainly demand serious consideration. Mr. Thomas H. Reid, the editor of the leading evening journal in Hong-Kong, and former Philippine correspondent of the London "Times," in a private letter, which we have permission to print, gives first-hand information concerning the conditions in the Philippines

as seen by a disinterested English spectator.

Dr. Jordan, in his volume on "Imperial Democracy," asked for a definite statement of the expansion policy toward the Philippines. In a recent editorial we suggested to him the policy which we are pursuing in Cuba, and asked him for his objections. He apparently does not disapprove that plan, but proceeds to argue that we are not pursuing that plan in the Philippines. His statements of fact it would be unjust to pass without questioning. We have yet to see or hear any evidence to support the truth of the charges which he brings against General Merritt; or any adequate evidence that any tact or diplomacy on our part could have prevented war; the Administration has given explicit and repeated assurances of its policy and purposes; the Philippine Junta is authority for the statement that autonomy—that is, self-government under United States sovereignty—has been offered to them, and by them refused; and the charge of "carnival of lust, pillage, and murder" has no evidence with which the public is familiar to sustain it, and much evidence with which the public is familiar to disprove it. If Dr. Jordan has adequate evidence to sustain these accusations, the evidence, with names, dates, and witnesses, should be given, not primarily to the public through the press, but primarily to the War Department, and to the public only in case the War Department refuses to investigate the charges and punish the offenders. On the other hand, whether Aguinaldo was personally responsible for the endeavor or not—probably not—there certainly was an organized endeavor to sack Manila, and a publicly posted proclamation—a certified copy of it is in the possession of *The Outlook*—calling on the Filipinos to kill every foreigner in the city; this accompanied the attack on our lines which brought on the present war; and since that time there have been at least two attempts at assassination and arson within the city limits. This is not civilized war.

There are two questions respecting the Philippines which ought not to be confounded: First, Have the United States any governmental responsibilities in the Philippines? Second, If so, is it meeting those responsibilities in a just and wise

manner? Our answer to the first question is perfectly clear and emphatic. If "the fact that we are in it, and cannot back out" is the only argument Dr. Jordan hears for maintaining our sovereignty in the islands, he does not read *The Outlook*. We think we ought to be in it, and should be evading our duty if we did back out. By Dewey's victory at Manila, and by the subsequent transfer of the government from the only authority which had ever been recognized as sovereign in the islands, we became responsible to maintain law and order and protect persons and property in the archipelago; and we cannot escape that responsibility by handing it over to the experimental Tagal government on the chance that it may be able and willing to fulfill our obligations.

Our answer to the second question awaits fuller and more trustworthy information than we now possess. We have sent our own correspondent to the Philippines, and hope, early in 1900, if not earlier, to receive his reports of the conditions in the islands, on which we believe our readers can absolutely rely. Meanwhile two things are certain: Something of the work done in Cuba under Generals Brooke, Wood, Wilson, and Ludlow has been accomplished in Manila, under far greater difficulties. The city of Manila is cleaner than it was ever before in its history. Thirty thousand of the inhabitants have been vaccinated. The vagabond dogs have been banished from the streets. The car-horses have been brought under humane regulations before unheard of in that region. A native constabulary has been organized to take the place of or to supplement military guards, always undesirable when they are not an absolute necessity. The attempts at assassination and arson have been detected and frustrated. Schools have been opened, though how well organized and conducted we do not know. Doubtless along with these reforms there has been some inefficiency, some mismanagement, some corruption; but *The Outlook* will certainly not condemn, as guilty of either, reputable men in public office at home and abroad, without some better evidence than newspaper correspondents or the letters of soldiers, the falsity of whose reports has been affirmed, not only by the Secretary of the Navy and by Dr. Schurman, Presi-

dent of the United States Philippines Commission, but, after a careful investigation, by the New York "Evening Post," which did so much to give them early circulation.

The questions of our other correspondents are easily answered. The Outlook does not think it necessary to accompany the publication of such an article as that by Sir Henry Stanley with criticisms. Our readers by this time understand that we believe in liberty, and are perfectly willing that a correspondent should express in our columns truths in a form in which we should not express them, or errors which we heartily disapprove. There was nothing in the address of the senior editor before the Congregational Council which has not been before said in substance in and by The Outlook. It believes that law is the foundation of civilization as it is of religion. It is the commonplace of theology that no man can accept the Gospel unless first he loyally accepts the law of God as the law of his life—that is, repentance must precede faith. It is the commonplace of Church history that the authority of the Roman Empire extending over the civilized world was the providential preparation for the missionary work of the primitive Church. The institutions of religion cannot go, and in fact never have gone to any considerable extent, beyond the regions where law is present to protect them. The object of such law should never be the benefit of the law-giver, but always justice and liberty to the governed. The President has affirmed this again and again in public addresses. It might be well for him to proclaim it officially to the Filipinos, though we doubt whether such a proclamation would be of any practical value unless it were accompanied by an appointment of some one—such as Admiral Dewey—who is known to and trusted by the Filipinos, and then it would probably not be necessary. We do not expect that Cuba will ever be independent, because all our information, both from public and from private sources, leads us to the conviction that an overwhelming majority of the Cubans who have anything to lose by a revolution, practically all of such, desire to remain under the protection and subject to the sovereignty of the United States. We do not expect to see the Philippines inde-

pendent; because we anticipate that an overwhelming majority of all their inhabitants who have anything to lose by revolution will desire also to remain under the protection and subject to the sovereignty of the United States. We desire to see the Filipinos free, but we do not desire to see them independent; because we believe that their independence would be a decided injury to them, and a decided setback to human civilization, liberty, and progress in the East. And, finally, we do not think that they either should be or will be kept permanently under the sovereignty of the United States except with their own free will. We expect yet to see them as gladly loyal subjects of the United States as are the citizens of the Southern States who thirty-odd years ago were engaged in war against it.



The Theological Seminaries

Nothing at the recent International Congregational Council created a greater interest than the debate concerning the theological seminaries between Presidents Hyde and Slocum on the one side and Dr. Fairbairn and Professor Moore on the other. President Hyde's criticism of the seminaries was more caustic than was politic, as Professor Moore's defense was more keen than conclusive; but the results as summed up by President Hyde in his brief and dignified rejoinder appear to us to be unquestionable:

But here seem to be five points on which we all agree: First, indiscriminate eleemosynary aid must be stopped; second, by wholesome competition must the standards be raised; third, a signing of creed by professors is an anomaly—a Protestant cannot teach a creed which varies a hair's-breadth from what he believes; fourth, theological education must teach, not man's abstract relation, far back in history, to God, but a present knowledge of God's will; last, the method must have more original work.

It took some courage to offer publicly before such an audience criticisms of seminary methods which are common in private circles, and nowhere more common than among the most recent seminary graduates. We propose, without following the discussion in detail, or either defending or criticising the critics, to amplify the

five points, and so indicate the respects in which radical improvements are needed if theological training is to be what the Church and the ministry have a right to demand. In so doing we must speak of seminaries as a class, recognizing the fact that these criticisms do not all equally apply to all the seminaries.

I. The objection to indiscriminate eleemosynary aid is not met by the statement of Professor Moore that "the seminaries in this country are doing their best so to administer the trust funds committed to them as to accomplish the good which they were intended to accomplish without the incidental evils which they sometimes have wrought;" nor by his other statement that "in the seminary for which I am able more particularly to speak, we are doing precisely the same thing that is done in Bowdoin College or Harvard College, and nothing else."

This misses the real point of criticism entirely. If a young man graduating from college decides to enter a law, a medical, or a scientific school, he must look forward to paying one or two hundred dollars a year in tuition, and market rates for room, board, and clothing, and if he is without means he must earn the money, or borrow and bind himself to repay it out of his first professional earnings. If he decides to go into the ministry, the seminary, with, so far as we know, but one exception, offers him tuition and room-rent free or at a merely nominal price, and a Society stands ready to furnish him with the necessary means to procure food and clothes, while he is reasonably sure, on completing his professional course, of a position and a modest salary on which he can marry at once. The consequence is that the ministry attracts, not only men of devotion who, forecasting the future, are willing to bear the possible privations and the almost certainly narrow income of a minister, but also young men without prevision, who are attracted by the prospect of three years in a literary and philosophical club, without too arduous studies, with all expenses paid, and with a reasonable assurance of a home and a recognized social position at the end of the three years. Something can be said for the doctrine that the Church ought to give without expense an education to all its ministry, as the United States does to its army

officers; but it is a mistake to assume that the financial conditions of a law, a medical, or a scientific student and a theological student are the same merely because the seminary grants scholarships on the same conditions as a college. We believe that the ministry would be stronger if he who desires to enter it were confronted at the outset of his career with at least the same obstacles which confront the would-be lawyer, doctor, or engineer.

II. That the standards of education in a theological seminary are not what they are in the law and medical schools is practically admitted by Professor Moore. He says:

One word in regard to the diligence of theological students. I had the impression, when I was a student of theology myself, that some of my fellow-students did not study as hard as some of them had studied at college or as some in the professional schools. I have often ground it into my students that they were not worked so hard as men are worked in the law and medical schools, and that in consequence some of them did not work so hard. But there is a word to be said there. In the law or medical school the student is expected to acquire a vast number of principles and facts in his profession. He has to learn them that he may know them, and the process, with all the methods employed about it, is in the main a process of acquisition. The student of theology, on the contrary, has to think through what he is trying to learn. He has to have time for meditation upon the great religious and theological truths which he is led to discuss. And, on the other side, we have thought that the man who came to the study of the ministry with the thorough training of the college or the university, with habits of study and discipline acquired, with the highest motives to prompt him—not simply motives of self-interest, but the motives of the kingdom of God—would have learned by that time to work himself, without an instructor and an examination paper always before him. If this is in some respects too ideal a conception of the situation, it is at least a worthy one.

Whatever the theologian may think, neither the lawyer, the doctor, nor the engineer will concede that he is any less required than the minister to "think through what he is trying to learn." The day of black-letter precedents is over in the law; the modern lawyer must comprehend the principles of jurisprudence, and, having thought them through, know how to apply them. The day of tradition is over in medicine; the doctor recognizes the fact that no two individual diseases are identical, that he must learn to diagnose correctly, and that he cannot look in

a treatise to see what remedies are called for by certain described symptoms. And, happily, the day of routine never has dawned in the mechanic professions. To-day the traditionalist has lost, and lost forever, his standing in mechanics, medicine, law, literature, and—in the ministry? Of that we are not quite so sure. And the criticism of our theological seminaries is that they are not sure that this day of traditionalism is over, and do not require the student to "think through what he is trying to learn." A single illustration may suffice to indicate this criticism.

In the law schools what is known as the case system is now generally adopted, in whole or in part. In this system the student is referred to certain cases, told to study them, to elucidate for himself the principles which they involve, and then is required to show how he would apply the principle to other cases analogous yet not identical. Such a system requires him to "think through" the cases in order that he may ascertain for himself their principle. If a similar method were pursued in the theological seminary, the student would not only be permitted, he would be required, to construct his own system of theology. A text would be given to him; he would be told to take his Bible and concordance, and such critical and historical aids as the instructor might recommend, and reach his own conclusion as to why it must needs be that the Messiah should suffer. And when he had formed his conclusion, he would be required, not only to defend it against the questioning of his instructor, but to try conclusions with his fellow-students who had been put upon the same search. It is thus that law is studied in our law schools; thus that medicine is studied in our medical schools; thus that science is studied in our laboratories; it is not thus that theology is studied in our theological seminaries. If there are exceptions, we shall be glad to know and report them.

III. On the contrary, in most of our theological seminaries the conclusions to which theological education must conduct the investigator are formulated beforehand, and embodied in a creed which the professor has pledged himself to teach and with which the student understands he must agree if he desires an open door

into and an easy time in his chosen profession. The discoverer of a new principle in medicine is rewarded with fame. The discoverer of a new principle or a new application of an old principle in law is honored as a great jurist. But the discoverer of a new principle in theology, or a new application of an old principle to new conditions of life and thought, is dubbed a heretic. The position of Dean Burgon that theology is unlike all other sciences, that they press forward toward discovery in the future, while theology, having to do with a perfected revelation, has only to study the past, is a self-consistent position, and one which justifies creed subscription. But the position that theology is a progressive science, and that the nineteenth century ought to understand it better than the sixteenth, is not consistent and cannot be reconciled with the doctrine that its present conclusions must be reconciled with the formulations of a past age. The modern academic methods and standards all assume that study is a free and untrammelled investigation. The theological seminary, anchored to the past by a creed subscription which declares beforehand what the results of investigation must be, cannot consistently adopt the methods and standards of a free and untrammelled investigation.

IV. Concerning President Hyde's last two points little need be said. The necessity of original work and the necessity of higher standards are substantially the same necessity; certainly one involves the other. The necessity of bringing theological instruction to bear on present-day problems needs emphasis, but rather by way of approval of present tendencies than by way of criticism. Half a century ago a keen observer of theological methods remarked that in the theological seminaries men were studying topics which a century ago students thought people were interested in a century still earlier. This is no longer true. Whether too much emphasis is paid to scholastic theology we will not undertake to say; but certainly the tendency is in the other direction. In our best seminaries the results of modern critical study of the Bible are freely imparted and frankly criticised. In some of them courses of sociology are introduced, in others the students are encouraged to take sociological courses in the

adjoining university. Professor Moore is himself an admirable illustration of a man who is using in Bible study modern methods, and is doing it to teach, "not man's abstract relation, far back in history, to God, but a present knowledge of God's will." The seminary curriculum can be still further modernized to advantage; but this can also be said of the college curriculum.

One fact and one question throw some light on the fundamental issue involved between the defenders and the critics of the theological seminaries; namely, whether the standards and methods of the seminaries are up to the reasonable requirements of our time and equal to those of other collegiate and post-graduate institutions,

The fact: Young men graduate from our theological seminaries unacquainted with the simple elements in the English Bible; not able to state in order the books of the Bible; not able to give a comprehensive summary of the general historical events recorded in it; not familiar with the fundamental principles of the civil law contained in its law books; not able to summarize the life of Christ; and with no such knowledge of Old Testament history as would be obtained by a thorough reading of Milman's "History of the Jews" or Stanley's "Jewish Church." It is true that the Sunday-school, the church, the family, the school, ought to give this information, but they do not. And the churches have a right to demand that the theological seminary shall either require this knowledge as a condition precedent to entering the seminary, or impart it to the student during his three years' course.

The question: Every college of high character refuses admission to eager applicants and drops annually from its freshman class men who fail to conform to the collegiate standards. It would be interesting to know how often any applicant to a theological seminary fails of admission, and how often any theological seminary drops from its classes men who have failed to keep pace with them. We should be surprised to learn that the proportion of those thus dropped is anything like that in the medical, the law, or the scientific schools.

Something is to be said for the doctrine

that high standards of scholarship are not required in the ministry. The Methodist Church with its circuit-riders has done a splendid pioneer work, and the circuit-riders were not scholars. The Roman Catholic Church is doing through humble priests in many small parishes a genuine ethical and spiritual work, and many of these priests are not scholars. The Nonconformist ministers of the last quarter-century in England did great work for England, and many of them were not scholars. There might be good reason for drawing a line between an educated ministry and a less well educated ministry, and providing a place for both in Protestant churches. There is something, perhaps much, to be said for the short course which has been adopted by some theological seminaries, and is, we believe, still maintained by some of them. But there is nothing to be said for a system which claims to adopt the method of the highest and best modern scholarship, for the purpose of making strong and independent scholars, and yet really fails to adopt such methods and to produce such scholars.



Idealism in America

The slender volume of letters written by Emerson to a friend, which has recently come from the press with the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is not only thoroughly characteristic of the spirit and temper of the poet and thinker, but is significant of the American mind—a mind often confused with the hand which executes its decrees. That hand has had heavy and unescapable work to do, and because it has done that work with extraordinary efficiency it has been assumed by many foreign observers and some undiscerning Americans that the worker has had no thoughts beyond those which were suggested by his task. Last week Dr. Luegers, the anti-Semite Mayor of Vienna, and a leader in the most unhuman and savage movement which has originated among civilized peoples in modern times, declared that America and England are brutal in instinct and action, and sunken in materialism. The judgment of a man like Dr. Luegers is of no importance, save as it gives expression to an opinion widely

held by those who are ignorant of American character.

Emerson was an American to the core. He was full of an ancient wisdom, as all great modern minds are; for wisdom is the precious deposit of all past living, and no man can understand his own time who has not entered into possession of past times. But Emerson was modern and American to the heart in his buoyant serenity, his equal faith in the future and in the past, and his passion for the larger view, the wider field, the spiritual interpretation. In this slender book there are many charming expressions of this inability to rest in material activities, however vast and engrossing, this deep and passionate desire for room and vision and freedom. "What space can be allowed you for a moment's despondency?" he writes. "The free and the true, the few who conceive of a better life, are always the soul of the world. In whatever direction their activity flows, society can never spare them. . . . Why read this book, or any book? It is a foolish conformity, and does well for dead people. It happens to us once or twice in a lifetime to be drunk with some book which probably has some extraordinary relative power of intoxicating us and none other; and, having exhausted that cup of enchantment, we go groping in libraries all our years afterwards in the hope of being in Paradise again. But what better sign can the good genius of our times show that the old creative spirit is ready to work again, than the universal indisposition of the best heads to touch the books even of name and fame?"

In that sentence lies the secret of much of the apparent restlessness which makes this continent such a vast workshop: the deep-going and exhilarating belief that the modern man has access to the same sources of power which fed his ancestors, and that the great works in which the soul of the race lies can be matched with other works, different in kind, but of a kindred quality. This may be a mistaken faith; it is obvious that it often finds expression in very material ways; but, nevertheless, it is a faith of burning intensity, and not blind greed, which consumes a vast amount of American force and vitality.

In a very interesting account of a talk with Carlyle and Sir Arthur Helps, Emerson

reports their challenge to produce an American, or an American idea. The poet says that he did not retort by asking his questioners to show him "one Englishman who did not live from hand to mouth but who saw his way." He sketched, on the contrary, the "fanaticism of right and might without bayonets or bishops, every man his own King. . . . Of course my men went wild at denying to society the beautiful right to kill and imprison. But we . . . told them that musket-worship was perfectly well known to us, that it was an old bankrupt, but that we had never seen a man of sufficient valor and substance to carry out the other, which was nevertheless as sure as Copernican astronomy, and all heroism and invention must, of course, lie on this side."

In this unflinching faith in the possible heroism and self-control of men in organized society, Emerson did not speak as a solitary idealist; he spoke for a nation of idealists. It would be easy to indicate the practical, political, and social forms and activities through which American idealism has so far expressed itself; forms which escape the attention of those who are accustomed to look for idealism in art alone; but it is enough to emphasize the controlling fact, which Emerson saw so clearly and which he set forth in speech so eloquent and inspiring: the fact that American society rests on faith in men. That single fact, which happens also to be the most fundamental fact in American life, brings into clear light the ineradicable idealism of the American mind; an idealism which has not been lost, however it may have been absorbed in enormous material tasks; but which is struggling with and through these tasks towards clearer and more artistic expression.

This country suffers much from sheer dullness of perception on the part of those who study it with minds full of historical preconceptions; but it ought to be added that those who do not see are as often of its own family as of alien blood. Emerson was not a solitary idealist in a nation of materialists; he was a man of sensitive genius, who disclosed in clear and artistic expression the instinct and the faith of a race which has had to translate its spiritual passion into terms of material energy before it could express them in terms of light and beauty.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

David Starr Jordan, LL.D.

President Leland Stanford Junior University

Rev. John White Chadwick

Minister Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joseph Parker Warren

Harvard University

Thomas H. Reid

Editor: Hong Kong, China

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In *The Outlook* for August 12 is a kindly review of my volume on "Imperial Democracy," at the close of which is this paragraph referring to the Philippines :

Dr. Jordan invites the friends of annexation to "develop some plan of government, any plan whatever, and its folly and ineffectiveness will speedily appear." The answer is—Cuba; and we invite Dr. Jordan to tell our readers in our columns wherein is the folly or the ineffectiveness of what General Wood is doing in Santiago and General Wilson in Matanzas to establish a just, honorable, and efficient government.

Their work is in substance to remove iniquity, oppression, and filth; to secure native co-operation in wise management; and in general to show "by an object-lesson what American civilization means," before redeeming our express pledges by finally submitting "to such of the people as have property . . . the question of whether they wish to be a part of America and under its sovereignty or not."

All this we may accept as a fair statement of our Cuban policy, though we may stumble a little at *The Outlook's* limitation of the voice of the people to "those who have property." Surely it is Cuba as an independent, self-governing commonwealth which has the right to be consulted, not its individual property-holders. Moreover, the people of the United States have rights to be considered in the admission of alien people to participation in our government. But the implication of *The Outlook* that we are actually following the same policy in Luzon as in Cuba is startling in its audacity or its innocence.

The censorship in Manila is very close, to be sure, and the New York press is practically insulated from any real knowledge of what is going on there; still,

allowing for all that, surely no one maintains that what we have done in Cuba is what we have tried to do at Manila. A friend who has seen both, having been with Roosevelt and Lawton, uses these words: "Wood's government is not in the same world with Otis's."

No one seriously criticises the management of affairs in Cuba, although warning voices have been raised as to its obvious dangers. The methods employed there cannot be made permanent, as affairs must sooner or later fall into the people's hands, and a long continuance of martial law weakens and exasperates a people. Moreover, military rule may become irresponsible and therefore corrupt. It may hide behind a censorship because it has something to conceal; and, finally, the maintenance of an army beyond our borders is a costly sort of altruism which no people will continuously approve without a selfish motive; and such a motive must in time destroy its helpfulness. We regret that our purpose in Cuba has not been more exactly defined, for a concealed purpose is usually an evil one. Still, as yet we have done nothing of importance there which we should wish to see undone.

According to the personal testimony of returned officers, the same wise policy was pursued at Manila by Dewey. The native people were treated with kindness and consideration, and their help was sought in the removal of abuses. Every promise to them was kept, and their needs constituted the visible reason for our presence in their territory. All this changed in the two weeks in which General Merritt was at the head of affairs. The native people were ignored and snubbed, their laws and customs treated with contempt, their leader beset with slanderous charges,

their property wasted without redress, and the so-called "rebellion" made inevitable.

It was then that Dewey called for a "statesman" to bring about rational relations. He received a Commission without power to act, of whose futile operations the public knows nothing.

Meanwhile we have claimed sovereignty over these islands by virtue of the purchase of Spain's forfeited title. We have refused to answer the questions of their people, or to recognize them as a factor in their own destiny. Officers whose word in this matter cannot be questioned have declared in public and in private that the methods followed in Cuba would have averted war, whatever the final decision as to "annexation" might be. That this is true no one acquainted with the facts can doubt. The "imperialistic" talk at home, and, above all, the refusal of the Administration to give any assurance or explanation of our policy or purposes, raised this to open war. As with all other race wars, this struggle has been accompanied by a carnival of lust, pillage, and murder. "In Manila we are not the same Americans that we are at home." The responsibility for the conditions at Manila may be divided between our haughtiness and our cowardice, with side references to our cant and our greed. It is mere childishness to ascribe it to anybody's "treason," or to the ambition of Aguinaldo, who, by the way, is in many regards our American Dreyfus. After he is disposed of, we shall be in a position to cast stones at France. Not a word to his discredit has come from any trustworthy source.

The sole way to an honorable peace must lie in efforts to place justice before victory. Our National policy, whatever it is, must be clearly stated, and to this end the sooner Congress is called upon to define it, the better for the country as well as for the Administration. For this the "expansionists" should be as eager as any one else. No Administration that dare not open its books can stand before the American people. These islands can never be held by mere force of arms, and our title from Spain is not worth the paper it soils.

The San Francisco "Chronicle," the leading Administration journal of California, prints the following editorial, typi-

cal of the popular feeling on this coast at least :

OUR DUTY IN THE PHILIPPINES

The regret that Congress did not act last winter in the matter of giving self-government to the Philippines, thus ending the strain between the Americans and natives and preventing the war, will be deepened by the latest news from the Tagal legislature. That body, as it is now reported, has made a formal reply to the offer of autonomy, refusing it, yet admitting that it might have been accepted but for the high-handed methods of the Americans and their race prejudice, which created fear as to the future. If the report is true, it recalls the public mind to the news of pillage, loot, and "nigger-driving" which filtered out all last winter in soldiers' letters and which prompted the fear that the troops had so deeply embittered the Filipinos that nothing could be done with them. All that sort of thing, usually inseparable from wars between races, might have been averted if Congress had been prompt to act. It was consciousness of this which led Admiral Dewey to cable Washington soon after General Merritt arrived at Manila to the effect that the services of a statesman were preferable there to those of a soldier.

Assuming that we want the Philippines to become a part of the United States, it is all-important that the natives should be conciliated—not driven hither and yon by bayonets and given a hundred new graveyards to mourn over. We are aware that when war is on it must be fought out; but why let war go on if there is any way to establish peace with honor? We may win victories, but every victory leaves its legacy of hatred; we may conquer populations, but the latter do not thereby become good citizens. The one thing to seek is a basis of mutual understanding, and that, we believe, is still within the power of Congress to reach.

Why not try, before another bullet is fired, a plain offer of territorial autonomy and the withdrawal, after it has been effected, of every soldier not needed to man the Federal forts? Why not give the Tagals a constitution to peruse rather than vague promises to ponder over? That would go a long way toward peace than anything of military preparation, from dynamite guns to the employment among our troops of Indian savages. Touching the latter point, it seems as if the Government, in its negotiations with the Chippewas and Nez Percés, had forgotten the indictment brought against George III. in the Declaration of Independence, namely :

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

It is well to ponder the grievance here presented, and to consider, in its light and in the light of other phrases in the same immortal document, whether, unless the Philippine policy is radically changed, we can ever hope to content the islanders with the authority of

this Government.—[San Francisco "Chronicle," September 16, 1899.]

The Outlook will find on page 66 of "Imperial Democracy" these words, written last February, and not idle words, for they were based on statements made in private by honored officers of Dewey's fleet:

A little courtesy, a little tact, on the part of those in power would have spared us from it all. These men have not led a forlorn fight against Spain for all these years to be tamely snubbed and shoved aside as rebels at the end. If the President had assured Aguinaldo that his people would not be absorbed against their will, there would have been peace at Manila. If he had assured the people of the United States that no vassal lands would be annexed against their will, there would be peace at Washington. The President has no right to assume in speech or act that the United States proposes to prove false to her pledges or false to her own history.

Let us, then, try to do in Manila what we have actually done in Cuba, and it may even yet be not too late for an honorable issue. So far as conquest is concerned, we have not gained one step since we began. Nor does the present direction of our "strenuous life" give any prospect of final victory within the lifetime of the present Administration. The statement that only a single faction of the Filipinos is engaged in the war is simple folly. Their wrongs and losses beget the feeling of nationality. The fact that "we are in it and cannot back out" is the only argument I now hear in favor of our conquest of Luzon. As to this, Mr. Thomas B. Reed is reported as saying: "I have always observed that with individuals the fear of humiliation is exactly in proportion as they deserve it; it is the same with a nation."

It is true that our volunteer soldiers almost to a man are against annexation. The best element among them, which is the majority, are opposed to a war of "nigger-killing." It is no wonder that it is reported that "the officials at Manila do not hesitate to declare that a great load is lifted from their shoulders by the departure of the volunteers." Another great load was lifted by the departure of Dewey; and when that officer sees fit to speak, we shall witness a revulsion of feeling which The Outlook cannot escape and which no political party will dare to resist.

The Outlook notes that my volume con-

tains certain inconsistencies of opinion. In reprinting these papers I preferred not to alter words once spoken. It will be observed that nearly a year of stirring times intervenes between the first and the last of the addresses. In this year many perspectives have been shifted, and most of us have learned something. As for myself, I undervalued the Filipinos, judging them from what I knew of the Cubans. As a single example, I believed the falsehood that Aguinaldo and his men were preparing to sack Manila. Perhaps, too, I overrated the ability of our own people to see their acts in the light of history.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Palo Alto, Cal.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with great interest your editorial "Let Him Crown the Work," which advises the sending of Dewey to Manila to take general charge of our affairs in the Philippines. I doubt the truth of your statement that there is a decadence of the anti-imperialist feeling. I find many who were strongly in favor of our war for Cuban independence as strongly opposed to our war for Filipino subjugation. The feeling "if 'twere done, when 'tis done, would it were done quickly," cannot be counted to all who hold it for imperialist righteousness. It means, in many cases, if we have got to fight it out on this line, the sharper the attack the better, if haply so we may the sooner enter on that path of generous helpfulness which President Schurman anticipates in his programme, which assumes the *status quo* as irreversible.

I think you are bound to take cognizance of the fact that our present attitude towards the Monroe Doctrine does not impress everybody as it impresses you. Quite the contrary. You will, I think agree with me that those who are most contemptuous of the Monroe Doctrine now are the same people who were all on fire with it in the Venezuelan muddle. Has there been any serious change of opinion? or has the imperialist thrown over the Monroe Doctrine simply because it does not suit his purposes? And, whatever the merits of that doctrine, does it not show a lamentable lack of intellectual seriousness that so many who hailed it as the corner-stone of the Republic a few years ago now spit upon it and despise it

utterly? Is there not something profoundly suggestive of National frivolity in this, and also suggestive that all the fine sentiments about "benevolent assimilation" and missionary expansion that are now so much in vogue may, three or four years hence, have as few to do them reverence as the Monroe Doctrine has now?

By all means send Admiral Dewey to Manila, and give the work of pacification into his hands. But, if we do not wish to trail his splendid laurels in the mire, let us send him with the understanding that we will make good all the promises made to the Filipinos, explicitly and implicitly, when we went to war with Spain and our President denounced as "criminal aggression" precisely such a course as we have been taking in Luzon for the last eight months. We have had Admiral Dewey's opinion, expressed over and over again, that the Filipinos are better fitted for self-government than the Cubans. If this be so (and there is much evidence to confirm it), why not send Dewey back to Manila with the assurance that we mean to treat the Filipinos and the Cubans in precisely the same way—to grant self-government in either case as soon as we can have the assurance of a stable administration? I think they would believe the man who has never had anything but kindness for them in his heart or speech. I think we should have "peace with honor" right away. Is there anything the matter with this proposition?

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of September 30 you publish an article by Sir Henry M. Stanley entitled "Anglo-Saxon Responsibilities." In this article it is proposed—indeed quite taken for granted—that the United States is to carry out its policy of expansion by a series of military conquests. The most startling feature of the article is the easy familiarity, the seemingly unconscious brutality, with which the author handles this astonishing proposal. American expansionists, as yet, are tender-hearted. They veil their policy with sentimental circumlocutions. Not so Sir Henry. He says:

It is unlikely that Americans will acquire colonies by emigration in the manner we did,

because there are no uninhabited regions available, or that they can annex territories with the consent of their inhabitants as we annexed Nyassaland and Uganda, because there are none left; but the acquisition of territory by conquest will always remain open to the powerful and aggressive, and it is to be feared that no Peace Conference can provide against that contingency. It is by that method of conquest that the Americans are destined to still greater dominion. There are nations periodically dying, and they offer strong temptations, and, unfortunately, they become more and more impolitic as they become weaker. Fate often provides the opportunities. It braces the strong nation and benumbs the faculties of the weak. It inspires that which seeks inspiration, and paralyzes the other. It furnishes wisdom and strength to one, and breeds confusion and discord in that destined to doom. You have but to study the world's map to find that at least four nations seem already marked by fate to provide prey for the strong. America must be numbered among the strongest, and it is her nature to recognize opportunities and to avail herself of them.

Now, it is not my purpose to reply to the above sentiments. Nine-tenths of the subscribers to *The Outlook*, I have not the slightest doubt, read those sentiments with indignation and abhorrence. It is my purpose, however, to ask whether the views of Sir Henry M. Stanley are shared by the editors of this paper. This may seem a preposterous inquiry. I myself should have deemed it such two weeks ago. I should have assumed instantly that such a question would call forth from you an astonished and indignant negative. But now I am in doubt—doubt caused by an address of great significance delivered in Boston before the International Congregational Council, on September 22, by Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor-in-chief of *The Outlook*. On that occasion Dr. Abbott said (I quote from the copy furnished to the press):

What the rod is over the lawless pupil, what the policeman's truncheon is over the lawless criminal, that the armies of the civilized world are, and ought to be, over those communities that are so ill civilized as to be indifferent to considerations of reason and of justice, I repeat: Law is the foundation of civilization, the basis of life. . . . For at least four thousand years Africa has had all the advantages of that spontaneous development which is the hope for humanity of a certain modern school, and it is as dark a continent to-day as when Moses as an Egyptian prince conducted his Ethiopian campaign. Missionaries have followed Livingstone thither. They have braved much, done much, suffered more: they have saved from present death some individual souls; have partially redeemed from barbarism

fragments of tribes; they have been as lights shining in a dark place; but they have not done much more to illuminate the whole continent than a score of glowworms might do to illuminate a meadow at midnight. When the railroad runs from Cairo to the Cape, with branches to the east and west coasts, when commerce follows the railroad, and the post-office commerce, and the press the post-office, and the school and church the press—then, and not till then, will the redemption of the Dark Continent begin. And this cannot be without law, nor law without armed force. . . . Whatever baser motives may mingle with nobler ones, . . . the real meaning, interpreted by its relations to the kingdom of God, of the forward movement in Africa is the redemption of the Dark Continent and its preparation for Christian civilization by the establishment of law enforced by the strong arm of a strong nation.

In other words, the "Dark Continent" will name, not David Livingstone, but Cecil Rhodes, as the man by whom its redemption was begun. In his list of redemptive agencies Dr. Abbott puts the railroad first, the church last. He holds that the old method—among Americans at least—of sending the missionary armed only with the sword of the Spirit is not sufficient to evangelize the world, but that henceforth we must send battle-ships and bayonets as the forerunners and supporters of the Gospel of universal love.

Now, the significance of Dr. Abbott's doctrine of evangelization is that it leads straight as a plumb-line to Sir Henry M. Stanley's programme of extensive military conquest. He who holds the former cannot repudiate the latter. To evangelize the world is an imperative and instant duty, which we must perform as soon as possible. If Dr. Abbott's method is correct, then a policy of general conquest must be adopted as the obvious, the necessary, the obligatory way to obey the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I will not here examine the merits of Dr. Abbott's doctrine of evangelization. I will not even test it by the shining example of Japan. Enough to say that if you indorse the doctrine in your columns, you must deal a blow to the influence of your paper as heavy as that given to the cause of Christian missions by Dr. Abbott in the Congregational Council. And yet it is but right that your readers should know your fundamental attitude towards expansion, for with reference to that attitude your discussions of the Philippine

question and other special subjects must be judged.

JOSEPH PARKER WARREN.

Harvard University.

. . . As to the Philippines. If you have seen all my letters from the South, and the subsequent references from time to time in the "China Mail," then you know my opinion very fairly on the Philippine question; but, as you say, I have had opportunities of obtaining inside knowledge, which it is not always advisable or politic to print in a newspaper, and if they can be of any assistance to you to understand the true situation, you are welcome to these criticisms. Honestly, I believe the Americans possess "nous" enough to become fit administrators of the Philippines. But, in spite of my sympathies being almost entirely with the Americans, I must confess their conduct and policy—or lack of policy—is open to severe criticism. In the first place, the whole of the present difficulties are due to the irresolution of the Government at Washington. If a definite policy had been decided upon in the early period of the war with Spain, the people might have been more readily won over to the annexation policy, and in the Philippines a declaration of policy would have prevented misunderstandings with the natives, who were at first willing to do anything they were asked to do.

The Filipinos are absolutely incapable of entering on a course of higher politics. It is impossible to convince them of this. Under the Spaniards they did the major part of the detailed governmental work, and fancy, therefore, that they know all about the government of the country, and fail to realize their inability to stand alone as a united nation. Besides, many of the present leaders are worthless scoundrels, whose hands are stained with blood of murdered comrades, who are cut down as soon as they become pretentious. The Filipino leaders do not embrace many of the leading islanders in the various islands, nor can they be said to be truly representative of the island of Luzon. These men must be beaten, and beaten thoroughly, before you can hope for peace in the islands. They must not be bought off, but, on the principle adopted by the British in India and Burma, and by the foreign advisers of the Government in Egypt,

a few of the abler scoundrels may be brought over to the American side by promises of employment in high offices. This course, followed up by immediate and condign punishment whenever any of these auxiliaries are discovered abusing their authority, would disunite the leaders, and with these eliminated the people will be easily governed. I do not believe that any great number of the natives are at heart desirous of fighting. They are brought into the Filipino camp mostly by fear of reprisals by those already under arms. So much for the Filipinos.

As for the Americans, they blunder on. From the first contact with the Filipinos they have behaved foolishly; often, individually, in the most childish fashion. With practically no knowledge of Asiatics, they began to treat them with all the consideration of Europeans, with the usual result that their kindness was abused. The natives, emancipated from the tyranny of the Spaniards, thought the Americans were fools or afraid of the brave Filipino, and acted as they did to conciliate them! Then the conduct of the majority of the undisciplined volunteers was unsoldierly in the extreme and little calculated to win respect; indeed, in spite of the fine proclamations of the Generals, the conduct was unworthy our Western civilization. The jealousies of your army and navy, and of regulars and volunteers, are all likely to cause trouble if your army is kept in the field for a long time. The high officers are usually too old, and the commanding officers of some of the regiments utterly incapable of giving their men a lead, however brave individually. Your generals are not accustomed to moving large bodies of men, and your departments, in spite of theoretical magnificent equipment, frequently break down. The great want from first to last is transport. Next, the intelligence department is miserable. Instead of knowing the whereabouts of the enemy and his exact strength, your soldiers are sent forward to experiment and get killed uselessly. The food is not altogether suited for the climate, although it is invariably ample and good, when the transports can get it up; and the army set out for its work with clothes more suitable for a voyage of Arctic exploration than a campaign in the tropics. There is too much dependence on Wash-

ington. One good man, capable, ready to assimilate the requirements of the situation, with a mind of his own and courage to act upon his own judgment once formed, is absolutely essential. Your system of mixed volunteers and regulars in commanding positions is rotten. The volunteers are invariably the ranking officers and draw the biggest pay, but even if they are willing they cannot perform their duties, consequently the inferior and despised regular officer does the actual work, draws his inferior pay, and grumbles. This does not lead to efficiency. Now that the army in the Philippines is almost entirely composed of regulars, things may improve; but the wretched volunteer system that picks out a lieutenant and makes him a colonel or a brigadier-general or some other high officer for the time being, over the head of older officers, will still be responsible for a lot of friction. The great desideratum, to cut my criticism short, is a man with a head, who would take a firm grip and inspire the whole army with confidence. Few have confidence in Otis, who is, I believe, a well-meaning but nervous individual, occupying himself with countless petty details that worry him and prevent any grand conceptions.

I believe the British would have done things differently, but then I am a Britisher! In spite of my criticism, I have faith in the ultimate success of the Americans as administrators. Anyhow, the islands cannot be abandoned without some form of government, and the United States should act unitedly and patriotically to support the Executive until order is re-established and the whole of the islands pacified—at any rate, as far as they were under the Spaniards. But if every American official is after “place and personal gain,” as, unfortunately, I found too many of them to be, without any high ideal of “duty” either to the United States or the people of the soil, then the Americans will never colonize successfully. As I have said, I believe that ultimately the Americans will govern the country well; and I cannot believe that an intelligent Nation will not eventually evolve “a governing class” like our British Civil Service.

THOMAS H. REID.

Hong-Kong, July 15, 1899.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

'The Case for the British

By the Rev. James Stewart, D.D.¹

[As Interviewed by a Staff Correspondent]

THERE are interesting men in South Africa. Take, for instance, Sir Alfred Milner. He is a strong, cautious, and pacific man. I talked with him last when I passed through Cape Town, and was more than ever impressed with these qualities. The confidence felt in Sir Alfred by the British population of South Africa is unqualified.

Then take Mr. Schreiner, Prime Minister of the present Cape Colony Cabinet. He is the son of a missionary of the Wesleyan Society. His mother was an Englishwoman—I think she is still living. His brother is engaged in philanthropic work, largely temperance, among the whites and the blacks in Cape Colony. His sister is, of course, well known as the author of "The Story of an African Farm," "Trooper Peter Halket," and other books. Evidences seem to be found of Premier Schreiner's Africander rather than British sympathies—if we are to believe the newspaper reports—in the strange lack of defense of places like Vryburg, for instance. Again, there was his non-action in reference to the recent transit of ammunition for the Boers through Algoa Bay. Of course, I admit that we were not at war with the Boers.

Take Mr. Cecil Rhodes as an interesting man. There is a curious feeling about him now. In the first place, to him, more than to any other, is due the extraordinary development of South Africa. He has undoubted ability, and there is still a large amount of popular confidence in him, though, of course, many have failed in their allegiance since the Jameson raid. That naturally shook confidence in him. To what extent he knew about it I do not venture to express an opinion. He certainly could not have authorized such a stupid piece of insanity. To us British his unfortunate expression some time ago about "the elimination of the imperial

factor" also operated to his damage. If his aims were only on a higher moral level he would have enormous power, but he seems to have only material ends in view.

Take, if you please, the Boer Presidents as examples of notable men. Sir John Brand was the first President of the Orange Free State. I knew him, and he was a man of progressive ideas. There was hardly a ripple of disturbance while he was President. Nor, until the present, has there been any disturbance under President Steyn.

Now take Mr. Rhodes's great rival, President Kruger. I want to give a fair answer as to whether the latter is bigoted or not. From my talk with him I cannot say that he has so impressed me, but that he is so is an entirely just inference from his policy. That policy would indicate that his ideas are, to say the least, antiquated. So far as I can make out, his Government belongs to the beginning rather than to the end of the nineteenth century. It denies all political, municipal, and civil rights to the majority of the population. A good way to present the Transvaal crisis to Americans is, as The Outlook has already done, to put the maladministration of the Kruger Government into a series of indictments. These indictments have already been formulated in the Outlander demands:

1. The right to vote for the real legislative authority—the First Chamber of the Volksraad, not the impotent Second Chamber.

2. Such a redistribution of seats for the gold-fields in the Volksraad as will give to them a proper representation. At present there is none at all. The Transvaal now offers one-fifth, but the Outlanders represent three-fifths of the people. They pay nine-tenths of the taxation, yet they have nothing to say about the expenditure of a penny. You Americans justly went to war with us on account of taxation without representation.

¹ Dr. Stewart has lived in South Africa for thirty years. He is at the head of the Lovedale Mission, Cape Colony.

3. A Constitution safeguarded from sudden changes. At present an ordinary resolution of the Volksraad may change the existing Constitution.

4. The heads of the Government responsible to the Volksraad.

5. Independence of the courts. At present, if a judge does not respect any chance vote of the Volksraad, he is dismissed from office. Chief Justice Kotze was so dismissed. This, in my opinion, is the great demand; the trouble is not so much a matter of the franchise. The most necessary reform is to free the judges from all interference by the Executive and the Volksraad. In all rightly governed countries the judges on the bench should be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

6. Cancellation of monopolies. This, of course, is far less important than the foregoing; it can more easily be adjusted.

7. Equality in recognition by the courts of the English and Dutch languages, just as we have it in Cape Colony.

8. Removal of religious disabilities. Neither Roman Catholics nor Jews may hold office.

9. Reorganization of the civil service.

10. A free press.

11. Proper schools.

12. Freer trade.

I ask the people of the United States: "Would you like to live without these necessities? Is their lack to be endured longer by your citizens now in the Transvaal, as well as by the English, German, and French Outlanders?" No; nine out of every ten Americans in the Transvaal support the Outlander demands. That they are just is shown by their partial sanctioning by the Boers in the proposed lessening of the conditions of the franchise and of representation.

Mr. Kruger will not grant any political reforms unless he is forced to do so. I have always said, and say still, that he never meant to give any concessions. He does not mean to do so now. He will not give anything which he is not compelled to concede by force.

Of course, in the event of his resigning from the helm, it might be possible to have quiet for a few years, especially if the Joubert Liberal faction came into power. While I say that might be possible, I do not see how the British Government can now well recede from its present stand.

If England does not defend the just rights of her subjects in South Africa and elsewhere, the time may come when she will not have any subjects to defend.

If you were to ask the majority of British people in South Africa about Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Minister, they would say that he has been wonderfully patient. I myself am surprised at the patience he shows to President Kruger and to the Transvaal Government. If Mr. Chamberlain goes back on his present position, there will be despair in the hearts of all colonial Britons, and especially in the hearts of those in South Africa. In fact, that despair may be far more serious in its consequences than is realized in England.

The Transvaal crisis, of course, is not a dispute between President Kruger and Mr. Chamberlain alone. It is a conflict of two policies, so radically opposed that peace will never be possible until one is driven off the field, just as was the case in the war between your North and South. That had to be fought out, and then there was peace.

It was an act of grace when, in 1881, Great Britain gave back the Transvaal to the Boers. At that time there were already in the Transvaal a large number of British subjects, black and white—several thousand, I should say. This giving back of the Transvaal was supposed to have been a matter of policy. It was done on certain conditions; one was that the Transvaal could not make treaties with or war against her neighbors without the consent of the sovereign power. That was the suzerainty in 1881, and that was the suzerainty in 1884, although there was an omission of the word. The thing itself, however, was amply emphasized in the following paragraph: "The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or Nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen." Besides, the Convention of 1884 is meaningless without the preamble, namely, the Convention of 1881. By the phrasing of that first Convention the inhabitants (not merely the Boers) of the Transvaal have independence and equality of rights.

There have been many British blunders

concerning South Africa. One of them was the retrocession of the Transvaal. The London "Spectator" the other day said that it was "a hideous mistake." Two or three letters have since appeared calling the "Spectator" to account for that expression, but it was the proper expression, after all. When the retrocession of the Transvaal, through Mr. Gladstone as Premier, actually occurred, an American paper—the New York "Herald," I think—called it "the finest thing in history." When I saw that, I said: "If that is the finest thing in history, history has very few fine things to show us."

Now, I am not a man in favor of war. I think that if God means to punish us we shall suffer defeat. At all events, we shall have a very bad time of it at first. Still, I do not see any other way out of the difficulty than by war, if the Boers resist our just claims. War may be the only thing which will clear the air and enable us to get along comfortably together. It is not just that her Majesty's subjects have not the right to protect themselves, that they should be subjected to all sorts of disabilities. As your countryman, Mr. Hays Hammond, says in a letter published this morning, so I say: There can be no political stability or permanency in South Africa without equality of civil rights throughout that country. The granting of the franchise alone would not be the universal panacea that some optimists expect it to be. Much stress is laid on the franchise, however, because it would protect the English and other foreign capital invested in the country. As the situation now stands, Mr. Hammond is right in his statement that the Boer Government has the power to expel any resident in the Transvaal and send him across the border without trial, confiscating his goods at the same time.

Mr. Hammond is right, too, in pointing out the error of supposing that only Great Britain is financially interested in South Africa. He shows that a large percentage of the stockholders of the great mining companies are found in France, Germany, and on the European Continent generally, while some companies are entirely controlled by French and German capital. This whole question, therefore, is by no means a purely English question in its

politico-economic aspect. As to America, while your capital may not be very greatly invested, your exports, particularly of machinery, are to a marked extent involved in our prosperity. Your men also do the important technical work at the mines; almost all the mining engineers throughout South Africa are Americans.

Nor do the whites alone suffer. We should also protect the blacks. It is a fact that only within two or three years have any legal marriage laws been made for the blacks in the Transvaal.

It has been said that the Outlanders are entirely a floating population; that they are in the Transvaal only so long as they can make money, and that then they will return to England. This is not so. At least a quarter of the Outlanders expect to remain permanently. Of course heads of businesses will retire, and men who have made large sums of money will retire, but others will quickly fill their places.

Again, the Boers claim that foreigners come there only on account of the mines. It is true that Johannesburg has been built up by a mining population. The city of a hundred thousand people is only ten years old; one can hardly believe that twelve years ago it was only a sheep farm. It is five thousand feet above the sea, and, despite occasional severe dust storms, has a healthy and pleasant climate. The climate and also the soil of the Transvaal are such as to attract, not to repel, settlers. The soil in the neighborhood of Pretoria and Johannesburg is fertile and productive. In fact, what most struck my attention when I went to those cities was the depth of the soil and the rapidity with which young trees had grown. Wherever, in any part of the world, climate and soil favor it, most gold-miners become permanent settlers. Look at Australia and California.

The key to this whole question is the fact that Dutch policy and British policy are two entire opposite and opposing things. It is a case of civilization against non-progression. If it is necessary to fight it out by force of arms, I hardly think it likely that there would be ultimate defeat for those of us who are trying to secure equality and justice for men, irrespective of race and color. That is exactly our aim—justice for the whites

because they are entitled to it, and for the blacks because they have natural rights to it.

I do not think that the present American prejudice against Great Britain in this

matter is justified. I do not think that the people of the United States fully realize the moral support which Great Britain gave them in the late war.

The Case for the Boers

By George W. Van Sicken

[As Interviewed by a Staff Correspondent]

THERE ought to be founded at once a bureau for the instruction of the American people in truth. I would not limit this remark to the truth or facts about the Boers, but I will do so presently. If American citizens were correctly informed, and had not derived their information from British and purely selfish sources, no Administration and no power would be able to withstand for forty-eight hours the blast of their indignation. With one breath England says that the Boers should not distrust her intentions, and with the next breath she says to an independent State, "You shall receive as citizens those whom the British Empire chooses to force upon you." We have as much reason to anticipate and to yield to a demand on the part of England that every Englishman residing in the United States shall be accorded the right of franchise without taking the oath of allegiance to the United States; we have as much reason to anticipate that Kaiser Wilhelm will demand of the United States the right of franchise for every German born who is deprived of his beer on Sunday, as the South African Republic has reason to listen or to yield to the demands of England that the franchise be given to the Uitlanders. This question of franchise has been intentionally beclouded and the American mind misled upon it by the British and by many American newspapers. Take the New York "Tribune" as an example of the latter. I cannot conceive of Horace Greeley ever countenancing such intentionally incorrect and untrue views as have been published during the past two months in the editorial columns of that formerly American paper. The way in which the point is befogged to-day in that and other pro-British journals is this, that all that England asks is that the Dutch Republic shall admit as its citizens

those who will take an oath of allegiance in the language of the naturalization oath of the Orange Free State. They never publish the language of the latter; it expressly omits to forswear allegiance to the native country of the foreigner about to be naturalized. British casuists of the style of Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain say that this does not matter; that, of course, any man who takes an oath of fealty to a country impliedly renounces his allegiance to his native land; but in this instance the British Uitlanders have positively refused and do refuse to renounce their allegiance to Great Britain. How can they be trusted?

I have in my possession the official "Green Book" of the South African Republic, which corresponds to the "Blue Book" of the British Government, containing the stenographic notes of the official interviews between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner at Bloemfontein this last spring, in which President Kruger, after being pressed by the wily British Commissioner, finally stated the form—the proper form—of an oath of naturalization containing the clause which forswears allegiance to Great Britain or to the native land of the foreigner; to which Sir Alfred Milner replied that he would not agree to that at all; that the clause in regard to forswearing allegiance must be left out; and later he suggested the adoption of the naturalization oath of the Orange Free State. To this President Kruger replied that to accept that would be to destroy his country. And he said truly: Since the Report of the British High Commissioner about these negotiations, the English papers, and the formerly American papers which have so lately fallen in love with the British, gloss over and belittle this important point, by saying that the South African Republic refuses the "reasonable

modifications" of this oath demanded by England. The fact is that England has no right, in any way, shape, or manner, to demand or even to suggest a modification of the oath of allegiance of a foreigner who desires to become a citizen of the South African Republic, or of any State. The claim is made falsely that the treaty between Great Britain and the South African Republic made in 1881, and superseded by the Convention of London in 1884, gave to Great Britain the right to thus suggest and interfere with the autonomy of the Republic. This claim is absolutely false. All that the Convention of 1881 gave to Great Britain in this respect was the suzerainty over the foreign or outside relations of the South African Republic. I hold in my hand the autograph draft of the resolution written by Parnell and wired to Mr. Healy, which resolution was passed by Parliament in 1881, and which reads as follows: "Give notice to-night that Thursday, going into Committee Supply, I will call attention to the Transvaal war, and move that, in the opinion of the House, the Boers, by gallant resistance, have earned the right to restoration of their independence."

This treaty of 1881 was not ratified by the Congress of the South African Republic; they refused to admit that suzerainty, and sent a commission of three, including Kruger and Joubert, to London, refusing to submit to this claim of suzerainty, and it was stricken from the treaty. A new treaty, called the Convention of 1884, was agreed upon by the great British Empire, omitting all claim of suzerainty, but retaining simply the right to pass upon or approve or disapprove all treaties with foreign powers that had been made by the South African Republic; and even this expressly excluded the Orange Free State, which is the only country which now stands by the South African Republic in its hour of trial. To the honor of the Parliament and citizens of the Orange Free State, they have cast in their lot to live or die with the Boers—no doubt to die.

Another sophistical and untrue claim is made by those interested in destroying this little Transvaal, to the effect that the Boers have broken their agreement of 1881 and of 1884 in failing to give to the Uitlanders, as they promised, "equal

political and other rights." But they did not agree to give any *political* rights; that word is interpolated by the British and by those who argue in their behalf. What they did agree to do and what they gave was equal privileges and civil rights before the law; and, in furtherance of that agreement, Article 26 details that "all persons, other than blacks, conforming themselves to the laws of the Transvaal State will have full opportunity to enter, travel, and reside in any part of it; they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and other premises; they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents they may see fit to employ; they will not be subjected to restriction in respect to their person or property, or in respect to their commerce or industry, or in taxation, whether general or local, other than those which may be imposed upon Transvaal citizens." And Article 27 reads: "All inhabitants of the Transvaal shall have free access to the courts of justice for the protection and defense of their rights," which is exactly what British citizens have in the city of New York. If they want more here, let England send her armies and fleets to *this* country and force us to give them the franchise without their forswearing their allegiance.

The claim is made that the taxes are unequally levied. This claim also is absolutely false; all people are taxed alike. It is true that there is a tariff on dynamite, from which some of the citizens of the Dutch Republic reap additional profits.

A great outcry is made by the foreigners, who have taken out of that country during the past year one hundred million dollars of gold, as to the burdensome taxes. Well, the latter amount to two and one-half per cent. on the profits of the mines: as the corporations which have taken away this gold have paid dividends to their stockholders varying from sixty to one hundred per cent. per annum, the injustice of this outcry is self-evident.

According to an English authority—Statham, in his book on "South African States"—the personal tax on any one in the Transvaal, rich or poor, does not, probably, amount to more than twenty-five dollars per year. The Crown Leaf Gold Mine Company produced in round numbers over two million dollars gold, distributed

five hundred thousand dollars profits, and paid to the South African Government, for rents, licenses, and other privileges, six thousand dollars. The Robinson Company produced three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of gold, and distributed one million one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars in dividends, and paid to the Government two thousand dollars. The New Times Company produced four hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars in gold, distributed four hundred and fifty thousand dollars in profits, and paid the Government thirty-four hundred dollars. The Transvaal Coal Trust produced 266,945 tons of coal, and paid the Government three hundred and fifteen dollars. The Consolidated Land and Exploration Company, which owned over two hundred and fifty farms of six thousand acres each, paid the Government thirty-six hundred dollars. As to dynamite, more is charged for it by the South Africa Chartered Company at the Kimberley mines than is charged in Johannesburg, many miles further inland, with more expensive transportation, and including the Transvaal tax.

I regret that I am interviewed upon this subject without my authorities at hand and without time to give book and page for the statements which I make. I repeat that the facts should be collated, arranged, and published broadcast, that Americans may know the truth. I refrain from denying, as I would like to and can truthfully, the many untrue, quibbling, and misleading statements that are made by the British themselves and by their sympathizers. But not all Englishmen are false-hearted, not all Englishmen are governed by their pockets; and once place before the vast majority of the masses of the English people facts that will show that they are acting unjustly, or that their Government is acting unjustly, and that vast majority will rebel against being made the tool of wrong. I rely upon the powerful voice and vote of such men in the next meeting of Parliament to do justice to the God-fearing Boers in the same way that their noble model, Gladstone, did them justice in 1881. Gladstone, not Chamberlain, is the "average Englishman."

The action of Great Britain is ostensibly based upon the grievances formulated by the Uitlanders and published in the

London "Times," which are to this effect:

That they, the Uitlanders, "have no vote in the levying of taxes." This is true of all foreigners in the city of New York, in the State of New York, and in the United States of America; will England attack us for that?

"The Uitlanders have no voice in the payment of officials." Has England been consulted as to the salaries of the heads of departments of this city which have just been passed upon by the Board of Estimates? Or as to the salaries of the President and other United States officials?

"They have no control of the education of the country." When did England control the education of her own country? They never had free schools in England until within the last forty years. Elderly Englishmen do not know what free schools are. Free public schools arose in Holland. When Leyden was rewarded for its resistance to Spanish tyranny in 1566, the reward asked by its citizens was not relief from taxes; it was not the great boon of those days, a free annual fair, but a free university; and that was granted by William the Silent and the States-General, and the University of Leyden stands as its monument to-day—a university, not of buildings, but of professors and alumni of the greatest names in science, medicine, law, and theology. The free schools of Holland were brought to the United States of America by the Dutch, who settled Manhattan Island in 1626. They have free schools in the South African Republic, and they are not under the control of foreigners. Neither can Germany, if she so wished (her citizens are too wise and fair), force upon the United States the use of the German language in the curriculum of our schools, as the Uitlanders desire to force English into the Transvaal schools.

"The Uitlanders have no power in the municipal government of their town, Johannesburg." Neither have unnaturalized British subjects any voice in the control of any American city.

"The jurors by whom they are tried are not their peers, but burghers, their political masters." This is true in New York, in the United States, as well as in the South African Republic. It is fortunate for the existence of the United States.

"They pay almost the entire taxation of the country." This is not true. They pay the *pro rata* taxes levied as before explained, providing they are owners in the properties which produce. There is no tax levied upon Uitlanders. Foreign residents of New York City thus pay indirectly a considerable part of the taxes levied through rents and through the tariff. That does not give them any right to representation in the Legislature or in Congress; if it does, will England send her armies and navies *here*?

"Their children born in the Republic have been deprived of the birthright of citizenship." There is no such birthright in the United States or anywhere else. Children of a British subject, born in the United States, remain British subjects unless they choose to become American citizens, just as children born abroad of American citizens remain American citizens. Citizenship is not a birthright; it is granted by the State.

"Doles, loans, given as though personally from the President, are made indiscriminately to the burghers." We have heard of such things in this country as that "to the victors belong the spoils," and that the President rewards the members of his party; and we have yet to hear that Great Britain is going to war with us because some of those gifts or favors are not made to unnaturalized British subjects. The Uitlanders say that "the money comes, of course, from their pockets in the first instance." The money comes from the gold-mines and from the soil of the South African Republic. It is dug up by the Uitlanders; it is sent out of the country without enriching the latter.

They complain that "the principle has been established that the Government should take up bonds on farms so as to prevent the lands passing into the hands of the Uitlanders." Wise old Dutchmen!

The lands will soon pass into the hands of the Uitlanders, but through murder and robbery committed by the "civilizing forces" of the great British Empire.

If time and space were allowed me, I would detail the historical facts which show beyond disproof that, from the time England conquered Cape Colony, she has pursued an unjust, false, bullying policy toward these Dutchmen, driving them step by step into a wilderness which Great

Britain did not own, and which she disclaimed owning, and show conclusively that the claims of England to-day are untrue, or are manufactured of greed and hypocrisy. The situation remains that the United States will stand by and see the citizens of this small Republic wiped off the face of the earth by the enormous power of a monarchy, without raising a voice of protest and without exercising the rights given to the United States by the Arbitration Treaty so lately concluded at The Hague, and so largely brought about by the influence of the great British Empire in conjunction with that of the great American Republic.

The 3d Article of the Arbitration Treaty expressly declares that it shall be the right of any third power, without being guilty of impertinence, to proffer its good offices and mediation to any two powers about to engage in war, or even after war is begun. Mark you! Not wait until one or both of the powers request intervention, but *proffer*. It is suggested, in behalf of the British view, that Great Britain caused these articles of that treaty to be so worded as expressly to exclude the trouble which was brewing (and which it would now appear she intended to foment) between herself and the South African Republic; but, as a lawyer, it is my opinion upon the construction of this treaty that the British point is not well covered, because the independence of the South African Republic is the very point at issue. If the point at issue is to cause war, it is then a fit subject of mediation and arbitration in order to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. That is what the Arbitration Treaty is for.

I have lately received more than a thousand letters from prominent Americans throughout the United States, from Maine to California and from Dakota to Florida, and I have been surprised to find how many of them contain expressions of fear that we shall offend England, especially because of her newly found friendship for the United States as exhibited during our recent war with Spain. I wonder if Sampson, Schley, Dewey, and the men behind the guns at Santiago and Manila were thinking of the great moral assistance given us by Great Britain when they attacked the enemy! My impression was that Americans fought those battles,

and my impression was then and is now that if the European powers had interfered, even with England included, all true Americans would have stood to their guns against those combined powers, in the way in which these true-hearted Dutchmen are now about to die for their country under the shot and shell of Great Britain. If I have got to be the friend of Great Britain in anything that she may do wrong, I do not want her friendship. Or, if I have done wrong and she backed me up in it, I do not want her friendship. Americans must remember Washington's advice to "observe good faith and justice toward all nations," and, further, that "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence the jealousy of a free people ought to be awake." Beware of England! For myself, I say with Emerson:

God said: I am tired of kings.

My angel—his name is Freedom—

Choose *him* to be your king;

He shall guard your pathway east and west,
Defend you with his wing.

And ye shall succor men:

'Tis nobleness to serve,

Help those who cannot help again.

Beware from right to swerve.

I tried to cable President Kruger on Thursday, October 12, but my message cannot reach him; it is stopped by a British military censorship, established at 5 P.M. on October 11.

This little band of devoted Christian Republicans, who have prayers in all their houses and prayers in camp every morning, have dedicated themselves to death to maintain the principle that no foreign nation shall force upon them citizens whom they do not desire. They are shut out from the rest of the world. We shall not hear any truth about them for days and times to come.

My friend General P. J. Joubert, when he kissed his wife and started to lead his men up Majuba Hill, said to her (he did not expect to see her again): "The British are mighty, but our God is almighty."

This morning I received from General Joubert a letter with his autograph signature (it is probably the last letter which I shall receive from him) in which he says: "Probably before you receive this letter England will have opened upon us her cannon. That will be the beginning; God only knows what the end will be. We read in all English newspapers of all the auxiliary troops from all lands and colonies sent to Mr. Chamberlain by Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand, all to help crush to the earth the poor little band of Boers, so that, unless there be a God who desires that they shall live, the name of 'Africander' will soon be no more spoken."

But we liberty-loving Americans stand by and cheer England on.

A Broad Churchman's View of the Crisis in the Church of England

By the Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely

THE pronouncement of the English Archbishops, read by the Primate at Lambeth last month, is a very bold and a very far-reaching one. But it is so, not because of its decision on the question of the legality or the illegality of the ceremonial use of incense and of processional lights—for obviously a decision which does not affect the actual practice of more than two and a half per cent., at most, of the Anglican clergy cannot in itself have much vital importance—but because of the grave constitutional problem which is raised by it.

"Where is the ultimate seat of Church authority in England to-day?"

That is the primary question, which, as the result of all the controversy of this last year of agitation, the newspaper war in the columns of the "Times," headed by Sir William Harcourt, the mob oratory of the streets championed by Mr. Kensit, culminating in the recital by the Archbishop of Canterbury, not only of the decision, but of the grounds upon which the decision was based, stands out prominently demanding an answer.

It is a quite simple and definite question, and should admit, one would have thought on the face of it, of a quite simple and definite answer. And yet, strange as it may seem, there is no question to which

practically it is more difficult to find a satisfactory answer than to this.

For nowhere, neither in the Ecclesiastical Canons, nor in the XXXIX. Articles of Religion, nor in the Book of Common Prayer, nor in any Act of Parliament, is it possible to find a definite, authoritative statement, conspicuous and unmistakable, of the Constitution of the Church of England and of the principles of its government—legislative, judicial, administrative. This failure to formulate and define authoritatively is, of course, the result of historical causes. For the Church of England, though, as a matter of fact, a broad and comprehensive Church, both in regard to membership and in regard to doctrine and ritual, is not broad and comprehensive as the result of immediate design on the part of the original framers of a revised Constitution. It is true that Mr. Froude, in a well-known passage, once summed up the history of the great compromise of old tradition and new conviction in Tudor times in these words: "The object had been so to frame the Constitution of the Church of England that disloyalty alone should exclude any English subject from its communion who could in any true sense be called a Christian; so to frame its formulas that they might be patient of a Catholic or Protestant interpretation according to this or that sect of the people; that the Church should teach a uniform doctrine in essentials as the word was understood by the latitudinarians of the age, while in non-essentials it should contain ambiguous phrases resembling the many watchwords which divided the world, and thus enable Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, Wesleyan, each to insist that the Church of England was theirs."

As a rough and ready description of the final issue of a long conflict of contending theories Mr. Froude's picture may pass. But it is not historically accurate or complete. For what history really teaches us is that the comprehensive character of the Church of England is the result of compromise and circumstance, not the product of logical design or formulated plan.

During the last fifty years, concurrently on the one hand with the rise of the Tractarian party and the great revival of religious interest in England, and on the other with the general increase of the

spirit of liberty and acceptance of democratic principles, there has naturally arisen much collision of opinion between the various schools of thought in the Church, and, as a result of the practical abeyance of any direct ecclesiastical legislative power, and the necessary interpretation, therefore, of old statutes by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, a tendency to govern the Church solely by what may be called case-made law. The modern Churchman, in fact, is feeling more acutely than at any period since the Reformation the need of a proper code of Church law, by which at least the limits of liberty in doctrine and ritual, as between the three schools of thought within the Church, may have authoritative definition. The strong fermented wine of the nineteenth century can no longer be held in the bottles of the sixteenth.

What, then, is a reasonable attitude for an English Churchman, in face of the practical problem of the constitutional reform of the Church? It will obviously vary with his membership of one or other of the Church parties.

For myself, as a Broad Churchman, I naturally start by asking myself this question:

How is it possible to place the comprehensiveness of the Church of England on a logical basis to-day?

I am obliged to confess that logic can be attained in only one of two ways. In theory the State and Church should have grown together. In practice the State has outgrown the Church, and left it, as it were, centuries behind. Since the passing of the Act of Uniformity, the development of the Church harmoniously with that of the State has been checked, and few attempts have been made to insure by legislative measures that the Church should become as comprehensive in reality as she still no doubt is potentially. The anomaly, then, can be removed only in one of two ways—either (1) by Parliament accepting unreservedly the principle of comprehension, and, by a series of legislative measures, undertaking such a radical reform of the Established Church system as shall bring the ecclesiastical State on a level with the civil, or (2) by the transference of legislative and administrative power from Parliament to a new governing body constituted in such a

manner as fairly to represent the laity and the clergy of the Church.

Space forbids me to enter now into any of the difficult practical questions which the acceptance of either of these alternatives inevitably raises. I must be satisfied with having stated the logical bearing of the problem as it faces English statesmen to-day. I can only conclude with the aspiration that, as the English Church is older than the English monarchy, older than the English nation, older than English law or English literature, so that ever-sustaining power not of earth, the assured continual presence of her Lord, which through ages of vicissitude many and various, through triumph and defeat, through seasons of error and sloth and incapacity and degradation, as well as

through seasons of high enterprise and deep spirituality and energetic zeal, has preserved her historic continuity, and through a thousand years of national history has enabled her to be so noble an organ of civilization, may yet provide her with a form of polity in which to enshrine the divine wisdom of her inherited experience and the divine strength of her comprehensive communion.

"Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle altar gazing down, . . .
Her open eyes discern the truth;
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears,
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."

The Forgotten White Woman of the South

By D. F. St. Clair

THE aristocracy begotten of slavery in the South has died a slow, hard death so far as her sons were concerned, and slower and harder as regards her daughters. There has long lived there what Mr. Walter H. Page and men of his advancement have spoken of as "the forgotten man." This forgotten man's skin is white, and his name and blood are the purest Anglo-Saxon, but his father was without the title or prestige or wealth that gave a young man a sort of passport through a university or college. If one will take up a catalogue of such institutions of, say, twenty-five years ago, he will find that the fathers of nearly all the young men in attendance were Majors, Colonels, and Honorable so-and-sos. This was as true of the State universities and schools supported by public taxation as of any other. "What!" exclaimed a Massachusetts schoolmaster who had gone to Charleston to teach in 1880; "has this country no privates left!" The school catalogues certainly did not show many of them at that time. But since then the sons and grandsons of the men who stood in the ranks at Bull Run and Gettysburg have managed to get into the colleges and universities of the South in immense numbers.

Many of them are sawing wood, building houses, washing dishes, blacking

shoes, mowing lawns, and, in fact, doing almost everything imaginable about a college or university to stay there. These students are in such large majorities in some of the State universities that they have created a sort of work and drudgery aristocracy, and a young graduate takes great pride in making a horny-handed exhibition of himself at Commencement. Think of a young fellow who waits upon you at your dinner-table snubbing you on the campus because you had failed in your class!—and there was such an instance at the University of North Carolina. Witness your cook or bootblack helping you through Plato's Republic or Dalton's theory of the scale of the chemical elements! To all appearances you see again the young Greek slave instructing his master. This bottom rail placed on top is to be observed to a greater or less extent in all the great male educational centers of the South. The South no longer has her dumb and forgotten white man, as a class.

But what of his sister? At last she, too, is being dragged out of the maw of oblivion; and the story is one of the most heroic, most tragic, and most humanly interesting in the history of education—heroic for what has been done, tragic for what has not been done, and most humanly

interesting as it touches more of human nature and feeling in the South than any other story could.

The South's forgotten white woman has, of course, been more profoundly forgotten than ever her brother was. The family, the State, and the Church thought of him first, as they have always thought of man first elsewhere. And, between brother and sister, the boy was packed off to school in the fall, and the girl left to pick cotton, water horses, plow, if necessary, and go to mill; or, if not this work of a man, to stay at home and nurse her ignorance and add to her years, to grow in physique for some equally ignorant man's wife.

I once asked a classmate what was the saddest incident in his life. He said, without waiting to search his memory: "The marriage of my sister. When I left her for this university, she was one of those extremely beautiful, ignorant country gir's. There were but three bags of cotton, enough to send only one of us, and, of course, it was to be me. Had it been she, her honor would have been saved to herself and to her family." And that is an example of the extreme tragic side of the South's forgotten woman. In many of the lower middle-class but respectable homes in Dixie the forgotten daughter has returned as a specter to sadden the memory.

The forgotten woman is, of course, not confined to the South, but there she has existed out of all proportion on account of her extremely dependent condition, and the indifference to the education of those who were not able to educate themselves. When the family conceded her an education, there were only a few private enterprises and the Church grudgingly to carry out the wish. These institutions, on high-sounding curricula, high-priced, scanty board, and an aristocratic atmosphere, bred a woman without red blood, without democracy, and without new brain-cells, and she served to prolong social caste in the South, and to cause the State to continue to forget its obligations to the mothers of men. I do not indict all these institutions, for many of them did good work, and are still doing it; but it is at such an expense that the masses of the South's women could not avail themselves of the opportunities.

Not until some seven years ago was the

first State college for women opened in the South. This is known as the State Normal and Industrial College, located at Greensboro', N. C., and has had its genesis and remarkable success in the mind of one young man, Dr. Charles D. McIver. Young Mr. McIver had been educated at the University of North Carolina, and, like many another lad in the South, began to teach to pay back his father the money he had spent upon him, so that the other children of the family could be sent to college. Mr. McIver had a young sister, and while at home on vacation, the subject of her education was brought up for discussion in the family. He was a practical, far-seeing young fellow even at that time. He saw that his sister's education would cost about three times as much as his own had cost, and then it would not make her an efficient, self-reliant woman. What the State was doing for its sons in higher education and its total neglect of its daughters, threatened to come home to his pockets in this particular instance. It set him to thinking how to persuade the commonwealth of North Carolina to remember its daughters. With this idea he began a campaign among his fellow-teachers, and he also went out among the common people on a tour of stumping the State. He went forth among one of the most provincial, simple-hearted, conservative Anglo-Saxon communities in the world, as a common-sense, unsentimental, dollars-and-cents sort of knight errant. "How can a great man be born of an ignorant mother?" he thundered. He then showed in cotton-bales and mules that an educated woman could earn back, with double compound interest, the money spent for her education. He had all the dash and enthusiasm of a Richard Cœur de Lion, and a stock of native jokes and anecdotes almost equal to that of the late Senator Vance, the greatest of North Carolinians.

As an illustration of Dr. McIver's methods of campaigning, I give here one of his homely anecdotes. It smells of the very soil of the South. He was arguing to the people that they should convert their mules, oxen, and old red hills into brains. It would pay them. And then he said:

"A neighbor of mine, a large farmer, was constantly missing his chickens from

the hen-roost. After much pains he finally caught the thief red-handed, who was none other than Horace, one of his most valuable slaves. The master, in an angry mood, confronted his servant: 'I shall thrash you to an inch of your life for stealing my fine poultry. I cannot afford such thefts.' 'But,' said Horace, whose logic did not desert him in this emergency, 'marster, you forgits. You got less chicken, dat's so; but you got mo' nigger, sho'!' "

Dr. McIver carried the people of the State with him, and got a good round appropriation from the State Legislature to build his institution at Greensboro', N. C., and it has served as a pioneer for similar institutions in Alabama, Texas, and other Southern States, although in many of its features it is unlike any other woman's college in America, or the world perhaps. Its primary aim is to give a first-class college and university education to any respectable white girl in the State who wants it. This is as yet a physical impossibility, for it would seem that all such women in the State are now clamoring to enter its doors. Out of the ninety-seven counties ninety-six are represented by girls receiving free tuition, for which they are required to teach two years after leaving college. The institution closed with four hundred, and would open this fall with a thousand if they could be received.

The letters of hundreds of girls pleading to be admitted and given something to do whereby they can earn their own tuition and board make one of the most pathetic pages in woman's education. They form one continuous wail coming from the South's forgotten daughters. "Oh, if you could only give me anything to do!—to wash dishes, scour the floor, or iron shirts—it would save me from a life of ignorance, poverty, and misery." And, what is most pathetic, many such letters are written by girls with the bluest blood in their veins, who were born in the lap of luxury.

But Dr. McIver is not only a man of great enthusiasm and executive ability, but he possesses an immense capital of resource and invention. He is constantly adding new features of self-support for the students at this institution. At the beginning of the new year it will be practicable for nearly a hundred indigent girls to support themselves while pursuing their

studies. Twenty such students will be engaged in cooking and waiting on the dining-tables. This feature of self-support has been in existence at this institution for several years, and, instead of creating caste among the students, has resulted in a magnificent leveling process, girls performing such duties being actually petted and made much of by their more wealthy companions.

Twenty more girls will go to work in a large steam laundry attached to the college. One brave, heroic girl of an aristocratic Southern family, who never knew what it was to do manual labor, came to Greensboro' and asked Dr. McIver to give her something to do to earn an education and culture worthy of her family and traditions. She would do anything. Yes, the little fragile slip of a creature bearded him with a pluck and determination that many of her poor sisters in Dixie have had to cultivate since the days of their great calamity. The big-hearted President looked upon her, half in joy and half in sorrow, almost fearing to tell her the only thing he knew. "Well," said he, "can you go down to the big city laundry and learn how they steam the dirt out of shirts and iron them?" "Yes," she replied, with a smile on her face; and in two days she had learned the whole process, and with her fair corps is now ready to wash and darn the college clothes.

Another line of work which is being organized, and which will give support to a score more of girl students, is the dairy farm. This college is most fortunate in having attached to it some one hundred and sixty acres of fine farming land. This has been stocked with a piggery and some fifty head of choice Jersey cows, which are to be milked by the college girls. Twenty college dairy-maids, with the genuine dairy-maid's cap and milk-pail, will add at least picturesqueness to this most democratic of colleges for women. The dairy will be not only self-sustaining, but it will bring money to the institution from the butter these young ladies will make. This butter has the college stamp on it, and already the demand for it outside of the college is greater than the supply can be.

Dr. McIver is, of course, busily engaged in working out other commendable self-supporting schemes at this college for

these thousands of forgotten young women. Dressmaking is yet to be added, and others are in embryo. In every instance a girl not only supports herself but greatly profits the institution through her work. The difficulty is to get money from the State's politicians to inaugurate such schemes and to make room for the great number of women who want to come.

That is the rub, and it may well be said that this problem of the South's forgotten white women, only just begun to be solved, is the South's most acute and momentous question. It lies at the bottom of the fearful illiteracy that has damned the poor whites in such States as North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. In North Carolina, at this moment, this fearful illiteracy threatens the highest morals and justice of the State. There is pending in this State a constitutional amendment to deprive illiterate negroes of the franchise and to secure it to illiterate whites, on the ground that their forebears enjoyed it before the negroes were set free. This is not only a discrimination against the negro which it is not my purpose here to discuss, but is, in the long run, a great injustice to the forgotten white men and women, in that it encourages their deep-grained illiteracy. But the only way permanently

to eradicate this curse of illiteracy is to strike at it directly through the forgotten woman, as Dr. McIver is so effectively doing. His work is now giving to his State and section a democratic womanhood with more culture and self-reliance than the South's aristocratic womanhood ever possessed. He is giving to the South a woman who may not be quite so beautiful and charming as her aristocratic antebellum sister was, but is a deal better equipped to meet and master the civilization that cold-blooded, practical Northern men have in the past generation developed in this Republic.

A very large percentage of American women are obliged to the State to teach for at least two years; and the high standard of this college, ranking it with the very best male colleges of that section, sends out annually into the State public-school teachers who will soon succeed in destroying the dense illiteracy of the forgotten whites. When that shall have been accomplished, there will no longer be a negro problem in such States as North Carolina; for it is the illiteracy of the whites that has made the illiteracy and ignorance of the negro a terror. Educate the whites and only in the black belt does the negro remain a great menace.

Sine Die

By Marian Alden

As far as earth is from the sky,
So Love is high.
Where Alpine lakes their vigils keep
Is Love more deep.

In Nature there no boundaries are
That tell how far Love goes;
Love's measure, as each countless star,
God knows.

One only thing we know: Love comes to stay;
Though God's to give, it is not even His
To take away.



A Book of the Heart¹

THE connection between fishing and literature is perhaps not obvious at the first glance, but a little reflection in a sympathetic mood makes one aware of natural affiliations between the two arts. It is true, many writers of note have never made a cast; one would know by intuition that Macaulay would not care for fishing; one might hazard the guess, on the other hand, that Arthur Clough would find delight in the chances of the craft. It is also true that good Izaak Walton has many disciples who care more for luck than for meditation, and who practice the art for sensuous pleasure rather than for spiritual advantage.

One has but to consider the conditions which generally attend the fisherman, however, to perceive how easily he may combine the love of letters with his occupation, and how richly the gentle craft may minister to the more enduring if less exacting art of writing. The fisherman has, in the first place, a day of leisure; he needs only health in addition to compass the conditions with which Emerson declared he would make the pomp of emperors ridiculous; and he is in the way of health whenever he makes a cast. He has, further, the most intimate contact with nature; and he has solitude and silence. There is, finally, in his very preoccupation with the business in hand, an opening of the imagination of which nature is sure to make use. The quiet fisherman, who watches the end of his line but is sub-consciously aware of the rushing stream, the overhanging branches, the shadow of the rock on the pool, the distant trill of the thrush, is in the very mood which carried the beauty and mystery of Winander into the heart of Wordsworth's boy. If the writer went a-fishing for the sake of literature, he would probably come back with an empty basket and an empty imagination; nature insists upon absolute frankness as the first condition of intimacy; but if the poet cares more for his luck, for the time being, than for his verse, and would rather land a doughty trout than write an epic, nature generally pro-

vides liberally both for his basket and his brain.

Dr. van Dyke was born a fisherman, and was fortunate enough to have in addition that thorough education without which native piscatorial gifts are hollow mockeries. He loves the craft for its own sake, and, when the spell is on him, is capable of that sublime indifference to nature and to man which is the final evidence that one man is born to fish as certainly as other men are born to plan battles or carve statues. The kind of insanity which falls at times on the fisherman is really a possession by the Muses, and akin to the madness of which great works of art are born. This is simply saying that Dr. van Dyke fishes for the sake of fishing and not for the sake of art.

He happens, however, to have certain qualities of spirit which are stimulated and enriched by what may be called the accidents of fishing: the landscape, the brooding silence of the woods, the shadows with which the forest beleaguers the camp fire, the mute companionship of the stars when one is alone with them, and all the range of human fate and fortune as it comes out in fellowship with guides, *habitants*, and dwellers in remote places. To such a man fishing is both romance and poetry, and Dr. van Dyke has brought from the brooks and the woods a fresh and genuine note into our literature—a note in which one hears the fall of water, the stir of leaves, and the sound of men moving and speaking. The twelve chapters which make up this book of stories and sketches have a delightful breeziness of spirit and a sincere literary charm. Some of them are obviously of more value than others, but the book, as a whole, comes at a fortunate time, and is a complete justification of Dr. van Dyke's decision to pass from the pastoral office, in which he has already rendered twenty-one years of service, and to enter upon the work of a man of letters and a minister to the vital interests of American university life. This decision has been seriously questioned by many, to whom his pulpit teaching has seemed almost a matter of public necessity. But it is certain that in this case

¹erman's Luck and Other Uncertain Things. By an Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

the change of field does not mean going out of the ministry, but going more deeply into it.

It may be assumed that Dr. van Dyke will never cease, in the pulpit and out of it, to be a preacher of righteousness; he will simply change the form of his communication; he will say the same things in another language. There is but one authoritative revelation of the will of God with regard to a man's work; that revelation is found in a man's gifts. Whatever a man can do best, that he ought to do; for the one thing which a man can give his fellows is himself, and a man gives himself fully and freely in the language which he speaks, not only with his heart, but with the unconscious concurrence of his whole nature. Dr. van Dyke has had great and worthy success as a preacher from the pulpit; he has discussed questions of religious and moral life with marked ability and with notable helpfulness; but no one can read his verse, his stories, or his sketches without feeling that in these works of his imagination as well as of his hand his true gift is disclosed. Here, certainly, he speaks most freely, deeply, beautifully; with fullest disclosure of his own mind, with happiest good fortune in phrase and form.

This volume cannot be classed with Dr. van Dyke's verse as an expression of his imagination, nor with his stories as a revelation of his dramatic quality and his

passion for life and character; but it is full of that free and unpurchasable knowledge of nature which is one of the great resources of the man of letters, and it abounds in those happy turns of speech which constantly deflect the reader from the commonplace and send him joyfully into the region where life takes on the aspects of poetry. In these chapters Dr. van Dyke makes courage, cheerfulness, kindness, and loyalty more credible and winning. The ease, the freshness, and the buoyancy of this volume evidence the presence of the heart in it and make one aware that the writer is using his own individual vernacular—the speech he was born to use.

Work so full of ease, refreshment, and feeling, taken in connection with the group of books to which it belongs, makes it clear that the writer is a true man of letters who preaches with notable vigor rather than a successful preacher who makes delightful excursions into a field which he visits sympathetically but in which he does not live. Dr. van Dyke will never get away from the life which has informed his sermons and which will make him a potent influence for the unity and the sacredness of art and life, but when he gets away from public association with the pulpit there will come a fresh and convincing recognition of qualities and gifts which are likely to carry him far in the field of literature.

How Gordon Died¹

MR. NEUFELD'S well-printed volume, "A Prisoner of the Khalifa," is important, most of all, in its last chapter, and in the last of its six appendices. The previous chapters graphically describe the author's twelve years' captivity at Omdurman. He had been interpreter for the Gordon Relief Expedition. Later, when journeying into Kordofan, he was betrayed by guides into the hands of the dervishes, by whom he was taken prisoner and sent to the Khalifa.

At Omdurman Mr. Neufeld's long captivity began. His narration of his experiences in the Khalifa's former capital, now happily won to civilization, is of ex-

treme interest. As Mr. Neufeld dedicates his work "To Public Opinion," however, that opinion might, and probably will, reply that, while surely appreciating new information concerning life in the Upper Nile Valley, concerning such personages as the Khalifa, Slatin Pasha, and Father Ohrwalder, above all concerning General Gordon, it does not uphold the author's views regarding the advantages of matrimony, as illustrated by his marrying, divorcing, and marrying again in prison, though his first wife was still living in the wide world outside. Mr. Neufeld seems hardly to comprehend the moral wrong thus committed.

A marked value of his book consists in the author's denial of a story of Gordon's

¹ *A Prisoner of the Khalifa.* By Charles Neufeld. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.50.

death, namely, that the hero turned his back upon his assailants, and in his back received a mortal wound. When, in 1887, Mr. Neufeld arrived in Omdurman, there were still many witnesses of Gordon's murder, and the real details were the theme of conversation whenever the name of the great soldier was mentioned. According to Mr. Neufeld's account, Gordon died like the lion-hearted man he was. When he fell, his sword was dripping with the blood of his assailants, for he cut down sixteen with it; his left hand was blackened with the unburned powder from his at least thrice-emptied revolver; his life's blood was already pouring from a spear and pistol-shot wound in his right breast; his boots were slippery with the blood of the crowd of dervishes he shot, and through whom he hacked his way in his heroic attempt to cut a path out and place himself at the head of his troops. With blood pouring, not from his back, but from his breast, he fought his way step by step until a concealed dervish, by a single blow, almost severed the hero's leg. Then, and only then, Gordon fell. He breathed his last as he turned to face his newest assailant, half raised his sword to strike, and fell dead with his face to heaven.

Another value of the book lies in the author's report of native opinion concerning Gordon. Mr. Neufeld says: "Ask any Muslim what is his opinion about Gordon, and he will reply: 'Gordon was not a Christian. He was a true Muslim. No Christian would be so good and just as he was.' During my twelve years among all shades of people I never heard a single word against Gordon."

A third value lies in the information contained in the last of the appendices. In this Mr. Neufeld considers the past, present, and the future of the country in which he endured such a long term of imprisonment. He tells us that at least from the date of its partial conquest by the great Egyptian Viceroy Mohammed Ali to that of the Mahdi, no sheikh and no single tribe ever held general supremacy over the others. The population of the half-conquered provinces was robbed in every conceivable way by tax-collectors, however, whose salaries were rarely paid. These were assisted by companies of irregular soldiers whose salaries were

never paid. The result of such tax-collecting was, of course, that the people were driven further and further away from the watercourses, and from the cultivable land. The "sudd," or rank weed-growth, obstructing Nile navigation, accumulated from year to year. There was anarchy over the once partially civilized face of the country and its inhabitants. Arabs, negroes, and blacks were alike the prey of the Turko-Egyptian Government. The times were ripe for the rebellion of the Mahdi when that Mahdi came. It is not surprising that, in his first victory, thousands flocked to their supposed deliverer. The Mahdi was both a political and a religious leader. The latter element was quickly recognized, not only because of the basing of his government on the laws of the Koran, but also because of his supposed personal miracles. These, as Mr. Neufeld acutely points out, were found in his annihilation of successive armies sent against him. Considering the strength in the East of faith in visions—a faith almost as strong as when Pharaoh had his dreams interpreted by Joseph—the Mahdi and his successors cannot altogether be blamed for taking advantage of such credulity. Especially is this so, Mr. Neufeld cleverly adds, if we may contrast it with the credulity in a highly civilized country of the thousands of people flocking to the doors of one who pretended to be the mouthpiece on earth of the Angel Gabriel—surely a more mythical being than either the Prophet Mohammed or the Mahdi.

For nearly a century the inhabitants of the Khalifa's country have been fighting against the establishment of any foreign government. Their experience of Christians has evidently not been of the best, avers Mr. Neufeld—else why the saying concerning Gordon? As to politics, it will require but a little mistake on the part of the Anglo-Egyptians to make thousands again flock to the native ruler's banner; indeed, large numbers are still loyal to him. As to religion, we are warned that some time must elapse before the Muslim will believe that Christianity is anything but what he believes it to be.

The work is informative and first-hand, not second-hand. It should find place alongside Slatin Pasha's and others in the list of authoritative reference-books.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Active Service. By Stephen Crane. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 345 pages. \$1.25. Since Mr. Stephen Crane wrote "The Red Badge of Courage," he has seen the war in Cuba. His new story, however, deals with war in quite another fashion. Its scene is that of the Turko-Grecian war, its hero a New York journalist, its heroine the daughter of a college professor who is taken to Greece to avoid him. The journalist rescues the heroine from between the lines, and wins fame, gratitude, and a bride.

Alaska for Gold, To. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard-Boston. 248 pages. \$1. A thrilling story of the experiences of two boys from Maine to Alaska and the gold fields. The third of the "Bound to Succeed" Series.

Arms and the Woman. By Harold MacGrath. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.25.

Botanical Laboratory, Contributions from the. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) 109 pages.

Boy's Book of Inventions, The. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 354 pages. \$2.

A graphic, concise, untechnical description of the greatest inventions of the century, their application to the business, commercial, and professional progress of to-day, and their promise for the future—the submarine boat, wireless telegraphy, liquid air, the horseless carriage, the phonograph, modern building methods, and aerial navigation. Each invention is photographed in use, as well as its parts, showing the application of modern scientific discoveries and their application to mechanics. In each chapter the inventor's own explanations are used in the text. The book would be a most valuable contribution to the home and school library.

Cæsar and Pompey in Greece: Selections from Cæsar's Civil War. Book III. By E. H. Atherton. Ginn & Co., Boston. 188 pages. 50c.

California and the Californians. By David Starr Jordan. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 24 pages.

Captain of the Cadets, The. By Mrs. L. T. Thurston. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 314 pages. \$1.25.

The story of the school life of a brave, honorable Scotch-American boy and his schoolmates. An inspiring story for boys of twelve and fourteen.

Carnac Sahib. By Henry Arthur Jones. The Macmillan Co., New York. 142 pages. 75c.

Chats with Young Christians. By Louis Albert Banks. F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O. 92 pages. 40c.

Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann, The. By Joel Chandler Harris. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 210 pages. \$1.50.

Cromwell, Oliver, and His Times. By G. Holden Pike. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 286 pages. \$1.50.

A succinct and well-written popular sketch, with some illustrations.

Discussions in Economics and Statistics. By Francis A. Walker. Edited by Davis R. Dewey. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 2 vols. \$6.

This book makes accessible for students the miscellaneous work of one of America's greatest political econo-

mists. In collecting General Walker's magazine articles and addresses, Dr. Dewey has exercised judgment in the omission of those which merely reported for new audiences the work elsewhere presented, and in condensing others which only in part furnished new material. However, he has performed his critical work with the reverence of a disciple, and reprinted in full all the more important contributions.

Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest. By Blanche Willis Howard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 375 pages. \$1.50.

Dorcas: The Indian Boy. By Genevra Sisson Snedden. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 150 pages. 35c.

Evenings with the Sacred Poets. By Frederick Saunders. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 568 pages. \$2.

First Steps in International Law. By Sherston Baker. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 428 pages.

This is more than an introduction to the subject of which it treats, and deserves its title because of the lucidity of its style for the general reader, and not because it fails to take him to the heart of the question discussed.

Fisherman's Luck. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2. See page 460.

Flower Astronomical Observatory, Results of Observation. By Charles L. Doolittle. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Vol. I., Part II. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) 91 pages.

For Love's Sweet Sake. Edited by G. Herbert Westley. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 184 pages. \$1.50.

A prettily made volume of selections from the love poetry of the world. The editor has traveled far afield, and has brought between the covers of the book the work, not only of the best-known, but of many comparatively obscure, poets. The subject divisions—"Love's Morning," "Love's Noontide," "Love's Evening," and "Love's Night"—suggest that his tastes have been those of sentiment rather than of art. The volume has almost a bridal dress.

Fun and Fighting of the Rough Riders, The. By Tom Hall. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 242 pages. 50c.

The latest of the many sketches and studies of this famous regiment which introduced the most picturesque element into the late war with Spain and created the largest amount of journalistic or semi-literary material. Mr. Tom Hall is a vigorous writer with an instinct for the new side of things, and he has told in a fresh and taking way the story of the organization and services of the Rough Riders; not with any degree of completeness, but from the impressionist's point of view, which is the point of view from which the regiment ought to be studied.

Fundamental Laws of Electrolytic Conduction. Translated and edited by H. M. Goodwin, Ph.D. (Harper's Scientific Memoirs.) Harper & Bros., New York. 98 pages.

From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors. Edited by John Knox Laughton. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 476 pages.

The revelation made to the maritime nations by our Captain Mahan's brilliant works on the "sea power" has borne fruit after its kind in this book. That these critical sketches of the career of twelve great British admirals are for the most part written by their peers in

rank in the Royal Navy is its amply sufficient introduction both to professional and non-professional circles.

Helpers, The. By Francis Lynde. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Novels are conveniently classified as romantic and realistic. This admixture of impossible romance and unreal realism defies classification. The scene is said to be laid in Colorado, but Colorado would never recognize the portrait. The action and the characters belong to melodrama; the moral—for the “greeting” which serves as a preface assures us that there is a moral—belongs to the Sunday-school novelette.

Ingratitud por Amor. By Don Guillen de Castro. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) 120 pages.

Island, The. By Richard Whiteing. Charles H. Sergel Co., Chicago. 267 pages. \$1.25.

Under the guise of a romance, this clever author follows his social theories to their logical conclusion. His style is keen, caustic, and original. His book is a good one, and will do good.

Jamesons, The. By Mary E. Wilkins. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 177 pages. 50c.

Jerusalem: The City of Herod and Saladin. By Walter Besant and E. H. Palmer. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 532 pages. 3s.

The period from the Crucifixion to the disastrous end of the Crusades fixes the limits chosen by the authors of this work. The chapters treating the Mohammedan side of the history are from no less competent a hand than that of the accomplished scholar who perished in the Egyptian insurrection under Arabi in 1882. The Christian side is admirably sketched by Sir Walter Besant with his usual literary skill.

Khalifa, A Prisoner of the. By Charles Neufeld. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4. See page 461.

Laurel Leaves. By Robert Wilson. Archibald Constable & Co., Westminster, Eng. 142 pages.

Laws of Gases, The. Translated and edited by Carl Barus. (Harper's Scientific Memoirs.) Harper & Bros., New York. 110 pages. 75c.

Little Novels of Italy. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Five comparatively short stories dealing with Italian life, sketched with a firm and delicate hand against Italian backgrounds by the author of “The Forest Lovers,” and reserved for fuller notice.

Love and Law. By Thomas P. Bailey, Jr. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 23 pages.

Main-Traveled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A new edition of the best-known volume which has yet come from the hand of Hamlin Garland, and, in the judgment of many of his readers, containing much of his strongest work. Several new stories are added in this edition, which is likely, in its attractive form, to bring Mr. Garland to the notice of a new group of readers.

Man Who Might Have Been, The. By Robert Whitaker. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 21 pages.

Merchant of Venice, The. By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Whipple Underwood. (Pocket English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 25c.

Messages of the Later Prophets, The. By Frank Knight Sanders and Charles Foster Kent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 377 pages. \$1.25.

This book, the sequel to the “Messages of the Earlier Prophets,” published last year, cannot be too strongly commended to all who are interested in the modern method of the historical study of the Bible. By the chronological rearrangement of the various portions of the prophetic writings to correspond with their historical dates the reader is enabled, as in no other way, to discern the progressive widening of revelation. Such rearrangement may be open to revision, but in some sort it must be. Aside

from all critical questions that must be held open, this paraphrase of the often obscure language of the prophets into expressive modern English renders an illuminating service. The prefaces, or introductions, accompanying the several sections of the work are of peculiar value. Another edition in larger type would be appreciated by many.

Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism, An Introduction to the. By Charles Mills Gayley and Fred Newton Scott. Ginn & Co., Boston. Vol. I. 12mo. 587 pages. \$1.40.

Miranda of the Balcony. By A. E. W. Mason. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Miss Carmichael's Conscience. By Baroness von Hutton. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 163 pages. \$1.

Why soulless flirts should prove irresistibly attractive to otherwise admirable men is one of the enigmas of life. It is certainly so in the entertainingly vivacious story of “Miss Carmichael's Conscience.”

Moral Order of the World, The. By Alexander Balmain Bruce. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 416 pages. 52c.

The perusal of this volume deepens the sense of loss to the world in the recent death of its well-known author, who completed it just before he passed away. It comprises a series of the Gifford Lectures before Glasgow University, following the already published series on the “Providential Order of the World.” It is a critical but sympathetic study of those leaders of thought in India, Persia, Greece, Palestine, and our modern world who have striven to interpret the moral order of the world. Especially interesting is Dr. Bruce's critique of modern optimism, particularly as represented by Browning, and modern dualism, of the agnostic school of Huxley on one hand, and of Ritschl on the other. We must dissent from his distinction between “providential” and “moral” as personal and impersonal terms, a distinction suggested by that superficial connotation of morality which too often lames evangelical thought.

Nonsense Almanack, 1900, The. By Gelett Burgess. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 31 pages. 50c.

Nooks and Corners of Old New York. By Charles Hemstreet. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 211 pages. 52c.

An attractively illustrated directory of the old city. The author has followed a route for which all pilgrims through the modern city will thank him. The starting-point is the Battery, and the roadways and byways of the old city are visited in their geographical relation.

Our Three Admirals: Farragut, Porter, Dewey. By James E. Homans. James T. White & Co., New York. \$1.

Outlines of General History. By Frank Moore Colby. American Book Co., New York. 610 pages.

Within the limits chosen, which do not include the history of the United States, this is a very well executed work, while possessing, so far as we can see, no peculiar excellence distinguishing it above its competitors for adoption by schools.

Philadelphia Negro, The. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) 520 pages.

Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. The Macmillan Co., New York. Vol. IX. 50c.

Presbyterian Bulwarks of Liberty and Law. By the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 31 pages.

Raphael: A Collection of Pictures with Introduction and Interpretation. Edited by Estelle M. Hurl. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 92 pages. 75c.

To awaken art-interest in the young there is a large field for just such books as this. It follows a praiseworthy plan. It leaves to one side Raphael's portraits and Madonnas; for its purpose it is necessary to consider the

Raphael pictures which have some story interest, and, further, the story-meaning of which is easy to read. Hence, the author chooses, among others, such works as "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (London), "St. Cecilia" (Bologna), "Socrates and Alcibiades" (Rome), "St. Michael Slaying the Dragon" (Paris). Each picture is well described; then, to induce further study, there is a Raphael bibliography, a chronology, a table of famous contemporaries, but especially valuable in this respect is the list of collateral readings. For instance, on St. Cecilia we are referred to Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," Chaucer's "Second Nonnes Tale," and Dryden's "Ode in Honour of Saint Cecilia's Day" in the "Alexander's Feast." At the end of the book there is a pronouncing vocabulary of all proper names.

Roman History, The, of Appian of Alexandria.

Translated from the Greek by Horace White. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.

Professor White's translation of Appian is a credit to American scholarship, and makes a long-desired addition to English literature. The two volumes deal with events of the first importance in the ancient world, the foreign and the civil wars of Rome, and inspire regrets that nearly half of Appian's voluminous history has perished. Writing in the second century about events then long past, he writes uncritically, and seldom rises to the dignity of the Augustan period; but such stories as, for instance, his account of Cæsar's death and funeral ought to be accessible in English. For the benefit of scholars, prolegomena on the MSS. of Appian have been added, and a bibliography. \$3.

Roman Life under the Cæsars. By Émile

Thomas. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

The author has undertaken the difficult task of imparting to the pale relics of an exhumed civilization the tints of life. But he is in love with his subject, and, selecting some general subjects and characters of the imperial past, has set them forth graphically. The baths and games, the new year gifts, the schools and books, moral ideas, art, rural life, and other topics, are thus treated in copious detail. The author's purpose "to write a popular and, if possible, a lifelike book" has been very fairly accomplished.

Rupert, Prince Palatine. By Eva Scott. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.

It is strange that Prince Rupert has been the subject of so little biographical research. Besides its own patent, intrinsic merit, therefore, the present volume fills as evident a need, and is therefore doubly welcome. It throws, perhaps, unexpected but certainly valuable side-lights on the history of the English Civil War, and more particularly on those internal dissensions which were one of the causes of the Royalist collapse. New light is also thrown upon the life of the exiled Stuarts.

Salad for the Solitary and the Social. By Frederick Saunders. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 526 pages. \$2.

A new and charming edition of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," by Mr. Frederick Saunders, is accompanied by a new edition, in similar form, of that author's "Evenings with the Sacred Poets."

Sans Famille, Episodes from. By Hector Malot. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by L. H. B. Spiers. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 167 pages. 40c.

Second Law of Thermodynamics, The. Translated and edited by W. F. Magie, Ph.D. (Harper's Scientific Memoirs.) Harper & Bros., New York. 151 pages.

Shakespeare (The Chiswick): Macbeth, Othello, As You Like It, Hamlet. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50c. each.

The Chiswick Shakespeare, of which four volumes have appeared, contain an introduction and notes by John Dennis and illustrations by Byam Shaw. The volumes are a little larger than those in the Temple Shakespeare, but are well made, the type is of good size, and the margins adequate. The edition will be specially

valuable for those who like a thoroughly well-made copy of Shakespeare which can be put in the pocket. The volumes will be equally convenient for school use.

Shakespeare, William: A Critical Study. By Georges Brandes. The Macmillan Co., New York. 708 pages. \$2.50.

"William Shakespeare," by Georges Brandes, is a new edition in a single substantial volume of one of the most elaborate critical studies of Shakespeare which has appeared: a work of special value because it comes from a foreign source and is an interpretation of Shakespeare by one of the most distinguished European critics. Many students of Shakespeare will not agree with Dr. Brandes, but the breadth of his knowledge, the intelligence of his treatment, and the general interest of his work give this study almost equal importance for the student and the general reader.

Sketches in Egypt. By Charles Dana Gibson. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 114 pages. \$3.

Social Laws: An Outline of Sociology. By G. Tarde. Translated from the French by Howard C. Warren. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25.

A good idea of the substance of M. Tarde's three great works on sociology, "Les Lois d'Imitation," "L'Opposition Universelle," and "La Logique Sociale," may be gained from his own résumé of them, which Professor Warren, of Princeton, now presents in a good English translation. Nor is this a mere résumé; it also shows clearly the internal bond, the common thought, uniting the three larger works. Hence the present volume is naturally divided into three parts, and we consider successively the repetition, the opposition, and the adaptation of phenomena.

Solid Geometry. By G. A. Wentworth. Ginn & Co., Boston. 469 pages. 85c.

Spinozistic Immortality, On. By George Stuart Fullerton. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) 154 pages.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 310 pages. \$1.50.

A story of school life in England, reprinted from the pages of "McClure's Magazine," and reserved for fuller notice.

Stepmother, The. By Mrs. Alexander. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 300 pages. \$1.25.

An unpleasant story with a pleasant ending, the result of a good woman's faith in right and truth.

Stories of the Railroad. By John Alexander Hill. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 297 pages. \$1.50.

Twelve short tales reprinted wholly or in part from "McClure's Magazine," a series of striking experiences or incidents of railway travel told in a direct and effective fashion, unequal in interest, not always sound in taste, but dealing with the kind of material which has the fascination both of romance and of reality.

Studies in European History: Greek and Roman Civilization. By Fred Morrow Flinn. Second Edition. J. H. Miller, Lincoln, Neb. 163 pages. 60c.

Tales of the Telegraph. By Jasper Ewing Brady, U.S.A. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 272 pages. \$1.25.

Resembling somewhat, in selection of topics and the prominence of the adventurous, the "Stories of the Railroad," throwing a good deal of light incidentally on the organization of the telegraphic system, its resources, and its uses, these two volumes may be regarded as studies of temporary conditions in connection with two great industries; somewhat out of focus by reason of the emphasis thrown on the adventurous element, but disclosing first-hand knowledge, and possessed not only of vital interest, but of the interest of great mechanical systems which are interwoven with human conditions in the modern world.

Ten Words, The. By Rev. Charles Caverno. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 231 pages. \$1.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

The editor of a Sunday-school lesson series wrote me as follows: "... I am compelled to differ with you relative to the cause of the drifting away from the Sunday-schools in the past few years. While you and some others may regard the story of the Hebrews in the fiery furnace as a myth, the almost unanimous majority still look upon it as a veritable fact—a miracle. It is either that or an absolute fabrication, and I do not believe that it is a falsehood. Those who teach that it is a myth certainly do a great deal toward discrediting the Bible, and, if their teachings should be accepted, would do a great deal toward making a drifting away from the Sunday-schools. Until I believe that it is untrue, I shall have to treat it as has been done in our recent periodicals." In *The Outlook* of August 19 you say: "Such events as the deliverance of the three Jews from the fire must be regarded as legendary," and September 16 you say: "Such a miracle for so slight a consequence would be like firing a cannon at a fly." Why cannot the people who give us our Sunday-school lessons agree to teach only the great truths of the Bible on which we are all agreed, and not give us such lessons as these, whose effects are disastrous? I am the father of five boys, aged eighteen, seventeen, fifteen, fourteen, and ten. The second, third, and fourth of them are members of our church. The oldest will become a member in October. I have endeavored to teach them the truth, and have read to them the Hon. Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." The result speaks for itself. I believe no greater mistake was ever made than is now being made in many Sunday-schools. C. L. H.

We shall have to endure evils until the good people who have come to believe that Satan did not really attend the heavenly assembly as related in Job, and that Joshua did not actually stop the course of the sun and moon, have discovered that the legendary character of some other narratives in the Bible may also be acknowledged without detriment to Christianity. Meantime it behooves the judicious, by inculcating the only sound and tenable view of revelation and inspiration, to prepare children for the inevitable discovery that some things taught in the Sunday-schools as facts on which the reality of a divine revelation is staked are not facts at all—and yet, at the same time, no "falsehood."

I notice in *The Outlook* of September 16 a query signed "Orthodocius," relating to the divine inspiration of the Bible, how to convince an agnostic friend of that. I would suggest to the author of the above query that before he undertakes to convince any one of a divine revelation he read "Locke on the Human Understanding," Book IV., chapter 18, on Faith and Reason. I do not think it essential that any one should overstep the bounds of pure reason in order to become a true disciple of Jesus Christ, but only by cultivating true kindness, nobleness of character, and by this means to acquire the true relationship to Christ that every true and sincere man ought to have. J. M.

The modern conception of revelation, different from that which prevailed in Locke's time, regards it as proceeding from God within the world, not, as formerly viewed, from God above the world. Consequently revelation is to be thought of as a divine unfolding within man, not as a divine communication descending upon him. Moreover, so far as the progressive revelation of which the Bible is the record is concerned, the fundamental fact is to be held to, that it is a revelation to the moral nature of man, and to his intellectual nature only so far as that is involved in the moral.

In an editorial on the addresses at the International Congregational Council, *The Outlook* says: "When these younger Englishmen define their terms as they do in conversation, it is discovered that some

words, at least, mean one thing in England and another in America." In the light of the above statement, will you be good enough to tell me what Dr. Forsyth means when he says: "Christ is the conscience of the conscience, because he is the redeeming conscience of the Holy God." Does he mean by "conscience" moral standard, or moral consciousness? or what? T. W. H.

This evidently mystical expression is best understood by one familiar with Dr. McLeod Campbell's theory of the Atonement as effected by an adequate repentance, rather than by an adequate punishment—the older view. This adequate repentance the contrite conscience feels its inability to make of itself, in its inadequate conceptions of the deserts of sin and the demands of righteousness. It can only discharge its burden in fellowship with the suffering Christ, as one who knows the heart both of man and God. Through him, as "the conscience of conscience," and sharing the thought of God, the contrite soul that has come to Christ crucified voices its own unutterable confession. For a similar conception of St. Paul, see Romans viii., 26, 27. See also some pages in a pamphlet critique of theories of the Atonement, "The Divine Satisfaction" (T. Whittaker, New York).

September 16, replying to "L.," you give the titles of works helpful in the study of St. Paul. Permit me to add "St. Paul. An Autobiography" (published by Revell Company). It is a little book that gives St. Paul's opinion of himself in narrative form, and an insight into his great purpose, his mission, that I have never before found in any other work. S. B. S.

"The Expositor's Bible" (edited by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll), to which reference has often been made in this column, has recently been issued in more compact form, its forty-nine volumes being compressed into six octavos of about 800 pages each. (W. B. Ketcham, New York, \$20.)

Kindly inform me (1) of the best works on Anthropology for a beginner to study. (2) Also of your estimate of Draper's "Religion and Science" and his "Intellectual Development of Europe." W. A. T.

1. "The Story of the British Race," by John Munro, is a very good introduction to the subject, which may then be pursued more fully as treated by Professor Tylor (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 50 cts.). 2. The fallacy of identifying religion with forms of religious doctrine detracts from the value of Professor Draper's work, which otherwise is of importance, particularly the volume last named.

1. Can you tell me if you know of anything else written on "The Seven Ages of Man" apart from what Dr. Abbott has published? 2. Could you also tell me the best book or books on the Insects and Animals of the Bible? I shall be obliged for this information. T. H. M.

1. We cannot. 2. J. G. Wood's "Bible Animals, a Description of every living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures," new edition (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$5), is the best work on the subject.

I should be glad to have you suggest (1) a full, scholarly, and impartial history of the French Revolution, and (2) some works expository of the teachings of modern Socialism. L. T. B.

1. No one writes impartially of the French Revolution. Read Taine's "Ancient Régime" and "French Revolution," and then Carlyle's "French Revolution." 2. Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" is a dispassionate treatment of Socialism, and contains a capital bibliography of the subject.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A Vacation Alphabet

By Edna A. Foster

A is for Arthur with Grandma to stay,
B is for boys that helped in his play.
C is for candy they bought at the store,
D is for dirt on the trousers they wore.
E is for eating the berries they found,
F is for fire they built on the ground.
G is for Grandma who called them in vain,
H is for hiding when down came the rain.
I is for ink to black faces so fine,
J is for joke when they stood up in line.
K is for kites that came down in the trees,
L is for limbs that tore holes in the knees.
M is for milk big glasses to fill.
N is for noises with whistles so shrill.
O is for orchards where red apples grew,
P is for pockets that held not a few.
Q is for quarrels that end in a smile.
R is for running full many a mile.
S is for swimming in water too cold.
T is for toothache too bad to be told.
U is for "used up" at end of each day.
V is for vacation soon passed away.
W is for wishing for school to begin,
"X" is the credit mark all hope to win.
Y is for yesterday's mischief and fun,
Z is for zeal in new duties begun.

How They Learned to Play

By Charles Frederick Holder

In a deep cañon of the Sierra Madres lived a certain katydid—a rich green fellow, with resplendent wings and long, slender antennæ. His home was in a big sycamore that grew in the cañon-bed brook—one of the few trees that lost its leaves in the fall, and rested during the warm winter. I was watching the falling of the leaves one day when one of a very bright hue came swirling down, with the wavering, uncertain movement of all leaves, and fell at my feet. As I picked it up it seemed to change into a katydid, and was a perfect imitation of an autumn leaf; even the veining was there, and when spread out it was well devised to deceive the stroller. I

carried this sly katydid home, and it was then, perhaps, that I learned how the katydid and others of its kind learned to play. Perhaps I imagined it, but, in any event, at one time the katydids—now among the noisiest talkers of the insect world—were not very communicative.

"How it all came about," said the katydid, "I never really knew; but one morning I sat listening to a blue shrike singing, and as fast as the birds awoke they seemed to reply to it. It suddenly occurred to me that, while katydids have a mouth, they never uttered a sound; so I flew over to a friend who lived in a bay-tree, and asked him, by tapping him with my antennæ, if it had ever occurred to him that we could hear but could not sing. The question so astonished him that he shook himself, making a squeaking sound. Instantly a thought came to me, and I asked him to shake himself again, which he did, making a louder squeak than before. I kept him shaking so long that we were almost caught by a blue jay, and only saved ourselves by pretending that we were leaves. But I had discovered the secret of the squeak. My friend had merely rubbed the inner surface of his hind legs against the outer surface of the front wings, and, as it was rough, it made a grating, squeaking sound.

"After a few trials, I succeeded in doing it myself. It was a very faint sound at first, but I finally made as loud a noise as my friend. In the meantime he had discovered that he could vary the sounds by scraping his hind legs slowly or fast, longer or shorter, and then we tried it together, making so loud a noise that the frogs in the pool stopped croaking and listened. You can imagine that we were delighted, as we never uttered a sound with our lips or mouths before. We determined to keep it secret for a while, and for days flew up into the mountains to practice, until we could make a series of resonant and, to us, beautiful sounds; then we decided to astonish our friends. I shall never forget it. It was a beautiful day, and, as the sun rose, the blue jays began to sing. A few

moments later we began; first, a zeee-zeee! then, quick, ze-ze-ze! then we both joined in a loud burst of melody, which we kept up until I was out of breath sawing.

"The blue jays, shrikes, doves, and frogs all stopped to listen, and the only sound was the gurgle of the brook as it swirled around the pebbles. You may be sure that there was the greatest curiosity to find out who made the new sound. The birds flocked to our tree, and the big gray squirrels sat a few feet away and cocked their heads and listened; but we looked so much like the leaves when we were not sawing that they did not detect us.

"One morning we flew down for a visit to our friends below the falls, who were much astonished that we could talk and sing with our legs and wings. We had easily formed a language by which we understood each other even across the cañon. Our friends soon discovered that they also could saw out sounds, and before many days the cañon rang with the melody of our zeee-ing. The katydids of the mesa, who lived among the orange groves, heard of it and came to the cañon to learn, and we became very famous. Finally a black cricket came to our tree, and in the antennæ language said to us that at times he had made squeaks, and he believed that he could learn to talk with sounds. We made him saw and work his wings and legs for several days, until he was so tired that he was ready to give up, when suddenly he uttered a shrill sound, and we found that by elevating the fore wings and rubbing them against the hinder ones a sharp chirping was the result.

"The crickets told the grasshoppers, who also made us a visit, and we discovered that on their thighs there was a ridge of very fine teeth, made almost purposely for rasping, and when this was rubbed against the wing a loud noise was produced. Our fame now was heralded far and near, and we decided to go on a tour through the country giving concerts and introducing the new language. We had crickets, katydids, and grasshoppers who could now saw together in unison, and a locust who had been surprised to find that he possessed a drum, formed by the base of his wing, by which he could utter strange sounds.

"Our band kept increasing and was a great success, and we traveled all over the land. Sometimes the crickets crept into

the houses as we passed at night, and came out on the hearths to sing; and on hot days the locusts would serenade the farmers, making such a noise at times that it filled the air. And so we went on, telling the wonderful story, until all the crickets, katydids, locusts, and grasshoppers of the country were sawing away on their various instruments, adding very much to the happiness and brightness of the world."

Another Lamb, Not Mary's

The long stretch of country road was growing dark under the trees, while the meadows were still bright with daylight. The brook danced merrily over the stones, here and there making silver ripples, while its song was more musical than at any other time of the day.

From away down the road where the shadows were deepest, there came a protesting B-a-a that was startling in the stillness. Then a sweet voice seemed to be urging, when B-a-a came loud and clear through the air, but this time it was consenting, and with it came the sound of pattering feet. A snow-white lamb and a dear little girl in a pink dress came out from the shadow of the trees on the little wooden bridge. The lamb had on a collar, and was capering and bounding at the end of a rope.

"Is this Mary and her little lamb?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the little girl.

"But I did not know that Mary's lamb had to be led; I thought he followed," I responded.

"This is after he went to school," was the smiling retort, and the brown eyes of the little girl laughed as her lips smiled.

The lamb looked from one to the other as if, this conversation being so personal, he felt justified in giving strict attention.

The lamb was led down the low bank to the water, where he drank obediently, as though he had learned that resistance was useless. He tossed his head, throwing the water over his back.

The little mistress ran up the bank, the lamb following this time.

When on the road again, she scampered gayly into the shadow, calling over her shoulder:

"My name is Edna; the lamb's is Judy." And, laughing gayly, Edna disappeared with Judy into the shadow.

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**The Boer Advance
Southward:
The British Victories**

The Boers have advanced southward in Natal as far as Glencoe and Elandslaagte, but this advance has been checked by two decisive British victories, which may be regarded as offsetting those of the Boers at Laingsnek and Majuba Hill, nineteen years ago. On Friday of last week three columns of Boers, aggregating nine thousand men, made an attempt from different sides to attack the British force of about four thousand at Glencoe. The first column came from the north, the second from the west, and the third from the south. As the duty of the latter was to destroy the railroad and telegraph between Glencoe and Ladysmith, and as there was a misunderstanding as to the time for attack between the first and second, a battle was precipitated at dawn between the British forces and the second column, before the first and third were within striking distance. Despite the belated arrival of Boer forces and a characteristically stubborn Boer resistance, the British were able, by superior artillery fire, after a battle which lasted all day, to gain the victory. The spirited charge of the Irish Dublin Fusiliers up Talana Hill recalls the similar exploit of the Gordon Highlanders in India and of our own Rough Riders at San Juan. In last week's event, however, the enemy's rifle fire was more to be feared. That it was unerring is seen from the number—something less than three hundred—of British killed and wounded, one-fourth of the killed being officers. Among the severely wounded was General Sir William Penn Symons, Commander of the Fourth Division under General White, the Commander of all the Natal forces. General Symons's reputation was established during the recent war on the frontier of India; he was called the best of the younger generals there. The Boer loss in killed and

wounded is as yet unknown. The most noticeable feature of the engagement was the large proportion of casualties among the officers. This is explained not only by the accurate marksmanship on both sides, but also by bravery and keenness to win distinction on the officers' part. They refused to take advantage of natural cover, and apparently shared every peril with their men. On the following day the southern column attacked the British forces at Elandslaagte, half-way between Glencoe and Ladysmith. As in the preceding battle, the fighting lasted all day, but the British victory was equally complete. Their loss, however, was again a heavy one, being about two hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. While the Boers' loss is as yet unknown, several of their officers were killed, including General Jan Kock, of the Transvaal Executive Committee, General Viljoen, and Piet Joubert, the latter a nephew of the Boer Commander-in-Chief. General Pretorius and Colonel Schiel were taken prisoners. As on the preceding day, the Boer camp, with its guns, was captured. The result of these signal victories must be to strengthen the British position in South Africa everywhere. On the same day the Boers again attacked Glencoe. Anticipating this, the British had thrown up strong intrenchments and were well situated for defense. It is believed that they have scored another success there. The Boer attack on Dundee, however, has been followed by the retirement of the British under General Yule to Glencoe.



**The Boer Advance
Westward**

When it became known that the Boers had crossed the border, martial law was proclaimed throughout Bechuanaland. Registration of all firearms is required, and persons are forbidden to

leave their homes between nine in the morning and six at night without special permit. Except for a few hours daily, all canteens are closed. When an alarm sounds at any time, all persons, save soldiers, must go to their houses and remain until permitted to leave. Interference with the British troops or giving aid in any way to the enemies of the Queen will be summarily punished on the spot, and the penalty for all acts contrary to the usages of civilized warfare will be death. One prominent success and one reverse have attended the Boer advance westward. At the beginning of last week, after much panic, Vryburg surrendered. Major Scott, the British officer in charge, shot himself on seeing the uselessness of further resistance. A day or two later Colonel Baden-Powell inflicted a severe blow upon the Boers near Mafeking, a hundred miles to the north. On account of the risk of explosion should the town be shelled, two trucks laden with dynamite, which it had been judged unsafe to keep in Mafeking, were sent out on the railway in the hope that the Boers would explode them, and so it happened. British advices put the Boer loss at one hundred. The Boer investment of Mafeking and Kimberley continues, and there is fear among some of the British that these places may capitulate before the arrival of aid. Advices from Cape Town say that the Orange Boers are prevented from invading Cape Colony on account of the probability of a rising in Basutoland. On the other hand, there is considerable excitement at Maseru and other Basuto stations, arising from native apprehensions of Boer attacks. The whole area involved in the present war is inhabited by three million three hundred thousand natives.

British War Preparations

Never has there been a more signal example of success in scientific militarism than in the precision with which Great Britain has, without conscription, mobilized her forces, including reserves and militia, and in the celerity with which she is sending regulars and reserves half-way around the globe, after equipping them for four months in a land destitute of surplus supplies. The speed with which the army corps has been got together excited the admiration of the

German Headquarters Staff, which, probably on the motion of the ever-alert Emperor, immediately sent a congratulatory despatch to the London War Office. The British press regards this despatch as a well-deserved compliment, pointing out that not only have more than nine-tenths of the reservists responded, but that a large majority of those who have reported are medically fit for service. In a number of instances the outgoing regiments contain a preponderance of reserves, most of them in the prime of manhood, who have seen active service in Egypt and in India; indeed, it is the aim of the War Office to send no man to South Africa unless he has had at least a year's service. During the North African campaign the War Office had already attempted to convince London editors that they must modify their method of reporting. For the South African campaign it has now been forced, first, to establish a censorship on all telegrams. There are two cable routes to South Africa: one via Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, to Durban; the other by the west coast to Cape Town. Secondly, the War Office has established a news agency of its own. The frequency of its bulletins has been much appreciated; they appeal, of course, much more to public confidence than would newspaper reports. Thirdly, so it is said, Sir Redvers Buller has decided, as did Lord Kitchener in his campaign against the Khalifa, that there shall be no war correspondents in the immediate field. Some subjects, it is held, ought to be reported by the press, but not in detail.



Parliament Last week's debate in Parliament showed that if President Kruger had not sent out his rash ultimatum he might have placed the British extremists in a serious dilemma. Not only would war grants have been opposed by the Irish members and by many English and Scotch Liberals; the notable speech of Sir Edward Clarke shows that there is also a peace party on the Ministerial benches. President Kruger's action, however, settled everything before Parliament could discuss the situation. While there was nothing left but to vote the grants, and these were voted by impressive majorities, Mr. Chamberlain's critics

could not resist the opportunity to let the world know that they voted under protest. Because of his loyalty to the Conservative party in other matters, Sir Edward Clarke's remarks command particular attention. He said that the more he read the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and President Kruger, the more convinced he had become of blunders in the negotiations. He asserted that this lamentable war was unnecessary, because there was no reason why the conditions which President Kruger attached to the franchise proposal should not have been accepted. He added that the absence of a Parliamentary session in September was the reason why the seven-year franchise was not accepted and war avoided. The anti-Chamberlain criticisms of Mr. Stanhope, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Courtney were in line with their recent speeches. They may be summed up in Mr. Morley's charge that England is at war, not for the franchise, but for the suzerainty. "Under the name of paramountcy we are going to impose upon the Transvaal obligations which the Government would not dare impose upon any self-governing colony." Mr. Chamberlain in reply laid little stress on the moral issues involved, but declared that "the peace of South Africa depends upon Great Britain accepting responsibility in the Transvaal. The Boer oligarchy has placed British subjects in a position of inferiority. What would have been the British position if they had submitted to that inferiority?" In the House of Lords the Earl of Kimberley directly charged that, in some of its aspects, this was a civil war. The Marquis of Salisbury, the Prime Minister, said that the ultimatum obviated the necessity of explaining why we were at war. He had once shared the popular opinion as to President Kruger's amiability, but he had since discovered that the Transvaal Executive would be unscrupulous in his acts and his language so long as he could realize the dream of his life in getting rid of British suzerainty. The Government's object was to make British interests paramount in South Africa, and to improve the condition of all races there. Lord Salisbury added:

There have been very grave questions between us, but up to the time of the ultimatum

the modes we had suggested of settling them were successful, and the spirit in which we were met was encouraging. We lately had hoped that the future had in reserve for us a better fate.



Continental Opinion Opinion on the European Continent seems to be almost as unanimously anti-English as it was anti-American at the outbreak of the Spanish war. Expressions of this opinion are specially prominent in Germany, despite the recent colonial agreement with England. With the exception of strictly official papers, the German press, whether Conservative or Radical, seems of one mind. For instance, the Conservative "Kreuzzeitung" says:

The Peace Conference at The Hague accomplished at least something; for, still more than the verdict given by that international tribunal, the unanimous opinion of the whole world is against England's proceedings, which are due to mammon-worship alone. Everywhere the verdict is that greed and hunger for land and gold do not yet confer the right to go to war.

The Liberal "Frankfurter Zeitung" says:

The specious phrase, "England is compelled to begin war because the Boers will not grant the same rights to the Outlanders as the burghers possess," is repeated over and over again. It has been used by the English poet laureate, by Ministers in Parliament, and by the press, but that does not make the phrase true.

These words may not have much weight with the English; the actions of Germany's neighbors, France and Russia, have already had more. The significant sending of the French Mediterranean fleet (comprising six battle-ships and several cruisers) to the Levant, where it has not been for two years, was immediately followed by an Admiralty warning to the authorities at all English naval ports to be ready to send a strong squadron to sea. There are also certain suggestive moves, by Russia in the direction of western Afghanistan, where full control could be secured over Persia. With the greater part of the British standing army busy in South Africa, Russia's opportunity for aggressive action in eastern and also in western Asia is obvious. In this country opinion still continues divided on the justice of the war, the growing sympathy with the Boers having been largely checked by the issuance of President Kruger's ill-judged ultimatum.

The Campaign in Luzon The past week has shown indications of a more vigorous campaign in the Philippines. General Lawton has moved forward toward the north, with the probable object of advancing upon the present capital of the insurgents, Tarlac. Our troops have again occupied San Isidro, which was the high-water mark of a former advance movement, and engagements during the week have taken place at several points, although none of them have been of great importance. Tarlac is said to be occupied by about twelve thousand insurgents, while less than half that number are placed between the American advance posts and the insurgent capital. General MacArthur is in charge of the general movement, and will co-operate with General Lawton's column. If the insurgents follow the tactics heretofore used by them, there will be comparatively little difficulty in driving them back from Tarlac. The opinion of military critics is more and more crystallized about the idea that the real objective of our forces should not be any particular town—whether it is called a capital or not—but the insurgent army itself. Until that army can be so cornered that it will be forced to fight a battle to the end or surrender with its leaders, there cannot be a substantial and conclusive advantage gained, for the extent of the country is so great, and the insurgents can move so lightly, unencumbered as they are by heavy trains of artillery and supplies, that the retreat and pursuit might be continued almost indefinitely. One of the saddest incidents of the week's fighting in Luzon was the death of a son of General O. O. Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Howard, who served with conspicuous gallantry in two Indian campaigns and had done excellent service in army organization. He was shot on Saturday of last week on the firing line, not far from San Isidro.



The Anti-Imperialist Conference

The conference and discussion held in Chicago last week served the purpose of bringing clearly and definitely before the public mind the position of the men of both parties who oppose the conduct of the Administration in the Philippines. Mr. J. Sterling Morton,

formerly Secretary of Agriculture, presided. Among those of National reputation who contributed to the discussion either in speeches, letters, or written suggestions were: ex-Senator Boutwell, ex-Senator Edmunds, Carl Schurz, ex-Governor Boies, of Iowa, Senator Mason, Professor Laughlin and Professor Shorey, of the University of Chicago, Bourke Cockran, of New York, and Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago. The addresses in the main followed the lines of argument already presented in The Outlook in the letters from President Jordan, Professor Joseph P. Warren, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, and others. The resolutions adopted are too long to be here reprinted in full. We give below, however, some of the more important paragraphs of this declaration of beliefs and principles:

We hold that the policy known as imperialism is hostile to liberty and tends towards militarism, an evil from which it has been our glory to be free. We regret that it has become necessary in the land of Washington and Lincoln to reaffirm that all men, of whatever race or color, are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We maintain that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We insist that the subjugation of any people is "criminal aggression" and open disloyalty to the distinctive principles of our Government.

We demand the immediate cessation of the war against liberty begun by Spain and continued by us. We urge that Congress be promptly convened to announce to the Filipinos our purpose to concede to them the independence for which they have so long fought, and which of right is theirs.

The United States has always protested against the doctrine of international law which permits the subjugation of the weak by the strong. A self-governing State cannot accept sovereignty over an unwilling people. The United States cannot act upon the ancient heresy that might makes right.

We purpose to contribute to the defeat of any person or party that stands for the forcible subjugation of any people. We shall oppose for re-election all who in the White House or Congress betray American liberty in pursuit of un-American ends, and hope that both our great political parties will support and defend the Declaration of Independence in the closing campaign of the century.

We hold with Abraham Lincoln that "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government, that is despotism."

With regard to the question of party organization by the anti-imperialists, the

general opinion seemed to concur with that of ex-Secretary Boutwell, who wrote as follows:

Let us reserve and preserve our right of action and our freedom of action in the Presidential election of 1900, until that contest has been organized, coupled with the understanding that it is our purpose to contribute to the defeat of any party that demands the subjugation of the Philippine Islands. Our Republic thus far, and certainly since the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted, has rested upon two great propositions—the equality of men in the States, and the equality of States in the Union. The President's policy is an abandonment of both of these propositions and the substitution thereof of a colonial empire on the model of the British Empire. We demand peace in the Philippine Islands, and the opportunity for the exercise of the right of self-government in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippine Islands, as the only means by which our country can be saved from a disgraceful abandonment of the principles on which the Republic has rested for a long century, and a degrading acceptance of wars and policies which we have denounced through the same period.



The Dewey Arch The growing conviction that the Dewey Memorial Arch, which still stands at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, should be reproduced in some enduring material, not only to commemorate the patriotism, courage, and sacrifice shown in the late war, but because it is a work of art, promises to take practical and effective form. Public-spirited citizens are sending in their names in considerable numbers and expressing their approval of the movement. The arch represents much more than it presents to the eye. It stands for the spirit of co-operation and devotion to the highest ends of their profession among the artists whose united work it is. This group of gentlemen, at the head of their profession in this country, many of them known wherever sculpture and architecture are known, contributed their talent, their taste, and their time voluntarily. Laying aside all personal rivalries, they co-operated to produce a work of art which should fitly commemorate the significance of the Dewey celebration. The work of about thirty men is represented in the arch and its approaches. That work gave artistic dignity and beauty to the whole celebration, and if the scheme of house decoration which they proposed had been cordially accepted the ap-

proaches to the arch would have been still more effective. It was recently said by a close observer that when any event of public interest happens in Germany or France it soon finds its expression in some artistic form, but that in England and in this country such expressions always took on materialistic forms. The Dewey arch is a refutation of that criticism. Its beauty is so obvious that it is impossible to accept the thought that it is to perish from the sight of men. It does not represent symbolically the triumph of force, as does the great triumphal arch which Napoleon left behind him in Paris; it is not, in its spirit, a commemoration of the victory at Manila; it is a public expression of the admiration of the Nation for the qualities in character and in intelligence which made that victory, and the other victories of the war, possible. Those qualities are worthy of a permanent memorial; and when a memorial is at hand which at once commends itself to the mind and to the eye, it ought to be religiously preserved. The metropolis, which is beginning to appreciate beauty for public uses, cannot suffer such a treasure to be lost.



The Alaska Boundary The announcement made by Sir Louis Davies, Canadian Minister of Marine, concerning the Alaska dispute was a welcome one. The temporary adjustment of the boundary line therein outlined has since been formally accepted by the Governments involved. This boundary, however, is not to be taken as a concession of territory by either side; it will be observed by both parties only until a permanent settlement is reached. The chances for an immediate settlement are not so good as they would be if the United States were less occupied in the Philippines, and Great Britain in the Transvaal. The decision not only lessens the chances of conflict between the people in the disputed territory, but also saves needed time for the two Governments to be devoted to other and more pressing matters. The boundary laid down starts from the summits of the White and Chilkoot Passes and runs to a point north of the village of Klukwan, thence southwest to a point following the course

of the Klehini River to its junction with Copper Creek, thence south along Copper Creek, and finally west to a mountain peak close to the Dalton Cache. It is true that, by this temporary agreement, the Chilkat River is within the authority of Great Britain, but that route to the Klondike cannot be reached without passing through American territory. The important thing is that the decision leaves the United States in possession of every water inlet and outlet to the Klondike country, and retains within our territory the ports of Skaguay and Dyea, one of which Great Britain claimed. Now that a *modus vivendi* disposes of the Alaska matter so satisfactorily, it is to be hoped that the Joint High Commission may more easily agree upon the other matters at issue between Canada and the United States.



A Successful Revolution The revolution in Venezuela, according to present report, has ended in a complete success of the insurgents under General Castro. President Andrade has given up the contest, has temporarily passed over his authority to the Vice-President, and has abandoned the capital, Caracas, retiring to Guayra with a small force, and thence sailing for Maracaibo. General Castro proposes that a popular convention be held almost immediately to elect a new President and adopt a new Constitution. Of course this means unquestionably the election of Castro. The insurrection which ends in this way is the second of the present year. The ostensible cause was dissatisfaction at the manner in which Venezuela had been divided into separate States by President Andrade. The President did what we should call in this country a shrewd stroke of gerrymandering: he divided the original nine States of the Republic into twenty small divisions, in such a way that, as he thought, he would be sure to control the political situation by the election of a large majority of delegates to the Congress favorable to his views. Naturally this movement met with fierce opposition by his political opponents, and the two revolutions resulted. There have been several battles, in all but one of which the insurgents have been successful. The most important of these

contests was at the town of Cordero; in this Andrade's forces are said to have lost nearly fifteen hundred killed and wounded; the insurgents also suffered heavily, although they gained the advantage. Since this battle it has been evident that in the end the insurgents were bound to win, and the flight of Andrade last week closes this chapter of Venezuelan history.



The Political Campaign In Massachusetts the division of the Democrats, which was widened by the belligerent attitude of the dominant faction at their State Convention, shows few signs of disappearing, while the threatened division of the Republicans over the Philippine question seems to have been averted by the conciliatory if somewhat ambiguous resolutions adopted by their Convention. The gubernatorial candidates of both parties—Lieutenant-Governor Crane and Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Jr.—are both recognized by party opponents as men of high character and fine ability. The Republican candidate is conducting his campaign practically without public meetings, while Mr. Paine is making a canvass of the State urging a conciliatory policy toward the Filipinos and an aggressive policy toward monopolies. The only event of significance has been the refusal of the Republican Convention in Franklin County to renominate Senator Parsons, because of his hostility to Senator Lodge and the Philippine policy of the Administration. The vote against him was 54 to 14. He is running for re-election as an independent, with the tacit indorsement of the Democrats, who have nominated no candidate for his position. In New York the unexpected action of the State Committee in adopting a resolution recognizing Mr. Bryan as the National leader of the party seems to have caused no rupture. This resolution, though a defeat for ex-Senator Hill, who openly opposed it, was not a victory for Mr. Croker, as has been widely reported. The committeeman who proposed it, and most of those who cordially supported it, came from north of the Harlem, and they were more hostile to Mr. Croker's leadership than to Mr. Hill's. In Pennsylvania the decision of the "insurgent leaders"

to support the Quay ticket this fall has not given satisfaction to a large part of their followers. The Business Men's League has boldly indorsed the Democratic candidates for State Treasurer and Judge of the Superior Court, and the Republican candidate for the latter position has been forced to withdraw because of his alleged connection with fraudulent insurance companies. The independence shown by leading Republican papers in exposing the character of this candidate has been one of the hopeful signs of the times. In Ohio Mayor Jones's non-partisan campaign continues to be a great success on its educational side, and the support he is receiving from German Turner societies, as well as from trade and labor associations, promises him a larger vote than was at first anticipated. The presence, however, of both President McKinley and Mr. Bryan within the State has lent increased importance to National issues. Mr. Bryan told one of his audiences that he cared more for a vote for McLean this year than for a Democratic vote in the National campaign next year, because Mr. McLean's election would force the Administration to reconsider its Philippine policy. As the warmest supporters of Mr. Bryan have usually been the lukewarmest supporters of Mr. McLean, this declaration is believed to have made strongly for Democratic harmony. In Kentucky Mr. Bryan's visit seems to have almost killed the independent Democratic movement. In both Nebraska and Iowa the campaign continues to be conducted with vigor, but in Nebraska the Fusionist majority last year, when the popularity of the Spanish war helped the Administration, makes the Fusionists confident of victory, while in Iowa the large Republican majority two years ago, when the party's indorsement of the gold standard was less popular than now, seems to insure continued Republican success.



Direct Primaries in
Kansas and Missouri

Political ideas of value are rarely if ever the suggestions of a single person or even a single community. Since the systematic agitation for direct primaries to prevent the evils of machine rule has been started, more and more rural

communities keep cropping up which have had direct primaries for years and even decades. A recent issue of the "Arena" calls attention to a county in Kansas, Jackson County, where the Republicans have done all their nominating without the use of delegate conventions since 1877. The names of all the candidates for each office are submitted at the primary, and the voters of the party turn out to express their choice quite as generally as they turn out to vote the party ticket on election day. In Missouri also the system seems to have been long established in many of the rural counties, and now its adoption by the Democratic party for the nomination of State candidates is being vigorously agitated. State Senator Hall, one of the two leading candidates for Governor, is demanding that the choice be referred to a direct primary, and Congressman Clark warmly seconds him. Governor Stevens, however, who represents the dominant machine, opposes the system. He has published a long statement of the reasons for his opposition, alleging that a State primary would make it difficult for poor men to run for State offices, and also that in many instances Republican voters would be allowed to vote at the Democratic primaries. The latter objection is easily met by the fact that a good primary law prevents voters from taking part in the primaries of more than one party, and the former objection by the fact that delegate conventions are everywhere the main reliance of candidates representing moneyed interests. These conventions composed of active politicians are easily influenced by the lavish use of money, while the candidate who wishes to run well at a general primary has more to lose than to win by the use of this agency. The demand for a State primary in Missouri is rapidly gaining, the movement being already on foot in nearly all of the hundred and fourteen counties. The speedy triumph of the movement in South Carolina and Georgia promises a similar triumph in Missouri.



Municipal Street Railway
in Detroit

Under a law enacted by the last Michigan Legislature allowing the city of Detroit to change its charter by amendments submitted to

the people, two propositions are to be brought before the voters at the coming election, relating to the city ownership of street railways. One, of course, will be Governor Pingree's plan by which a commission may buy out the present roads at a valuation of \$17,000,000, and run them for the city until direct city ownership is authorized by a constitutional amendment. Immediately, the advocates of this plan claim that the citizens of Detroit would save three-quarters of a million dollars a year through the adoption of three-cent fares, and in a few years even those fares would yield a profit sufficient to extinguish the debt. The enemies of the plan, however, including conservatives as well as radicals, point out that the present street railway system could be duplicated for about \$8,000,000, and object to the city's paying \$9,000,000 for the right to run street railways along its own streets. The conservatives urge that municipal ownership should either not be tried, or at least should be deferred about twenty years until most of the existing charters expire. The radicals, however, demand that the city shall at once be given the right to build a street railway system of its own, and have secured more than the requisite 5,000 signatures to a petition for a charter amendment authorizing direct municipal construction and operation. The city attorney and the committee of the Board of Aldermen to whom this proposition was referred attempted to prevent its submission to the voters, on the ground that the Supreme Court would hold municipal construction unconstitutional; but as the advocates of the amendment merely wished to demonstrate the demand of the people for such a privilege, they insisted upon their legal rights as petitioners. They informed the Aldermen that those who refused to obey the law and submit a proposition demanded by 5,800 voters would be remembered by the voters on election day, and the Board overruled its committee by a majority of 27 to 2. Of course the submission of two somewhat similar propositions is likely, in some degree, to divide the vote of those who favor the municipal ownership of the street railway monopoly, but the vote on both the proposed amendments is likely to be regarded in the future as more significant than those recorded upon any of the

State issues to be presented at the coming election.



The Testimony for the Trusts

Several of the most prominent representatives of the trusts were heard before the Industrial Commission at Washington last week. The most interesting testimony was that of Judge Moore, of Chicago, the organizer of the American Steel Plate Company, the National Steel Company, the American Biscuit Company, and several other important combinations. Judge Moore testified that in absorbing competing firms and corporations the trust employed very little cash, but usually gave \$100 of preferred stock and \$100 of common stock for each \$100 of cash valuation. Just why the trust should offer so high a premium to small firms to enter it, if it can produce more cheaply than they, he did not explain. Some of his associates, however, put strongly the argument that the trust could produce more cheaply than the independent manufacturers because it could buy in larger quantities, secure good management of all its plants at less cost, and place its goods upon the market with fewer selling agents. Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, who represented the Federal Steel Company, justified over-capitalization by the trusts. If a company, he said, is organized with a capitalization of \$100,000,000, and sells \$100 stock at \$10 a share, no one considers it to be worth \$100,000,000. This is generally true so far as the original investor is concerned, though even he is often deceived by fictitious capitalization, and in the long run laws like those of Massachusetts restricting capitalization to actual investment have been abundantly justified even from the standpoint of investors. From the consumer's standpoint, however, the cost of over-capitalization is manifest. The public is willing, and should be willing, that even a monopoly should receive a fair interest on capital actually invested in its service. Over-capitalization injures the public whether it is paying reasonable or extortionate rates. The President of the Federal Steel Company, Mr. Gary, testified that since its organization the wages of its employees had generally been advanced fifteen per cent. He seems not to have been questioned upon the simultane-

ous advance in the price of steel, which has been about a hundred per cent. Neither the latter advance, however, nor the former, it should be said, has been due to the organization of the Federal Steel Company, but rather to the increase in the demand for steel that has accompanied the world-wide revival of business.

President Hadley

The inauguration of Dr. Arthur T. Hadley as the thirteenth President of Yale in the University chapel on Wednesday of last week was doubly impressive because of its severe simplicity, so well according with Yale traditions. There were but three addresses—that of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, senior Fellow of the University, who inducted Dr. Hadley into his office; that of the Rev. Dr. George P. Fisher, dean of the Divinity School, who offered the University's formal congratulations; and that of Dr. Hadley himself, who, out of courtesy to Dr. Eliot, wore the red hood of his Harvard degree. Dr. Dwight, the retiring President, offered the prayer of invocation and pronounced the benediction. The one æsthetic touch was the fine musical programme rendered by an orchestra and a trained chorus under the direction of Professor Horatio W. Parker, head of the newly established School of Music, and fresh from the laurels of his appearance as the composer of "Hora Novissima" at the Worcester (England) festival last summer. It included the Sixty-fifth Psalm, in Sternhold and Hopkins's version, as sung in 1718 at the opening of the first college erected in New Haven; "Ein Feste Burg," and Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Yale Ode" to music composed by Professor Parker. Many eminent men, principally representatives of education, occupied seats upon the platform as guests of the University, presenting an assemblage seldom equaled for intellectual distinction. Probably none of them aroused greater interest in the audience of alumni that crowded the body of the chapel than President Eliot and Monsignor Conaty. As the notables passed out, the presence was discovered of Miss Hazard, the newly inaugurated President of Wellesley College, who had taken an inconspicuous seat near the platform.

The Inaugural Address

The address of Dr. Hadley and its reception more than justified the almost universal preference for him expressed by the alumni previous to his election. It was an address marked by the courage of an assured leadership and high purpose that feared to face no problem squarely, but also no less by loyalty to a noble Christian past. With wise conservatism it committed the new administration to no specific reform or change, such as the abolition of Greek as a requirement for admission to the college, or the abolition of compulsory prayers. It was characterized by an open mind, clearness of thought, and felicity of phrase. It was delivered with an earnestness of feeling that called forth a response which no mere oratory could evoke. The appeals to which the audience were most responsive were those which touched the vital issues of Yale's future, menaced by modern wealth and social distinctions, and by the loss of a strong community interest in the evolution of university methods, as when Dr. Hadley exclaimed, striking the keynote of his address: "What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul; if we develop the intellectual and material side of our education, and lose the traditional spirit of democracy, and loyalty, and Christianity?" Without attempting to summarize an address that ranged widely over the field of a modern as compared with an old-fashioned education, it may be noted that Dr. Hadley emphasized four problems—those of entrance requirements, increased living expenses, athletics, and university organization. While desiring to bring the secondary school and the college into the closest relations, he did not believe in shortening the college course by giving another year to the secondary school. This, though it might aid university development, would relegate character-building to the secondary school, and attach to it the superior loyalty, as shown by the fact that, with the English college man, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby come before Oxford and Cambridge. Passing to democracy in the college, Dr. Hadley believed that the University itself should be careful to avoid lavishness; that the college dormitory should be built and equipped after the standard "set by our

homes and not by our clubs." He urged, to counteract the growing danger of pauperization, that all financial aid, except the remission of tuition fees, be extended either as a prize for really distinguished work or as a payment for services rendered. In discussing athletics, Dr. Hadley insisted upon their educational value, but deprecated strongly their attendant evils, gambling, "professionalism," and, most of all, that subtler professionalism which does not understand "the love of sport for its own sake," but which "regards athletics as a sort of competitive means for pushing the university ahead of some rival," that is, of attracting students and filling the catalogue. In treating of the internal rivalries and jealousies of a large university, Dr. Hadley advocated the policy of open and frank discussion in a university council as a means to mutual understandings and concessions. In the course of his address Dr. Hadley said a strong word on the obligation of the American university to train young men for the duties of intelligent, patriotic citizenship—a word heartily applauded.



Inauguration of
Dr. Faunce

The Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce was inaugurated President of Brown University

on Tuesday of last week, under circumstances which promise well for his success. The speeches of Presidents Eliot, Harper, and Patton, of the Governor of the State, of the Mayor of Providence, of the Chancellor of the University, and of Bishop McVickar, expressed the feeling which seems to be universal among the students, graduates, and friends of the University, that the new President is a very fortunate choice and that he brings to the institution qualities which are likely to prove of the utmost value in the history of the next two decades. After emphasizing by illustration from recent history the immense practical importance of knowledge and training, and giving in some detail his conception of the duties of the president of a college, the corporation, and the faculty, with special emphasis upon the necessity of establishing cordial personal relations between teachers and students, Dr. Faunce declared that the American college is the proper place in which to educate the young American,

and that in order to do this it must be American to the heart in its spirit and aims. The power of the old New England college lay in the personality of the teacher; that power it must never lose. The defect of the old college lay in its abstract methods and the limitation of its interests. For this reason, while there were some men whom it stimulated, there were many whom it entirely failed to reach. The revolt against this narrow-mindedness began, Dr. Faunce declared, with President Wayland's report to the Corporation of Brown University in 1850. In that report Dr. Wayland affirmed that "the college course should no longer be confined to a fixed term of four years or to any other term;" that "every student should study what he chose, all that he chose, and nothing but what he chose;" and that "in addition to the present courses of instruction such should be established as the wants of the various classes and the community require." In thus broadening the sphere of academic work and opportunity, there was, he declared, no thought of surrendering the study of the classics.



Intellectual Liberty

There was one point on which Dr. Faunce spoke with a frankness and energy which made his utterances doubly significant; and so admirably did he state the whole question that his words must be given in full:

The teacher is at all hazards to preserve his intellectual candor, and to maintain unsullied the *Lehrfreiheit* which is the part of the birth-right of every true school. Any college in this country that should receive any gift whatsoever on condition of making the donor's personal, private views the standard of instruction would be guilty of an inconceivable degradation both of itself and of the cause of education which it misrepresents. In partisan politics, in the petty disputes of the market-place, in the heated cries which fill the air in the morning and are forgotten at night, the university can have no part. It can no more descend to such things than can the Supreme Court of the State. The university declines to rush into the arena on every pretext, or fling itself as makeweight into every trembling scale, deliberately choosing to influence the world, not by caucus and hustings, but by slow, invisible, yet absolutely irresistible processes of education. It is too ancient and too great to become merely an organ of individual opinion. It is not to be used in the furtherance of any party, or attempt to force its students into certain views. It is to train students

into such independence of judgment, such clear intelligence, such soundness of reasoning, such loyalty to truth and reverence for righteousness, that, whatever views they hold, they may hold them honestly, defend them bravely, and incarnate them in unsullied lives.



Mothers' Assembly The New York State Mothers' Assembly held its third annual meeting at Albany last week. The Assembly had the privilege of listening to an address by Governor Roosevelt, in which he defined the relation of the parents and the children. He protested against the burden of responsibility for the moral training of children being placed on the mother. The children are a common responsibility, and need the exercise of the dual relation for perfect training. The papers presented at this assembly were on civic questions, largely. This change from the usual programme is significant. It is the evidence of the trend of thought among women that the preservation of the home is largely dependent on the purity and steadfastness of moral purpose in the community, as shown in the administration of all departments of public affairs. A resolution was passed asking the women of the State to write to their representative at Washington before December 4, protesting against the seating of Mr. Roberts, the representative-elect from Utah.



The Unitarian Conference The eighteenth biennial meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches drew to Washington, October 16-19, some six hundred delegates, and an attendance of twice that number. In the numerical ratio of membership this would require over six thousand delegates to the triennial Council of Congregationalists. No denomination equals the Unitarian in proportionate attendance at its National assemblies. Close observation must acknowledge its increasing vigor. Equally must it be admitted that its fruits are growing even where its form is repudiated. Apparently profiting by the experience of the Congregationalists, who fifty years ago seemed restricted to New England, but whose center is now west of the Alleghanies, the Unitarian churches are seeking to advance, by a method of judicious organization, into

all parts of the country. A copious dissemination of their best literature prepares the way for this. Their extreme individualism is yielding to the leadership of far-sighted, earnest, and able minds. Whatever signs of decadence are reported by their critics must be accounted as merely local. The Washington Conference, viewed in connection with the Saratoga Conference in 1897, evidences this. Acrid references to orthodoxy are giving place to the great affirmations that Unitarians stand for—man's divine sonship, God's immanence in man, self-fulfillment rather than self-surrender God's requirement, the spiritual leadership of Jesus for self-fulfillment, the divine possibilities of human nature, and steady progress in their realization. These things were constantly affirmed at Washington. The prevailing note was that of an optimistic hope blending with a conviction of responsibility for its realization, at least among immediate neighbors if not among men far away. Scarcely less marked than this was the conservative note, which no one more strongly accented than Dr. May, of Philadelphia, who has certainly not been popularly classed with conservatives. Said he: "The negative work has been fairly done, not the constructive work in the interpretation of Jesus, which requires spiritual insight. Some tendencies to reversion are conspicuous, a regress into sentimentality, instead of responding to the challenge of Jesus's mighty personality, and the call to introduce the true Jesus to a hungry world."



Doings of the Conference The topics of some twenty-five papers and addresses at the Conference related to the personal being of God, the higher nature of man, the social aspects of religion, and the mission of the Unitarian churches. Some papers were rather high-pitched in intellectual tone for the average hearer. It was splendid faith in human receptivity, blending with fidelity to fundamental needs of modern thought, to give the opening evening to two such subjects as the personality and immediacy of God, and anthropomorphism in religious thought. Practical matters, however, came in turn when religion was exhibited in its relation to education, to citizenship, and to sociology. After the philosophers the

field missionary, the border campaigner, and the industrial-school mistress had their say, and the Unitarian Temperance Society its prized and conspicuous hour. As in the other Churches, women count for much, and the Women's National Alliance met with a full house gladdened with reports of an expanding constituency and work. A meeting of great significance in its forward look was that of the Young People's Religious Union, largely attended, and in its spiritual tone notably high. Perhaps the most salient feature of the Conference was the attitude of the younger men—a class that has been criticised for a tendency to radicalism. The Rev. Paul Frothingham, of New Bedford, declared that the great need of the time, now that the work of criticism has gone thus far, is religious reconstruction. "We need," said he, "a new theology and a new worship." It is the duty of Unitarians to bring order out of the chaos to which creeds have been reduced." On "Our Relation to Jesus" the Rev. W. H. Pulsford, of Waltham, said: "Through Jesus all our divinest thoughts have historically come to us, and he must be more to us than any other man. The voice nearest, tenderest, truest to us is that of the Nazarene." The Rev. James Eells, of Boston, said: "'Back to Jesus' is the cry in the orthodox churches; but to realize that is to take hold of Jesus's consciousness of sonship to God, till it is as real to us as it was to him. We can wrap him round the heart as manhood's ideal, and know that we do no violence to absolute truth." With full appreciation of this, it is not an unfair criticism to note that in the references made to the mediæval theology still current there was no fair recognition of any but Unitarian improvers of it. Neither was there any call made to emulate the example set by others in spreading the gospel of Jesus among the non-Christian peoples. An undertaking of much promise, enthusiastically advocated by Dr. E. E. Hale, is the establishment of a "Unitarian Chautauqua" at Lithia Springs, near Shelbyville, Illinois. Initial measures were taken for this. Senator Hoar presided, and was re-elected President of the Conference. A resolution was adopted regulating ordination to the ministry, and another to confer by a committee with the Universalists for a closer co-operation of

the two denominations. The Unitarian churches were also urged to a general adoption of the formula of purpose which eighty of them have already adopted: "In the love of truth and the spirit of Jesus, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Some old-timers said that this Conference was not equal to some of its predecessors. But it set a good mark to aim at.



The American Missionary Association

Last week occurred the fifty-third annual meeting of the American Missionary Association. The sessions were held at Binghamton, N. Y. An address of welcome was delivered by the Hon. E. F. Jones, a former Lieutenant-Governor of the State. From the report of the Executive Committee, read by the Rev. Dr. Llewellyn Pratt, we learn that the American Missionary Association has twenty-six purely elementary schools—they are chiefly in places uncared for by public schools and in no way compete with the latter—and forty-five graded and normal schools. For the most part, these schools are associated with rural churches; they are in ten of the Southern States. The report says that colored boys and girls are as yet, and as a rule, somewhat slower in their apprehension than are white people, but every year shows that the negroes can do the same work in the same ways, that they are susceptible to the same influences, and that they are enlarged in thought and mind by the same studies and the same methods. In no city where the Association is working can the public school begin to meet the urgent necessities of the people; great numbers of children are roaming the streets and growing up in ignorance. The Association's higher institutes are five in number, including the well-known Fisk University at Nashville. The total number of instructors is over four hundred, and of pupils about twelve thousand five hundred. Practical training in farming, cattle cultivation, and mechanics is also given at various points in the South.



Schools in Porto Rico

The most interesting feature of the meeting was the special report made by a com-

mittee which had been appointed to visit Porto Rico. In behalf of this committee the Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward declared that out of a population of a million people four-fifths are under no church influence; they are "absolutely illiterate and miserably poor." While a certain kind of mission work might bring some of the people under the power of the Gospel, there can be no warrant for an intelligent church future without the enlightenment which must come from Christian schools. Within a year of the time when Porto Rico had become a member of our National family, the American Missionary Association had located a school about three miles from San Juan, and is about locating another at Utuado, in the center of the mountainous coffee region. Dr. Ward says that, apart from the college, which might take a boy perhaps into the Freshman year of our colleges, and a small normal school for girls, the school system of Porto Rico practically consists of nothing but one grade. Only one school building has been discovered in the entire island, the teachers taking their scholars into their private houses. The scholars have no school-books.

The teacher will have an arithmetic, a grammar, a geography, and perhaps two or three reading books, which he will pass around the class; but the teaching in other studies will be by having the questions and answers written down by the scholar and committed to memory. That is the whole sum and substance of the teaching—committing to memory everything. Wherever we went they would say to us: "Give us schools. We want the American system of schools."

Dr. Ward affirms the truth of Father Sherman's letter, in which the latter declares Porto Rico to be a Catholic country without religion. One reason for this is that the people have no respect for the priests, believing them to have been Spanish spies and emissaries. The report adds that more than one-half of the women in Porto Rico are living without any form of marriage; most of the children are born illegitimately. Dr. Ward closes with these sensible words:

I think about the worst thing we could do would be to have half a dozen Christian denominations go down to San Juan and Ponce and each of them set up a little chapel, with a corrugated iron roof, one which would look despicable and miserable beside the fine and stately Catholic churches, and each of these denominations struggle with all the others to

get some few Porto Ricans as their members and to get three or four apiece of the Americans who are living there and who are Christian people. Let us establish a number of normal schools and then let us have in Porto Rico simply churches of Christ. Let us not establish Episcopal and Presbyterian and Congregational and Baptist and Methodist churches.



The Universalist Convention

Since the Universalist Convention of 1870—their centennial year—no general meeting of the members of that communion has been more important than the one which began last week at Boston. The main questions before the present Convention are, first, the ratification of the "Chicago declaration" (a recast of the creed of the Church); second, the working out of a far-reaching plan of campaign for foreign missions; and, third, the enlargement of representation at the Conventions. This year's Convention was preceded by ministers' meetings covering two days. At these there were a number of addresses of great interest. The principal paper read on the Convention's formal opening day was that on "The Origin and Meaning of the Chicago Covenant," by the Rev. Dr. Ellwood Nash, President of Lombard University at Galesburg, Illinois. On Saturday reports were read by the venerable Rev. G. L. Demarest, the General Secretary, and by Mr. F. W. Wise, the Treasurer.



The American Board The New York "Times" contains a paragraph about the Congregationalists in general, and the American Board in particular, quite terrifying. According to this writer the Board is in an alarming condition; bad secretarial management is charged, the election of Mr. Capen to the presidency foreshadows his election to the presidency of other Congregational missionary organizations, and a process of centralization which will turn the Congregationalists into Presbyterians or Episcopalians in church polity at least, and, finally, it is said that English visitors at the last Board meeting declared that Americans are at least twenty years behind the times, and that changes must be introduced into the annual meeting or it will no longer attract its supporters. There are just two

elements of truth in the whole paragraph. It is true that the programme of the annual meeting was widely criticised, and deserved to be. Instead of three long printed reports from secretaries read from pamphlets immediately thereafter distributed, there should be one brief report, and the time so saved should be devoted to a real discussion of vital themes by the ablest men in the Congregational churches—lay and clerical. With a few exceptions, they were conspicuously absent from the platform in the last meeting. It is also true that the American Board is at a critical point in its history, because the demand for increased appropriations is great, and the legacies are falling off and not likely ever to assume their old proportions. But the living interest in the work of the Board was never greater than now, as is evident from the increase in church contributions and in the fact that the attendance of corporate members has not for years, if ever, been so large as this fall. Mr. Capen was elected President, not as a step toward centralization, but because it was the nearly unanimous judgment of those present that the Board needed a business man who could and would give time to the large problems of the foreign missionary work, and Mr. Capen has the confidence of all the churches, East and West, and has proved his executive abilities by his past success in difficult public services. It would do nothing toward centralizing the denomination to elect him also President of the various Home Missionary Societies, though we should be surprised to learn either that there is any such inclination or that he would accept the election if it were tendered to him. Nevertheless, a concentration of all these Home Missionary Societies in one homogeneous society is a great desideratum, and would probably be generally welcomed, if the natural difficulties in the way could be overcome; but it would have no more tendency to turn the Congregationalists into Presbyterians or Episcopalians than selling half a dozen sickles and buying one reaper on a farm would have a tendency toward a return to the feudal system. In Congregationalism the Missionary Societies are simply the tools of the churches; and whether they can do their home missionary work better with four societies or one

is purely a question of economy in administration.

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William H. Appleton With the death of Mr. William H. Appleton, at the ripe age of eighty-six, disappears the last representative of the group of able and successful men who organized the great New York publishing houses and left large enterprises on a basis of permanent prosperity. Born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1814, educated at private and public schools in that town, and afterwards at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mr. Appleton began his business life in a bookstore, opened by his father, in Exchange Place, in this city. The business prospered and was removed to the old Clinton Hall, from which, in 1831, the house of Appleton issued its first volume. It was called "Crumbs from the Master's Table," and was a collection of texts from the Bible. In 1838 he became his father's partner, and the firm name became Daniel Appleton & Co. Its enlarging activity sent it in 1838 to 200 Broadway. Ten years later the father retired and Mr. William H. Appleton became the head of the firm. Nine years later the first volume of the new American Cyclopædia appeared, perhaps the greatest publishing enterprise which up to that time had been undertaken in this country. Mr. Appleton took great interest in the agitation for international copyright, having been early convinced of the injustice done to foreign authors by denial of literary property. His election as the first President of the American Publishers' Copyright League, twelve years ago, was in recognition of his long and ardent service in the copyright cause. He was a man of rare judgment and of blameless character, with many business interests, connected with a number of charitable institutions, for a long time senior warden of St. Bartholomew's Church, and one of the first members of the Century Association. Until within a very few weeks he had enjoyed exceptionally good health.

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The Columbia's Victory That America's Cup is to remain in America is gratifying to National pride, and continues a long and uninterrupted series

of yachting victories. Still more gratifying, even, to National pride is the fact that the series of races just ended has been carried out without dispute, without even intimation of unfairness, with clear courses maintained for the racers, with manly courtesy and true sportsmanlike conduct on both sides. Sir Thomas Lipton, the challenger, has, under somewhat trying circumstances as regards delay, accident, and defeat, kept his temper invariably, and accepts his misfortune and failure to win back the cup, after enormous expense and great exertions, imperturbably and in the right spirit. The American people have come to honor him highly for the qualities he has displayed, and he goes home leaving a warmth of feeling for himself in this country such as no previous challenger has awakened. Another cause for congratulation is that the final race of the series should have been so fine as a test of the merits of the yachts, with an ideal racing day, a close and spirited contest, and conclusive proof of the superiority of the Columbia in design or sailing skill or both. This, after the eight dismal failures to make a race because of lack of wind, and the unfortunate accident to the Shamrock in one race, was indeed refreshing and acceptable to sightseers and sportsmen. The final race was won by the Columbia by about six and a half minutes (corrected time); the first race by the Columbia by about ten minutes (corrected time); the second race was a walkover because of the accident to the Shamrock. A few newspaper critics have found fault with the agreement that the yachts should stand by their accidents without appeal, but the rule is obviously as fair to one as to the other, and is necessary to prevent rivalry in spreading sail, carrying too light spars, and generally taking great risks. So, too, the time-limit rule—although, by a strange and quite uncommon chance, it this year greatly delayed the contest—is essentially fair and necessary, as a drifting-match would not test the boats, and chance flaws of wind would make the decision of a race without a time-limit a mere question of luck. Sir Thomas Lipton has already announced his intention of challenging for the America's Cup again, not to race next fall but in the year 1901. He will build a new

boat, to be designed by Mr. Fife, the designer of the Shamrock. Sir Thomas has already spent over half a million dollars in trying to win the international yachting trophy.

Those Temperance Text-Books

We give in this week's issue all the space she asks to Mrs. Mary B. Hunt, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to defend from our criticism the school text-books in physiology and hygiene indorsed by her. With this publication the discussion in our columns is closed for the present, though we may hereafter subject these text-books to a more thorough review at the hands of a dispassionate expert. We confine ourselves here to such comments on this letter as may prevent our silence from being construed as assent to some of Mrs. Hunt's statements which we regard as erroneous.

1. It is true that the text-books are not published by the Society which Mrs. Hunt represents. But her Society is responsible for them; we should have said that they were published with the approval of that Society. They would never have existed but for that Society.

2. We reaffirm our previous declaration that these books "have been put into the schools by the zeal of the few and the carelessness of the many." Any one familiar with political action in our Legislatures knows that it is easy, where a few are zealous and the many are careless, to push through crude and ill-advised legislation. Those familiar with the methods of securing petitions for legislation—especially so-called reform legislation—will not be surprised to know that in many, if not most, cases petitions were signed for the bill without any presentation of the bill to the consideration of the signers, who were assured that it was "all right;" that in multitudes of cases signatures followed signatures under the general impression that it was somehow favorable to temperance; that in some cases enthusiastic ministers signed it in the lump for their congregation, thus: The Rev. A. B. and 800 members of — Church. This we call the carelessness of the many. The

failure to secure added legislation last fall in Maine and Massachusetts indicates what is likely to occur whenever the many cease to be careless and the Legislature really and seriously considers the subject.

3. Probably Mrs. Hunt could find some authority even for the statement in Eclectic Series No. 3, p. 57, "Alcohol is not a food or drink. Medical authorities, without exception, class alcohol as a poison," since authority of one sort or another can be found for almost any statement in science, philosophy, or theology. But Mrs. Hunt cites no such authority. She insists that alcohol is never a food; The Outlook affirms that it is sometimes a food and sometimes a poison. All Mrs. Hunt's citations are entirely consistent with the latter position. We do not need, therefore, to inquire into the character of her authorities; to note the fact that all the members of the Committee which "permanently represent the National Society for the purpose of carefully watching to prevent error from creeping into the instructions given in these books" were suggested by Mrs. Hunt, and therefore constitute no judicial authority as between her and her critics; to note the further fact that all the indorsers were carefully selected in the same fashion; that the "eminent authority in Europe" coupled his indorsement of these books with the frank statement that "personally I do not practice total abstinence," an indication that he does not himself regard alcohol as "not a food nor a drink," whatever he may think it wise to teach children. It must suffice to repeat that it is neither wise nor right to teach children dogmatic statements in their schools which they can and will find contradicted point blank in authoritative scientific treatises. This is utterly unscientific, and can result in nothing but the total demoralization of the children. And this, we believe, is exactly what the teaching of the approved text-books is accomplishing.

4. One has only to refer to Professor Atwater's report (Outlook, July 29, 1899, pp. 703-706) to see how absolutely it is misreported by Mrs. Hunt in her letter. Professor Atwater did not intimate that three glasses of whisky is nature's law for the normal human being; nor did he merely demonstrate that alcohol is oxidized in the human body; nor are his experi-

ments with a man in a glass box offered as a solitary and conclusive demonstration. He conducted with great care and no little expense a series of experiments to ascertain what is, in fact, the effect of alcohol in the human body. His experiments confirmed the results of other similar experiments conducted under somewhat less favorable circumstances. They confirmed the experience of physicians without number in hospitals and sick-rooms. There are cases on record in which a patient has been kept alive on no other food than alcohol, being unable to take any other. There are cases innumerable in which patients have been kept alive with very little other nutriment than alcohol, and apparently could not have been kept alive without it. The experiments of Dr. Atwater confirmed and gave a scientific explanation of these well-known facts, for they showed that "in the oxidation all of the potential energy of the alcohol was transformed into heat or muscular power. In other words, the body made the same use of the energy of the alcohol as of that of sugar, starch, and other primary food materials." It is perfectly legitimate to criticise these experiments and to show that they are inconclusive. But they cannot be disposed of by a sneer at the man in a glass box, nor by assuming that all that Professor Atwater undertook to show was the oxidization of alcohol. What he showed, or claimed to show, was that alcohol furnishes the same results as certain other well-known food products.

Nor can these text-books be saved from criticism by saying that "it is not the object of these text-books to teach medicine," and "therefore the medical value of alcohol, whatever that may be, or the possible effect of minute amounts in abnormal conditions, is not treated in them." Physiology and hygiene cannot be intelligently and truthfully, nor even ethically, taught, and any such hard and fast line drawn between the medical and the food effects of alcohol. This is especially true among a people which is dosing itself *ad libitum* with all sorts of medicines the basis of which is alcohol; with alcohol sold in patent medicines under all sorts of names, and drunk apart from meals and on an empty stomach, as alcohol ought not to be drunk except under medical advice; with even an avowed advo-

cate of total abstinence, a President of a State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, allowing her picture to appear in an advertisement extolling to the skies a patent nostrum which burns with a blue flame almost as readily as bad whisky.

5. The spirit which animates and vitiates these text-books is illustrated by a single sentence in Mrs. Hunt's letter: "As the influence of this widespread education began to be felt, certain of the self-indulgent classes whose habits are reproved by this public-school instruction began to object that these text-books are inaccurate." If any one objects that these text-books are inaccurate, he belongs to the "self-indulgent classes"! This is—we must speak plainly—Pharisaism revived in its worst form. If you do not agree with me in theology, you are immoral and an atheist; if you do not agree with me in politics, you are unpatriotic and a traitor; if you do not agree with me in science, you "belong to the self-indulgent classes." The same fear of obloquy which prevents men from being free in theology and independent in politics keeps them from being true to their convictions in reform. We will have none of it. No longer can a true man be prevented from speaking his mind lest he be dubbed a heretic; not much longer can he be prevented from speaking his mind lest he be called a mugwump; and we hope that the day is not far distant when he will dare oppose untruth in whatever holy form it veils itself, notwithstanding the fact that he may be called, as his Master was before him, a wine-bibber and a glutton.

In conclusion: A rational and scientific teaching of physiology and hygiene in the higher classes in our public schools is desirable. In such teaching the effects of stimulants and narcotics, including alcohol and tobacco, might have a legitimate place. But they should have only such a place as a due proportion to other topics would assign them; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth should be taught; open questions still in dispute among scientific men should either be omitted altogether or treated as open questions; and the ethics and the science should not be mixed together so as to inculcate pseudo-scientific conclusions for the purpose of producing predetermined moral effects.

Education and Success

The question of the success or lack of success of men of college training in business comes up from time to time, and is often answered in the negative upon very inadequate grounds. There is reason to believe that, even in the most materialistic interpretation of success, the college-bred man makes as strong a record as the man who has not had his opportunities. In several communities a kind of local census has been taken recently, and the fact has been brought out that, as a rule, the college-bred men were more successful than those who had not had college training. But the inconclusiveness of the whole discussion lies in the fact that the word success has different meanings, and no intelligent debate can be held in regard to successful or unsuccessful men until the term has been defined. If success means accumulation of money simply and exclusively, then college-bred men may be out of the race, and well out of it. The multi-millionaires are not often men of generous culture; if they have the aptitude for it, they have not taken the time. A man who is to make a colossal fortune usually gives his entire life to that end. He cannot also, at least as a rule, master languages, read books, study art, travel, and make himself the heir of all the ages.

But this is a very low form of success. Science measures life by the number and delicacy of the adjustments between the living creature and its environment. If these adjustments are few, the creature is rudimentary; in the exact ratio in which the adjustments increase in number does the creature advance in rank of life. This is true of men. The man whose adjustment to life is wholly commercial, and has to do entirely with his business, is not a highly organized human being, and is a success only on a very low plane. Real success is secured by the man who makes his adjustment to the three environments—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual—who develops his nature on all sides, lays hold on all resources, and makes himself the master of various kinds of knowledge. To call the mere money-maker or money-saver a successful man is to make a caricature of success. The country is full of gilded failures who regard

themselves as successes, but who are absolutely helpless if taken out of the little field in which they exercise their business abilities. One of the ablest and most successful men in the country recently said of another man, whose financial success was of the most colossal kind, that life meant nothing to him except certain stocks, a pack of cards, and a pair of fast horses. Of art, literature, science, politics, religion, travel, those great and permanent instruments of human culture, this multi-millionaire knew nothing. To call such a man a successful man is to so misuse language that it loses its meaning.

The great value of money is the freedom which it brings with it; and only a very short-sighted or thoughtless man undervalues financial success. The man with a fortune is in a position to make the most of life. He has very great advantages; but everything depends upon the use he makes of them. Nothing can be used to advantage without some kind of culture; for culture, in a large sense, is a recognition of ideas in materials, and of moral and spiritual qualities in dealing with them. It is impossible to touch business in a large way without a certain degree of culture; and the men who have become the masters of great business enterprises have, as a rule, some kind of intellectual development outside the mere shrewdness developed by bartering. The shopkeeper may have no ideas beyond selling something over his counter for which he gets more than he paid; but the great merchant must put something of statesmanship into his dealing with his business. He must apply ideas to it, study conditions, master markets, and give something of originality to the management of his affairs. The moment one passes beyond the region of mere money-getting into the region in which so many money-getters are complete failures—the region of investment, expenditure, and life—the advantages of the educated man instantly appear. Men without educational opportunities may make money faster and make more of it, although even this is yet to be proven; but men with educational opportunities know, as a rule, a great deal more about the profitable uses of money and the things that can be gotten out of it for the mind and the soul. It is a well-known fact that there are a great many

men who are eminently successful in making money, but have no success in investing it; there is a still greater number who make complete failures by reason of their inability to make intellectual and spiritual investment of their fortunes. In the exact degree in which men understand that they live, not by materials, but by ideas, will they value education; and in the degree in which they value education will they approach a true interpretation of the word success.



Pastoral Letters

To a Perplexed Minister

A common topic for consideration in church and ministerial gatherings is, Why do not people go to church? Your wonder why there are so large a proportion of non-church-goers in your own town is shared, probably, by thousands of clergymen. But it seems to me that a more wholesome question for us ministers to ask ourselves would be, Why do so many people come to church? Why do any come? We ministers take it for granted that all people ought to come to church, and instinctively put the blame on them for not coming. It would be better if we asked ourselves the questions, Why do any people come to church? Why should any people come? and put the blame on ourselves for not giving them what would make it worth their while to come.

For if you will consider the matter in an unprejudiced way, you will see that it is a remarkable phenomenon which is presented every Sabbath morning in every city, town, and village in the United States. Both ordinary work and ordinary sports are laid aside. A little business is still carried on; a few, possibly, are playing golf or lawn-tennis, and more are riding on their bicycles; but for the most part the stores are closed, the streets are quiet, the ordinary compulsions of life cease, the ordinary attractions of life are laid aside, and from a third to a half of the inhabitants—men, women, and children—are wending their way to church. What for?

Imagine an inhabitant from Mars visiting our planet. You are taking him courteously about. You come to a factory. What are these people doing? your guest

asks. They are weaving woolen cloth out of which to make clothing to keep people warm. You come to a railroad station with its bustle of incoming and outgoing passengers. What are they doing here? They are wishing to go from the country to the city, where they earn their daily bread, and from the city to the country, where is the home, and where the wife and the children await them. You come to a school-house as the children are gathering about it. What are they coming here for? To earn a living and be happy and useful men and women they must understand something about the world in which they live, and they have come here to learn about it. You come to a theater. What are they doing here? They are tired, and have come to be amused and to forget life and its cares for a little while. Then Sunday comes, and the stores are closed; and thousands of men and women are decorously gathering in their churches. And your guest asks, "What does this mean? Why do all these people go to these churches? Is it to get food or clothing or some other physical comfort? or to be instructed about the world they live in, so that they can earn a living? Or is it because they are tired and wish to be entertained? And why does this man stand up on this platform and talk to them? He does not seem to me entertaining like the actor. He does not appear to be a great orator. What great occasion has aroused their interest? What object brings them together?"

The minister might reply that they have come together to worship God, and if his celestial guest were a worshiper this answer would explain the meaning of the prayers and the hymns; but I wonder what answer the minister would make to his guest when asked to explain why a sermon is preached to the people. To drop the figure, I suspect a great many ministers would be puzzled to answer to themselves, or to any inquirer, in clear, intelligible language, the question, Why are one or two hundred people, perhaps five or six hundred people, coming to my church next Sunday? What have I to give them that is worth their coming? The editor does not assume that everybody ought to read his newspaper and wonder why they do not. He assumes that no one will read his newspaper unless

there is something in it worth the reading, and his question every week is, What can I put into this week's issue which men and women will be eager to read? I wonder how many ministers study the problem of their Sunday morning's sermon in the same fashion, asking themselves this pertinent question, What can I put into this sermon which will make every one in this congregation go away feeling, I would not have missed that sermon; I have gotten what I wanted and what I came for. A serious-minded editor, intent on really accomplishing educational results by his newspaper, and desiring to increase its circulation for the sake of widening its influence, might hope to help in accomplishing that purpose by making it more entertaining or by adding extraneous attractions in illustrations or premiums, as churches hope to win attendants by extra music and the like. But he would not depend on such methods; still less on making his paper smaller so that it would take less time to read it, or on giving it away because instruction should be free, or on attempting to prevent counter attractions from being presented, or on writing every week an editorial on the duty of subscribing to a newspaper, and least of all on frightening people into taking it by portraying the awful condition of a country without a free press or of a family without the means of knowing what is going on in the world. He would devote his energies to considering the questions, Why do my present subscribers take this paper? and What can I put into the paper which will make it worth the while of as many more to take it?

Next Sunday a few score, perhaps a few hundreds, will gather in the church where you minister. One object will be to hear your sermon—at least they will have to hear it. What do you expect to have to give them? You cannot give them the wages which attract them to the factory, nor the entertainment which attracts them to the theater, nor the equipment for earning a livelihood which attracts them to the school. What do you expect to have for them which will really make their coming to the church and listening to the sermon worth while? This is a question which it seems to me we preachers would do well to address to ourselves with what the old divines called "great

searchings of heart." I have not purposed in this letter to answer this question, only to ask it. For my own part, I never stand up to preach without wondering that so many people have thought it worth their while to come so far to hear my message; and I never prepare to preach without a fear lest I shall have no message which will adequately repay them for coming. I wonder, not that so many people stay away from church, but that so many go. What do they go for? What ought we preachers to have for them to compensate them for going?

L. A.

Sacerdotalism in England

The Hon. Samuel Smith, M.P., gives on another page a remarkable review of the growth of sacerdotalism in England—and by growth we mean not so much the extent to which it has spread as the extreme lengths to which it has gone. We do not share his alarm, for the Anglo-Saxon race appears to us to be ineradicably Protestant, and, so far as we can judge, the sacerdotalism which he describes has its currency chiefly among the priests, with some constituency among a certain class of women, with but little recognition or approval among the men of Great Britain. Injurious effects appear to us more likely to result from its capacity to breed indifference to any religion than from any power to corrupt religious faith and turn back the progress made in three centuries of religious warfare toward religious liberty. Nor do we concur in Mr. Smith's statement that "salvation by faith in Christ is not reconcilable with salvation by priests and sacraments." The antithesis is somewhat analogous to that often suggested between salvation by Christ and salvation by creed. The creed may be offered either as an interpreter of Christ or as a substitute for Christ; so the priest and the sacrament may be offered either as a guide to Christ or as another and quite different means of salvation. Salvation by Christ and salvation by law are not consistent, but the law may be "a school-master to bring us to Christ;" so may creed and theologian, priest and sacrament. Sometimes they are; often they are not. That they sometimes are not Mr.

Smith's article makes very clear: a catechism which declares that "it is to the priest *only* that the child must acknowledge his sins if he desires that God should forgive him" interposes the priest not only between the child and Christ, but between the child and the parent. Such teaching is not only bad theology, it is bad morals.

The question of Church Establishment happily concerns Americans only remotely and indirectly; but we do not wonder that not only the followers of Knox and Cartwright but also those of Cranmer and Hooker object to being made by a Church Establishment indirectly responsible for such teaching. Whether any Christian Church can be broad enough to contain at the same time teachers who declare that sins should be confessed only to the priests, and those who inculcate direct and immediate confession to the living God, may be questionable. It ought to be broad enough to include the individualism which discards human mediation and goes direct to God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and the sacerdotalism which employs human mediation in order to come to God as revealed in Jesus Christ; but whether it can include those who both affirm as a sacred conviction and those who condemn as an unscriptural opinion the direct and immediate access of the soul to God may be well doubted. What effect this form of sacerdotalism may have on the question of establishment we shall not venture to prophesy, though we think it far more perilous to establishment than have been the protests of the Nonconformists to the continued establishment of the Church, so long as it continued to be avowedly Protestant. But that it will win any serious and permanent triumph in the land of Wycliffe and Tyndale, Cranmer and Latimer, Brown and Bunyan, we do not believe.

However this may be, the Hon. Samuel Smith's article is to be commended to the careful consideration of our readers as a valuable contribution to the proper understanding of current ecclesiastical history. In its exposition of the degree and extent of the approach of the extreme sacerdotal party to the Roman Church it will be a surprise to most Protestant readers, whether in the Episcopal or non-Episcopal churches of this country.

COLONIAL AMERICA

BY

PHELPS WHITMARSH

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to the Philippines.

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I.

The Situation in the Hawaiian Islands

IF a stranger is capable of judging, annexation seems to have agreed with Hawaii. That, at least, is the impression a stranger gets upon entering the capital. After one has ceased to gaze admiringly upon the scene's magnificence of the surroundings, after one has become accustomed to the preponderance of Asiatic and Polynesian faces, one is rather surprised to find that in business enterprise, public works, schools, and general activity and spirit, Honolulu is distinctly American. It is too little known, I think, that the Anglo-Saxon element in Hawaii, and particularly the American part of it, has been for many years the guiding element in all matters pertaining to education and good government. It may be said, indeed, that everything that was good under the monarchical government, every advance that was made toward civilization, was entirely due to "white" influence. It was this same element, moreover, the one that had prompted and upheld the monarchy for so long, that, when circumstances made the change imperative, formed an independent government, and, later, brought about annexation. So that, when Hawaii was made a part of the United States, it was not the incorporation of a primitive or semi-barbarous race, nor yet the union of peoples wholly strange to each other's laws and institutions, but

rather the blending of two countries whose governments and interests were similar, and whose national policies were identical. It was the inevitable outcome of natural relationship.

When one stops to consider how much has been done with these islands by a mere handful of white men, what good bread, if I may use the simile, has been made out of barbaric dough by a little Anglo-Saxon leaven, and when one has seen how little has been accomplished in similar islands by Latin and other leaven, one is forced to agree with the general belief that the Anglo-Saxon race has a genius for colonization and that it is the best fitted to rule the unenlightened peoples of the earth.

One cannot, moreover, take the most casual glimpse of Hawaii without feeling an immense amount of admiration for the special group of men who, after overthrowing a weak monarchy, had the force to establish and maintain an independent republic, who had the wisdom and strength of purpose to keep it free from corruption, and who, unmindful of selfish interest, transferred the sovereignty of the islands to the United States. It is a pity that in American politics we have not more of such men.

During my interview with the first and only President of Hawaii, he spoke freely in regard to the present situation and the

future outlook. His remarks were substantially as follows: "Personally I am in favor of Hawaii being taken into the United States as a Territory, with the prospect of its becoming a State at some future time, rather than that she should enter as a State immediately. Although there are some dissenters, I believe that the majority of the people here, and certainly the thinking people, are of the same mind. My main reason for believing a territorial form of government to be for the best is that, in spite of the preparation we have had for political union by nearly six years of self-government as a republic, with all the responsibilities that such government brings, and notwithstanding the fact that we have an Anglo-Saxon element here fully capable of organizing and carrying on State government, we have, on the other hand, a large percentage of Hawaiians and Portuguese, who need education in American principles and who need more time to apply them practically. And, just as our experiences as an independent power have fitted us for annexation and made the step an easy one, so, I think, our schooling under the territorial system will again be educational, and gradually prepare the way for Statehood. A period of probation such as this will, I feel sure, be beneficial to the business interests of the islands, and will more likely assure us good government and ultimate success as a State.

"In order that we may take our place as a part of the United States with as little friction as possible, and without disturbance to commercial interests, it is important that all radical changes, whether of government or of administration, shall be gradual. It is necessary, indeed, that our political structure, instead of being torn down and another building raised in its place, shall be a development of the present edifice. By such a method, the misunderstandings and fears of the Hawaiians will be quieted, confidence in business lines will be continued, and the community at large will have time to prepare and adjust itself to the new conditions. With the report of the Hawaiian Commission, now before Congress, as a whole, I agree; for, with the exception of the executive power, its changes are not radical. The Hawaiian Commissioners were not slow to perceive that our civil system was suited to the local conditions, and to see that any

variations in our legislative and judicial functions would disconcert the administration of affairs and involve a troublesome term of readjustment. With every detail of the Hawaiian Commissioners' report, however, I do not agree. There are two changes which, inasmuch as they remove present safeguards against corruption, I should prefer not to have made. One, the establishment of the American system of office distribution, whereby the Governor has the sole right to remove and appoint certain officers, if carried out, will inevitably lead to a feature which, though American, is undesirable. I refer to the spoils system. In case of a weak man being appointed as Governor, his political power would be by far too great. The other, the doing away of the present advisory feature of our administration, is equally undesirable for the same reason, and also because it is possible that, without such a check, good government may be rendered as uncertain as it was before the days of the republic. On the whole, however, I believe that by the establishment of a territorial form of government and by continuing the existing laws of Hawaii, not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, the transition from an independent republic to a greater republic's possession will be brought about harmoniously and without the evil effects which the more radical changes of Statehood would, at this stage of our political development, entail."

It is probable that when the report of the Hawaiian Commissioners is considered by the United States Congress, the suggestions in regard to the system of qualified franchise may be opposed as un-American. In order that good government may be maintained, it is proposed to have an educational qualification for Congressional voters, and an additional property or income qualification for those who vote for Senators. This to assure, in the first place, an intelligent vote; and, in the second place, to put power, not in the hands of an ignorant and irresponsible class, but with those who have something at stake, and are more likely, therefore, to have the interests of the country at heart. In the United States such a law is not required—the ignorant class is more than balanced by an intelligent one; but in Hawaii, where, according to the census

of 1896, there are but 6,000 whites to 39,000 of Hawaiian blood and 15,000 Portuguese, qualified franchise, at present, seems a necessity. In this connection I cannot do better than quote the words of the Hon. William O. Smith.

"It is not that we are un-American," said Mr. Smith, "that we urge these qualifications, but because we do not want to see American principles demoralized; because we do not want to lose the benefits of American government; because, in fact, we *are* American."

American principles of government, suitable as they may be for the territory and people which they were made to fit, cannot be applied suddenly and indiscriminately to other countries with the best results, unless they are modified to suit the local conditions. Considerations of race, language, traditions, previous government, and especially the intellectual and educational status, all enter into the problem. As we know by long experience that no man's judgment is sufficiently mature to entitle him to a voice in public affairs until he is twenty-one years old, and as we have, in consequence, disqualified him from voting until he has reached that age, so we shall do wisely to disqualify the ignorant element in Hawaii until that element has attained years of discretion—until it, too, has become, in its full sense, of age. By far the largest part of those persons in Hawaii who are eligible for United States citizenship are, as yet, children in their knowledge and practice of a democratic form of government, and as such they are no more fitted to be invested with the majority rights than five children in a family of seven are fitted, by reason of their numbers, to rule the household.

No Americans know Hawaii, its people and its conditions, as well as the men who made it what it is to-day. Many of them were born on the islands, most of them have spent the greater part of their lives here, and all have worked steadily and unselfishly in the interests of humanity, righteous government, and civilization. What they have accomplished is before the world for judgment—an example of Anglo-Saxon superiority and clean politics. And, such being the case, there are surely no better men than these to advise the Administration at Washington concerning the best course to pursue in the future

government of the new territory. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that the Hawaiian Commissioners' Report, which is based on the experience of the present Hawaiian Government, will be made a law as it now stands.

The fact that perhaps one-half of the present population of Hawaii is composed of Asiatics, for the most part contract laborers, though formidable on the face of it, cannot be rightly called either a detriment or a menace to the country, inasmuch as the element is mainly a floating one, which, when restricted by the application of the United States labor laws, will doubtless decrease steadily. On the other hand, it may be said that but for the importation of Asiatic labor when the sugar industry was in its infancy, the present commercial prosperity of the islands, with all the good that invariably follows in prosperity's wake, could scarcely have been attained. Contract labor may not be in accord with American institutions, nor in sympathy with the ideals of civilization, but the practical benefits which have grown from it in this and many other countries are sufficient, I think, to show that it is by no means an unmixed evil. Nevertheless, the wisdom of bringing together two such antagonistic races as the Chinese and Japanese in uncontrollable numbers is to be questioned.

With the growing demand for labor which the increased production of sugar makes necessary, and the restrictions which the United States laws will place upon it, Hawaii has before it, at no very distant date, the solution of the common tropical labor problem. Since the only local labor reserve—the Hawaiians—are, as a rule, too indolent, or consider it beneath them, to work in the plantations, immigration must be induced from other countries. European immigration is specially desired, and an effort is now on foot to encourage Italian labor. There can be no doubt, I think, that the Latin races adapt themselves more readily to low latitudes than do the races of northern Europe; and from personal knowledge of the Spanish laborer in Cuba I am of the opinion that as an immigrant he is decidedly superior to the Italian or Portuguese. The steady inflow of sturdy peasantry from the north of Spain and the Canary

Isles has been Cuba's salvation since the abolition of slavery, and their return to Spain in such numbers of late is looked upon by all employers of labor there as a misfortune. Hard-working, thrifty, law-abiding, and intelligent as is this class of Spanish labor, it would seem as though it might be profitably introduced into Hawaii.

That much-mooted question whether the white man can be acclimatized to the tropics or not need not be discussed here, for the reason that Hawaii, in spite of its latitude, cannot be called tropical. Its insular position, the almost continual and cooling breath of the northeast trade-winds, and the tempering effect of the Alaskan current have combined to give these islands a climate of extraordinary equableness without extreme heat. For the year 1897-98 the maximum heat of the hottest month (August) was 85.4°. Already, according to Professor Blackman, white men in Hawaii have been "engaged in small farming, in all manner of field-work and other manual labor, without serious inconvenience, for two years." And if proof be needed to show that the Anglo-Saxon race does not deteriorate from generation to generation in Hawaii, one need only point to the activity, vigor, and large number of the early missionaries' descendants. Hawaii's great hope in the settlement of its labor question, therefore, lies in the possible immigration of a sufficient quantity of white labor. Under present conditions this cannot be expected. Wages are no inducement, and white men will not work in the cane-fields with Asiatics. With the advance in wages which the new laws will undoubtedly bring, however, and a system of co-operation or of leasing small holdings to individuals, like that adopted by the Cuban planters, it is probable that the population of whites will materially increase. In any case, better wages will certainly draw a better class of laborers.

The principal, one may say almost the only important, Hawaiian product is sugar. Out of a total value of \$16,000,000 for exports in 1897, more than \$15,000,000 stands for sugar. Since minerals and coal are not found on the islands, and as, moreover, the sugar industry has proved an unusually profitable one, there is little doubt that sugar will always be Hawaii's

mainstay. Greatly enriched as Hawaii has been by this industry, the very fact that it has been and is much more profitable than any other investment has been, at least in one respect, a drawback; for it has led to the neglect of those agricultural pursuits which could be carried on to the greater benefit of the many. Rice, grown exclusively by the Chinese, is a poor second in the list of exports, and coffee third. Beyond these and a little fruit and honey there is nothing worthy of mention. Tobacco, though the plant grows luxuriantly where sown, has received little, and certainly no expert, attention; neither has the cultivation of fruits, flowers, vegetables, or cereals been exhaustively treated. Perhaps an impetus may be given to these things by the extension of the American tariff; but the institution of a thorough system of agricultural experiments in the various soils and altitudes afforded by the islands, by the Department of Agriculture, is the most practical way of developing Hawaii's productive possibilities. It is to be noted that the trustees of the Kamehameha school, in aiming to provide their scholars with suitable occupations, are considering flower culture for perfumery uses as a study and industry. The Hawaiians show an unusual love for flowers, and, what with the school's abundant resources, and the diversity of land and climate at its disposal, it is entirely within the probabilities that such an industry could be successfully established. Whether it can be or not is a matter which can be decided only by systematic experiment aided by practical experience; but, whatever the final outcome might be, a whole-hearted attempt in this direction could scarcely be otherwise than advantageous and instructive to the scholars employed; nor could it fail to add valuable agricultural knowledge to the community at large.

The future of the pure Hawaiian, like that of the aboriginal Australian the North American Indian and of the Hawaiian's nearest of kin, the Maori, is extinction. From Cook's estimate of 400,000 in 1778 the population dwindled in 1823 to 142,000, and is now less than 31,000. Venereal and epidemic diseases, drunkenness, the practices of the kahunas or medicine men, change of habit, leprosy, and unchastity are the chief causes of this

excessive diminution. Notwithstanding their present state of education and enlightenment, there seems to be no hope for them. I am told by one whose authority is not to be questioned that one-half of the Hawaiian women to-day are leading unchaste lives with the knowledge and consent of their husbands and families. The inevitable end of this fine, in many respects noble, race is the one sad feature of Hawaii. It is another illustration of the fact that civilization is a war of races; a war in which those who are most abundantly supplied with psychic and moral forces are the conquerors and survivors.

The island territory of Hawaii has a great and a prosperous future before it. Under American laws its commercial advantages will be expanded to the utmost, its population will be gradually changed for the better, and its value will be greatly enhanced. Perhaps no better example of the benefits of a stable government exists to-day than that of Hawaii. Although land values have steadily appreciated and commercial interests materially increased since the enactment of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1876, there has always been a feature of uncertainty in regard to the future that has discouraged outside capital and prevented the intrinsic value of the islands from being practically recognized. Since annexation has come, how-

ever, with its accompanying guarantee of governmental permanence and stability, business interests have advanced by leaps and bounds. New buildings are going up in all directions, scores of new plantations and enterprises are being established, and everything points to peace and prosperity. The benefits of annexation, however, are not all one-sided. From a commercial point of view it is to be noted that during the first twelve months of American sovereignty imports from the United States jumped from \$8,695,000 to \$12,118,000.

But the matter of imports and exports is of small moment when compared with the splendid commercial position which the islands command. As a half-way house at "the cross-roads of the Pacific," as a recruiting, victualing, repairing, and coaling station for the coming great trans-Pacific trade, as a unique strategic point, as a mid-ocean naval depot, as a link in the chain of American influence, as an outpost toward the greatest undeveloped field for commerce that the world contains, and, finally, as a possession in which it has been proven that the white man can live and flourish, I consider that the acquisition of Hawaii by the United States was a most valuable one, and that in the matter of profitable considerations the United States got the best of the bargain.

Honolulu.

The Temperance Text-Books

By Mary H. Hunt

THE Outlook of August 19 very kindly published, with other letters, one of mine on the Atwater fallacies concerning alcohol. An editorial in the same paper, referring to my letter, says: "Mrs. Hunt seems to us not to touch the issue raised by The Outlook." This editorial, in stating the issue, says:

The only question raised is whether the teachings of the text-books on physiology and hygiene which have been published by the society which Mrs. Hunt represents are accurate or inaccurate.

No society which I represent, to my knowledge, publishes any school text-books on physiology and hygiene. The vehement utterances of The Outlook would imply that its cri-

result of an exhaustive examination of these books. But how thorough could the investigation have been which failed to see from the title-pages that the books in question are not published by any society, but by the same publishing houses which issue the other text-books used in our public schools?

The Outlook also says:

These books have been put into our schools owing to the zeal of the few and the carelessness of the many.

There again The Outlook is mistaken. During the last seventeen years fully seventy million people in these United States through their representatives in the Congress and their State Legislatures with the solemn emphasis

of law that all their children in all their public schools shall be taught the nature and effect of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics in connection with physiology and hygiene. The public-school children of every State but three, and of every Territory in the Union and of the District of Columbia, are under more or less stringent laws requiring this study. When these laws began to go into force, the question arose as to what should be taught regarding the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics. Therefore, in 1887, a syllabus of facts established by modern investigation was prepared by competent experts and signed by over two hundred most representative names in this country in medical, chemical, legal, legislative, and philanthropic circles, as a standard for school literature of this kind.

The indorsed text-books of physiology and hygiene used in our public schools conform with that carefully prepared and widely indorsed standard. As the influence of this widespread education began to be felt, certain of the self-indulgent classes whose habits are reproved by this public-school instruction began to object that these text-books are inaccurate. Therefore, in 1897, friends of this form of education, in temperance societies and churches, and others interested in the public good from many parts of our own country, invited a committee of eminent medical men, most of them representing our medical colleges, to carefully examine these books and to point out any statements they might contain which were not supported by scientific authority, in order that errors, if such existed, might be corrected.

Not one of these eminent men, after careful examination, pointed out a single statement in any of the books calling for correction. Their report in this respect was corroborated by eminent authority in Europe. In addition to this, a committee of three physicians, two educators, and three teachers of ethics permanently represent a National society for the purpose of carefully watching to prevent error from creeping into the instruction given in these books. All these facts have been widely given to the public as they have occurred. In view of this, to say, as *The Outlook* does, that the indorsed text-books on physiology "have been put into our

public schools owing to the zeal of the few and the carelessness of the many," shows an unaccountable forgetfulness of current history.

On the title-page of some of the indorsed books are names better known to science than those of their critics. As to primary books being "anonymous," it should be remembered that every spelling-book does not bear the name of Noah Webster, but that does not condemn it, provided its teachings are in harmony with the standards of lexicographers. Neither does the absence of a great name on every child's book on physiology for lower grades condemn that book, if it is in harmony with accepted standards, as are all the indorsed books on this subject.

Regardless of all this, *The Outlook* says that the indorsed text-books should be taken out of our schools because they are "inaccurate, unsound, and dangerous."

This is a grave and wholesale charge against a large class of school literature. The real issue is not the value of any particular books or book, but whether truth points to total abstinence, or to Professor Atwater's "three glasses of whisky" given his man in the glass box (or its equivalent of alcohol per day), as Nature's law for the normal human being. If this charge of inaccuracy could be sustained no one would be more eager than the friends of temperance education to have the inaccuracies corrected; for well we know that truth, and the whole truth, alone is strong. It is an unwarranted assumption to charge that temperance people want untruths taught for the sake of effect. They are not so demented. Untruth or a distortion of truth reacts upon any cause that resorts to it.

What is the truth on this subject which should be taught the children of this country? This is a serious question freighted with individual and National destiny.

Professor Atwater's report and *The Outlook* charge that it is an error to teach without qualification, as the text-books in question do, that alcohol is a poison and that it is not a food. I maintain that this charge is unfounded. Assertion is not proof. To show that it is unfounded, let us first inquire if the words poison and food are used by *The Outlook* in the same sense that they are in the text-books. An

endless amount of energy can be wasted in a discussion, and error supported, by not holding to established definitions.

The following parallel columns show that there is in these text-books no juggling with definitions to make a point, but, instead, that their definition of a poison, and statements concerning the poisonous character of alcohol, are without bias or distortion, and are sustained by most eminent authorities :

What the indorsed School Physiologies teach as the definition of a poison, and as to alcohol a poison.

Among the many fermentations, there is one which demands special attention on account of its consequences to mankind; one of its products is the liquid known as alcohol—a poison which is the main constituent of all commonly used intoxicating drinks. A poison is any substance which tends, when taken into the body, to injure or kill it.

From a high school text-book, "Human Body, and the Effects of Narcotics" (p. 26), by H. Newell Martin, M.D., late Professor of Biology in Johns Hopkins University.

It (alcohol) is a poison and imparts its poisonous quality to any liquid containing it. It primarily affects the brain, and is therefore classed as a cerebral or narcotic poison.

Any substance whose nature it is, when absorbed into the blood, to injure health or destroy life, is called a poison.

From a high school text-book, "Outlines of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene" (pp. 2 and 56), by Roger S. Tracy, M.D.

Any substance capable, when absorbed into the blood, of injuring health or destroying life, is a poison. Alcohol is capable of destroying life when taken in sufficient quantities, as has been proved by numerous instances of death following the drinking of spirits on a wager, or a draught of brandy or gin taken in ignorance by a child. Alcohol is also capable of injuring health, as is proved over and over again every day. Few people have not known of one or more cases of loss of health from this cause, while physicians are meeting them constantly.

Remember this : Alcohol is a poison. It is classed as such in standard treatises on poisons in medical dispensaries, and by eminent medical writers too numerous to mention.

From an advanced grammar grade text-book, by Albert F. Blaisdell, M.D., "Our Bodies and How We Live."

As the foregoing extracts are a sample of the teachings on this question of all the indorsed text-books, further quotations would only be repetition.

These columns show that the teachings of the text-books and that of acknowledged authorities are identical. Where, then, is the error? Professor Atwater says: "Alcohol used in quantities and ways which cause no injurious effects cannot properly be called poison." But poisons such as morphia, chloral hydrate, digitalis, strychnine, are classed by the foregoing authorities as poisons, as well as alcohol, and yet these substances are often prescribed in quantities and ways which, physicians say, cause no injurious effects, but good instead. This fact has not led authorities to define them as "*sometimes* poisonous." There is no reason why an exception should be made to this rule in the case of alcohol.

In order to substantiate their criticisms on this point, the critics are obliged to

What standard authorities teach as the definition of a poison, and as to alcohol a poison.

A poison is a substance which, when absorbed into the blood, is capable of seriously affecting health or of destroying life.

From a Treatise on Poison (p. 18), by Alfred Swain Taylor, M.D., F.R.S.

They [workmen, women, and children] absorb under all its forms a poison that filters through all their body, which, under the action even of small doses daily repeated, breaks the strength, paralyzes the nervous system, annihilates little by little the intelligence, strikes the drinker with precocious senility, and makes, in a few years, sometimes even in a few months, of an individual once robust, active, and a valuable member of society, a being abject, degraded, and infirm. This poison is alcohol.

A. Motet, M.D., of Paris, Member of the French Academy of Medicine, in an address before the Sixth International Congress against the Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors.

Professor Riche, in an address before the Academy of Medicine, urges that people should be educated to know that alcohol itself, brandies, whiskies, etc., are distinctly toxic, *i. e.*, poisonous.

The impurities of alcohol do not alone constitute the danger of its use, and if these impurities, together with the essential oils and other ingredients added to alcohol in the manufacture of various liquors, have their particular injurious properties, perfectly pure ethyl alcohol itself exercises a dangerous action upon the animal economy, and it must be considered as a true poison.

M. Th. Berval, quoted in the French "Journal of Hygiene" by the editor, Dr. Pietra de Santa, formerly physician to the last Napoleon.

As in my recent letter, published in The Outlook, were quoted a long list of eminent authorities who without qualification call alcohol a poison, restatement is unnecessary.

shape a new definition of a poison, which makes the nature of a substance depend upon its quantity instead of its quality. Such a definition would not be in accordance with established authorities. Applied to alcohol, it virtually would say, the character of alcohol in small amounts differs from the character of alcohol in large amounts. A great chemist and physician, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, said: "The character of a substance does not depend upon its quantity, but its quality."

The Outlook charges, and returns to the charge, that the text-books are inaccurate. To support this it quotes from a paper by Professor C. F. Hodge statements from the school text-books saying that alcohol is not a food, opposite statements from Fothergill's "Practitioner's Handbook" saying that alcohol is a food. On which side lies the error?

Professor Fothergill gives his reason for calling alcohol a food. He says: "If alcohol is oxidized in the body, then it is a true food, or furnisher of force." This is the reason given by others who make the same claim, Professor Atwater among the number. His much-heralded experiments have verified the work of previous investigators who also have shown that alcohol is oxidized in the body. But *is it therefore a food?* Reduced to a syllogism, the reasoning of those who claim that it is would be:

Anything that is oxidized in the body is food.

Alcohol is oxidized in the body.

Therefore alcohol is food.

In this "the error lies in the major premise," viz., anything that is oxidized in the body is food. This error has been set forth by physiological chemists, and was clearly pointed out in an address before the International Medical Congress in Moscow in 1897, by Robert Koppe, M.D., who said that—

The opinion that ethyl-alcohol is a useful source of energy in the human organism (and therefore a food) in consequence of its combustibility is not scientifically justified.

The consideration alone that a substance is oxidized in the body in no wise justifies its use as an energy-furnishing food. Morphine, as is well known, burns in our bodies into oxide of morphine. Happily, however, it has not occurred to any one to proclaim morphine for this reason a proper source of energy (a food) for the human organism, as

is, unfortunately, done in the case of ethyl-alcohol.

Among other poisons which are oxidized in the body may be mentioned the poisons phenol (carbolic acid) and muscarine, the poisonous principle of toad-stools. If alcohol is a food because it is oxidized in the body, then these noxious substances for the same reason must be food also. The suggestion is absurd if Professor Fothergill and The Outlook mean the same thing by a food that is commonly understood—i. e., a substance that nourishes the body without injuring it. Evidently they do not; and here is another case of using a word in a different sense from its commonly accepted meaning, the sense in which it is used in the indorsed text-books.

It is not the object of these text-books to teach medicine; that is left to the medical colleges; therefore the medical value of alcohol, whatever that may be, or the possible effect of minute amounts in abnormal conditions, is not treated in them. The laws of forty-two States and of the National Congress in this country require the nature and effects of alcoholic *drinks* and other narcotics taught all pupils in all schools as a part of physiology and hygiene—that is, the nature and effects of alcohol as a beverage; and only as such do the text-books treat the subject.

It is well known that physicians say that there are abnormal conditions of the body in which poisons are tolerated with beneficial results. This the text-books neither deny nor affirm; it is outside of their province. To criticise them for not doing it shows a misconception of their purpose.

In judging of the accuracy of a book, to read into the terms it uses a meaning which is at variance with standard definitions of those terms, and from that basis to pronounce the teachings of that book inaccurate, is, to say the least, most unjust, and will fail to influence the intelligence of the age.

There is a serious inaccuracy in The Outlook's parallel-column citation from the paper prepared by Professor C. F. Hodge. The two paragraphs from "Blaisdell's No. Two" are quoted as if they originated in that book, whereas they are the utterances of two of the foremost scientists of their time—Dr. Reuben D.

Mussey, who was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, Materia Medica, and Therapeutics in Dartmouth, Bowdoin, and Miami Colleges, and Dr. E. L. Youmans, the founder and for many years editor of the "Popular Science Monthly." It is not the indorsed books, therefore, that are criticised in this case, but these two eminent men. It is strange that their names should have been struck out when both were plainly attached to the quotation in the text-book.

The Outlook questions whether anything on this subject should be taught the children in our public schools. There it differs from the American people. As we have seen, they have decided almost unanimously that their children shall be taught, as a part of the laws of health, the dangerous and evil character and effects of alcohol as a beverage, as well as of other narcotics. In this respect other nations throughout the civilized world are moving forward to follow our example. In Germany a petition was recently presented, signed by a large number of eminent physicians, asking for a law requiring this study to be taught from the standpoint of total abstinence.

If anything is to be taught, The Outlook evidently would have us teach: First, that alcohol is *sometimes* a poison. But neither The Outlook nor any one else can tell how much for every individual drinker would be a poison or how little would not be, nor how soon a dose at first non-poisonous may become poisonous; nor can it prove that small non-poisonous quantities are

not cumulative in their effects, leading to final catastrophe. It is, therefore, evident that truth would suffer from any such modification of the statement that alcohol is a poison as here advocated.

Second, The Outlook would have us teach that alcohol is "sometimes a food;" but it cannot foretell when in any case it would cease to be a food and become a poison. As we have seen, the only reason given for ever claiming food value for it is that a certain amount of it is oxidized in the body. Competent authorities say that that does not prove it a food. Therefore truth would again be sacrificed.

The Outlook objects to total abstinence being taught. Not until it can get repealed the law, as fixed as the law of gravitation, whereby a narcotic like alcohol has the power to create an uncontrollable appetite for more, will the truth support any other teaching than that of total abstinence as great Nature's law which will safely apply to all. No total abstainer ever became a drunkard. Drunkenness is a result of moderate drinking.

The Outlook would have us teach that temperance is self-control; but of what use is it to teach self-control in the use of a substance like alcohol, which has the power to destroy self-control and to make it impossible?

If the text-books should be revised to teach what The Outlook wishes, they would be most "inaccurate, unsound, and dangerous," and would deserve the anathemas of the coming generations who would be misled by them.

Sacerdotalism in England

By Samuel Smith, M.P.¹

THE question that eclipses all others in the religious world of Great Britain and her colonies is the enormous growth of sacerdotalism in the Anglican Church. It affects not only the British colonies, but also the United States; indeed, all places where the English language is spoken; and it is closely connected with the enormous efforts which the Church of Rome is making to regain her hold on the Anglo-Saxon race. The two

movements are not identical, but run in parallel lines and tend more and more to blend. It is high time that the Protestant Churches should recognize that this is their deadly enemy, and combine to resist it with their whole strength. The evangelical and sacerdotal conceptions of Christianity cannot harmonize. They are radically opposed. Salvation by faith in Christ is not reconcilable with salvation by priests and sacraments. These two conceptions are now, as it seems to me, in deadly antagonism in the Anglican Church.

¹ The substance of an address delivered before the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance in Washington, October, 1899.

This movement sprang up in Oxford in the year 1833, under the auspices of Newman, and afterwards of Pusey. These two devout men were steeped in Catholic and mediæval theology. They had not the faintest sympathy with Protestant and evangelical doctrines. Newman went over to Rome, but Pusey continued an Anglican, though holding almost all the doctrines of the Church of Rome. The chief means for spreading their views in England was the celebrated issue of Tracts for the Times. This popularized the High Church view among the clergy. It came at a time when religion was at a low ebb in England; it took hold of ardent and enthusiastic young men and spread like wildfire. It was largely propagated by stealth in its earlier days. The doctrine of "reserve" was taught by both Newman and Pusey. They held that they were at liberty to withhold from the public the full knowledge of their views until it was ripe for receiving them. Newman quoted with approval the following maxims of Clement of Alexandria: "He both thinks and speaks the truth, except when careful treatment is necessary, and then, as a physician for the good of his patients, he will lie, or rather utter a lie, as the Sophists say. Nothing, however, but the neighbor's good would lead him to do this. He gives himself for the Church." Dr. Pusey says in his work upon the confessional: "No confessor should ever give the slightest suspicion that he has ever alluded to what he has heard in the tribunal; but he should remember the canonical warning that what I know through confession I know less than what I do not know." Pope Eugenius says that whatever a confessor knows in this way he knows it *ut Deus*; while out of confession he is only speaking *ut homo*. "So that as man he can say that he does not know that which he has learned as God's representative. I go further still; as man, he may swear with a clear conscience that he knows not what he knows only as God."

This Romanizing movement has been tainted all through by the element of deceit. It has been spread largely by secret societies in the Anglican Church. These have been now fully disclosed to the world in the remarkable book, "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," by Walter

Walsh. Some of these societies are "The Holy Cross," "The Guild of All Souls," "The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," besides the great public society of the English Church Union; these contain altogether seven or eight thousand clergy. They all teach high priestly doctrines, some of them almost every doctrine of the Church of Rome, including the mass and confessional, the invocation of saints and of the Virgin Mary, purgatory and the seven sacraments.

In the earlier days of this movement the bishops vainly struggled to suppress it. But of late years they have swum with the current; indeed, most of the bishops appointed of recent years have been sympathizers with this movement. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were both themselves High Churchmen, and their appointments were mainly in that line. Among the means used to propagate these doctrines, theological colleges have been chief. Most of these colleges now belong to the ritualist party, and in most of these the confessional is insisted upon.

Doctrines are taught which differ little from those of the Church of Rome. Elementary schools are also largely used. More than half the children of England are educated in Church of England schools which are practically under the control of the parish priests. Then at confirmation a large proportion of the youth of England passes through the hands of the clergy, and many of them use this opportunity for inculcating extreme High Church doctrines, even insisting upon going to confession in some cases without the knowledge of the parents. Sisterhoods and convents have played a great part in this work, for women have come under the power of these ritualist priests through the confessional to an amazing extent. Catechisms and manuals are also circulated largely, and many of them teach such doctrines as the necessity of priestly absolution for the forgiveness of sins. I will quote one specimen from the catechism published by the "League of the Holy Cross" for young children. "It is to the priest only that the child must acknowledge his sins if he desires that God should forgive him. Do you know why? It is because God, when on earth, gave to his priests, and to them alone, the divine power of forgiving sins. Go to the priest,

who is the doctor of your soul and who cures you in the name of God. I have known poor children who concealed their sins in confession for years; they were very unhappy; were tormented with remorse, and if they had died in that state they would certainly have gone to the everlasting fires of hell."

I have examined several of these catechisms, and have found these doctrines contained in most of them. They all teach that the priest is a kind of miracle-worker; that he receives at ordination supernatural powers. In the ordination services of the Church of England these words are addressed to him: "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." Formerly these words were understood in a kind of unnatural sense, but now they are literally interpreted as giving the power to forgive sins. Sins before baptism are supposed to be forgiven by that sacrament; but sin after baptism, it is taught, can be forgiven only by what is called sacramental confession and absolution. So that the power of life or death practically rests with the priest.

As to the teaching regarding what they call the "Holy Eucharist"—they never use the Scriptural term, "the Lord's Supper"—I quote as follows from one of these catechisms for children: "When the priest begins the prayer, that which is on the altar is bread and wine; when the priest ends the prayer, that which is on the altar is Christ's body and blood; it is Jesus; it is God. Who does this? The priest, acting for Jesus in the power of the Holy Ghost. How does he do it? I cannot tell you. He does not know himself how he does it, but it is done. It is a work of God; and no one knows how God works. If you were to ask the great St. Michael, he could not tell you. If you were to ask the blessed Mary, she could not tell you. It is God's own secret, a knowledge which belongs to Him and to no one else. We go to the altar and kneel down, and the priest comes to us with the blessed sacrament. We receive that which looks like bread and which tastes like bread; we receive that which looks like wine and which tastes like wine; but that which we receive is the body and blood of Christ. It is *Jesus* himself; it is ALMIGHTY GOD."

Indeed, there is an absolute contradiction between evangelical and sacerdotal religion. No compromise between the two systems is possible. The attempt to combine them both in the English Prayer-Book has an enfeebling effect upon the mind. It leads to casuistry, and is the parent of a whole crop of shifts and evasions. The origin of this difficulty was the compromise in the time of Elizabeth between the Protestant and Catholic elements in England. The Reformation was arrested in its natural development at the instance of the sovereign. To please the Protestants the articles were drawn up in a strongly Calvinistic and evangelical sense, but the liturgy contains considerable remains of Roman Catholic doctrine. Hence there have always been two parties in the national Church, each trying to overturn the other. During last century and the earlier part of this one the Protestant element was supreme; but since the rise of the Oxford Movement the sacerdotal element has rapidly developed and has now gained the supremacy. It is as strong among the clergy as in the days of Archbishop Laud, but it has at last produced a strong revolt among the Protestant laity of the Anglican Church, very similar to that which took place in the time of the Long Parliament. We are bound to have a conflict somewhat resembling that which occurred in the seventeenth century; not, of course, with carnal weapons or with civil war, but with the weapons of earnest religious controversy. The nation now grasps the importance of the issue, and the discussion that is going on all over England is having a wonderfully educating effect upon the people; it is leading them to study their Bibles and to search into the origin of their religious opinions. It is impossible to keep this question out of Parliament, in consequence of the state of the Church being so closely connected with the Government. The bishops and the high officers of the Church are appointed by the Government of the day, and the Government is responsible to Parliament, and practically the Anglican laity have no control over the clergy except through Parliament, as they have no synods or self-governing courts. Therefore it is that strong debates have taken place in Parliament the last year or two, and will probably be repeated; and

the effect of all this is very educating upon the nation. The probability is that the appointments made by the Government will now be more on the Protestant side and less in favor of ritualism; but it is clear that no thorough reform of the Church of England can take place until the laity get the power of self-government, until they are able to revise the Prayer-Book and make it a constant and homogeneous production.

Sooner or later the Catholic and Protestant elements must separate, for they are divided by an impassable gulf; and probably a good number of the extreme ritualists will go over to Rome. Several hundred of the clergy clearly have gone there already.

Rome regards this movement with great interest. Cardinal Vaughan recently said of the ritualists: "They are doing our work much better than we ourselves could do it; they are sowing the seed, while we, with folded hands, are standing by waiting to reap the harvest." A Roman Catholic priest writing from Manchester says: "At this hour five thousand Church of England clergymen are preaching from as many Protestant pulpits the Catholic faith to catholicizing congregations much more effectually, with less suspicion and more acceptance, than we can ever hope to do. We could desire no better preparation for joining the Catholic Church than the ritualist preparatory school; and the fact that from them we have secured the majority of our converts strengthens us in our view of it." It must be a matter of rejoicing to Romanism to hear Lord Halifax, the President of the English Church Union, which contains 4,200 clergy and thirty bishops, mostly colonial, saying in one of his addresses: "We are convinced that there is nothing whatever in the authoritative documents of the English Church which, apart from the traditional glosses of a practical Protestantism, contains anything essentially irreconcilable with the doctrines of the Church of Rome."

The archbishops and the bishops are at last alarmed at the public agitation upon this question, and are feebly trying to arrest the movement; they are beginning to dread disestablishment. The two

archbishops have formed a court to try cases of ritualism, although they have no legal power to act in this manner. They have condemned the use of incense and processional lights in churches; but these are mere straws on the surface, and I much doubt whether they will deal with the roots of this movement. They are too much afraid of quarreling with the great High Church party. The evil is, indeed, too deep to be removed by cauterizing the surface. The Catholic ideas of the unity of the Church and of its apostolic descent have taken strong hold of many devout and cultivated men. Men imbued with reverence for the past, such as Gladstone was, are powerfully impressed by this conception of Catholic unity and continuity. Then large numbers of women have been brought under priestly power through the confessional, and they are training up their children in these sacerdotal views. It is unquestionable that a long and arduous struggle is before us. What the end of it will be no one can prophesy, but it seems more than probable that it will end in the separation of Church and State. The practical conclusion I come to is that all Protestant Churches should instruct their people, and especially the young, more fully in the principles of the Reformation; above all, they should show how these are derived from the Word of God. The pure religion of Christ is equally threatened on the side of rationalism and that of superstition. You in America feel the first of these evils most keenly; we in England feel the second; but there is a close connection between the two. The soul of man craves for certainty in the matter of religion; and where the Protestant presentation of it is of a thin and unscriptural kind, with doubts of the authenticity of Scripture, earnest souls crave after the assurance that is given of a so-called infallible priesthood. Wherever there is a decay of faith among Protestants, there ritualism and Romanism find their opportunity; and only a true revival of spiritual religion on evangelical and Scriptural lines, in my judgment, will enable us successfully to cope with these formidable movements.

A Training-School for Servants

By Mary Hinman Abel

THE critic of women's ways has one argument in which he especially delights. He uses it with telling force when a band of women undertake to shield car conductors from wintry storms, to hang pictures in public schools, or to start a new charity.

Its briefest statement is: What right have women to be running about reforming this and that, when their own domain is disorganized? When are they going to straighten out the house service question?

No masculine assault is so successful as this. It is generally received in meek and self-accusing silence or is haughtily ignored. And yet, following an instinct that she cannot defend, the intelligent woman of the day goes on adding to her interests. She finds the greatest satisfaction in visiting school-houses and making reports on bad ventilation and drainage, though she knows that her own house is not faultless in these respects. She organizes the work of an asylum visiting board, discharges and reappoints to improve the personnel in an aged women's home, and tries to forget, often successfully, that her own home is badly served.

Let us look into this a little.

First—Is the present state of household service the fault of the housekeeper?

Second—Can she, unaided, mend matters?

Third—Is she disloyal to her immediate duty in taking up other interests and studying various outside questions?

To all of these I should answer, No.

The more closely we look into the present unsatisfactory condition of household service, the more we see that it is the result of great industrial and social changes as far beyond the reach of the individual woman at her fireside as is the question of inter-State commerce or of trade-unions. The employer of household labor of this and the previous generation has, it is true, played a part in these changes, but generally as ignorant and helpless a part as when, in buying a gallon of kerosene for ten cents, she unwittingly adds six cents to the Standard Oil Company's profits and helps build up a gigantic trust.

But on all sides the housekeeper is appealed to as a reformer. Is, then, a better adjustment of household service to the needs of the employer really in the hands of women? Is this particular branch of supply and demand radically different from others in which we expect a slow adjustment to come about by natural means? In no wise. These great forces will continue to act, labor will continue to specialize, the preference of women as well as men to work under systematic and intelligent supervision with definite duties and hours will more and more work against the ancient system on which the household is at present organized. Judging by the past, we could only predict that through the usual waste and loss a new order of things will slowly come about; perhaps some great company, greedily absorbing the combined millions of our house-service money, will dictate the quality and price of service and the general lines of household expenditure. Although in general it may be said that women stand for certain ideals in home life, they do not see clearly enough how these are affected by practical details of daily household management, and they seem to have little power as yet to influence these conditions; hence they may be forced into a method of living that has no regard for their ideals.

But there remains a question well worth discussion. Will the housekeeper of to-day be as unimportant a factor in these coming changes as was the housekeeper of twenty-five or fifty years ago in the readjustment of labor that substituted factory soap for the home-made article? Women as employers of labor and consumers of manufactured products have an economic importance whose value is more and more recognized, since it is women who direct the expenditure of the bulk of the household income; but heretofore they have acted each alone and without proper training for this important function. They have not effected modifications of household architecture to fit their needs, nor planned household organization and management more in accordance with modern

requirements, simply because some of them have been too close to the question to get its true perspective, while others have not seen the real relation of home life to what they deemed larger questions. Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., at opposite ends of the town, each directing her Jane or Maria according to methods recommended by her mother or grandmother, fails rightly to understand the relation of the little drama being played out in her kitchen to the great forces of capital and labor, and her most self-denying efforts to straighten out her individual tangle may be at cross purposes to the general result.

Strange as it sounds, the only hope that the woman of the future will "rule her household" seems to lie in the training, experience, and real broadening that she is to get outside the home, for what the newspapers call "women's interests" can no longer be considered by themselves.

As the tide rises, no one wave moves on alone, but each is reinforced by others, and help comes from apparently divergent lines; so it may not be without significance in this very direction that the women who once delegated all their rights as citizens now take an active interest in politics, attend lectures on economics, and sign petitions for universal peace. A woman who is interested in a "Girls' Friendly," who is on the visiting board of an industrial school, of an orphan asylum or house of refuge, or who works in any one of the many problems of charitable relief, cannot help getting a better understanding of the position of women as wage-earners in different occupations and also of their social needs. She will see why the standard of living must be raised for this woman of our middle and working classes. She cannot return to her kitchen without seeing Jane and Maria in a new light. Even though much of this work seems superficial or to show love of organization for organization's sake, the effect on purely domestic questions of this wider range of vision is very evident.

And now this experience in working together is being brought directly to bear. Clubs of women, club sections, and study classes began to take up what they ambitiously called household science, and the various discussions, papers, and lectures have done for the practical affairs of daily life the inestimable service of raising them

in dignity. Women that one day meet to read Shakespeare may later in the week discuss the expenditure of a \$3,000 income or listen to a university professor who shows the place of such a subject in the science of economics. Extended courses and general lectures on household sanitation are carried on by other clubs, and the best methods of cooking and cleaning receive attention—all subjects, be it noted, that ten or fifteen years ago were not thought worthy of discussion by intelligent and refined people outside of their kitchens.

The federated clubs have also made household economics as a distinct department, and the Massachusetts clubs recently set aside an entire day for discussions of the service question. The Arundell Club of Baltimore within the last few weeks appointed, in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, a joint committee instructed to study the local condition of house service and report on the feasibility of starting a training-school for household employees; but, instead of recommending this measure, a main feature of the report was the conclusion that in the matter of house service "demand was as much demoralized as supply, there being among housekeepers no consensus of opinion as to wages, hours of labor, or duties," and they recommended that means be taken, first of all, to better inform housekeepers as to the whole situation. The Collegiate Alumnae Association has thrown the weight of its influence as a highly educated body in this direction, and has contributed valuable studies of the laundry and of house service.

All of these influences have been at work for the most part on women in mature life, already at the head of households. What of the young women now in school or college? All the signs look hopeful. The rebound from a too scholastic and unpractical training, already so clearly seen, will be in full force in another decade. The recognized value of manual training for girls as well as boys will raise the household arts to a new dignity and interest. What if the young college graduate is not "domestic" according to her mother's ideas? she will at least view with a critical eye the moss-grown traditions and inconsistencies of the present system. There is no sign that she will scorn love

and-marriage and the founding of a home, closely bound up as they are with primal instincts and needs. Let us hope that conscience and a trained intelligence will make her alive to all that conditions the success of that home. But this is not enough; more and more it is seen that she must have special training for her work. Welcome the club classes in sanitation and the principles of household management, and let the great Institutes, as the Pratt and Drexel and Armour, give especial attention to elective courses for the young housekeeper who has already a good education.

Perhaps the most significant sign of the direction in which experience is pointing is that the well-equipped training-school for household employees started two years ago in Boston by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, which has been watched with great interest by all who are studying this subject, has just been turned into a Resident School for Housekeepers, and that circulars giving an outline of proposed courses, etc., are to be sent to the graduating classes of all the women's schools and colleges in the country.

In short, the idea that the first and necessary step in solving the service question is the training of the employee has been definitely abandoned by at least one organization that has been experimenting along this line. The Housekeepers' Alliances that are being formed in our large cities are also discussing methods for bringing about the broader education of the woman who presides over the house. And they lay especial stress on courses that will appeal to the young woman fresh of mind and as yet unburdened with the actual cares of life. So long as school courses in natural science and economics avoid all application to practical daily life, the new-fledged graduate needs a post-graduate school just as much as does her brother who is to enter medicine or law. The hygienist must teach her what constitutes the sanitary-house, with its plumbing, heating, and ventilation, and what is the relation of this house to public hygiene; also what is the proper choice of foods from the nutritional standpoint; while

practical courses in marketing and cooking train the mind and eye in applying principles. The artist will show her how known laws of form and color and adaptation can be used in the furnishing of her house, and from the economist she must learn the principles that underlie this tangle that we call the service question, and that the expenditure of the family income is not a law unto itself.

That it is now so generally thought important that the housekeeper, present and prospective, should have such training for her duties marks a step in educational and economic progress. As Mrs. Richards has said, "This [the service question] is woman's problem; shall we solve it or shall we shirk it?" So far, most of us have shirked it, since we are in no wise competent to solve it. What ability may yet be developed to meet what has been called "the great American problem" is yet to be seen, but certain it is that there is no prospect along any line if we ignore the necessary training of the housekeeper for her function as employer of labor.

But we hear, "Are we to have no training-school for household workers? Did not a training-school develop the modern nurse out of the Sairy Gamp variety, and cannot housework be raised to a profession in the same way?" Note the difference. As Professor Salmon has pointed out, the unskilled, often degraded condition of nursing for the sick, as it existed before the Civil War, was quite up to the demands of the average physician of the time. Only when the greatly improved standards of medical education that immediately followed gave us a physician who demanded better nursing for his patients, and who knew clearly what kind of a nurse he wanted, how to train her, and what place she would fill, did the modern training-school for nurses come into existence.

Is not the housekeeper of to-day passing through a civil war? If it teaches her to raise the standard of her own education, she will then be ready to start successfully a training-school for the household employee, and thus in the end doubly benefit herself.



Religious Reconstruction in Our New Possessions

By the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D.D.

NO one at all acquainted with the mind and spirit of the Roman Catholic Church could be in the least surprised that Archbishop Ireland [in the issue of *The Outlook* for August 26] should disapprove "co-operation between [Roman] Catholics and Protestants towards religious reconstruction in our new American possessions." Even the "Americanism" of Father Hecker could not go the length of giving its approval to such an idea—and we know how severely Leo XIII. has condemned that, and how prompt Archbishop Ireland was to declare his approval of that condemnation, in spite of his previously understood sympathy with the famous priest's ideas.

But I ask your readers to note the reasons the Archbishop gives for objecting to any religious work by Protestants in our new island possessions, and I venture to maintain that they are entirely inconclusive. He says:

Catholics are there in complete control; they have a thorough church organization; the inhabitants are Catholics. Some of them may not live up to the teachings of their faith, but they have no idea of abandoning that faith for another. It represents all they have ever known of a higher life. Protestantism will never take the place in their hearts of that faith. To take from them their faith is to throw them into absolute religious indifference.

Now, is this statement of the case quite candid? At any rate, is it at all accurate? Does not Archbishop Ireland know that this religious indifference (so far as religion means Christian morality) already exists? Has not one of his own faith (Father Sherman) told the world that he found Porto Rico "a Catholic country without religion," and that the whole function of the Church was to baptize, to marry, and to bury—the people apparently having no use for it or its ministrations between those critical events? And what shall we say of the priesthood in the West Indies? Does not every well-informed person know that it is unworthy of its office, that

it has miserably failed to inspire the flocks intrusted to its care with any high or true ideal of Christian living?

If we turn to the Philippines, the picture of demoralization and failure must be painted in even darker colors. Yet this is the religious condition of people and priests which Archbishop Ireland, with superlative euphemism, describes by saying, "Some of them may not live up to the teachings of their faith." "Catholics," he says, "are there in complete control." Yes, and they have been there "in complete control" for four hundred years, and after all that time, unhindered and unfettered in their work, what have they to show as the fruitage of their labor?

Are we, then, to be told, in the face of such conspicuous and undeniable moral failure, that Protestants ought to make no effort for the Christianization of these peoples, lest they should be thrown thereby into absolute religious indifference?

No, the Church of Rome has been tried and found wanting, and he must be strangely blind to the providential significance of events who does not see that the American people are called of God to give these island populations, as *The Outlook* well suggests, a religious as well as a political reconstruction. Nor will it do to say that this duty devolves upon the Roman Catholics of America alone, upon the ground suggested by the Archbishop, for even if such a suggestion were not in conflict with that religious liberty which is guaranteed wherever the flag of this free land floats, what ground is there to suppose that American Roman Catholics will succeed where their Spanish co-religionists have so miserably failed? Will the Spanish hierarchy and priesthood gracefully retire and make way for American Roman Catholics? Or, if this could even be anticipated, will Archbishop Ireland acknowledge that his Church in America differs in faith, in teaching, in principles, in any essential methods, from the Roman Church in Spain or its late dependencies?

We are accustomed to hear the advocates of Rome maintains that she is *semper eadem*, that she holds the same faith, the same doctrines, the same standards of life and conduct, all over the world. On this her claim to Catholicity is based.

I turn now to the Archbishop's second argument in opposition to Protestant missions in our new island possessions. He is opposed not only as a Catholic, but "as an American." If he were "the enemy of America," he would be in favor of Protestant evangelistic efforts because they are "doing the greatest harm to America by making her flag unpopular," and he severely criticises a gallant officer in Porto Rico (presumably General Henry) because, in his private capacity, he took an active part in the establishment of a Protestant church.

Now, I venture to think that our army and navy officers are better informed than Archbishop Ireland in reference to the attitude of the Porto Ricans and the Filipinos, and we may confidently appeal to them to say whether this danger exists anywhere but in his imagination. Is the Roman Church so dearly loved in these islands that the preaching of any other faith by private individuals will redound to the serious disadvantage of the United States?¹ Are the religious orders of that Church loved, or are they not rather bitterly hated by the Filipinos? Was not the yoke of the friars heavier even than that of the Spanish military officials? And will these people be embittered against America because Protestant ambassadors of Christ are permitted to proclaim a pure Gospel and a pure morality, which by no means requires or involves the denunciation of the Church of Rome?

The religious situation in our new possessions and in Cuba is very similar to what it is in Brazil, where the missionaries of the Episcopal Church have found large tracts of territory lying fallow, so to speak, uncultivated by the Roman Church, the people neglected and unshepherded,

irreligion and indifference widely prevalent, and where, under the noble young Bishop, Lucien Kinsolving, they are doing a splendid and successful work for Christ, not by "preaching down" the Roman Catholic Church, but by "preaching up" Christ and his Gospel as the Anglican Church holds the same.

With the Archbishop's concluding sentence we must all cordially agree: "We must assure the Filipinos without delay that no churches will be looted, no vestments stolen, that Catholic churches and monasteries will be respected everywhere; that what we are introducing is a civilization under which Catholics and Protestants have equal rights under equal State protection." But I protest as an American against illustrating this equality by withholding from Protestants the religious rights which are accorded to Roman Catholics.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to remark that the Roman hierarchy in the United States, though embracing men like Archbishop Ireland, for whose character and ability we must all entertain a profound respect, can never be resorted to with safety by the American people when in quest of an oracle either in their religious or in their political problems, for the reason that it is, and must remain, Roman first and American afterwards. We shall assuredly do well to remember the strenuous words of Mr. Gladstone: "No one can now become her convert without renouncing his moral and his mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another." Archbishop Ireland has recently given to the world an able and eloquent discussion of Christian Democracy, which embodies many noble sentiments; yet he (apparently) limits the application of the doctrine of Common Right to a society in which there is a multiplicity of confessions of faith. He says (I quote from his article as it appears in the "Figaro" of September 18): "In the United States we live in the midst of a social body which is divided: therefore we place ourselves resolutely upon the ground of common right." Religious liberty is not one of the doctrines that the Roman Church stands for or tolerates. Her theologians to-day justify the intolerance of the dark ages. An eminent professor of the University of Chicago has declared that

¹ The following quotation from an article on "The Backwoods Filipino" by Leonard R. Sargent, a Naval Cadet, who spent several months in the interior of Luzon, is significant in this connection: "Freedom of thought marked the views of every Filipino that I have heard express himself on the subject of religion, and, although I certainly have met devout Catholics among them, I judge that that Church, on account of the abuses with which it has been associated in the island has failed, on the whole, to secure an exclusive hold on the mind of the natives" (The Outlook, September 18, 1898).

"the principle [of liberty of conscience] is one which is not, and never has been, and never will be, approved by the Church of Christ." And one of Leo XIII.'s Monsignors, in a work published in England by the "Catholic Truth Society," demands, "How could the Catholic State allow this so-called liberty of conscience?"

As well ask a person to allow poison to be introduced into his body." And again he says: "Toleration to Protestants is intolerance to Catholics." And Archbishop Manning declared that "to depose kings and emperors is as much a right (of the Papacy) as to excommunicate individuals and to lay kingdoms under an interdict."

The Transvaal War

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In your extremely fair editorial on the South African war, page 433 of the issue of October 21, there are one or two views expressed in regard to the law of the case which you will permit me to comment upon. How can the South African Republic be called an oligarchy when every one of its citizens, from boys of sixteen upward, is entitled to vote and does vote? The qualifications of the franchise required by its constitution of its citizens, while limiting it to Christians of a certain denomination, do not make the government an oligarchy. It is a republic because it is governed by the wishes and declarations of every one of its citizens. The fact that these citizens do not desire to add to their number the denizens of a mining camp like Johannesburg, proprietors of liquor-saloons and brothels, for instance, is to the credit of the citizens of the South African Republic, but it does not constitute their government an oligarchy. If a new constitution should ever be adopted after this war, providing for separation of Church and State, it would be superior to the present constitution of the great British Empire. It would be better to have the Supreme Court independent of the Legislature, but the fact that heretofore it has not been so has been in accordance with the constitution of the country, supported by all of its voting citizens.

In your editorial the point of international law regarding the rights of priority and occupancy seems to me to need a little elucidation. For example, in this country and in this city of New York the old title to real estate is based upon English law as declared by our Court of Appeals at Albany, to the effect that priority of occupancy and priority of discovery gave to the English the supreme title to

that real estate. When the question arose in the case of the right of the elevated railroads to use old streets—for example, Pearl Street and Greenwich Street—our Court of Appeals even held that, although Dutchmen had first settled here, had first laid out the town, and had lived here forty years before any Englishmen came, yet the Dutch law (which was the old Roman civil law) never obtained and was never enforced in this city of New York; but that, owing to the discoveries of the Cabots when in the service of England, Great Britain had the prior right, and owned all the land from Virginia to Maine. The English law has, therefore, ever since been the law of the northern part of the United States, and this gave not only a moral but a legal right to Great Britain to retain the territory, undeveloped, against the rest of the world.

As to the question about the dog in the manger, it might be inverted, and I think properly so, to inquire whether English civilization, whose exponents are soldiers and cannon, has the right to keep out of a beautiful country those Dutch Boers who live up to the principles of their religion.

I agree with your editorial as to the ultimate outcome, but the war is entirely unnecessary. It is a war started by stock-jobbers, among whom the Boers have reason to include, as they do, the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, Mr. Chamberlain. The British may finally have the victory; but I am unable to agree with you that justice or liberty will thus be favored; the civilization of blood and iron may be.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

The violent tone of Mr. Van Siclen's language in stating the case for the Boers

will no doubt convey its own lesson to your readers. I select one misstatement only from the mass of inaccuracies contained in that article. Mr. Van Siclen states the demands of the British Government in regard to the political rights of Uitlanders by making the following comparison: "We have as much reason to anticipate and to yield to a demand on the part of England that every Englishman residing in the United States shall be accorded the right of franchise without taking the oath of allegiance to the United States." No such demand has ever been made by England. I have before me as I write both Dutch and English minutes of the Bloemfontein Conference. In neither of these does any such claim appear. In the Transvaal Green Book these words are put into the mouth of Sir Alfred Mil-

ner: "I think it is superfluous to demand *more* than an oath of allegiance." Sir Alfred Milner's proposal was, in fact, "that the full franchise should be given to every foreigner who (a) had been resident for five years in the Republic; (b) declared his intention to reside permanently; (c) took an oath to obey the laws, undertake *all* the obligations of citizenship, and defend the independence of the country; franchise to be confined to persons of good character possessing a certain amount of property or income."

Mr. Van Siclen says: "There ought to be founded at once a bureau for the instruction of the American people in truth." One cannot peruse Mr. Van Siclen's article without feeling that there is indeed some need for such a bureau.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

Recent Literary Studies

LITERATURE probably has more students in this country than in any other country, and their number is increasing. In some of the colleges, especially in some Western State universities, scientific and practical studies have almost banished culture studies; but in nearly all institutions of the first rank ample provision is made for literature, and the opportunities offered are well and generously used. In the colleges for women especially, literary studies are pursued, not only with fidelity, but with enthusiasm. Nor is interest in these subjects confined to colleges; the country is full of eager readers, well-organized clubs, and solitary students, bent upon acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world. So long as literature remains the most humanizing and liberalizing of studies, its value in a society like our own can hardly be overstated; it is a prime spiritual influence in the rushing current of practical activity.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that wise and open-minded text-books be at hand for the use of this army of students and readers; and such text-books are increasing in number, because an increasing number of teachers of literature are bringing to their work, not only sound scholarship, but spiritual insight, and that feeling for art without which no man ever

gets to the heart of any great work. Such teachers as Professors Corson, Winchester, Lounsbury, Woodberry, Stoddard, Genung, Matthews, Perry, Van Dyke, Kent, Trent, E. E. Hale, Jr., McClintock, Bates, Scudder, Sherwood, Jordan, have vitalized what was once a perfunctory department, and are guiding an army of students, not only with intelligence, but with a deep and contagious interest in their subject and their work.

In this group of teachers who not only know literature but love it, Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, holds a first place. Perhaps no one of the group has reached with his voice so large a circle of students; for as a lecturer Professor Winchester is in constant demand in many colleges. It is known that he has had many opportunities in his profession, but he has remained at his post in Middletown and has quietly and loyally devoted himself to his work.

Of that work "Some Principles of Literary Criticism"¹ is the ripe fruit. As a teacher Professor Winchester is pre-eminently interesting, catholic, and intelligent. His class-room is full of enthusiasm, but notably free from eccentricity of opinion. It hears of the latest novelists and poets, but it keeps its balance in the presence of

¹*Principles of Literary Criticism.* By C. T. Winchester. The Macmillan Company, New York.

influences which seem to unsettle the critical faculty of some teachers and critics. This book is thoroughly well-balanced and sane; it takes account of all sides of the literary art, and recognizes fully all the various temperaments, points of view, varieties of form, which appear in it. The definition is clear and rational without being rigid; the imaginative, emotional, intellectual, and formal elements in the art are presented with a simplicity and clearness which show how distinctly the writer has analyzed literature in his own mind; and poetry and prose fiction are brought before the reader in such a way as to supplement and complete, by concrete illustration, the exposition of principles which fills two-thirds of the volume.

The discussion conveys an impression of authority throughout; but it is the authority of a wide knowledge of the art of writing and of a deep and vital relation of mind to it, rather than that of a professional teacher. The note of the class-room is sometimes heard, and to advantage; for the style of presentation, without losing dignity, is easy and attractive. The book reads well; it has the good qualities of a text-book—order, completeness, accuracy—without those other qualities which set so many text-books by themselves in that region of eminently useful and pre-eminently uninteresting volumes into which one never goes save to verify a date or find a definition. Lovers of literature will find Professor Winchester's discussion thoroughly readable; students will have in it a wise, rational, sympathetic, and intelligent guide. It is a volume of delightful essays which, by reason of their completeness, may be used as a text-book.

Professor Trent is also a well-known and very competent teacher of literature; since the untimely death of Professor Baskerville, the best-known man in his department in the South. His life of Simms in the American Men of Letters series showed, not only that he had very definite opinions, but that he is also a very thorough student, who spares himself no labor in the endeavor to know his ground thoroughly. His studies in criticism and biography have been notable for clearness, decision, and vigorous handling. Although a man of Southern birth, a student at the University of Virginia, and now a teacher in the University of the South at Suwanee,

Professor Trent's prime characteristic is a certain coolness of temper which makes him at all times a very frank critic. He leaves his readers in no doubt as to what he believes; for he thinks clearly and he writes with uncommon directness. The over-subtlety which blurs the outlines of a good deal of current discussion of art finds no place in his cogent style; and he is entirely free from sentimentalism.

He strikes the reader at times as somewhat lacking in sympathy, but his perception of high quality in any form of art is keen and his appreciation generous. There is a certain wholesome frankness in his attitude which sometimes irritates but which has a tonic effect. He holds his opinions with great tenacity, but he is not one-sided. The essay on "The Authority of Criticism"¹ is an excellent example of clear and catholic perception; it brings out with great distinctness the qualities of both academic and impressionistic criticism; the qualities of Brunetière and of Matthew Arnold, on the one hand, and of Lemaître and Saintsbury on the other. Such a piece of writing will go far to clear up the confusion which reigns in current criticism, and to bring out the fact that final victory will not lodge in either camp; the academician must make room for the impressionist, and the literary individualist must live on good terms with the literary collectivist.

And such a study in criticism goes far also to establish the authority of the critic; its breadth, intelligence, and clarity disclose a thorough equipment for critical work, and entitle Professor Trent to a place among the few men in this country who are competent to educate and guide literary opinion. His style has at times journalistic energy rather than literary force, and is at other times frankly off-hand and familiar. He has not yet approved himself a writer of the quality which compels readers to re-read pages from which what is known as "timely interest" has faded; but he has the faculty of thinking straight, of speaking frankly, and of seeing enough of the field to rid himself of that kind of provincialism which has been the bane of American criticism.

One is instantly made aware of the radical change of spirit and attitude when he

¹ *The Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays.* By W. P. Trent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

lays down these volumes of characteristic contemporary literary study and opens Mr. Mitchell's "American Lands and Letters: Leather-Stocking to Poe's Raven."¹ Ik Marvel is Ik Marvel still, and who would have him otherwise? It is a long time since "Dream Life" and the "Reveries of a Bachelor" were found in the room of every college student, and the mingled sentiment and romance of those old-fashioned books of the heart laid a spell on the young imagination. There are many middle-aged men who do not care to look at these books of their youth critically, but would rather keep the memory of their charm untouched by the iconoclastic hand of criticism. Mr. Mitchell, although of New England birth and training, is an inheritor of the Knickerbocker tradition, and has been a delightful practitioner of the art of which Irving was an accomplished master. Genial, kindly, sympathetic, with strong social instincts, a natural love of men, and great charm of manner, Mr. Mitchell has kept alive a literary spirit and habit which but for him would have disappeared.

Such a man is necessarily a lover of the best in literature; one whose power of enjoyment is so keen that it passes the duty of critical analysis on to other hands. In the retirement of his home at Edgewood Mr. Mitchell has not studied the writers of the past as practitioners of a difficult art, but as personal friends, with whom he has lived for many years on terms of intimacy. In the four volumes of "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" he told the story of literature in England as a friend tells the story of the fortunes of those whom he loves; in the first volume of "American Lands and Letters" he recalled, in the same familiar and intimate way, the figures and work of poets, essayists, and historians in this country, bringing their story down to the time of Irving and Bryant. In this volume he traces the course of literary development to the time of Poe.

These volumes have the charm of personality which a cultivated man of sentiment always gives his speech; the talk of such a man is not often final either in its impartation of information or in its judg-

ments, but it is delightful by reason of its sympathy, refinement, familiarity with the best in life and art. For young readers especially these books will have interest and value.

Professor Cross's "Development of the English Novel"² is a careful study of a field of fresh and deepening interest. Whatever may be said about the gains or losses of other forms of literature, it is certain that fiction is more widely read than ever. The great majority of novels have, of course, no claims upon readers who care for literature; they are "manufactured to meet a popular demand," and they meet it. In this vast mass of publications there are, however, many works of reality and of art, and the student of literature is soon aware, as he reads them, that there are deep historic influences behind them.

Professor Cross does not treat his subject as if it were a mere matter of a great number of literary phenomena; on the contrary, his presentation is fresh and vital. The historical background is well filled in, and the volume, though not large, is free from the aridity of the condensed narrative. The "course of English fiction from Arthurian romance to Stevenson" is traced with sufficient fullness of detail to put the reader into possession of all essential facts; but the movement is rapid enough to secure and keep genuine narrative interest. The writer traverses many hotly contested fields in his long journey, and is obliged to give brief opinions on many disputed points. His readers will not always agree with him; they will sometimes dissent from his estimates of individual novelists, and they will sometimes think that he has failed to secure a true perspective in dealing with groups of novels. Some of them will ask, for instance, why so much more should be said about Hardy's "Tess" than about his "Woodlanders," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "Under the Greenwood Tree"—those classics of out-of-door England. In the main, however, they will concur in Professor Cross's judgments, and will recognize his success in giving a story so long, and encumbered with such a mass of facts, so much fresh interest; for the book is eminently readable.

¹ *American Lands and Letters: Leather-Stocking to Poe's Raven.* By Donald G. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

² *The Development of the English Novel.* By Wilbur L. Cross. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Angler, The Complete. By Izaak Walton. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 248 pages. 50c.

Beacon Prize Medals, The. By Albert Bigelow Paine. (Illustrated.) The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 12mo. 325 pages. \$1.25.

Beck's Fortune. By Adele E. Thompson. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 12mo. 377 pages. \$1.50.
The story of a strong, earnest schoolgirl; there is a tender, simple love scene at the end.

Betty, The Story of. By Carolyn Wells. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 260 pages. \$1.50.
The story of a homeless waif who is discovered to be an heiress. How she created a home, and gathered in a family who needed just what she gave them, makes a tender, sympathetic story of a loving heart. The story suggests Mrs. Burnett's "St. Elizabeth."

Bible, The Literary Study of the. By Richard G. Moulton. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. 569 pages. \$2.

Bonnie Boy, A. By Julia MacNair Wright. American Tract Society, New York. 12mo. 296 pages. \$1.

The hero, Jack, Jr., is three years old when the story opens, and proves himself a hero when he is "past four to five."

Bringing up Boys. By Kate Upson Clark. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 227 pages. 50c.

A series of earnest talks on the home training of boys.

Brownies Abroad, The. By Palmer Cox. The Century Co., New York. Quarto. 144 pages. \$1.50.
These clever and helpful sprites continue to make the world laugh while giving sage advice. Rhymes, illustrated by Brownies, are scattered through the margins.

Camping on the St. Lawrence. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 12mo. 412 pages. \$1.50.

A story of the camping experiences of four boys on the St. Lawrence, which incidentally gives the history of the early discoveries on that river.

Cattle Ranch to College. By Russell Doubleday. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 347 pages. \$1.50.

A story of the West of twenty-five years ago, in which a ranch boy's struggle to secure an education and the accomplishment of his purpose form the theme. Marginal illustrations add greatly to the beauty of the book.

Christianity, The Programme of. By Henry Drummond. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Christmas at Deacon Hackett's. By James Otis. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 105 pages. 50c.

The continued story of three "Fresh Air" children in Maine. A sequel to "How Tommy Saved the Barn."

City Without a Church, The. By Henry Drummond. (An address.) T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Civics, Outlines of. By Frederick H. Clark. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 261 pages. 75c.

Clough, Arthur Hugh, Poems of. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 396 pages. (Standard Library Edition.) \$1.

To the Standard Library Edition have been added this year two volumes which belong pre-eminently in that

well-edited and well-printed collection. Clough's poems have been out of print, if current impression is to be trusted, for some time past. They ought to be known by every one who cares to get at the spiritual and intellectual struggles of our time, and to know what has been in the heart of aspiring and sensitive men in this century.

Cleared for Action. Sequel to "Navy Blue." By Willis Boyd Allen. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 346 pages. \$1.50.

A naval story of the Spanish-American war, beginning in the Annapolis Academy, and including the campaigns in the Cuban and Philippine waters.

Composition, A First Manual of. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 236 pages. 60c.

Contes Fantastiques. By Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by Edward S. Joynes. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 172 pages. 50c.

Professor E. S. Joynes, of South Carolina College, has put forth an admirable edition of these admirable stories. Those who are not very familiar with French will obtain real help from the notes and vocabulary.

Davis, Rear-Admiral Charles Henry, Life of (1807-1877). By Captain Charles H. Davis, U.S.A. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 349 pages. \$3.

A well-deserved memoir of an officer well deserving of remembrance among those naval commanders whose distinguished public services have brought them distinguished honors. Admiral Davis, who died some twenty years ago, was commander-in-chief in the only general naval engagements of the Civil War, on the events of which his letters, now published, throw additional light. For his accomplishment in the science of his profession Harvard conferred on him the LL.D., a rare honor for a naval officer.

Davis, Richard Harding, Novels and Stories of. In six volumes: The Lion and the Unicorn; Gallegher; The King's Jackal; Soldiers of Fortune (2 vols.); Cinderella. 16mo. Per set, \$6.

Mr. Davis has now attained to the dignity, not only of a definitive edition, but of being bound, as the classics are bound, in flexible leather, and printed, as the classics are printed, on a small page in beautiful type, and with every evidence of belief on the part of printer and binder that his books are to remain on the shelves and be read for many a day to come. Whether the printer and binder are right in their judgment need not be discussed here; it is enough to record the fact that the large circle of Mr. Davis's readers have his works in a charming form.

Deutscher Hiawatha Primer. By Florence Holbrook. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 139 pages. 50c.

Dewey Came to Manila, When. By James Otis. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 8vo. 107 pages. 75c.

Discourse on Method. By René Descartes. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 12mo. 87 pages. 25c.

Dozen from Lakerim, The. By Rupert Hughes. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 223 pages. \$1.50.

The story of a dozen boys in a preparatory school in which athletics and games are given a prominent place. A part of this story appeared as a serial in "St. Nicholas."

Egypt, Present-Day. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. The Century Co., New York. 8vo. 372 pages. \$2.50.

While Mr. Penfield's well-printed, well-illustrated volume contains no such brilliantly illuminating descriptions as

one may find in the pages of Ebers, Charles Dudley Warner, or Miss Edwards, there is much concerning actual conditions which has not been so well expressed elsewhere. The book is an eminently practical one to the health-seeker or to the tourist (half the number of such visitors is now made up of our own countrymen and women) and also to the economist and publicist. Perhaps the most interesting part is Mr. Penfield's opinion of Great Britain's position in Egypt, an opinion gained in his four years' intimate acquaintance with the real rulers of the Nile Valley.

El Capitan Veneno. By Don Pedro de Alarcon. Edited by J. D. M. Ford. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 167 pages. 65c.

Evangeline. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (The Cambridge Literature Series.) Edited by Agnes Lathé. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 16mo. 142 pages. 25c.

Evolution of General Ideas, The. By Th. Ribot. Translated by Frances A. Welby. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 8vo. 231 pages. \$1.25.

Expository Writing, A Course in. By Gertrude Buck and Elisabeth Woodbridge. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 12mo. 292 pages. \$1.

The aim at realism, the practical spirit, and the abundance of literary material which characterized Professor Buck's text-book on "Argumentative Writing," recently noticed in this column, are manifest in this work also. Description and definition, being main factors in the expository writing which successfully transfers ideas from mind to mind, are mainly the subjects with which the authors are concerned. Their object is to stimulate spontaneity and spirit in writing, and to secure effective and helpful criticism by the student of what is written.

Father Jerome. By Mrs. Hattie Arnold Clark. American Tract Society, New York. 12mo. 293 pages. \$1.

Franklin, The Many-Sided. By Paul Leicester Ford. The Century Co., New York. 8vo. 500 pages. \$3.

French Method, New (1896). By François Berger. New York. 172 pages. 38c.

Friendly Counsels. By F. B. Meyer. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Froissart, Stories from. By Henry Newbolt. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 368 pages. \$1.50.

The old chronicler, like an inexhaustible mine, is constantly drawn upon in these days for narrative material. Mr. Henry Newbolt has selected thirteen episodes from the Chronicles, for the purpose, not only of furnishing good reading matter to younger readers, but of bringing out the ideal of Froissart's age. These incidents include "The Battle of Blanchetaque," "The Siege of Calais," "The Battle of Poitiers," "The Journey of Sir John Froissart," "The Invasion of England," and other stirring episodes. The volume is illustrated.

Gentleman from Indiana, The. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 384 pages. \$1.50.

God the Father, Can I Believe in? By William Newton Clarke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 214 pages. \$1.

An interesting and suggestive defense of theism, but not equal in freshness of thought and spirit to the similar monograph, "What Should We Think of Christianity?"

God in the World, With. By Charles H. Brent. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 16mo. 144 pages. \$1.

Goliwogg in War, The. By Bertha and Florence Upton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 85 pages. 52c.

The spread of the bellicose spirit is evidenced by the fact that it has reached even the Goliwogg, who, in the latest record of his adventures, takes to the pleasures of the camp, the labors of the field, and the incidents of the

march, and loses nothing of his clever if somewhat obvious absurdity. The book is illustrated in the spirit of its predecessor, and with equal success.

Harum-Scarum Joe. By Will Allen Dromgoole. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 77 pages. 50c.

Hero of Manila, The. By Rossiter Johnson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 150 pages. \$1.

Historic Americans. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 384 pages. \$1.50.

This book tells boys and girls with vivacity and charm the critical events in the lives of the "makers" of America. The subjects are well chosen, and the work is well written and well illustrated. It is a capital book to awaken an interest in history.

History of Europe Since 1814, A Political. By Charles Seignobos. Translation edited by S. M. Macvane. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 8vo. 881 pages. \$3.

A comprehensive and illuminating account of the political development of Europe since the overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire. Professor Seignobos's marked attention to the aspirations of the masses in making clear the fundamental changes in the structure of society makes his work particularly attractive to American students, for his sympathies are generally their own.

History, Modern European. Syllabus of a Course of Eighty-seven Lectures. By H. Morse Stephens. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 319 pages. \$1.60.

Professor Morse Stephens's syllabus is made more than ever valuable by this second and enlarged edition.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co., New York. (Continental Edition.) 2 vols. \$5.

A new edition on large paper with fine full-page illustrations of a modern novel which has qualities of a true classic. The reproductions of ancient illustrations are especially noteworthy.

Important Events: A Book of Dates. Compiled by George W. Powers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 18mo. 321 pages. 50c.

A volume, no matter how small, containing a good compilation of dates is bound to be an important book to serious students of history and society. The present volume consists of no one long chronological list, but of eighty-eight separate lists, one for each country considered. In these generally ample lists we notice some curious omissions. For instance, in Syria, after the date 1860, we read: "No important event in recent years." Turning to Africa, under the date 1898, we find no battle of Omdurman, not even a mention of the conquest of the Khalifa's country; only the announcement that "slavery is gradually becoming extinct." In South Africa there are two references to the discovery of diamonds, but none to the far more important discovery of gold. There seems to be no rule as to the spelling and capitalization of proper names. Dr. Jameson's has the addition of an "i." Heinrich von Sybel has his "von," but the late Iron Chancellor is given only as Otto Bismarck-Schönhausen. The birth-year of many great men is mentioned chronologically in large type, the more important death-year in small type, and then often only in conjunction with the birth-date, not chronologically. A complete index adds much to the book's value.

Impression Club, The. By John Henton Carter. Carter & Bro., New York. 16mo. 302 pages. \$1.25.

Insect World, The. Compiled and edited by Clarence Moores Weed. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 210 pages. 60c.

Israel, The Wise Men of Ancient. By Charles Foster Kent. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 12mo. \$1.25.

Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. \$1.50.

Jersey Boy in the Revolution, A. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 428 pages. \$1.50.

A graphic picture of New Jersey in the Revolution, in which a brave, manly boy plays an important part.

Jesus, The Charm of. By Gustav Zart. Translated by Walter Rauschenbusch. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 64 pages. 35c.

Languedoc, Tales of. By Samuel Jacques Brun. Introduction by Harriet Waters Preston. The Macmillan Co., New York. 240 pages. \$1.50.

A volume of folk-stories of unusual interest, collected from a people who seem to have the instinct for story-telling, with a feeling for what may be called artistic values and with a natural dramatic gift. The motives are not entirely novel; they rarely are in folk-stories; but the treatment, in many cases, is novel, and in almost every case is unusually interesting. The author, M. Brun, is one of the group of gifted men from the South of France who have reproduced the landscape, the humor, the extravagance, and the geniality of their race in literature with astonishing success during the past thirty years.

Lanier, Sidney, Letters of. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 245 pages. \$2.

A volume of letters from Mr. Lanier's correspondence between 1866-1881, not grouped chronologically, but relating in part to musical topics, and the remainder containing the easy and familiar expression of the poet to three of his literary friends. The volume will receive further notice.

Leo Dayne. By Margaret Augusta Kellogg. James H. West Co., Boston. 8vo. 508 pages. \$1.50.

Literature, Popular Studies in: Burns, Scott, Byron. (Home Study Circle.) Edited by Seymour Eaton. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 295 pages. \$1.

Mr. Seymour Eaton has been editing for the Chicago "Record" a department of "Home Study." In the literary field he has printed biographical and critical studies, more or less extended, of different writers, with selected readings from their works, forming a fairly satisfactory critical apparatus for the average home student. The three studies of Burns, Scott, and Byron have been collected into a single volume, which is published under the general title of "Literature" in a book very substantially made, well printed, and interestingly illustrated.

Little Folks at Brookside. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 184 pages. \$1.25.

A story written in easy words for beginners.

Looker-On in London, A. By Mary H. Krout. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 352 pages. \$1.50.

Marcus Aurelius, Meditations of. Translated by Benjamin E. Smith. (Thumb-Nail Series.) The Century Co., New York. 202 pages. \$1.

The Thumb-Nail series, with its delicate combination of solidity and refinement, its diminutive size, and its old-time leather binding with stamping, has so far contained nothing but masterpieces. This year the editors have gone into two remote fields, and have selected, on the one hand, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and, on the other, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Between these two little books lies not only an enormous stretch of time, but an immense extension of human interests. Each book finds its place appropriately in this series, and both may be wisely read together.

Maria Stuart. (Schiller's.) Edited by Hermann Schoenfeld. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 322 pages. 60c.

Mathematics, First Course in. (Home Study Circle.) Edited by Seymour Eaton. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 340 pages. \$1.

Maximilian in Mexico. By Sarah Yorke Stevenson. The Century Co., New York. 8vo. 327 pages. \$2.50.

There is not a page in this volume which does not bear the mark of intimate personal knowledge and experience.

At an early age Mrs. Stevenson went out from France to Mexico. In France she had rare opportunities of studying the Maximilian episode from the inside, while in Mexico her opportunities were remarkably exceptional. She writes with the ease and dramatic force of an eye-witness. Her book will thus take appropriate rank. She inscribes her work to the memory of Señor Romero, late Mexican Minister to the United States, with deepest appreciation of the part played by this Mexican patriot in checking the aggressive policy of Europe upon this continent.

Michael Rolf, Englishman. By Mary L. Pendered. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 320 pages. \$1.25.

Micky Finn Idylls. By Ernest Jarrold. Introduction by C. A. Dana. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 281 pages. \$1.25.

Character sketches of peculiar humor and pathos. The subjects are the several members of the Finn family. The author, a keen observer of nature, has greatly added to the interest of the book by his descriptive background.

Modern Daughters. By Alexander Black. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. \$2.50.

Moorish Empire, The. By Budgett Meakin. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 576 pages. \$5.

The author's other volumes have prepared readers for the exact instruction which may be obtained from this. The history of Morocco is set forth admirably, and the forecast of Morocco's future comes from no superficial observer. The volume is full of first-hand information. A particularly helpful feature, and one to be commended to the authors of similar work, is the inclusion of a bibliography, not only of books on the history of Morocco, but also of historical novels which have to do with that country, together with pertinent and often caustic comments on each one.

Mrs. Leicester's School. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Winifred Green. The Macmillan Co., New York. 128 pages. \$2.25.

It was a happy thought to republish these charming papers of Charles and Mary Lamb, with Winifred Green's illustrations. The latter are full of reminiscences of Kate Greenaway; but, within limits and for certain purposes, the Kate Greenaway style has legitimate uses and genuine attractiveness. The colored prints in this little volume have no great artistic quality, but they are very entertaining.

Narragansett Friends' Meeting, The. By Caroline Hazard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 191 pages. \$1.50.

This monograph by the President of Wellesley College describes the characters and ways of the Quakers who found peace and freedom in the all-tolerating Rhode Island of colonial days. Their story is enlivened with personal notices and incidents, and is told with the sympathy befitting ancestral ties.

Opening Doors, At. By Howe Benning. American Tract Society, New York. 12mo. 351 pages. \$1.25.

The story of a group of young people in a New England town.

Parliamentary Syllabus, A. By Joseph T. Robert. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 62 pages.

Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 417 pages. \$1.50.

Passing of Self, The. By John Franklin Gennung. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 48 pages. 35c.

Philosophy, History of Ancient. By Dr. W. Windelband. Translated by Herbert Ernest Cushman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 388 pages. \$2.

Dr. Cushman's translation of Dr. Windelband's History is made from the second German edition, and puts

into the hands of those who do not read German one of a series of well-known handbooks which have been found very useful. Dr. Windelband's purpose in preparing the volume, he tells us in his preface, was to offer to trained readers a short and clear presentation which would awaken interest and give an insight into the development of ancient philosophy; and the translator declares that the German scholar has been so successful that he leads the general reader to the history of thought through the history of Greek affairs. The volume will therefore serve the purpose of the general reader as well as that of the beginner in the field of philosophy.

Photography, Amateur. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. (Illustrated.) The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 8vo. 135 pages. \$1.25.

Plantation Pageants. By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 247 pages. \$2.

Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden, More. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 462 pages. \$2.

Mrs. Earle's twelve charming chapters have to do, each with a single month. Like those of her first "Pot-pourri," they contain seasonable suggestions concerning flowers and plants and vegetables, and "garden sass" generally.

Quicksilver Sue. By Laura E. Richards. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 177 pages. \$1.

A bright, helpful story for girls.

Recollections of an Old Musician. By Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 274 pages. \$2.50.

Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. Introduction by Joseph Jefferson. (Thumb-Nail Series.) The Century Co., New York. 149 pages. \$1.

St. Nicholas Christmas Book, The. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. Square 8vo. 211 pages. \$1.50.

A collection of Christmas stories and poems for young children, with many beautiful illustrations.

Seneca on Benefits. Translated by Thomas Dodge. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 328 pages. 50c.

Shakespeare, The Poems of. (Crowell's Standard Library.) Edited by George Wyndham. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 343 pages. \$1. Mr. George Wyndham's "Poems of Shakespeare" is, on the whole, one of the best settings of the sonnets, as regards interpretation and notes, to be found in our language.

Siren City. By Benjamin Swift. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 324 pages. \$1.50.

Solomon and Solomonic Literature. By Moncure Daniel Conway. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 8vo. 248 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Conway says that, in one line of evolution, whose historic factors have been Jahvism, Pharisaism, and Puritanism. Solomon has been the Adam of a second fall. The present volume, full of keen literary and theological criticism, whether one agrees with it or not, gives original and interesting points of view. Especially is this true in the chapters on "Solomon and the Satans," "Solomon in the Hexateuch," "Solomon Melchizedek," and "The Last Solomon."

Sowers, The. By Henry Seton Merriman. Harper & Bros., New York. 390 pages. \$1.50.

Strength and Beauty. By J. R. Miller. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 262 pages. \$1.

Speaking, Principles of Public. By Guy Carlton Lee. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 465 pages. \$1.75.

This seems to us as well-conceived and complete an exposition of the subject as we have met with. We are glad to see a chapter appropriately devoted to the "Art of Conversation," of which, as Wendell Phillips made so evident, the platform address is only a modified form. Nor can we avoid quoting against popular prejudice the expert opinion that written sermons, if only properly

read, would be as good as, or better than, the purely extempore sort.

Sugar Maple and Other Poems. By Charles Sheldon French. C. Sheldon French, Hartford. (Second edition.) 8vo. 138 pages. \$1.

Take Heart Again. By F. B. Meyer. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 41 pages. 35c.

Trail of the Sandhill Stag, The. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 93 pages. \$1.50.

Tramping with Tramps. By Josiah Flynt. Introduction by the Hon. Andrew D. White. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 396 pages. \$1.50.

A collection of the interesting magazine articles describing the life of the author among the tramps of England, Germany, Russia, and, most of all, our own country. Taken together, these essays are valuable as a sociological work and Mr. Flynt's observations recording criminal and vagabond types will carry more weight with sensible people than those obtained from the official questioning of prisoners and paupers, or the pedantic measurements of skull, forearm, etc., on which some criminologists have laid so much stress. Nevertheless, in the pursuit of his inquiries, when passing himself off as a tramp and living the life of tramps, the author has been obliged to make compromises with frankness, and even with common honesty, which alienate the sympathy of the reader and sometimes make him distrust the author's moral judgment. At all events, the gain to science has hardly justified the moral sacrifices.

Unto the Hills. By J. R. Miller. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Venice Preserved. By Thomas Otway. Edited by Israel Gollancz. (The Temple Dramatists.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 32mo. 138 pages. 45c.

Vision of Sir Launfal, The. By James Russell Lowell. Edited by Ellen A. Vinton. (The Cambridge Literature Series.) Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 16mo. 63 pages. 25c.

Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander, The. By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 235 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Stockton has taken many liberties with probability, but none any more audacious than in "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," which is, on the surface, the easiest and most natural intermingling of the far and advanced West with the remote and ancient East. Mr. Crowder, of New York, and the Two-Horned Alexander would probably find insurmountable obstacles in meeting each other outside of Mr. Stockton's kingdom, but in that kingdom all things happen, and the more impossible a thing is the more delightful it is.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. By Morgan Robertson. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 302 pages. \$1.25.

Eleven short stories of the sea, told with a good deal of vigor, introducing a good deal of incident, and possessing no little literary quality in the way of picturesque and telling narrative.

Young April. By Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 452 pages. \$1.50.

The final test of a novel is vital human interest. This "Young April" possesses. The reader who begins will read to the end. "Young April" tells of an English boy who inherited a coronet one month before he is of age, and spent that month in lively, picturesque adventure. The story moves swiftly—two duels, a king, an opera singer, a scheming Countess, arrests, love-making, a fore-shadowed wedding, and much besides, fill the pages. And yet it is by no means a melodrama. The action moves in a petty court in which there are easy morals and boundless possibilities of incident. These easy morals come out very prominently in the story which is cleverly and effectively told. Thus the author of "The Pride of Jennico" has followed up his early success with a brilliant and effective story of pure adventure told in a dashing style with the captivating flavor of youth.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. If it be true, as asserted by Andrew D. White, that the accounts of creation and the fall of man are but "adaptations of earlier and especially of Chaldean myths and legends," how can the Hebrew account be considered historical in any sense? 2. If in Adam all did not die, how in Christ can all be made alive? 3. If it be not true that our first parents sinned, as recorded, wherein lies the necessity of a redeemer? W. T.

1. The Hebrew accounts are not regarded by the best scholars as historical. But historical writing is not the only way of conveying truth. 2. That text does not mean that in Adam's *person* all die, but in Adam's *likeness*, or like Adam. 3. Whether our first parents sinned or not makes no difference to us. *We* have sinned, and *we* therefore need to be redeemed from sin.

1. Kindly say whether the miracle of 1 Kings xviii., 30-40, is considered by the higher critics to be a fact or a legend. 2. Is there any easily comprehended rule by which one can decide between fact and legend in these cases of the narration of miracles in the Old Testament? MIRACLE.

1. It would be admitted, we think, that there is at least a basis of historical fact, such as a terrific thunder-storm closing the long drought, which has received an amplification of legendary particulars. 2. No; but an increased knowledge of historical facts and of scientific discoveries in nature tends to reduce the number of things once deemed miraculous.

Is there any reasonable understanding of Matthew xxv., 41, different from the usual orthodox way? J. C.

It is urged with much reason that the whole section refers to a judgment which is continually going on in the present world. (For this see "Beyond the Shadow," Whitaker, New York.) Also that "eternal" as an epithet of "fire" must be taken, like "eternal" as an epithet of "life," to signify, not what is *endless*, but what is *timeless*, existing in the nature of things. "The devil and his angels" is a vivid designation of the enemies of mankind, the proper company for those guilty of inhumanity.

Kindly inform me (1) how the State of Rhode Island, and only that State, came to have two capitals? (2) What relation do they bear to each other and to the State government? C. S. R.

1. Connecticut, till comparatively a recent date, also had two, Hartford and New Haven, and for the same historical reason that Rhode Island still retains her two, viz., that each was in early times the seat of an independent government, an arrangement subsequently kept alive by local pride. 2. The General Assembly convenes at Newport, and adjourns to meet in Providence.

You recently gave a list of books concerning the Transvaal. Please mention a few dealing with the Orange Free State.

Consult those in the previously published list: also Silver's "Handbook to South Africa," Sandeman's "Eight Months in an Ox-Wagon," Norris Newman's "With the Boers in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State," Brown's "Guide to South Africa," and, if you read French, Weber's "Quatre Ans au pays des Boers."

What are the three best books on the currency question, advocating respectively the gold standard, international bimetalism, and the free coinage of silver by the United States? E. B.

For the first we would recommend Giffen's "Case Against Bimetalism," for the second General Walker's "Internat'ional Bimetalism," and for the third Senator

Jones's speech at the International Monetary Conference at Brussels.

Will you please suggest a few names of recent Italian stories or dramas that will be suitable reading for a small club of ladies who are studying Italian? A. S.

Edmondo de Amicis's "Cuore" Fogazzaro's "Daniele Cortis" and "Piccolo Mondo Antico," Verga's "I Malavoglia," and possibly, though of lower merit, Matilda Serao's "Fantasia" and "Cuore Infermo."

Is there any clear proof of the immortality of the soul and of a future life in the Old Testament, independent of the light shed upon these subjects by the New Testament? A. F. R.

The post-exilic books of the Old Testament, especially some of the Psalms, as the sixteenth, supply evidence of such a belief, though not with the fullness manifest in the New Testament. See this evidence discussed in Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life after the Exile" (Putnams).

Please tell me which is the best work on Napoleon Bonaparte. J. W. M.

The work of Dr. W. M. Sloane, Professor in Columbia University, published by the Century Company, New York.

1. At what hour did the engagement between American and Spanish navies at Manila take place? 2. What was the number of vessels in the Spanish fleet? C. W. T.

1. At dawn. 2. Ten.

Can you furnish me with the names of a few of the best arithmetics for teaching purposes? H. B. T.

"The New Arithmetic," published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, is one of the best.

Who has written the best life of Rembrandt? Michel.

W. S. A. C.—For lack of proper post-office address we cannot reach you by letter. We advise you to consult Professor J. W. Churchill, of Andover, Mass.

I notice a slight slip in your answer to "W. J. M." (August 12) regarding English versions of Homer. The translation of the "Odyssey" is by Butcher and Lang; the corresponding "Iliad" is by Lang, Leaf, and Myers. In further answer to the second question may I suggest Church's "Stories from Homer," which, with the "Stories from Virgil" and "Stories from the Greek Tragedians," is invaluable for children? Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age" (with illustrations by Howard Pyle) gives a charming version of several Homeric stories. J. H. C.

You state, in answer to "T. W. B.'s" query, that Bartlett in his "Familiar Quotations" gives the name of no author of the lines,

"Count that day lost," etc.

In Hoyt's "Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations," page 3, v., there is the following:

"Think that day lost whose (low) descending sun Views from thy hand no noble action done."
Jacob Bobart.—In David Kriep's Album of British Museum. See also Stanford—"Art of Reading." A. W. R.

In your issue for August 12 I notice "W. J. M.'s" question regarding Bible stories for children. She or he will find very helpful Baldwin's "Stories of the Far East," published by the American Book Company. The whole series, of which this is one book, is useful with children. E. N. M.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Her Photograph

By Jean Curran

I dressed my dear dollie in red, white, and blue

(Sarah Maude is my last Christmas present),

To sit for her picture —just like me or you—

But I told the man not to put me in it too,

For I just couldn't smile and look pleasant.

But, alas that my sweet Sarah Maude should do so!

She was shockingly cross and unruly,
And would flop over this way and that, to and fro,

While her legs up and down and criss-crossways would go:

I was terribly mortified, truly!

Well, the picture he sent us was such a surprise!

My adored Sarah Maude wasn't there,
But only just me, sitting up straight and wise,

And my mamma, whenever she sees it, she cries,

"What an artist he is, I declare!"

A River That Has Locks

By Katherine Grace Hulbert

Mabel was making her first journey up the Great Lakes. She and her father and mother and brother Jack were going all the way from Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, to Duluth, away at the western end of Lake Superior. There was no dust, nor changing of cars, nor having to stay quietly in one place on this trip, for the two children could wander as they pleased from one end of the great steamer to the other.

It was all delightful, but the best of all was going through the Locks at the "Soo," Mabel thought.

"What does 'Soo' mean?" Mabel asked, when she first heard about it.

"That's only a nickname, like 'Jack,'" her father answered. "The 'Soo's' real name is Sault Sainte Marie, which means

the Rapids of Sainte Marie. You'll see the Rapids when we go up the Saint Mary's River."

It was just at twilight of an August day that their steamer reached the Rapids. They had spent a lovely afternoon, coming slowly up the river. The Saint Mary's winds about so, and the channel where the river is deep enough for the boats to go is so narrow, that they are obliged to make very slow time here. Mabel and Jack saw a pretty little boat hurrying ahead of them, and Jack asked why that boat could go fast when their big one was not allowed to do so.

"That small craft belongs to the United States Government, and its business is to see that other boats obey orders," Mr. Payson said. "Do you see that barge coming round the next curve? The little Government boat is running up close beside it, and probably the Government officer is going to tell the captain of the barge that he is going too fast, and he'll have to slow up."

On and on, up the beautiful winding river, they had come; past green islands that Mabel and Jack longed for a chance to play upon; and now they could see the Rapids, rushing and tumbling over the steep bed of the river, the white foam shining with the last of the sunlight upon it.

"We can't go up there, papa," Mabel exclaimed.

"We're going up the river, though," her father answered. "You must keep your eyes open now, and see what happens."

The steamer was going more slowly than ever now, and presently there was a high stone wall on either side of it, while in front was what looked like another wall, only this curved outward and was made of iron, and there was more water beyond it. But the water beyond this iron wall came almost to the top of it, very much higher than that in which the steamer lay. The Rapids were away off at one side, with a narrow strip of land between.

"Look back, children!" exclaimed mamma. Slowly, slowly, two great iron gates were coming together behind the steamer. They were not gates of fancy openwork, such as we have in our yards, but were solid, so that when they were closed no water could get through.

"Why, we're all shut in now!" said Jack. "There's a stone wall on each side, and an iron one at each end."

"The iron ones at the ends are gates," said Mr. Payson. "Do you see how very high the water is beyond the gate in front of us? We're in the lock now, and the river beyond is twenty feet higher than it is here."

"If the gate was opened in front, the water would come pouring into the lock, wouldn't it?" asked Jack.

"Yes. But now look over the side of the boat." The two rushed to the railing.

"Oh! oh! see how the water bubbles and moves, just as though it was boiling; and—why, mamma, it's getting higher!" Mabel was all excitement.

"The water is being let in through holes in the floor of the lock," Mr. Payson explained. "After a little it will be as high here as it is up there beyond the gate." It was great fun to watch the water moving and boiling up higher and higher; and, of course, all the time the steamer was being lifted with it, until it was so high that the children looked down on the river behind them.

"And now we're twenty feet higher than the part of the river we came over, aren't we?" said Jack, with great satisfaction. "Are we as high as Lake Superior now, papa?"

"Yes. Do you see the gate in front of us opening? Now we can float through without any trouble, and before very long we shall be in Lake Superior."

"And now we know what the locks are," remarked Mabel, with a sigh of delight. "I don't believe we can possibly forget, now that we've seen it for ourselves; do you, Jack?"

"No, indeed. This is lots better than learning it in school," answered the boy.

A Monkey who is Learning

A monkey from Borneo came to live with a gentleman in Boston, who decided that the monkey could be trained to act

very much as boys and girls do. He decided first that the monkey must be taught to use a spoon. His food was put into a deep cup, and at once the monkey saw a use for the spoon—but only one use. He took the food from the cup, but, alas! he put spoon and food on the table, and removed the food with his fingers! He was taught the further use of the spoon by having a hungry child placed beside him, who helped himself from the spoon. When he saw this done he soon learned to carry the food from the cup to his mouth direct by the aid of the spoon. In a short time a knife, fork, and napkin were pieces of table furniture with which Sambo was entirely familiar. He was taught to wear clothes by being put in a cold place, and, after being uncomfortable a while, was warmly clothed; he soon learned to wear clothes and enjoy them. A cap Sambo would not wear. To teach him to wear a cap, the top of his head was lightly touched with molasses. The flies troubled him so much that when the cap was put on his head he was glad of its protection.

Now Sambo can dress himself without assistance, sit at the table, and astonish everybody by the perfection of his manners. He eats just what the family eats. He sleeps in a bed at night, and lives just as a child would live in a family. His master is trying to teach him to talk.

Fire!

By Albert Lee

With a banging and clanging of bells,
And a chorus of firemen's yells,
With a sounding and bounding and pound-
ing of hoofs,
And a bawling and calling from windows
and roofs—
With a jumping and thumping of wheels,
And a binding and grinding of steels,
With a steaming and screaming of whistles
and shouts,
With a swishing and swashing and spray-
ing of spouts,
With a snorting, cavorting,
The horses exhorting,
All smoking and choking, the engine tears
down
Through the dull, quiet streets—there's a
fire in the town!

—St. Nicholas.

The Outlook

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The War in South Africa The Boers have now advanced southward from the Transvaal frontier to a point south of Ladysmith, where they are endeavoring to interrupt the railway communication between that place and Colenso. Fighting has attended this endeavor, but, further than the announcement that fifteen hundred mules have been captured by the Boers, details have not been published. The most important engagements last week were fought on Monday at Glencoe and Dundee, and on Thursday at Rietfontein. If the British won at Glencoe, they were compelled to abandon the place. At Dundee the affair resulted in such a retreat that the British lost all their kits, owing to the want of sufficient transportation facilities. The wearisome march through pouring rains to Ladysmith lasted from Monday to Thursday. On that day occurred the engagement at Rietfontein, a few miles northwest of Ladysmith. Various reports have been given of the losses, which appear to have been at least a hundred on each side. All the unwounded Boer prisoners taken in this and other engagements have been sent to Durban to prevent attempts at rescue. While Boer losses in all of the battles are still unknown, British losses are heavier than at first reported. At Elandslaagte, for instance, the Imperial Light Horse Brigade lost one man in nineteen, the Manchester Regiment one man in twelve, and the Gordon Highlanders one man in five. The rumored capture of a troop of the Eighteenth Hussars by the Boers is now confirmed in a despatch from Pretoria announcing the troop's arrival there. A notably courteous interchange of telegrams has taken place. The British officers and men in the Glencoe hospital have telegraphed to the Transvaal Government an expression of thanks at the kindness shown to them

by the Boer officers and men. On the Boer side, General Joubert thus announces the death of the British General Symons, who was severely wounded at Dundee, and, together with the other wounded British officers and men, was left behind in the precipitate flight:

General Symons, who was unfortunately badly wounded, died and was buried yesterday. I trust that the great God will speedily bring to a close the unfortunate state of affairs brought about by unscrupulous speculators and capitalists who went to the Transvaal to obtain wealth, and in order to further their own interests misled others and brought about shameful warfare in South Africa, in which so many valuable lives have been and are being sacrificed, such as General Symons's and others. I express my sympathy with Lady Symons in the loss of her husband.

On Sunday of this week the British at Ladysmith, numbering about twelve thousand, attacked the neighboring heights, where the Boers, numbering about eighteen thousand, had planted their guns. These guns have a longer range than that of the British field artillery. The fighting on Sunday and Monday resulted in heavy losses on both sides.



The Bechuanaland Border

Turning to the westward Boer advance, while the besieging forces at Kimberley have been increased to eight thousand men, Mr. Rhodes reports that the British there have provisions enough to last nine months, and that the diamond-mines are still being worked. Armored trains have been sent out from Kimberley, Mafeking, and Mochudi, a hundred miles further to the north. The results have been a few killed and wounded on the British side, but the Boer losses are reported as large. It may be noted, however, that almost all our information comes from British sources. Last week Mafeking was bombarded by the Boers;

with what result is not yet known. The Boers are in possession of the water supply. As Vryburg and other towns are now held by the Boers, President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, has issued a pronunciamiento annexing Bechuanaland. This has been met by a counter proclamation from Sir Alfred Milner and Premier Schreiner of Cape Colony. The sum total of the three weeks' war is a practical defeat for the British forces in Natal and Bechuanaland. The Boers are now in possession of northern Natal and of most of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway in Bechuanaland. Granting that war was necessary—and we do not grant it—President Kruger's seemingly senseless ultimatum was, from a purely military and strategic standpoint, justified. In stead of being overwhelmed by one mighty, resistless enemy, the Boers have so far met detached bodies and have ultimately defeated them.



British War Preparations Last week, after the impressive vote of 336 to 28 in voting fifty million dollars as a first installment towards the expenses of the present war, Parliament was prorogued. The Queen's speech contained this clause: "I trust that the divine blessing may rest upon your efforts and those of my gallant army to restore *peace and good government to that portion of my empire*, and to vindicate the honor of this country." The italics are our own. It would thus seem that the British Government regards the Transvaal as already annexed. The effect of the Government's vigorous policy was seen in Friday's Parliamentary by-election in a London suburb. Though the Liberal candidate was so good a man as Mr. Harold Spender, one of the editors of the London "Chronicle," and though he received the active support of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley, the result was the lowest Liberal poll on record. There is apparent unanimity among the various units composing the British Empire in supporting that Empire's present policy. The only pronounced disaffection seems to be in Quebec. The Canadian contingent for the Transvaal sailed on Tuesday of this week, the French-Canadians fur-

nishing but one-tenth of the volunteers. The Quebec "Vérité" claims that "this sending of a contingent to fight England's battles in Africa is the entrance of the thin edge of the wedge. It is the recognition of a dangerous principle. By their action the Government has recognized the false principle that Canada is obliged to assist the Empire in its wars, which do not interest us. This principle is full of menace to us; it may bring us to civil war." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, announces that arrangements have been made for a million dollars' life insurance to be placed on the contingent. The relatives or heirs of each man who dies while absent, no matter from what cause, will receive a thousand dollars. The insurance is for one year. Similar contingents have been offered by Australia, New Zealand, and Jamaica, and accepted in the cases of Australia and New Zealand. The world-importance of the ties which bind the British colonies together has been effectively demonstrated in the control by Great Britain of the African cables. This has permitted switching off the rest of the world from communication with South Africa.



Continental Opinion Last week some subsidence of the previous week's angry European opinion of British policy was noticeable. This is due in large measure to the impressive evidences of British military and naval power; to the precision with which a vast body of reservists was sent from Southampton on its journey of six thousand miles without much disturbing the service of any steamship line; to the departure from Cape Clear for an unknown destination of a squadron consisting of no less than eight battle-ships and five cruisers; to the orders issued to naval reserves to be in readiness to rejoin their ships at twenty-four hours' notice, and to the cruisers of the reserve class to be ready to sail in the same time-limit. A second important cause in changing Continental opinion is the attitude of the German Emperor, who is keeping his official press and such semi-official papers as the "Kölnische Zeitung" in sympathy with Great Britain, thus defying the anti-British sentiments of the rest. As Germany's interests in South

Africa are more directly concerned in this crisis than are those of any other foreign power save Portugal, the Kaiser's opinion has great weight. France has no ground for intervention, but she is redoubling her clever and unrelenting diplomacy to secure Morocco. Russia has no ground for intervention, but that will not prevent a redoubling of her efforts, also, to secure control in Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan.



Germany in Asia Minor

The victory of the Germans over the English in the matter of the Euphrates Valley Railway has given prodigious satisfaction to the subjects of William II., and without doubt to that progressive young monarch himself. In point of fact the Emperor is carrying out the policy approved by Bismarck, who, three decades ago, foresaw that the Fatherland would not be large enough to support the rapidly increasing population. In Bismarck's opinion, German colonization had become a necessity. The first feeble attempts on the west and east coasts of Africa were and continue to be pitiful. In spite of the painful correctness of German bureaucracy, in spite of the immense amounts of money and time given to the projects, less than a thousand German white immigrants have settled in those colonies. In China the Germans have been far more fortunate, as was to be expected; and in case William II. could ever realize his iridescent dream of transforming a Portuguese into a German Brazil, he might be more successful still. It is, however, not to be supposed that such a dream will ever be realized, although it is true that the great and fertile province of Sao Paulo is nearly entirely populated by Germans. The world is the gainer, however, as well as Germany, by the signal success which has attended the Kaiser's projects in Asia Minor. The trade of Smyrna and other ports, long in Greek and Austrian hands, having largely passed to those of the northern Teutons, the industrial and commercial development of the interior is now in order. From the rich plains of Asia Minor the Germans may produce (as some colonizing power should long ago have done) enough corn and cotton to supply half Europe. The mineral wealth of Asia Minor is also large, but undeveloped. The

Euphrates Valley Railway will be the chief means in both agricultural and mineral development. It will proceed from one of the Mediterranean harbors to a harbor on the Persian Gulf, a project which has been under discussion for sixty years. It will be a short cut to India, and thus England will assist Germany.



General de Gallifet An interesting book might be written about

the recent assertion of civil power in France. The first marked step in that direction was the compelling of a new Dreyfus court martial; a second step was seen in the removal from their positions of a score of generals, colonels, majors, and captains, who had been preaching a veiled sedition. A third step is now noted in the army reform undertaken by the same War Minister who had the courage to throttle anti-republican threatenings. Until a year ago the Supreme Council of War and the Superior Commission of Classification had been merely advisory bodies. Their power, however, had so fattened on civil subserviency that they finally dictated terms to the War Office itself. Primarily the War Office is an adjunct of the civil authority, but the members of the Council and of the Commission, taking advantage of their creature, M. de Freycinet, then War Minister, unjustly usurped the power of appointing colonels and generals. While M. de Freycinet was probably not ill pleased to rid himself of responsibility, in face of a possibly masterful opposition, he deliberately abandoned that subordination of military to civil authority which should be at the root of all proper government. General de Gallifet, the present War Minister, is the creature of no army oligarchy. Military martinet and Royalist though he has been, he is none the less loyal to civil supremacy and to the present Government, which he has sworn to defend. He has, therefore, restored to his Ministry the power of promotion, and he has also so arranged matters, through a promulgation by President Loubet, that no such change as that made by M. de Freycinet shall henceforth be possible without the consent of the Minister's colleagues in the Cabinet. Hence disaffection will not be able, a

during the past year, to ignore Cabinet action. It is curious that military supremacy should have been assured by a civil Minister of War, and now civil supremacy by a military Minister of War. This, if the most important, is but one of General de Gallifet's reforms. Another compels those ready to pass into the army from the military schools to serve a year as private soldiers; at present they know nothing of fatigue duty from their own experience. Another reform rejuvenates the higher army grades by more rapid promotion and by earlier compulsory retirement. The War Minister's independence is also shown in his appointments of skilled officers who, because they dared to tell the whole truth at the Dreyfus trial, were proscribed by their comrades. For instance, Major Hartmann, the eminent artilleryist, is made Sub-Director of the Government Artillery School at Puteaux, and Captain Freystaetter receives a command which should soon lead to his promotion. When General de Gallifet took office, he found the army the master of France; when he leaves office, the army will have become the servant, and the people the master.



In Luzon Last week General Young's column moved northward from San Isidro toward Santa Rosa, as part of Lawton's general advance. The Filipinos, after brief fights with slight loss on our side, retreated. General Young will establish a permanent station a few miles north of San Isidro, at Cabanatuan. Aguinaldo, it is reported, has abandoned Tarlac, for the past few months his capital and headquarters. It is understood that the first object of the autumn campaign will be to occupy and put in order the railroad line for its full length; the insurgents tear up the track and bury the rails as they retreat. A detailed calculation made by the Chicago "Tribune's" correspondent in September shows that our forces then held about 117 square miles out of the 42,000 square miles in Luzon. General Otis has again refused to receive commissioners from the insurgents to discuss peace conditions and the release of Spanish prisoners. In Negros General Otis reports two attacks on bands of bandits by our troops, with

complete success. The correspondent referred to above says that these so-called robber bands in Negros and Cebu are digging trenches, occupying towns, and, in fact, are fighting exactly like the Luzon insurgents, adding that the bands in Cebu number 2,000. In view of highly colored statements about the desecration of churches by our troops, it is gratifying to have a distinct denial of these reports from the chaplain under Admiral Dewey, and an assurance of Archbishop Chapelle, which may account for the reports, that such looting and desecration as have taken place were by the insurgents and Chinese, not by our soldiers.



The "Treaty" with the Sultan of Sulu

In this connection it is proper to report the semi-official denials which have been made in the daily press of the reported treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. The popular impression to which these reports have given rise is indicated by the following query from a correspondent of The Outlook:

I would like to know how The Outlook views the making of the treaty which gives to a Mohammedan Sultan an absolute despotism over about two hundred thousand people, recognizes the legality of slavery and polygamy, permits him to exclude Christian missionaries from among his people, pays him \$500 a month, and receives nothing whatever in return except his acknowledgment of our sovereignty.

The facts are unofficially reported in the daily papers as we are going to press, and the reports have an appearance of being authentic if not semi-official. According to these reports an arrangement has been provisionally entered into between General Bates and the Sultan of Sulu, the southernmost group in the archipelago, whose population certainly does not exceed seventy-five thousand. This arrangement recognizes the sovereignty of the United States, provides for the maintenance of peace and order there by the Sultan, and binds him to co-operate with the United States in the suppression of piracy; it does not provide for the exclusion of Christian missionaries, nor give any sanction to either polygamy or slavery, although according to reports it recognizes slavery so far as to provide that any person held in slavery may purchase his free-

dom for \$20. It is essential to an understanding of the whole transaction to remember that it is not a treaty and has no semblance to one and has not yet even had the official sanction of the President.



Arbitration with Russia The fact that Russia has agreed to submit to arbitration the claims arising out of the seizure of American sealing vessels in the Behring Sea is welcome news, not so much because of the amount involved—the sum asked as damages by the United States is only \$150,000—but rather as an indication of the growing tendency among the great nations to adopt the only reasonable and sensible plan of settling disputed questions of the kind. It will be remembered that three American sealing vessels were seized by the Russian authorities off the coast of Siberia, and the amount claimed is chiefly on account of the unlawful imprisonment of the officers and crews, and their supposed suffering while under arrest. The ships were taken by Russian men-of-war within seven miles off the Siberian coast, and the Russian Government is put in the position of claiming that its jurisdiction extends seven miles from the coast-line, while most if not all nations have given direct or implied adherence to the international law dogma that three miles, or a marine league, is the extent of the jurisdiction of a country. The curious point has been put forward in favor of the Russian contention that the distance of a marine league was originally fixed upon because it represented the distance to which a cannon-shot could be thrown. The Russians argue that as now, under the increased range of modern guns, a shot can be thrown very much farther, therefore the distance over which national jurisdiction extends should be correspondingly increased. Such a theory, of course, has the disadvantage of exposing the rule to constant change as the range of modern artillery increases. Indeed, there is no reason now why seven miles should be chosen as the distance rather than nine. Our diplomatic representatives express great pleasure at the final decision of Russia to submit this matter to arbitration. It has been the only question in dispute between the two countries, and its peace-

able and friendly settlement will tend to complete absolutely the friendliness of the two nations.



General Henry Few officers of high rank derived such personal credit from the recent war with Spain as did Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, who died in this city last week. This was not so much because of military operations in the field as because of General Henry's firm, sensible, and reasonable management of affairs in Porto Rico, of which island he was appointed Governor-General in December, 1898. His administration from that time until March was carried on under great difficulties and under some peculiar complications, but it is the universal testimony of the press and of those familiar with the progress of affairs in Porto Rico that General Henry is to be credited in a large degree with having established in that island the initiation of American ideas, and with having made possible the future continuous progress of Porto Rico as an integral part of the United States. General Henry's military career extends back to the beginning of the Civil War. In 1862 he was promoted for gallant and distinguished services, and later on in Florida he did brilliant work. In the Indian wars from 1873-76 he was at the front of the fighting, was severely wounded more than once, and suffered almost incredible hardships. In the Cuban war he held the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. General Henry was the author of several practical military books.



The Alaskan Boundary Quickly following his proposal for a *modus vivendi*, now accepted by the Governments involved, last week Sir Louis Davies, Canadian Minister of Marine, delivered to Mr. Choate, our Ambassador in London, a proposition for a permanent settlement of the Alaskan boundary. The terms of the proposition call for a settling of the boundary line by an arbitration similar to that imposed by the United States and Great Britain in the case of Venezuela. Particular attention is called to those provisions making fifty years' occupancy by either side conclusive evidence

of title. Occupancy of less than that period is to be taken as equity allows under international law. As a condition "absolutely precedent to arbitration, Skaguay and Dyea would be conceded to the United States without further claim if Canada received Pyramid Harbor." In other words, Canada would give up a large part of the territory which she has recently claimed, in return for a seaport, but stipulates that she must be in possession of the latter before agreeing to arbitrate the boundary. It is rumored that this proposition is the result of influence from the Imperial Government, which wishes to get a port of entry free from control by the United States, with the professed reason that mutual commercial advantages would result, but also, perhaps, having as an ulterior motive the establishment of a strong naval station. On our side it has been pointed out that, even with Pyramid Harbor as a purely commercial station, Canada would have an important storehouse and shipping depot, whence she could undersell us. As a matter of right, Canada has no more claim to Pyramid Harbor than to any other port. We might, however, be willing, as evidence of friendly feeling, to lease a port on the Lynn Canal to the Canadians, thus giving them the right of free entry for their goods. For Canada to make such a lease, moreover, would certainly be ample recognition of our right to the territory so affected. We may add that, while in the case of Venezuela arbitration was concerned with a long period of history and with conflicting treaties, in the present case arbitration rests on one modern, explicit treaty. The only question is as to the application of that treaty. While in the Venezuelan case the decision had to be made on principles of equity, in the other it involves only legal terms. The particular issue is whether the word "coast" in the treaty means, as we have held, the tide-water mainland shore, or, as Canada has latterly held, the seaward shore of the outermost islands. If the latter claim be just, then Canada should have not only Pyramid Harbor, but the other harbors and all the mainland south of Lynn Canal. The "absolute" requisite, therefore, that Canada must have Pyramid Harbor involves the concession of the essential point upon which our claim is based.

Colombia In South America, as one revolution passes from the historic stage, another is almost sure to come to the front. Last week we recorded the success of the Venezuelan revolutionists and the flight of President Andrade, who is now on his way to New York. This week the revolution which has been, so to speak, simmering in the Republic of Colombia has shown signs of volcanic-like activity—that is to say, danger-signs in the way of small eruptions are presaging more extensive explosions. The insurgents have blown up with dynamite several bridges on the line of the Cartagena and Magdalena Railroad, and have seized steamers plying on the Magdalena River, the chief commercial river of Colombia; other demonstrations have been made here and there. The railway has been repaired, and, so far as is known at this writing, the insurrection has not yet attained formidable proportions. The chief difficulty in Colombia is the financial confusion. The Government has issued great quantities of paper money and continues to issue it, while the foreign bonds are in dispute. A leader in the Liberal party is quoted as saying: "We would not take the Government of Colombia in its present financial condition if it were handed to us on a silver platter." The revolutionary demonstrations have been chiefly in the southern part of the Republic, and at Panama there seems to be a little disturbance. American residents and merchants who are United States citizens are urging that one of our war-ships be sent to Panama.



New York City's Debt Limit Comptroller Coler, of New York, has issued a timely warning to the voters that the city's construction of the rapid-transit system may be prevented if the pending constitutional amendment increasing its debt limit should be defeated. At present every city that does not extend over an entire county may carry a city debt equal to ten per cent. of the assessed value of its realty, and its share of a county debt to the same amount. When, however, a city has the same limits as a county, it may carry no county debt whatever. This exceptional restriction upon New York City's debt limit was further aggravated by

the consolidation act, which saddled upon the city the county debts as well as the municipal debts in all the outlying districts. The proposed amendment merely permits these old county debts to be carried separately, and it forbids the counties to incur new debts. It is therefore conservative in the highest degree, and although it permits the metropolis to increase its debt by \$30,000,000, the total debt authorized in the metropolis will be less than twelve per cent. of the assessed value of the realty, while in all other cities a debt of twenty per cent. may be incurred through city and county action. The new amendment was recommended by the Charter Commission, and has been indorsed by both parties in two successive Legislatures. It is to be hoped that no adverse votes will be cast through fear that it unduly extends the debt limits of the city.



The Political Situation

As election day approaches, political interest centers more and more in Nebraska and Ohio. In Nebraska the campaign is being conducted with unprecedented energy on both sides. Mr. Bryan himself seems to be the principal issue—the Fusionists urging above everything else that a vote against Holcomb is a vote against Bryan. The Republicans are laying more stress upon State issues, and their candidate for the Supreme Court, Judge Rees, seems to have unusual strength with the voters. The registration in the cities under the new law requiring those who would vote at party primaries to state their party preferences indicates marked Republican gains. The Fusionists base their predictions of victory upon the size and enthusiasm of the crowds that have greeted Mr. Bryan all through the rural districts. Almost the only National issue discussed has been the President's policy in the Philippines. In Ohio Senator Hanna has put himself to the front in the Republican campaign, not only as manager, but as public speaker. He has boldly defended trusts, and has been constantly extreme in his denunciation of the Filipinos and the Democratic sympathizers with their cause. While his prominence has been a further irritation to the Bushnell-Kurtz faction of Republicans, great crowds are reported to have been greeting him with the most

marked enthusiasm. The only hostile audience reported was one of Cleveland workingmen, who cheered first for Bryan and then for Jones, indicating that a great number of Bryan supporters would this year vote for the independent candidate. As the campaign progresses the independent movement is treated far more seriously by both the old parties. The Republicans are antagonizing the movement, while the Democrats are attempting to conciliate its supporters; but which policy is likely to prove more successful cannot be predicted. The chief causes of Republican embarrassment, aside from the lukewarmness of the Bushnell faction, are the fusion of the Democratic and anti-Cox Republicans on the legislative ticket in Cincinnati, and the circular sent to Federal office-holders asking for campaign contributions. The National Civil Service Commission has now taken hold of this circular, and publishes the opinion of ex-Senator Edmunds that the civil service law was violated in its issue. The law, says Mr. Edmunds, forbids requests for contributions within Federal offices, whether made by letter or personal solicitation, and therefore the Ohio committee failed in its effort to find a legal way to evade the law.



An Important Anti-Trust Decision

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois against the Glucose Sugar Refining Company shows that combinations of competing factories may often be prevented as easily as combinations of competing banks. The Glucose Company was organized under the corporation laws of New Jersey, and seems to have done nothing in Illinois not authorized by the New Jersey statutes. But the Illinois laws of course govern transactions within that State, and the Illinois laws, as the Court holds, forbid one corporation to sell its property to a competitor if the transaction has the effect of regulating prices, limiting competition, or controlling production. As Illinois forms a large part of the "corn belt," in which alone glucose can be successfully manufactured, and as the decision declares null and void the transfer by sale of any Illinois factory to the National combination, the blow administered to the trust is

of far-reaching importance. It is true that a somewhat similar decision was once rendered in Ohio against the Standard Oil Trust, but in this case no serious effects were anticipated, as the practical control of the oil business by a handful of men made their united action almost unavoidable. If a few men owned the country's banking business, even our National banking law could not prevent the banks from forming a practical trust. The glucose business more nearly resembles that of the banks, as relatively small corporations may be organized in a large number of places to carry it on. The decision of the Illinois court that these corporations may not sell out to other corporations—any more than one National bank may sell out to another—if the effect of the sale is to limit competition, seems to preclude the establishment of a monopoly for some time to come. The magnitude of the victory for anti-trust legislation is so great that friends as well as foes hesitate in estimating its effects until they learn whether it is to be followed by other decisions requiring the release of the property of similar trusts to the corporations and firms originally controlling them.



Public Oversight of Railroad Rates

Fifteen years ago, when the Inter-State Commerce Act was under discussion, the railroad managers of the country generally insisted that the public had no more right to supervise the business of railroads than the business of merchants and manufacturers, who enjoyed no public franchises and whose charges were everywhere limited by keen competition. This position has now been so completely abandoned that last week President Ingalls, of "the Big Four" and the Chesapeake and Ohio, and President Cowen, of the Baltimore and Ohio, created no serious stir in railroad circles when they urged before the Industrial Commission the enforced publication of all freight rates, and expressed their own willingness that the Inter-State Commerce Commission should regulate rates without having its acts passed upon by the courts. They added, however, that the railroads should be authorized to make pooling contracts—which are now illegal—fixing the rates at which they carry business to competitive

points. They urge that if such contracts be legalized, so that the courts will enforce them, the Commission can be relied upon to protect the public against excessive charges, and that the railroads themselves will no longer discriminate in favor of large shippers in order to get business. Of course both of these claims will be disputed by many of those who urged the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Act, because of the fear that the Inter-State Commission, like some of the State Commissions, will reflect railroad sentiments, and that pooling agreements will so raise charges as to increase the incentive to secret concessions to large shippers. But, however this may be, the theoretical change in the attitude of the railroad managers is almost revolutionary, and the willingness of such leaders as Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Cowen to accept the same inspection of the books of railroad companies as the books of National banks are now subjected to is of the highest importance. All the speakers at the recent anti-trust conference agreed in recognizing complete publicity of corporate accounts as the best safeguard against fraud to investors and against extortion to the general public. It also promises to relieve honorably conducted corporations from dishonorable competition and from certain forms of blackmail, such as the demands for passes from public officials and others possessing public influence. President Cowen stated last week that the railroads are as anxious as the general public to get rid of this pass evil. Complete publicity seems to furnish the only practicable remedy.



The Universalist Convention

The biennial session of the Universalist General Convention at Boston, October 20-25, inclusive, was one of more than usual importance. One is impressed first with the fact that the individualistic spirit which has characterized the Universalists almost as strongly as the Unitarians is getting harnessed for co-operative effort. It was stated that more than half of the pastors have a ready subscribed to the covenant formed at the preceding convention in Chicago. It is worth quoting in full for its admirable spirit:

We, the ordained ministers of the Universalist Church, profoundly desiring to give

full proof of our ministry by making the utmost of our united strength in the upbuilding of the divine kingdom on earth, and in order to promote a deeper unity of purpose among ourselves through the cultivation of a spirit of loyalty and subordination in the practical administration of the Church, hereby mutually covenant with each other and solemnly pledge to our beloved Church that we will, at all times, hold ourselves in due subjection to the authorities and policies of the Universalist Church, to that end subordinating when needful our personal preferences, and that we will earnestly endeavor to sustain the appointed authorities of the Church, and to carry into effect the policies adopted by the conventions. Never before has the Universalist ministry been so closely united as now, and the prospect is hopeful that something like unanimity in this covenant is to be secured. Another point gained at this Convention was the initiation of what is likely to be at least a closer co-operation between the Universalist and Unitarian bodies. It has been found especially desirable in small communities, to prevent the friction and waste ensuing when those who have so much in common are kept apart by denominational jealousy or rivalry. Unitarians have long desired some plan of union, but their overtures have not been warmly received. Some influential Universalists have strongly antagonized them on theological grounds. Moreover, the Universalist churches, being twice as numerous as the Unitarian, have on that account also been less earnest for a junction of forces. At Boston, however, for the first time, each body met the other fairly half-way. The delegation appointed by the recent Unitarian Conference was cordially welcomed, and their overture was agreed to, that a committee of five from each body should consider plans for closer co-operation and report at the next meeting of each. This was opposed by Dr. Sweetser, of Philadelphia, in a speech of severe criticism upon Unitarians, but it was carried by the strong majority of 101 to 25.



Universalist Principles Since the centennial of the Universalist churches in 1870, admission to their fellowship has been conditioned on assent to the declaration formulated at Winchester, N.H., in 1803. This occasioned demand for its revision, and after long discussion a recast of it was agreed on two years ago

at Chicago. This was ratified at Boston by a vote of 132 to 10, and is now the standard of teaching in the Universalist churches. The two formularies are sufficiently brief for quotation in full, and their comparison is certainly interesting :

THE WINCHESTER PROFESSION

ARTICLE I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

ARTICLE II. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

ARTICLE III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

THE CHICAGO DECLARATION

The condition of fellowship shall be as follows:

I. The acceptance of the essential principles of the Universalist Faith, to wit: 1. The Universal Fatherhood of God. 2. The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ. 3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God. 4. The certainty of just retribution for sin. 5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

II. The acknowledgment of the authority of the General Convention and assent to its laws.

The Winchester Profession is commended as containing these principles, but neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided always that the principles above stated be professed.

The most obvious thing here is that the Trinitarian feature of the older form is not found in the new. But with this goes a stronger, clearer call to missionary activity than we have heard in the same quarter. The Rev. C. E. Rice declared: "Our future as a church depends largely on our foreign missions. The universality of our claims as a church involves something more than a local propaganda." The Holy Spirit was recognized in the prayers of the Convention, if not in its formulary, and the warmth of religious feeling was unmistakable, in the spirit of loyalty to Jesus and unity with all children of God. "The work of the Universalist Church," said the President of the Convention, Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, "is to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to win men to God and righteousness." One sees a signifi-

cant contrast between the obloquy and persecution visited upon the Rev. John Murray, when he introduced Universalism at Gloucester, Mass., a century ago, and the fraternal greetings given at Boston in the interdenominational meeting. Dr. Abbott's address on that occasion, "Why I am Not a Universalist," will appear in full in our next issue. The Convention expects to raise a large "Twentieth Century Fund" for denominational purposes, and to hold its next session at Buffalo.



**Episcopal
Missionary Council** Last week at St. Louis twenty-five bishops and two hundred priests of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled to attend the annual Missionary Council of that communion. The sermon was preached by Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, and the address of welcome delivered by Bishop Tuttle, of St. Louis. The presiding officer was Bishop Doane, of Albany. After the presentation and discussion of various papers, the House of Bishops held a meeting for the purpose of considering the question of appointing a bishop to Japan, and also to decide about prelates for Porto Rico and Hawaii. At present there is a bishop at Honolulu, but he belongs to the Anglican Church. Since the islands have become a part of the United States, the churches must also be under American jurisdiction. The most important discussion seems to have been that concerning the Philippines, Bishop Doane strongly supporting the Administration policy and making an eloquent plea for missionary equipment in the islands. Sergeant Peyton, who has just returned from Manila, where he was an engineer in the army, was closely questioned as to affairs there, he having been instructed by Bishop Doane to investigate the spiritual condition of the Philippines. Sergeant Peyton claimed that he had been misquoted in the daily papers and that he had never ascribed corruption and immorality to our army; on the other hand, some of the best men he had ever met were serving with the United States forces there. He spoke in glowing terms of the possibilities in the archipelago, urging that immediate steps be taken toward evangelization. At present the need is for Bibles. In discuss-

ing the report on the missionary work done among the colored people, Bishop Cheshire, of North Carolina, claimed that the colored people were growing worse instead of better. It was not expected, he said, that people set free because of a supposed political necessity should not retrograde under the weight of responsibility which they were not prepared to assume.



**The Brotherhood of
St. Andrew**

The fourteenth annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held last week at Columbus, Ohio. Bishop Johnston, of Western Texas, in the opening address, pitched the tone for the entire meeting when he said: "The necessary thing in this world for a man is not success in business, not happiness at home, not realized ambition; all these things are good, but their great good is to give us opportunities to help God get his will done on earth." From the annual report of the Council we are sorry to learn that there has been a net decrease in the number of chapters. On the other hand, in the Junior Department (composed of boys from ten to fifteen years old) over seventy chapters have been organized during the year. Last April Brotherhood work was begun at Manila, and has since been vigorously carried on, a number of chapters having been organized in the army. Much more work is needed, especially among the twenty new regiments which have no chaplains. The men are exposed to terrible temptations. There are only five chaplains at work in our army. As to the Filipinos, the report from Manila is that there is much gambling among them, but no drunkenness. Professor Wyckoff, of Princeton, pointed out the success of Roman Catholics with the wage-earning classes. While gathering material for his book, "The Workers," he experienced a keen and peculiar pleasure on entering Roman churches in the garb of a wage-earner and finding there the rich and poor on equal footing. He believed that the Protestant churches were losing their hold on the wage-earning classes. In a no less noteworthy address Dean Stubbs, of Ely, sensibly urged that the principles of the Augustinian Fathers, which have all too long dominated

the Protestant Episcopal Church, be laid aside, and that the Church adopt in their stead the doctrines of the early Greek Fathers. He then proffered a creed, some of the tenets of which were :

That we believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the doctrine of the Incarnation; that Christ, by His Incarnation, exalted human nature and consecrated human relations; that Christ founded not only a philosophy and a religion, but a Church as well, and a society, an ideal kingdom, and a storehouse of redemption; that the object of the Church is to reorganize and reconstitute society, as well as to effect the salvation and deliverance of the individual; that Jesus Christ revealed a divine order of things; that in the New Testament the eternal principles of the divine plan and laws of heaven are revealed in part; that the Will of God is a motor of civilization; that eternal revelation is ceaselessly descending from heaven; that revelation is found in the facts of every-day life, and that each day is a page of an eternal Bible or Scripture, and that we cannot, dare not, say brother on earth unless we may say Father in Heaven.



**The Disciple
"Jubilee" Convention**

The greatest Convention in the history of the Disciples of Christ has just completed its session at Cincinnati. The city was thronged with such a religious convocation as never before crowded her halls and churches. A tragic event marked one of the early meetings at which ex-Governor Drake, of Iowa, was presiding. The last of the speakers at this meeting was Mr. A. M. Atkinson, of Wabash, Indiana, who, after having made an effective appeal for a deeper interest in spiritual things, suddenly dropped his voice, put one hand to his heart, and said, "I must stop. I shall not speak to you many times more. Be warned. Quit you like men." He sank into his chair. Restoratives were administered to him, but in a few moments, without a struggle, life had departed. It was indeed a solemn moment when General Drake announced the meeting adjourned and called for prayer. Few admonitions to live for things that are eternal could have been more dramatic and more productive of far-reaching results. The great communion service was a particularly impressive occasion. Dr. Clark, the President of the Christian Endeavor Society, who had already addressed the Convention, pronounced it the largest communion service he had ever

attended. The reports read at the meetings of the Convention show commendable gains from all quarters and in all departments of the Church. The Disciples have nearly twelve hundred thousand communicants; the number of their churches is over ten thousand. The value of their church property exceeds eighteen million dollars. The gains in number of communicants indicate that the number of Disciples is growing twice as fast as is the population of the country. The missionary societies have made the most perceptible gains of any part of Disciple work. It is in this regard that the Convention has its jubilee name. The fiftieth report of its American Christian Missionary Society shows success in securing one hundred thousand dollars for this jubilee year, an increase of no less than fifty-nine thousand dollars over last year. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society secured over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As to attendance, the Cincinnati Joint Traffic Association office reported an enrollment of fourteen thousand. No Disciple Convention has ever been characterized by larger numbers of attendants or greater enthusiasm. That enthusiasm is abundantly justified.



**President Wheeler's
Opening Address**

Dr. Wheeler recently received from two thousand students at the University of California a characteristic Western welcome. The very simple exercises were held on the slope of the upper campus in the broad light of an October morning, and were entirely free from any academic accessories, save the buildings and the associations of the place. A temporary stand had been erected, around which the students formed in semicircles; behind them large delegations of undergraduates from affiliated colleges took their places, while visitors and faculty brought the entire attendance of spectators to nearly three thousand. Dr. Wheeler was received by the students with unbounded enthusiasm, and, after an introduction by Professor Bernard Moses, who told him that the young men before him were "California's most excellent product," made an informal but characteristic address, in which he sounded distinctly a note very strongly struck by President

Faunce in his recent inaugural at Brown University. He declared that what made the university was not buildings, mechanisms, reports, and organizations, but human beings, and that his object would be to forward the interests of a university of students. He emphasized the fact that he came as the personal friend of the students, with an intense desire to know them individually and to be of individual service to them.



The Real University His interpretation of education was entirely informal, but there was so much sound wisdom in it that it deserves to be quoted at length.

A university is not a place where you come as empty buckets to the well to be filled with water or anything else. People are going to pump things into you, to be sure, but you are going to pour most of it out again. I believe, from my own experience, that, after all, we have to take upon ourselves the consolation that that does us the most good which we forget most entirely. Those things which hover on the superficies of the mind are oftener a stumbling-block than a help. It is what goes over into spinal marrow, into real life, that makes us; and what we are going to get out of our university life is no bits of knowledge, is not maxims and rules for getting this or that, for learning this or that, for attaining this or that; but, after all, it is this one thing which we talk so much about and understand so imperfectly—it is character. The men you tie to are men of character. As I grow older I come less and less to respect men of brilliancy, and to tie to men for their character. And what men are going to get out of their university life is not what is pumped into the pail, but what goes over into life. And it comes not only from the lecture-room, but from association with the best minds we find here in the student body—association with the whole life and character of the university. This university is a living thing; the real university is alive. Blood pulses through its veins. The spiritual life of the men who have gone before is in it. It is not a thing of building nor of statutes nor of courses; it is a thing of life. And what you will get out of this university that is worth your while, that will stand by you, is what you will get out of association with it as a living thing. Therefore, I say, we are not a mechanism for providing people with equipment; we are alive, we have a heart. And to that family life, I charge you students of the University of California, be loyal. It is worth your while. It is your duty. Be loyal to the University. Be loyal to all its parts. Say that you love it. Those who take the misunderstandings and the quarrels of the world and ventilate them in the outside world to us. We are a family. You

cannot make a university out of minds and brains. In a university, or elsewhere in the world, heart is more than head and love is more than reason. Hold you fast to that love for this University. Stand strong, shoulder to shoulder, when you do its work. Let every man, according to his ability, do what the University asks of him, and let every man do in support of the other man's work what he can.



**The Revision of
School Laws**

Governor Roosevelt appointed last week a Commission to revise the educational laws of the State of New York. That the present division of authority between the Board of Regents and the Department of Public Instruction is cumbersome, disadvantageous, and expensive, all agree. The Board of Regents control the high schools and all higher institutions of learning, the Department of Public Instruction, all the common schools of the State, including the kindergartens, except in cities exempted from such control by special legislation. Both State authorities examine and issue certificates to teachers, both maintain library departments, both supervise schools. However these two educational departments may disagree as to method, both agree that the educational interests of the State imperatively demand the unification of the entire State system of education from kindergarten to college. The chief cause of dissension is how the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall be appointed. The Board of Regents and the leading educational authorities of the State believe that the Board of Regents should appoint the Superintendent. The members of this Board serve for fifteen years without pay. Under the present law the Superintendent is appointed by the Legislature, to serve for three years. This keeps the office under political control. The men appointed by the Governor to serve on this Commission have served the State before in an official and non-partisan capacity. Their decision will command the respect even of those who disagree with it. The Governor has so repeatedly declared himself opposed to the slightest taint of politics in the administration of the schools, and in favor of the unification of the educational system of the State, that his influence can be counted upon to bring about the much-needed revision of the school laws, even if the

extremists in either direction fail of carrying their point. The report of the Commission is to be made in January.



**The Local Committee
System Arraigned**

In the first annual report of the City Superintendent of Schools to the Central Board of Education of New York, the system for the appointment and promotion of teachers in the Borough of Brooklyn is arraigned. Many of the schools are, and have been for many months, without the requisite number of teachers. The reason for this has been a subject of dispute. The result is friction between the authorities that has interfered with the progress of education. Under the provisions of the Charter, the local committee system prevails in Brooklyn. The affairs of each school are under the control of three men. The report of the City Superintendent of Schools states well-known facts: that personal influence too often prevails in the appointment, retention, transfer, and promotion of teachers and principals; that the experts employed by the city are prevented from using their judgment in securing the best interests of the schools because of the power given to the local committee. In the nature of things, business men and professional men trained in other lines cannot give to teachers and classes expert supervision such as would justify the exercise of such authority. So thoroughly engrafted is the belief that under the local committee system of appointment the recognition of good work cannot be secured without political influence that candidates on the eligible list refuse to go to the Borough of Brooklyn. The trustee system, which prevailed in the old city of New York, but was abolished after a fight of several years in the Legislature of the State, was no greater menace to the educational system at that time than is the local committee system now dominant in the Borough of Brooklyn.



John Codman Ropes

By the death of Mr. John Codman Ropes, of Boston, historical study and literature in this country sustains a genuine loss, for his admirable history of the Civil War is probably left in an unfinished condition.

Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, where his father was in business, in 1836; graduated from Harvard College in 1857, and from the Harvard Law School in 1861, Mr. Ropes found himself, by reason of physical infirmity, unable to share the fortunes of the Union army in the Civil War, but gave himself, nevertheless, to the public service with tireless enthusiasm and energy, finding expression for his ardor in the most thoughtful care for the wounded and for the suffering families of soldiers at the front. He made an exhaustive and detailed study of the military side of the great struggle from beginning to end. As a student of a contemporary event, in touch constantly with the original sources of history, he fitted himself for the work which he was later to do. It can be said, probably without exaggeration, that no man in the country understood the conduct of the war from the military side more thoroughly than Mr. Ropes. Although by profession and practice a lawyer, he became a historian by the bent of his nature and the wealth of his material. To the Campaigns of the Civil War Series he contributed "The Army under Pope." His interest in Napoleon became very keen, and he made an exhaustive study of the military career of that great soldier. The fruits of this study are found in "The First Napoleon," "The Campaign of Waterloo," and "The Atlas of Waterloo," all military studies of a very high order of intelligence, accuracy, and detailed knowledge. Having passed through the Napoleonic field, Mr. Ropes returned to his earlier studies, the military history of the Civil War, and published two volumes of "The Story of the Civil War," bringing the narrative down to the campaign of 1862. The value of the work was recognized at once, and even in its incomplete condition it will hold a permanent place among American histories. Mr. Ropes was a man of a very interesting personality, with a keen enjoyment of his friends, and especially of young people, and the power of attaching men to him very closely.



**Irving as
Robespierre**

No dramatic event of the season will excite more interest or will give the stage more dignity than the reappearance of Sir

Henry Irving in his new play "Robespierre." This play by M. Sardou is a series of brilliant episodes rather than a carefully constructed drama; but its effectiveness in stage presentation is very great, and it becomes a series of striking semi-historical pictures put upon the stage with the utmost completeness, and interpreted with the subtlety of Irving's genius. The side of Robespierre which appears in this play will be novel to the great majority of those who see the play, but it is not without historical foundation. The part in many ways is admirably suited to Irving's peculiar genius, and there are several passages in it in which the actor rises to his highest level. The staging, as it was given in Sir Henry's own theater, the Lyceum, in London, was superb, and the play will undoubtedly be reproduced in this country on a kindred scale of completeness and beauty. The veteran actor has received almost every honor which the English public can give him, and has done more than any other man of his time to revive the best traditions of the stage, and to associate it again with the wholesome and dignified arts of expression. He has been eagerly heard at universities and honored by academic degrees. He has been the personal friend of the most eminent men of letters of his time. The Queen, who has been conspicuously conservative in her recognition of the stage, has not only knighted him, but has received him in the most cordial way. His success has been honestly won by conscientious devotion to his profession, by a broad artistic sense of its requirements, and by the hardest kind of hard work.



Combating Cruelty The American Humane Association, which is a federation of two hundred and twenty-five local societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children, held its twenty-third annual meeting last week in Columbus, Ohio. Its President is Mr. John G. Shortall, of Chicago, and its Secretary the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, of Fall River, Mass. These conferences of the compassionate are not attended with much noise, but they are helping to cultivate humane sentiments, and in quiet ways they have already achieved a vast improvement in addition of the little children of un-

natural parents, and of our humbler fellow-creatures. The improved methods in the transportation of live stock are largely due to these agencies, and harsh treatment of horses by their drivers is seldom witnessed on the streets of the cities where such societies exist. One hundred societies reporting at Columbus have rescued during the last year from evil or vicious surroundings no less than 31,642 children, and have relieved from suffering 118,200 animals. These figures must represent a great alleviation of misery and much valuable moral education. The organizations reporting take pains to keep the statutes and ordinances for the prevention of cruelty before the public, and their agents are active in prosecuting those who violate these laws. Much has also been done through the public schools to cultivate humane sentiments in the minds of the children, and it is reasonable to hope that in the next generation the helpless will not lack for champions and protectors. In the patient and self-denying work of this Association civilization is registering a great moral gain.



American Exports to South Africa Under any circumstances a review of the progress of American trade with South Africa would be interesting; it is especially so now that the existing war is turning men's thoughts towards the Transvaal. The managers of the Kimberley diamond-mines, the largest diamond-mines in the world, say that they use American-made machinery almost exclusively, first, because it is less expensive, and, second, because it accomplishes the work better. Not only the Kimberley mines, but almost every one of the hundreds of gold-mines in the Transvaal, are fitted out with American machinery, either wholly or in part. In the next place, we have been furnishing most of the material for the South African railways, steam and electric. A contract has just been secured, for instance, for forty thousand tons of steel rails for the Cape Colony system. The line from Lourenço Marques, at Delagoa Bay, to the Transvaal frontier was built entirely by Americans. They also furnished the rails, wires, and cars for the Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Pretoria street railways. The electric-

lighting machinery in many a South African locality has come from America. Our coal, too, is now being introduced, and, strange as it may seem when one remembers that there are forests in South Africa, our timber has long been an article of commerce. American wares of all kinds are in demand, but especially agricultural implements, mowers, reapers, plows, spades, forks, rakes, and hoes. Last of all, since the rinderpest destroyed almost all of the native cattle, our live stock has been introduced with signal success. American trade in general with South Africa has quadrupled within the past four years.

Dr. Schurman's View

Dr. Jacob A. Schurman, President of Cornell University, gives on another page his view of the situation in the Philippines and his recommendation as to our future course. This view, though it comes from the President of the Philippine Commission, must not be taken as official, nor as anticipating the report of the Commission. It is a purely personal expression of his views made at our special request. But as a personal expression of a well-considered judgment it is the more significant because it comes from one who went to the Philippines an opponent of annexation in any form, and who, by his study of the conditions actually existing there, has been convinced that duty to the Filipinos themselves requires the maintenance, for the present, of our sovereignty over the archipelago.

Referring our readers to the paper itself, which needs no introduction or indorsement from us, we wish particularly to emphasize one fact and one opinion which it contains.

The fact is that the armed forces in the field against us represent only one tribe of a million and a half, while two millions and a half of Visayans, equally intelligent and efficient, are either neutral or friendly, and another four millions or more are at least not hostile. This one fact disposes of the claim that the Tagalogs are fighting for self-government and we are fighting against it. The armies in the field, which dominate the Tagalogs, many of whom are friendly to the United States, represent a military oligarchy and are fighting

for the right to govern more than six millions whom they do not represent. War conducted by one tribe for the right to govern other tribes is not a war for independence. War to prevent one tribe from assuming government over other tribes outnumbering them five to one is not a war of conquest.

Dr. Schurman's opinion is equally worthy of attention and emphasis.

There are four possible methods of dealing with the Philippines: (1) "To pull out some dark night and escape from the great problem as suddenly and as dramatically as we went in" (Dr. Jordan, President of Stanford University); (2) to recognize the independence of the Filipinos, that is, of the Tagalog government over the rest of the Filipinos, and "protect them against interference from other foreign powers" (Carl Schurz); (3) to put down the insurrection and refuse to treat with Aguinaldo, to receive his commissioners, to consider his demands, or to make him any pledges (General Otis); (4) to guarantee to the Filipinos, of whatever tribe, all the rights and prerogatives which are enjoyed by American citizens in the Territories of the United States, who do not share in the Presidential elections nor elect Senators or Representatives, but, under Federal sovereignty, have the general control of their local affairs, and with this guarantee demand and compel loyal acceptance of the supreme power and authority of the United States Government. This is our interpretation of the plan of the Administration as expressed by its official acts and utterances. Perhaps to these should be added (5) the same pledges as in the preceding plan, with the added promise of *future* independence when, in our judgment, the people of the islands are fitted for it.

We do not argue the case here; we simply reaffirm our conviction that, for the reasons stated by Dr. Schurman, the fourth policy is both just and right. What we think Congress ought to do, and do promptly, is: (1) Provide whatever men and means the Administration asks in order to establish the authority of the United States in the Philippines. The example of the Liberals in Great Britain is in this respect a better example for the opposition to follow than the example of the Irish. (2) Pass, equally promptly, a joint

resolution pledging to the Filipinos, in explicit terms, what the President, through the Commission, has already promised them (see Outlook for April 15, p. 890)—the amplest liberty of self-government reconcilable with the just, stable, effective, and economical administration and compatible with the sovereign rights and obligations of the United States; the expenditure of all taxes raised in the Philippines for the benefit of the Philippines and their inhabitants; the establishment of a pure, speedy, and effective administration of justice; and the establishment of elementary schools for the education of all the people. Whatever might have been wise a year ago, in our judgment it would be wise now to leave the question of independence for the future. We have no doubt that the future will neither force independence on the Cubans if they do not desire it, nor deny it to the Filipinos if they do desire it.

We believe that such an appropriation for war, if war is necessary, accompanied by such a pledge if peace is accepted, adopted by Congress promptly and unanimously, and followed by the appointment of a military Governor not having to contend against the prejudice which General Otis can probably never overcome, would bring an immediate end to the war. Every day of delay means cost of lives both American and Malay.



Ethics of Temperance Reform

The temperance question involves three questions—one scientific, one political, one ethical. The scientific question is, What are the physiological effects of alcohol in the human body? The political question is, What are the relative rights and duties of the individual and the community in the matter of food and drink? The ethical question is, What ought the individual to do, what ought his attitude to be, toward the use of alcohol in daily life? We have criticised the so-called temperance text-books because we think they teach error on the first question. We are opposed to the Prohibition movement because we think it is erroneous in its reply to the second ques-

tion. We propose here briefly to state our conclusions respecting the third question, without giving in detail the arguments by which these conclusions are supported.

1. Drunkenness is always a sin. The drunkard is not a poor victim, but a sinner. He is no more a victim of his appetite than the murderer is of his passion or the gambler of his greed. To condone drunkenness and coddle the drunkard and at the same time condemn the temperate use of wine is like condoning the murderer and condemning the boxer in the gymnasium, or condoning the gambler and condemning the quiet game of parlor whist. Drunkenness is always a sin; whether drinking is a sin or not depends upon circumstances.

2. The saloon is generally both unhygienic and immoral. The beer-garden may not be so in Germany, but the saloon is so in America. It is unhygienic because it promotes drinking between meals and on an empty stomach, and it is the substantially unanimous testimony of all physiologists that taking alcohol apart from meals and on an empty stomach is, under ordinary circumstances, dangerously unhygienic. It is immoral because it tends to excessive as well as to unwholesome drinking, and because it furnishes social companionships which never elevate and generally degrade. If the saloons could be abolished and the use of alcohol be confined to the table as a beverage and to the sick-room as a medicine, the social and political evils against which legislation should be directed would be practically ended. The temperance question would then become a purely personal question.

3. This purely personal question is, Should the individual drink alcoholic liquors as a beverage in such moderation as will prevent him from being an injury to others? This is a question which each individual must decide for himself. If he is of sane mind and full age, it is an impertinence for any other person to attempt to decide it for him, as much so as it would be for any one else to decide whether he may drink tea or coffee or eat meat. He may surrender this liberty either because he thinks its use will be hazardous to himself or hazardous to others, but he cannot surrender what he

does not possess. He is not at liberty to be drunken; it is right to condemn him if he is drunken. He is at liberty to drink; it is not right to condemn him merely because he drinks. The motto, Judge not, that ye be not judged, applies.

4. But another motto also applies: All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. Considering what the American climate is, what the American temperament, what the American social customs, we believe that habitual abstinence is more expedient than habitual use. It is true that there are times when alcohol is an indispensable food; true also that to some persons, especially in later life, it is often a valuable food; but, subject to these exceptions, habitual abstinence is a safer rule than habitual use; and it is far wiser for the individual to let a cautious doctor determine for him whether he constitutes one of the exceptions than to assume that he is such an exception and act on the assumption. It is true that to some persons of an unsocial and unmerciful temperament the danger from the moderate use of beer or light wine at meals is not great; but to others it is great; and to all it is a danger of a terrible catastrophe, one of the most terrible in which a man can involve himself. Does one ask himself, Shall I drink wine? the answer is, When in doubt, abstain. It is always wise to keep on the safe side in every doubtful case, unless the unsafe side is that of plain duty or great advantage. In respect to alcoholic liquors the safe side is habitual abstinence, and for most men there is neither a plain duty nor a great advantage on the side of habitual use.

To sum up the ethics of the temperance question in a few sentences, our advice is .

Judge for yourself and not for your neighbor. Avoid the saloon. Neither treat nor be treated. Eschew wine at receptions, public dinners, and other social occasions where social conditions promote excess. Never drink between meals. And do not drink at meals, even in careful moderation, unless the counsel of a cautious physician, confirmed by experience, makes it clear that the moderate use of alcohol is a necessary condition of the best health; do not use it under the careless impression that it is a harmless luxury.

Dr. McGiffert's Position

It is semi-officially reported that Professor McGiffert, of Union Theological Seminary, has declined to withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry, and that the committee appointed to confer with him will so report at the next meeting of the New York Presbytery. The Outlook is very glad to record this decision, because it believes that those who are loyal both to the Presbyterian Church and to religious liberty ought not to abandon the battle for religious liberty within the Presbyterian Church. Dr. McGiffert insists, as we understand him, that his teaching is not inconsistent with the standards of that Church, that under those standards there is provided all the liberty of teaching which he claims for himself and for the young men who are under his instruction. For him to abandon this claim, until it is proved erroneous by constitutional methods, would be to abandon the younger men in the ministry whom he represents and for whom he is standing. The Presbyterian Church has a Constitution, and it provides a method for determining whether any individual minister is acting within his constitutional liberties or not. As this method involves a heresy trial, and heresy trials are not popular, another and, as it seems to us, extra-constitutional, if not unconstitutional, method was hit upon at the last meeting of the General Assembly for getting rid of the question which Dr. McGiffert's teachings have raised. Resolutions were passed purporting to be an interpretation of the standard, but really constituting another standard, among them the declaration that the statements of the Holy Scriptures are absolutely free from error when interpreted in their natural and intended sense. Then Dr. McGiffert was asked either to acknowledge the accuracy of this new standard or else to withdraw. This is not the constitutional method provided for in the Church for amending its Constitution. It is as if Congress, by joint resolution, should undertake to furnish an official interpretation to the Constitution of the United States, and then ask any Senator or Representative who did not agree to that interpretation to withdraw from Congress on the assumption that he was not in agreement with the Constitution

of the United States which he had sworn to support. There is a legitimate way of ascertaining whether or not Dr. McGiffert's teachings are in accordance with the Presbyterian standards, and Dr. McGiffert wisely refuses to acquiesce in the rough-and-ready method resorted to in this case. Peace is always desirable; but liberty is worth more than peace obtained at the cost of liberty.



From the New College Presidents

The autumn has been notable for academic occasions of unusual interest. Five leading American colleges have received as many new Presidents. Amherst, Brown, Yale, Wellesley, and the University of California have opened new chapters in their history as individual institutions and in the history of education on this continent. It has not often happened that the heads of five important colleges have spoken within so short a time touching various aspects of American education; and the addresses of the new Presidents have been read with interest by all who care for the American college and the youth who are being educated in it. Those who have feared that our colleges were getting out of touch with the life of the country in its peculiar problems and needs must have been greatly comforted by the tone of all the inaugurals, for in every case the college President has spoken, not as if he belonged to a class or stood for a peculiar kind of culture, but as if he were an American citizen charged in a peculiar sense with high responsibilities toward the country. Dr. Harris laid the greatest emphasis on the obligation of the man of letters in a democratic society, and the definite and distinctive duties which fall to his lot in his public relations. Miss Hazard emphasized the practical and immediate work of women in homes as being of transcendent moment in consideration of the question of higher education for women. "What shall it profit us," said Dr. Hadley, "if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul; if we develop the intellectual and material side of our education and neglect the traditional spirit of democracy,

loyalty, and Christian truth?" "A university," said Dr. Wheeler in his opening address to the students at Oakland, reported in brief in another column, "is not a matter of mechanism, buildings, endowments, and records; it is an organization of living men and women." This note, struck by every incoming college President, shows how intimately higher education in this country is related to the life behind it, and makes it clear that the American college is not less democratic than in the days when its endowments were small, its faculties limited, its buildings ugly, its equipment inferior, and its students poor. Those who know the American college student at first hand in different parts of the country are persuaded that the old-time spirit of sacrifice for education is as keen as in the days of the fathers, and that young men are undergoing as heroic labors to liberate themselves from ignorance as in those earlier times which are often recorded as the more heroic times.

The new Presidents of Amherst and Brown are both clergymen, not because it was thought essential to elect a clergyman to the positions which they hold, but because that profession furnished two men who seemed best qualified to take the guidance of the two colleges. Yale, for the first time in its history, has chosen a layman. The University of California has chosen an eminent professional scholar. The time when the ministry was the only learned profession, in a general sense, has definitely passed away; the new times have not only brought in new men, but they have brought in a far greater variety of men competent to lead in the world of education, and to deal strongly from the intellectual side with the problems of the hour. Three decades ago the colleges existed mainly to supply what were known as the learned professions. To-day the colleges are putting more men into business than into the ministry, medicine, or the law, and the time is at hand when the need of thorough training for men of practical affairs will be as clearly recognized as has been the need for superior training among men in the professions. The colleges have not only not lowered their standards of scholarship, they have distinctly advanced them; but it is going to be understood

that the real educational test is not the kind of knowledge a man has acquired, but the quality of mind which his training has developed. The minister has lost his exclusive hold upon the management of great institutions of learning, not because those institutions are antagonistic to his position or his work, or have lost their interest in his position and his work, but because the field from which selection can be made is far wider, and the institutions are ministering to the needs of a far larger field.

Dr. Hadley's recognition of athletics as holding a place, and a very considerable place, in college education marks another step in the evolution of the American college; a step which is distinctly in advance. It is true, athletics are often abused, and the dangers upon which Dr. Hadley dwelt are real; but the active, out-of-door life of the American student of to-day is making a different race in this country. Its influence is not only physical, it is also intellectual; it is not only laying the basis for a more vigorous and enduring life, but it is enriching that life. A sound body is not only the prerequisite for a sound mind, but it gives also an immense capacity for receiving and retaining the most wholesome and fruitful educational influences and suggestions. It has often been said that the chief influence of the English universities is not intellectual, but moral, and that they train character even more definitely than they train intellect; and the value of their training is seen in the immense practical power and staying force of the English race the world over. Very much of this quality of steadiness of will, power to subordinate everything to a definite purpose, with a rare combination of coolness and courage, comes from the out-of-door life of the English youth. At Oxford and Cambridge men live out-of-doors six months in the year; their work is largely done out-of-doors. During the last two decades the American people have been getting out of their houses into the sunlight and the fields, and both for young men and young women this has been an immense gain. There have been excesses and abuses, as there always are; there have been some losses, as there must always be; but the gain far outweighs them. The American college was never nearer to the country than to-day, never

more useful to it, and never gave greater promise of future service.



Women's Wages

The need of business training for women is made very evident when the majority of them attempt to make a business contract. Recently a letter to *The Outlook* asked for assistance in finding a governess for four children from four to twelve years of age. This governess was to have entire charge of the children during both lesson and play hours. She must be a college graduate "who had been taught to teach;" have a knowledge of botany, astronomy, ornithology, for use in recreation hours; she must supervise the study hours of the older ones as well as be a companion for the little ones. Modern languages were requisite. The compensation offered was three hundred dollars per annum, "a comfortable home, and the opportunity to teach agreeable children." The requirements prove the intelligence of the writer as to the best educational standards of the present day, while failing to recognize the logical sequence of advance in compensation to teachers of the highest professional training.

Every private school of high rank in the country is searching for just such a graduate, and willing to pay from six to twelve hundred dollars a year for her services. She will have her afternoons and evenings and Saturdays and Sundays free, and her long summer vacation, plus the companionship of her peers with interests in common to create a professional and social life. Every city of the first rank has positions waiting for this same graduate at a salary beginning at six hundred dollars and over, and the door of opportunity for promotion in profession and salary standing open. Three hundred dollars a year is about the wages paid to many cooks, who are relieved of all other work. In addition, they too are offered a comfortable home.

It would be a liberal education to women who are in a position to hire labor if they would read and ponder over the wage question as presented in "Domestic Service," by Lucy Maynard Salmon, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN

ON
THE

PHILIPPINE SITUATION

The Immediate Duty of the United States

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW¹

What was your attitude on the Philippine question when the President appointed you to the Commission?

I was opposed to the United States taking the Philippine Islands. My belief was that they should have been left with Spain; that our own National traditions, as well as expediency in this particular case, made it desirable that we should not have territory in the Orient (except, of course, coaling and naval stations). I had so expressed myself in public speech and in writing in the summer of 1898. And perhaps I am not divulging any confidence when I say that when the President of the United States did me the great honor to invite me to go to the Philippines, I told him, in the first place, that I feared it was not possible for me to get away from my duties as President of Cornell University, but that, even if it were feasible, I was scarcely the man to take such a position, as I had opposed our acceptance of the archipelago from Spain. To this the President replied that in general neither the people nor the Government of the United States had desired to take the Philippines, but were compelled to do so in order to prevent serious international complications. In the light of this information I agreed to accept the position, providing the Trustees of Cornell University gave me leave of absence for the rest of the university year.

What were the conditions as you found them in the Philippines?

First of all let me state that I was very

ignorant regarding the Philippines. I suppose that is the normal condition of a great majority of the people of the United States at the present time. I arrived in Manila on the 4th of March. As I look back, what surprises me most is the fact of the complete absorption of my mind in Philippine affairs, to the exclusion of all other interests. My brain, while I was in the Philippine Islands, seemed a sort of sponge soaking up Philippine material and nothing else; university affairs, personal affairs, and home affairs in general failed to engage my attention. I was full of the Philippines.

If now you ask me what most impressed me on my arrival in the Philippine Islands, or in connection with my first experiences, I should say it was the relatively advanced condition in which I found the Filipinos as compared with what I had pictured them at home. In Manila, and in all the considerable towns of the archipelago, you find a highly educated class. In the learned professions of law and medicine, and in business, you find men who have graduated at the University of Manila (for Manila has a university and colleges), and many of these graduates have afterwards studied in Europe, more particularly in Spain, France, and Germany. I recall, for example, physicians who had spent several years in German or French universities and spoke those languages with ease and fluency. Of this class in general it may be said that they would compare favorably with men in similar professions in any of the cities of the world. But it must be added that the number of

¹ Editorial comment on this interview will be found elsewhere in this number of *The Outlook*.—THE EDITORS.

this class is small in comparison with the total population. I repeat that you find these educated men all over the archipelago, and though their number is small, they will be, it seems to me, of exceeding great importance in the future government of the country.

The masses of the people, on the other hand, are ignorant—densely ignorant—and they have the superstitions, the credulity, and the amazing gullibility that go with such ignorance. In fact, a principal difficulty which we find in dealing with the Filipinos is the inability of the masses of the people to appreciate the actual facts—their lack of the sense of reality and actuality—and their readiness to believe anything whatever, no matter how absurd or atrocious, which is told them regarding ourselves. A man, if he be one of their own people and one whom they trust, can make them believe anything. For instance, when I went to Cebu in June I was told this story by a high official who knew the facts of the case. A lady there had just been informed by her servant that she intended to give up her place and retire into the interior. The mistress, greatly surprised, asked the reason of the change, and the servant, who happened to have a child, replied: "The American soldiers are coming here" (the American troops were then on the way to the island of Cebu), "and you know they live on babies, and I want to escape with my child into the interior where they cannot reach me." This story is (to us) incredible. Yet it indicates the gullibility of the great mass of the Filipino people.

The second reason for Filipino misunderstanding of the Americans is their previous experience with the white race. As you know, the Filipinos are Malays. Apart from a very small number of Englishmen, Germans, and other Europeans, they have had no experience with the white race except through Spain, and for three hundred years the Spaniards have practiced oppression, extortion, and outrages of the worst kind upon them. The United States now inherits this Spanish legacy; and, from the nature of the case, the Filipinos, judging us by the only standard they know, conclude, inevitably conclude, that we propose to treat them as Spain did. Furthermore, they have retailed to them by their intelligent leaders just

enough of United States history to misunderstand us. They say, "You Americans enslaved the negroes and exterminated the Indians, and now you have come out to the Orient to exploit the Filipinos." Naturally enough, they express their readiness to die rather than submit. No one can understand the Philippine situation without taking account of this racial antipathy, which, you see, grows naturally out of the Filipino experience with the Spaniards.

What proportion of the population did you find hostile to the United States?

I found the Tagalogs, numbering a million and a half people, forcibly resisting the authority of the United States, and the rest of the inhabitants of the archipelago, numbering some six and a half millions, at peace with us, and, if not our friends, at least passive and neutral. You hear a great deal about the Tagalogs, who are the only tribe engaged in fighting us, but the Tagalogs are not the most numerous tribe in the archipelago. There are two and a half millions of Visayans, and even in the island of Luzon, where the Tagalogs occupy the provinces about Manila, there are tribes to the north and south, all speaking different languages, whose population varies from a quarter of a million each to six hundred thousand each.

What can you say concerning the military operations, past, present, and future?

You know of the great series of victories won by our American soldiers in the successive advances from Manila to Malabon, to Malolos, to Calumpit, and San Fernando. The moral effect of these victories it is simply impossible to exaggerate; for, the President of the United States having instructed the Commanding General to avoid hostilities, American soldiers had for months endured insults and outrages at the hands of Filipino soldiers who occupied the lines near by, thus giving the latter the impression, astonishing as it may seem to you, that, instead of being forbearing and conciliatory, our soldiers were simply cowards; and there is no doubt whatever that when hostilities broke out on the 4th of February, the Filipino soldiers fully expected to drive the American soldiers down into the bay of Manila and celebrate their triumph by looting the city. The result of the campaign was to

convince even the most prejudiced Filipino that there is nothing a Filipino soldier could do which an American soldier could not do, and do better, while the American soldier accomplished feats which to the Filipino seemed impossible. The crossing of the Calumpit River filed Luna, the Commanding General of the Filipino army, with amazement and dismay; he had supposed it impassable.

But, while from the side of moral effect our victories were of incalculable value, I think it possible to exaggerate their intrinsic importance from a military point of view. I cannot, of course, speak as a military critic, for I am a civilian, but I have heard it said by officers on the spot (many of them of the highest standing), and the unanimity of their views leads me to think that there must be some truth in their opinion, that our wisest policy would be to strike at the Filipino army and annihilate it, and hold whatever territory we once take.

What about the difficulties of the present situation?

The situation is undoubtedly grave. It may be that we shall not in the future take so many cities, but make Aguinaldo's army our objective point; and, indeed, it would seem that our military desideratum is what Lord Nelson described, writing to Pitt just before the Battle of Trafalgar in regard to British affairs: "What we want," said Nelson, "is not brilliant victories, but annihilation of the enemy's forces." With the large number of troops which have recently been sent to the Philippines, this ideal should not be impossible of speedy realization. The mere taking of cities, or even the capture of prisoners, may have no very great result. Men are cheap in the Philippine Islands; and the prisoners taken have to be fed, and, if wounded, cared for in our hospitals; and for every Filipino who is injured, shot, or taken prisoner, there are at least two others ready to seize the rifle which he drops. The best test of a victory in the Philippine Islands is the number of rifles taken or the quantity of ammunition captured. These things cost money and are difficult to secure. Men, as I have said, are cheap. The supreme test of victory would be the annihilation of Aguinaldo's army as a fighting machine.

Does the problem admit of any other than a military solution?

Nothing is so impressive to the Oriental mind as power. Dewey is the hero he is in the Orient because of the swift, irresistible, and fatal blow which he dealt in a few hours in Manila Bay. Without force I think it impossible to settle our Philippine problem. As an eminent Filipino once said to me, "Our people need to be approached with a rattan in one hand and a lump of sugar in the other." I believe the United States Government must have a large and irresistible army in the Philippine Islands—an army capable of doing any amount of work which any contingency might devolve upon it; and I should hope that Congress would vote the President, and vote him unanimously—for any division of opinion might be misunderstood by the Filipinos—all the men, ships, and money which he asks for. Far be it from me to suggest any reduction in our forces; we need all we have, and more too; and you will observe that Admiral Dewey, who has already stated to the press that he and I saw absolutely eye to eye in all Philippine matters, recommended to the President, on his return to this country, an increase in our forces.

But, as I have already explained, we are dealing with two different classes of persons in the Philippine Islands—the Tagalogs, who are fighting us, and the rest of the population, four times as numerous as the Tagalogs, who are not fighting us. Besides the problem of quelling the insurrection, we have the problem of conciliating these peaceful tribes. They must not be allowed to join the Tagalogs and make common cause with them; rather, they must be won over to the active support of the American cause. Now, how is this to be done? I answer that we must take account of their political ideals, and, so far as possible, satisfy them. Bear in mind that the insurrection of the Filipinos against Spain was due to her failure to make provision for the political aspirations of the Filipino people. They wanted rights; she denied them. They asked for political franchises; she ignored them. No Filipino was ever appointed to an office. They suspect, as I have already said, that we, the new representatives of the white race in the Philippines, will treat them exactly as Spain has done. In order to

win them over it is necessary that we should have an authoritative declaration on the part of the United States of the form of government and of the rights, privileges, and immunities which the Filipinos are to receive from us. I trust that the President and Congress will soon agree on such a grant, and the sooner it is enacted the better. In my opinion, nothing could so much contribute to an adjustment of our Philippine troubles as such a piece of legislation. At the present time no one can tell the Filipinos authoritatively what their political relations hereafter shall be. Nay, more, the Treaty of Paris left the political status and the civil rights of the Filipinos to be determined by the Congress of the United States, and since the ratification of that treaty the Filipinos have been in this regard floating between heaven and hell. Aguinaldo's commissioners were informed that a liberal form of government would be granted to the Philippine peoples, with a large share of home rule; that there should be a Governor-General appointed by the President of the United States, a Cabinet consisting of Americans or Filipinos appointed by the Governor-General, and Judges of the higher Courts, either American or Filipino, appointed by the President of the United States. But the shrewd Filipinos immediately made the point that under the Constitution of the United States only Congress could determine their political status; that whatever powers the President exercised were the war powers of the Constitution, which ceased with the establishment of peace.

In a word, my advice is, increase your military force to the utmost extent that may, under any circumstances, be necessary, and with those forces annihilate, or be ready to annihilate, the Tagalog insurgents who are now resisting the authority of the United States; but, at the same time, tell the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago, four-fifths of whom are at peace with you, what political status and civil rights you propose to confer upon them. Such a declaration may make the further exercise of power unnecessary. In any event, it will tend to satisfy all the races except the Tagalogs, who are now actually engaged in war, and it cannot fail to have great influence among men of intelligence and property who are now

committed to Aguinaldo's cause. It seems to me that our writers and speakers fail to keep in view the two classes of persons with whom we have to deal in the Philippine Islands. A policy of mere force alone is not enough for the peaceful inhabitants of the archipelago—by far the larger portion of all: we must synchronize force and conciliation. My policy is, a grant of rights, authorized by Congress, in one hand, and unlimited thunder and lightning in the other.

How definite and far-reaching should be our promises to the Filipinos as to their future self-government or independence?

I did not believe in the annexation of the Philippine Islands. But they are ours. Either by destiny or the hand of Providence, in any event by the issues of war, the Philippine Islands have passed under American sovereignty and we are responsible for them, and this responsibility it is impossible for us to escape. We owe it to the nations of the world, who expect us to protect their citizens in the Philippine Islands, and to maintain peace and order among the Filipinos themselves. We owe it to the great majority of the Philippine people, who are not hostile to us, and especially to those prominent Filipinos who have declared themselves openly and are actively working for the American cause. We owe it to our own National sense of honor and of right. Treaties cannot be made and unmade at will; and the Treaty of Paris puts upon us an obligation which, whether we like it or not, we have to carry; it is simply impossible for us to lay it down. Any talk of drawing out of the Philippine Islands, in view of the enormous and weighty obligations we have incurred, seems to me altogether dishonorable. Strongly as I was opposed to the taking of the Philippine Islands from Spain, I clearly see that we cannot abandon them now. How long it may be necessary for us to remain in the archipelago I know not; whether a century, a generation, or longer, no mortal can foretell. This I know: that sovereignty carries with it responsibility for government, and the ends of government are peace, order, justice, and the protection of life and property, and, when these are assured, liberty and self-government. How long it will take us to educate the Filipinos in self-government no one

can tell. But our immediate task is the undertaking of this educational work—to train the Filipinos to govern themselves. And while I cannot speak of a form of government (for that is a matter which the President has relegated to a Commission to report upon), I can at least express the opinion that the form of government should be as liberal as the circumstances and the conditions of the

people permit, giving them in the main home rule in their municipalities and provinces, and American supervision and control by means of a general government at Manila. We are in the Philippines, and we must do our duty. The ideal to guide us in our work is a self-governing Filipino nation, and toward the realization of that ideal we shall, I doubt not, progressively advance.

At Crisis

By Frances Whitmarsh

*Almighty God, our strength and shield,
We bend the hand, we bow the knee,
Before the awful glimpse revealed
Of what our future yet may be.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.*

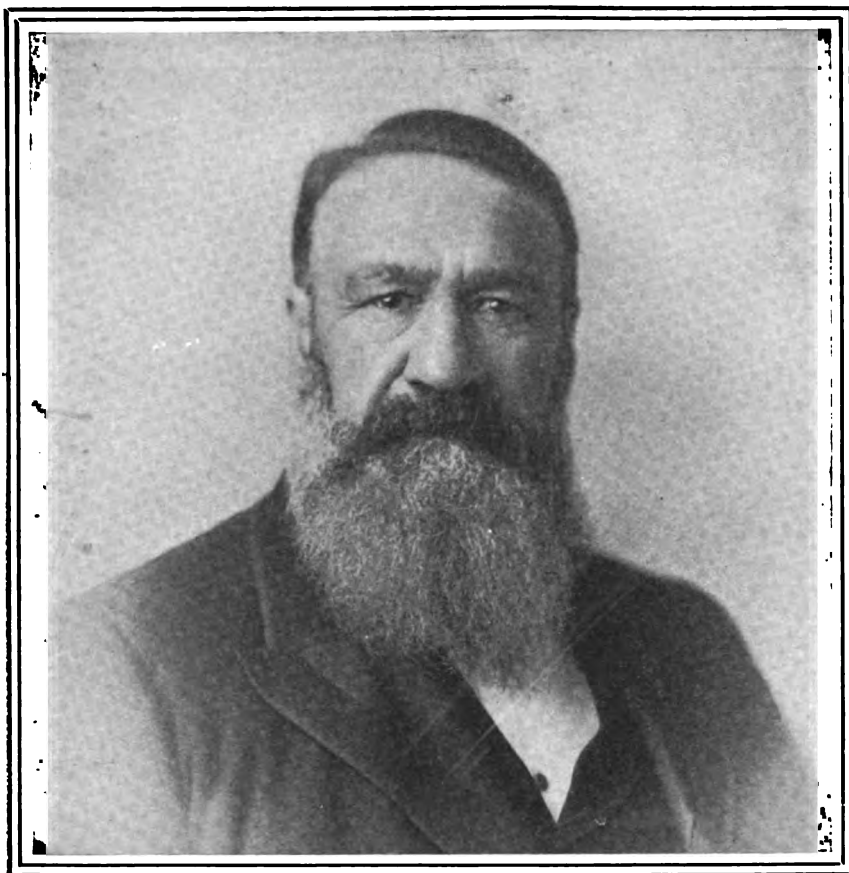
*As far, across the tropic sea,
Within our grasp an empire lies;
Though all unsunned by liberty,
Its gold-gleams daze our startled eyes;
The wish for power, gain, glory—all
New-roused within—our souls appall.*

*Sore tempted, we in travail groan,
The elder nations watch and wait;
Oh! leave us not this hour alone—
This hour that may decide our fate.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.*

*Let thoughts and deeds more solemn grow,
And eyes begin to question eyes;
Teach thou bewildered minds to know
Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.*

*Let vaunt and boast and triumph cease,
The war-won glories fade away;
Now come the harder strifes of peace—
It is the time for men to pray.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.*

—Boston Transcript.



COMMANDANT-GENERAL PIETER JOUBERT

The Two Commanders in the Transvaal War

I.—Pieter Joubert

General Joubert's baptismal names are Petrus Jacobus. The Latin Petrus has long since become the Dutch Pieter, and its diminutive, Piet. The name Joubert correctly indicates a Huguenot, not Dutch, ancestry.

General Joubert is the Commander-in-Chief of the Boer army. Under him are commandants who have charge of the military affairs of the seventeen districts into which the Transvaal is divided. Each of these districts again is divided, and each of the divisions is in charge of a field-cornet. While the Transvaal standing army numbers not more than two hundred men, the real army consists of every man in the country between the

ages of sixteen and sixty. These volunteers were mobilized as quickly—namely, within forty-eight hours—as the fulfillment of the same act would occupy in any country. General Joubert has been in control of all the Transvaal army preparations, including the National Military School at Pretoria. This institution comprises several American militarists as instructors, while the plans for the country's defense have been the work of Germans. Ever since the Jameson Raid, the import of arms and ammunition has been incessant, and the defenses of the two principal towns, Pretoria and Johannesburg, have been strengthened. The Boers claim that Pretoria is now in a condition to withstand a long siege. Its guns point out, but Johannesburg's significantly



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER

point in. Great sums have also been expended on the mountain passes into Natal, the Boers rightly reckoning that British commanders might find it easier to transfer forces from the port of Durban than from Cape Town, more than three times as far away. In the face of all this preparation on the Transvaal's part, Great Britain has been compelled to expend for military purposes in South Africa two and a half million dollars every year.

General Joubert was one of the triumvirate (Pretorius, Kruger, Joubert) who conducted the affairs of government during the war of independence (1880-1), and during that war, as since, was commander of the Transvaal forces. He gained a victory in every one of the five battles fought against the British. Since the establishment of Boer independence he has been Vice-President of the Republic, and in the presidential elections has been Mr. Kruger's most redoubtable adversary.

General Joubert has been as remarkable as a civil leader as he has been in a military capacity. While President Kruger has been at the head of the Conservatives, he has led the Liberal forces. General Joubert believes that the Outlanders should have been permitted to vote both for Presidential candidates and for those of the Volksraad's First Chamber. The Second Chamber possesses no real legislative authority.

II.—Sir Redvers Buller

The full title of the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces is the Right Honorable Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C. Of all these, he is the proudest of the last dignity. V.C. means Victoria Cross. Sir Redvers won it in the Zulu war, when he coolly pulled his men out of the greatest peril.

General Buller is exactly sixty years old. He is a Devonshire man by birth. Forty-one years ago he entered the Sixtieth Rifles, and gradually rose in rank until, in 1891, he became Lieutenant-General. The intervening time saw his gallant service in the Chinese campaign of 1860, in the Red River Expedition ten years later, in the Ashanti war of 1874, in the Kaffir war of 1878, and in the succeeding Zulu, Boer, and Egyptian campaigns. Sir Redvers is thus no stranger to Africa.

After Majuba Hill, Sir Redvers refused to sign the preliminary terms of peace with the Boers. As he persisted in the refusing, the British Government finally prevailed upon Sir Evelyn Wood to sign the document. Sir Evelyn has been thought by some a likely candidate for the chief commandship in the present campaign, but his near-sightedness in the field undoubtedly operated against his usefulness. Reference has been made to Sir Redvers Buller's part in the Egyptian war of 1885-6. The experience gained in that war was supposed to be sufficient to entitle him to the supreme command when the British forces became ready to take Omdurman a year ago. General Kitchener was to lead the campaign against the Khalifa only in its early stages. He was to build a railway from Wadi-Halfa, he was to take Dongola, and he was to draw up the plans for further advance. Then the real march upon Omdurman was, so it is said, to have been undertaken by General Buller, Lord Kitchener's senior in rank as in years. In this, however, the British War Office underrated the genius of the commander already in the field. So perfect was the union of British and Egyptian troops, and so skillful the advance made by Lord Kitchener, that even the prejudiced authorities were won over, and permitted the young officer who had done so much to reap the proper fruit of his precise military movements.

In 1885-6 Sir Redvers Buller was Deputy Adjutant-General, in 1887 Under-Secretary of Ireland, and in 1890 Adjutant-General. He thus combines much administrative training with his long experience as leader of expeditionary forces.

Sir Redvers has now the chief command of the greatest force which Great Britain has sent out since Crimean days, a command not only his just due from a military standpoint, but one also, it is believed, which will atone for hopes once held out to him in North Africa. In South Africa he also has one melancholy distinction—that of commanding the first force sent by Great Britain against a white foe since Sebastopol.

Personally, Sir Redvers Buller is blunt and brusque, but very businesslike. The British South African campaign will need all of the clear-headed leadership that is generally attributed to him.



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL ON SAMUEL JOHNSON

IT is told of a fashionable portrait-painter that once, when transferring to canvas (as best he could) the stately features of Mrs. Siddons, he laid down his brush and exclaimed to his sitter in mock despair and with an expletive so familiar that there is no need, Mr. Compositor, to trouble you to set it up, "Why—Madam, there is no end to your nose!"

The same exclamation rises to our lips, though on this occasion the accents are not those of despair but of delight, as we complacently regard a comely, compact, well-printed, and aptly illustrated volume of some 270 pages all taken up and solely concerned with Dr. Johnson. Nor is any of this spaciousness occupied with

panegyric or with mere protestations of unalterable affection—far from this; the book is devoted to detailed examinations of the character, the acquirements, the achievements, the goings out and the comings in of this the most delightful of men. Why, Sir (or Madam), there is no end to Dr. Johnson, nor will there ever be.

You never can be certain what will interest Mankind. I observe in to-day's "Times" a letter from Cardinal Vaughan in which that eminent man somewhat bitterly contrasts the fury excited in England and in America by the treatment of Captain Dreyfus with the stony indifference there displayed to the treatment by the French Republic of holy men and women of the Catholic faith, who, as the Cardinal

puts it, lived together in association and spent their own money on good works. The sufferings of these good folk did not interest either the British or the American public; the sufferings of Dreyfus did.

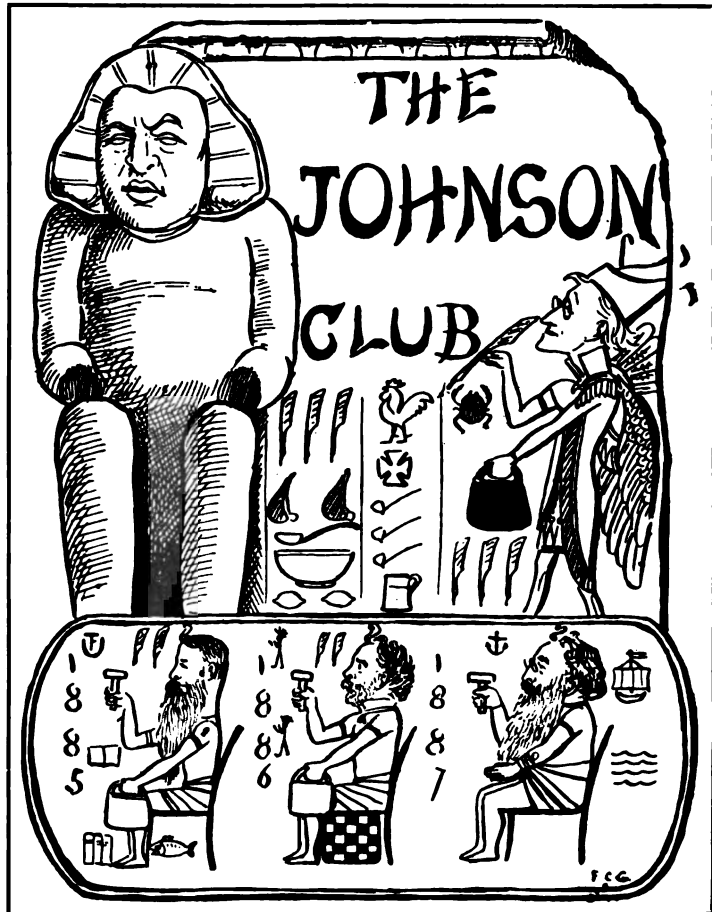
Excellently well did that consummate artist, the immortal creator of Toby Shandy, when he wished to bring home to his readers the horrors of captivity, personify them in the image of an imprisoned starling. "I can't get out," said the starling. Here, then, we see one of the great aids to interest—Personification. Dreyfus personified Injustice, the unfair treatment of a soldier by his comrades; and the world shuddered.

Great men, stormy forces, come and go, whether thundering Napoleons or brusque Bismarcks; philosophers wax and wane; theories are born and die; the restless minds of one generation explain themselves in the formulas of Mill, the next generation prefer the indefinite grandeur of Hegel; the science of to-day is absorbed beyond personal recognition by the science of to-morrow; nothing remains in its original form as it fell from the lips or was molded by the hands, except these two—the Manifestations of Human Nature and the Forms of Supreme Art. The Homer of Mr. Gladstone was the Homer of Pericles; still "stands the statue that enchants the world;" the choir of Beauvais that haunts the memory to-day is the same choir that has haunted the memories of all who have, during the last five centuries, lifted up their eyes to behold its glory. In

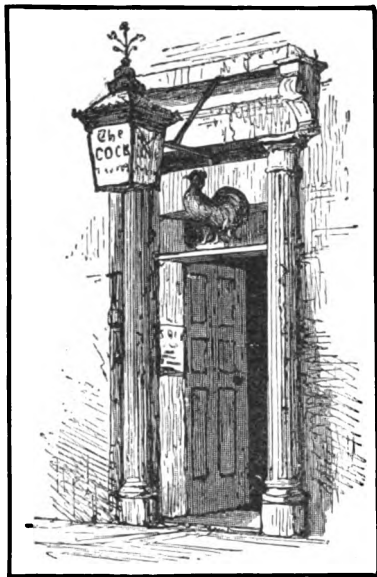
these examples we see the advantage Art possesses over Human Nature, which, as it stands manifested and revealed in individual character, is hard to catch, still harder to garner. Who can do it? Who is to paint the mind or sketch the manners of a man? Rarely indeed is it done; but when it is, the great world never fails to take the picture to its heart.

This is why the interest in Dr. Johnson is never ending. It is because we think we know him as we know no other man.

There are, I believe, some petulant philosophers who grudge the doctor his great place, his vast estate in the affections of his countrymen. "Confound the fellow!" they exclaim, "we don't grudge him his pension, but a hundred years and more have gone by since the last quarter of that was paid, and yet he goes on receiving great and ever greater revenues of praise.



Drawn by F. Carruthers Gould, Brother of the Johnson Club.



THE COCK TAVERN DOORWAY

On the north side of Fleet Street.
Now pulled down.

What theory did he ventilate? What cause did he espouse? In what style did he pour himself out?" Silence, poor petulant grumblers! Well do I know the secret of your dissatisfaction with Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson was in truth far too full of Human Nature and of the wisdom that Human Nature inculcates to please a certain class of philosophers who must be taken very seriously or not at all. Philosophers hate being pooh-poohed as much as a rheumatic man hates being wetted to the skin. Our Doctor was a great pooh-pooher, as indeed befitted so famous an exponent of Human Nature, which has ever reserved one of her broadest smiles for pretentious theorists.

The book already mentioned is one that it would not be becoming for me to review, as it is the work of my brethren of the Johnson Club, whose Prior for one proud year I was. Indeed, among the "various hands" who have produced it, I dimly recognize my own. But a word or two about its contents may be pardoned; at all events, I cannot be cast in damages for uttering them.

One of the most distinguished members of the Club, which has never sought after distinguished men, bearing in mind, as it has always done,

the saying of the Sage, "It is wonderful with how little superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life," is J. Gennadius, for some years the representative of Greece at the Court of St. James's. His paper on "Dr. Johnson as a Grecian" will be read with pleasure by all who know Greek, by all who have tried to know Greek, and by the rest of mankind who mean to begin learning it when they have reached the Catonian age. How much Greek any particular man knows is apt to be a mystery, unless, indeed, the man in question settles the question by frankly admitting that he knows none. The fact is, you may sidle through life without it ever being discovered whether you know Greek or not. There are Bishops on our episcopal bench who only know enough Greek to read a Greek Testament by the light of King James's version. There are Judges of our High Court who have no Greek. Has there ever been a Prime Minister who could not, if put to it, construe a line of Homer? If there never has been, some day there will be. But, indeed, how much Greek must you know before you can be said to know Greek? Did Pope know Greek? There are, and always have been, a few men who admittedly know or knew Greek. Porson knew Greek, so did Parr, so did Dr. Charles Burney, so did the long Lincolnshire Squire, Benet Langton. To name living Grecians would be an invidious and even a dangerous task. How much Greek did Dr. Johnson know? With this question Mr. Gennadius grapples.

Dr. Johnson was very modest about his Greek; he knew he did not know enough. But he resented the vulgar error, which had currency in his own time, that he knew none. Mr. Gennadius cites from Mrs. Piozzi the anecdote which relates how, when the King of Denmark was in England in 1768, one of his noblemen was brought to see the Doctor at Streatham, and, having heard that he was not famous for Greek, attacked him on the weak side, politely adding that he chose that subject to favor himself. Dr. Johnson, however, displayed so copious a knowledge of authors, books, and every branch of learning in that language that the gentleman appeared astonished. When he was gone Johnson said: "Now, for all this triumph I may thank Thrale's Xenophon here; as I think, excepting that *one*, I have not looked into a Greek book for ten years. But see what haste my dear friends were all in," continued he, "to tell this poor innocent foreigner that I knew nothing of Greek! Oh no! he knows nothing of Greek," with a loud burst of laughter.

It is only fair to add that in the latter years of his life Johnson read a great deal of Greek, but at all times his magnificent memory enabled him to make a prodigious show. Mr. Gennadius, quoting from Prior's *Life of Edmund Malone* (a delightful book), reminded the Club how Dr. James picked up on a stall a book of Greek hymns and brought it to Johnson, who ran his eyes over the pages and returned it. A year or two afterwards he dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Dr. Musgrave, the editor of *Euripides*. Musgrave made a great parade of his Greek learning, and among other less-known writings mentioned these hymns, which he thought none of the company were acquainted with, and extolled them highly. Johnson said the first of them was very fine, and immediately repeated it. It consisted of ten or twelve lines.

Mr. Gennadius, who is a bibliophile of the first water, has identified the volume picked up by Dr. James and the hymn quoted by Johnson. I refer the learned interested in this subject to his paper.

Dr. Johnson loved to call himself a scholar, and such indeed he was, in the best sense of the word. His mind was stored with ancient learning as well as equipped with modern instances. How affecting is the example the exquisite taste of Mr. Gennadius has selected for the conclusion of his paper: "And when, lounging on the Scottish shore, he was hurriedly invited to embark, for the wind was fair and Skipper Simpson's boat ready

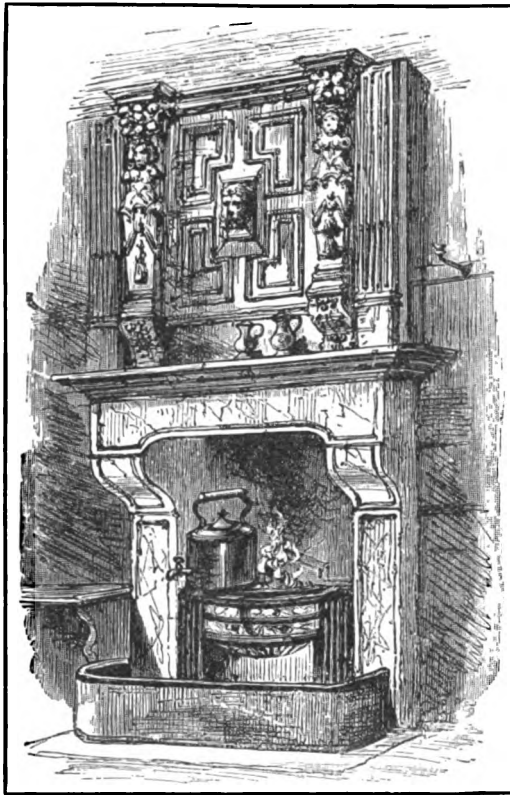
to sail, with composure and solemnity he repeated that grand passage in *Epictetus* (*Enchiridion*, Ch. VII.) in which we are warned that, as man has the voyage of death before him, whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the Master's call, and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready."

If ever man glorified letters and beatified learning, it was Johnson.

The American reader will learn with pleasure how Dr. Birkbeck Hill (a famous name for all time to come in the great Johnsonian Legend) sat reading the old proof-sheets of the very first edition of *Boswell* in the pleasant village of Barnstaple on Cape Cod. Human nature can conquer everything, and so it has come about that the finest collection of Johnsonian and Boswellian curiosities that exists anywhere is in the town of Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, under the Stars and Stripes. Thither must the true Johnsonian

direct his steps would he know what there is to be known and see what there is to be seen in the way of original texts, letters, portraits, and engravings. What charming irony is there in this! With what a peal of good-natured laughter would the author of "*Taxation No Tyranny*" hear of the collection of that "enlightened and liberal citizen of Buffalo, Mr. R. B. Adam"!

Some justification for Johnson's ferocious but semi-humorous saying, "So far as I can see, sir, most foreigners are fools,"



IN THE OLD COCK TAVERN

Here the Club was founded in 1884. The fittings of the room have been removed to the new tavern over the way.

has been sought for in the statement often made that Boswell's Life has never been translated into a single foreign language. The research of Dr. Hill has discovered, and he records his discovery in a note to his paper on the Boswell Centenary, that so long ago as 1851-2 a complete condensation of Boswell was published in Russian by a distinguished critic, Drujinire. Russia is not exactly the medium one would have chosen for Johnson—but things are what they are.

He who reads Mr. A. W. Hutton's paper on Dr. Johnson's Library will learn how it came about that the Doctor was possessed of "Mudge on the Small-pox." Who after doing so will see in box or on stall a copy of this doubtless superseded work without paying its ransom and giving it shelter until the day comes when his library shall share the fate of Johnson's? I shall not be happy until I possess a copy of Mudge, and this though (owing to the generosity of Mr. Austin Dobson) I am for the

nonce the owner of an edition of Homer, in two volumes, which Mr. Cruickshank, the surgeon, selected from Johnson's books as by the terms of the Doctor's will he was entitled to do.

But my few words are multiplying fast. Lovers of irony will read with delight Mr. John Sargeant's paper, "Dr. Johnson on Music;" my learned friend and Brother Arthur Spokes, the Recorder of Reading, writes feelingly of Johnson's associations with the Temple; few men have derived greater gusto from the letters of the eighteenth century than Mr. West, who here

discourses on "Dr. Johnson as a Correspondent;" whilst if the man exists who is competent to take the stately shade of Dr. Johnson "round the Town," it is Mr. George Whale.

There are dedicatory verses by Mr. George Radford, and concluding lines by Mr. Lionel Johnson, which will be accepted as proofs that, though the Johnson Club is not "a nest of singing birds," it has on its roll-call those who can lisp in numbers.

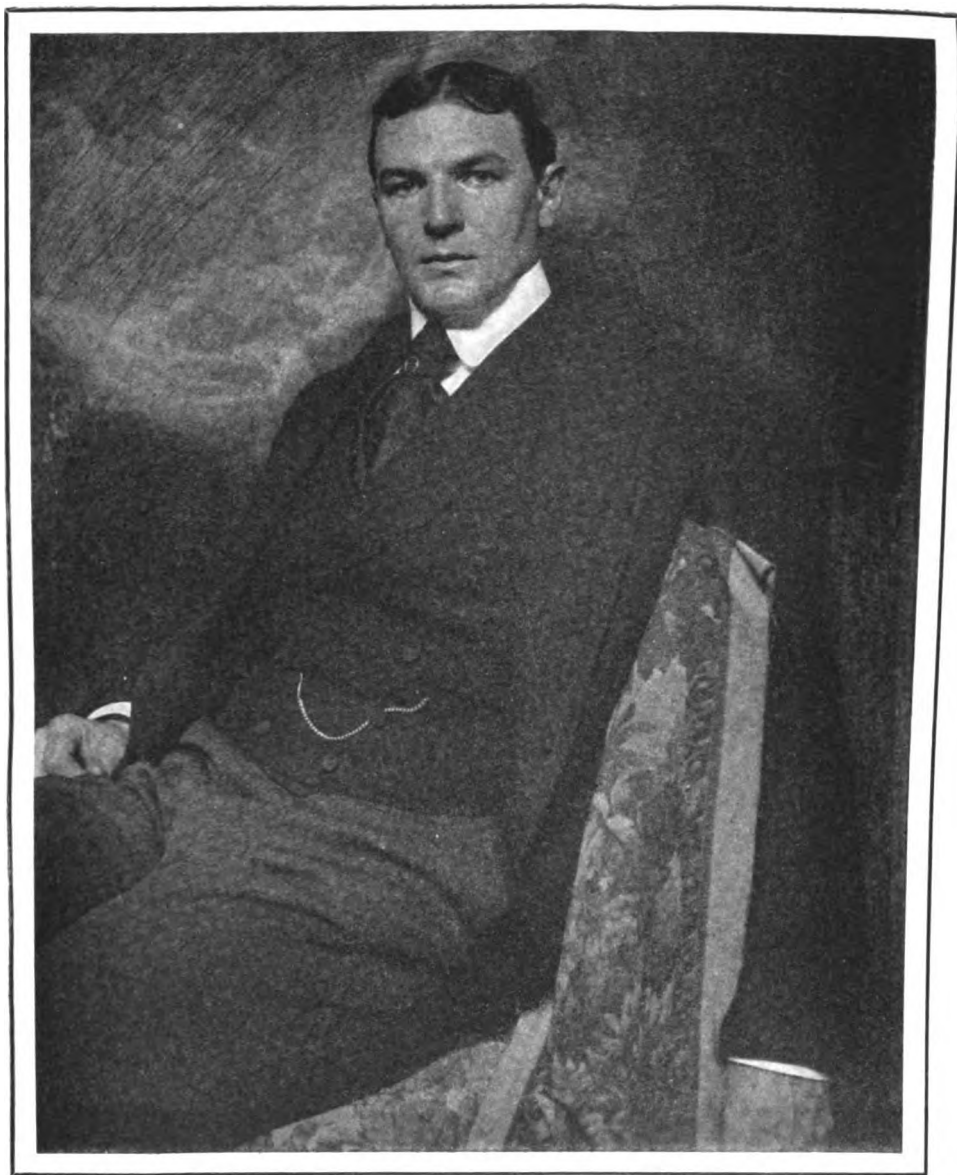
Of the sixteen illustrations, two are from the pencil of Joseph Pennell, and one is the work of F. C. Gould, both Brethren, and the latter an early Prior. The last illustration in the book is Mr. Pennell's. No Brother can gaze on it without emotion. It pictures for us the emblems of the Club—a dish, a tankard, a long clay pipe, and two old, odd volumes. Remembering, as one cannot fail to do in such a connection, the many sayings of the Sage about human felicity, it is hard to be certain whether the emo-

tions these pictured emblems give rise to are those of joy or sorrow.

[The illustrations in this article are reproduced by special permission from the book "Johnson Club Papers by Various Hands," published in London by T. Fisher Unwin. The Johnson Club was formed December 13, 1884 (exactly one hundred years after Dr. Johnson's death), at the old Cock Tavern. The Club meets four times yearly. The book referred to above and in Dr. Birrell's article contains many of the papers read at these meetings.—THE EDITORS.]



JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE



The Outlook and the 'Transvaal War

Mr. James Barnes, whose portrait we print above, is at this writing crossing the Atlantic on his way to the scene of the Transvaal War. By the time these words are read he will be near the contending armies. He will send to The Outlook a series of articles which from their subject and authorship cannot but be among the most timely, readable, and significant ever printed in this journal. "The Story of Dewey's Welcome Home," written by Mr. Barnes for our October Magazine Number, has been pronounced by many readers to be the clearest and most picturesque account of the New York Dewey celebration anywhere published. Mr. Barnes is well known to the American public as the author of many vigorous patriotic historical stories and other books, such as "Midshipman Farragut," "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," and "For King or Country." He is eminently fitted by training and natural ability for the task he has now entered upon.

Ode to Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

*Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.*

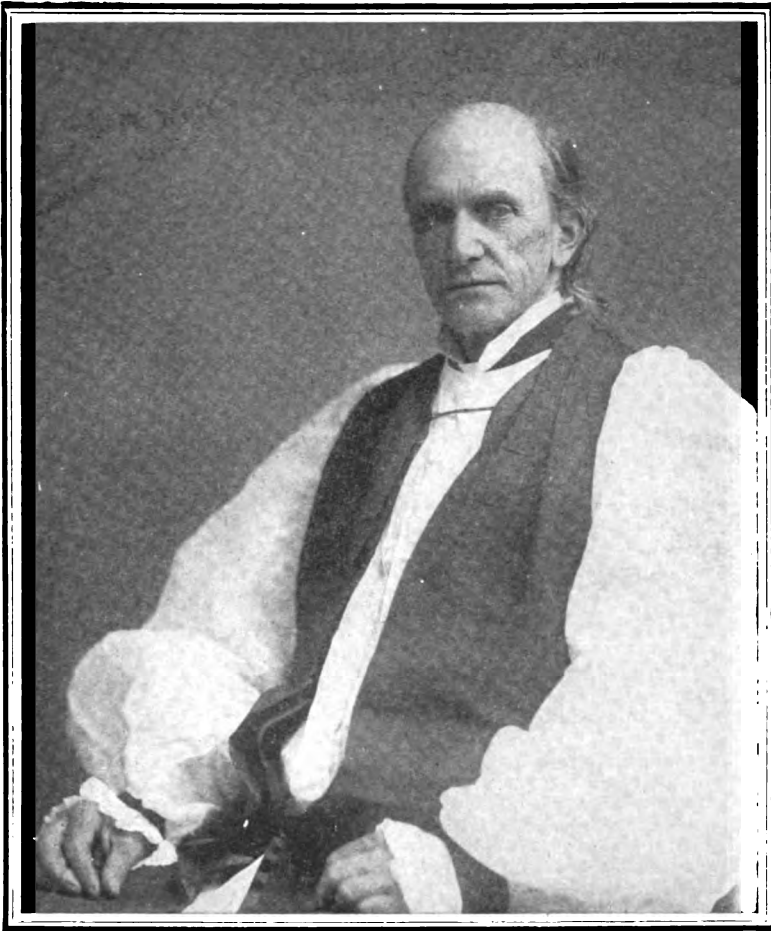
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

*Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.*

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

*Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.*

—JOHN KEATS.



THE RIGHT REV. HENRY B. WHIPPLE
Bishop of Minnesota.

Bishop Whipple's Autobiography¹

THIS is a most interesting biography—not less so, perhaps more so, because of its literary defects. It is not to be measured by literary standards. It is naïve, unconscious, informal, conversational. It abounds in anecdotes, some of which have passed into currency but here appear in their original historic form; is characterized by unexpected deflections from the continuous narrative; contains some letters and documents of no great interest except to the author; and is interspersed with reflections, emerging in the narrative much as they might

in a conversation, which mark Bishop Whipple as a genuine statesman in his grasp of fundamental principles and his readiness of application to special circumstances.

Bishop Whipple's identification with the interests of the Indian race is due rather to the accident—if in such a life there are any accidents—which made his diocese Minnesota, than to any narrowness or specialization of human interests. Had his bishopric been Louisiana, he would have been known as the friend and protector of the negro; had it been in New York or Chicago, he would have been loved and honored in the

¹ *The Autobiography of Henry B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.* The Macmillan Company, New York.

opportunity offered, he was as ready to spend himself for the negroes, the poor whites, the prisoners, the outcasts in our great cities, as for the Indians. If we mistake not, some time before the "little church around the corner" became known as the church where actors and actresses might be buried, young Whipple was ready to baptize and confirm an actress. Of course there was criticism, but criticism has little effect on a man who says, "Convinced of this woman's fitness to receive the sacraments of the Church, I would have received her had it left me with a congregation of one mother and babe." In this his first parish he showed the breadth of his human interest and his tact in his method of getting hold of railroad men:

I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago.

Mr. McAlpine asked, "How much do you know about a steam-engine?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then," he said, "read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool."

I followed this advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena Railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving I said: "Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you." The following Sunday every man was in church.

This is more than a method; it is a spirit, and would have had little efficacy if that spirit had not been shown in other ways. "This was before the day of air-brakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one, I immediately went to the sufferer, and very soon I found that superintendents and station-masters were expressing their approval of 'that sort of religion,' and many of the officials became members of my congregation."

When Dr. Whipple went to Minnesota,

the same spirit led him to identify himself with the Indians. It was not only on the border that the motto was popular, "Only a dead Indian is a good Indian." General Sherman's conviction, even now entertained by not a few who ought to know better, was the prevalent view.

The remnants of the Indians of America will be as the gypsies of Moscow, whom I saw, and who, in my judgment, are the remnants of the aborigines or Indians of Austria, Russia, and Germany. Fragments of them have traveled all over the world, but have no more been able to change their skins than the leopards.

The opposition to Bishop Whipple's efforts for the Indian might well have aroused the military spirit in this Christian hero, but apathy is harder to meet than opposition, and apathy was as little able to chill his enthusiasm as opposition to daunt his courage. As late as 1866 the Board of Missions made no appropriation for Indian missions, but salved its conscience by passing a resolution of "cordial sympathy with the Bishop of Minnesota in his efforts to carry the Gospel to the Indian race." His healthful and vigorous scorn of this resolution led to the appointment of a commission to inquire into the facts and to a resultant change of policy. Two years later he was counseled not to read some portions of a report he had prepared on the treatment of the Indians, because it might place him in personal danger. He met this counsel as he met the criticism of his baptism and confirmation of an actress: "They are true, and the Nation needs to know them! and, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute." The report led to the organization of the Indian Peace Commission. This fearlessness is coupled with a decision of character and a promptness of action which constitute the very essence of heroism. There is not room here to tell the story of how, in an Indian council, he deliberately provoked a hostile chief to anger, and, by inciting him to break over the inflexible rule of Indian etiquette, won to his own side the prejudices of the Indians, turned the laugh on his opposer, and carried the council. Another incident illustrates the same quality. A divinity student who had broken down in health, and whom the Bishop had befriended, came to a cathedral where the Bishop was to preach and went forward

as if to take his seat with other divinity students in the chancel :

On reaching the chancel arch, however, he stopped, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and, knowing that the young man was short-sighted and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days, and at the chancel steps made a leap, seizing the young man by the collar and turning him round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation, "Will some one take charge of this man? he is insane." It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was taken out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair-trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred.

Along with this fearlessness in presence of danger, physical or other, and quickness of action which never lets "I dare not wait upon I would," is a largeness of view which belongs distinctly to the mind of a statesman. Substantially all the conclusions which modern statesmanship has reached respecting the true solution of the Indian problem were foreshadowed, and most of them were very distinctly formulated, by Bishop Whipple long ago. It would be easy to construct a complete Indian policy out of these pages ; it would hardly be necessary to do more than to quote verbatim the memorial drawn up by him in 1862, which one of the bishops begged him not to introduce into the General Convention because it was politics ! In this memorial he condemned treating with Indian tribes as independent nations, leaving them without the protection of and without amenability to law, and appointing agents "as a reward for political service;" demanded the wise expenditure of Indian funds "under some well-devised system which will encourage their efforts toward civilization." Earlier in the same year, in a published article, he had also demanded for the Indian "an individual right in the soil." The only modern reform which the Bishop did not call for long ago is a public-school system supported by the Government, adequate for the education of all Indian children of school age.

But it is not only in dealing with the Indian question that Bishop Whipple shows the qualities of a statesman. They

are equally apparent in his churchmanship. He shows the same courage in his loyal support of his clergy. He established a theological school in the West ; of course it needed aid and its students needed aid. An Eastern society offered aid, but "made as a condition of their assistance that the students should hold certain theological opinions, and sent me the pledges to be signed." The Bishop refused the aid, and his letter it would be well to print as a tract and send it to all teachers of theological schools and education societies. We are sorry that we have room only for two paragraphs selected from it :

A young man who enters a theological school comes as a learner. Every pledge that he has made to hold certain opinions dwarfs his mind, precludes the possibility of broadest scholarship, tends to make him a partisan, and often, by a law of human perversity, leads him to the other extreme. I have felt it my duty to say that I will not knowingly receive candidates for Orders who come bound by pledges which will prevent them from becoming true scholars.

I think it would be a wiser policy for you to look, *not* to the opinions of the young men, but to the piety, scholarship, soundness in faith, earnestness, and charity of the teachers to whom you confide these young men, and to the spirit of the school which is to be their home. The age demands much of the Church. She *must* have profound scholarship, great-hearted loyalty and charity, and must not by any possibility allow her true position to be narrowed into limits which will surely create parties.

When Bishop Cheney was about to withdraw from the Episcopal Church, with the inevitable result of another denomination added to the too great number already existing, Bishop Whipple, with a combined courtesy and courage altogether admirable, endeavored in vain to prevent the secession. His catholic spirit was unable to prevent the schism produced by a too rigid conscience on the one hand and a too narrow ecclesiasticism on the other. How common this curious mistake of self-will for conscience ! Bishop Whipple is not a theologian. We suspect that he cares comparatively little for either ecclesiastical or philosophical theories, though he is too wise and broad a man to cast disrepute on either the constructors of theology or the builders of ecclesiastical organization. He is essentially a statesman and a soldier. Yet his paragraphs on modern skepticism, its cause and cure, interjected almost by chance in

the middle of one of his chapters, are so practical, so helpful, so in every way admirable, that we have marked them for early insertion in full in *The Outlook*.

It is difficult to lay down our pen. There are fundamental principles indicated in this book which we wish to expound; anecdotes which we wish to retell; and eloquent paragraphs—with an eloquence as naively and unconsciously simple as that of the writer—which we would fain quote. Perhaps the most eloquent of them all are those with which the book is brought to its close, in which the Bishop draws a picture of the world as it was in his child-

hood in contrast with what it is to-day. Few men in our generation have done more to bring about the change than he. Neither his fearlessness, his quickness of decision, his catholicity of spirit, his statesmanlike view, have contributed so much to this result as his spirit of faith and hope and love which have inspired all else that is great in him. "My readers may think me an optimist, but a Christian has no right to be anything else. This is God's world, not the devil's. It is ruled by One who is 'the Lord our Righteousness, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'"

Theology of the New Testament¹

THE recognition of the fact that the Bible is the literature of a great people and is to be treated as literature has given rise to a new and valuable department of theology known as Biblical Theology. And yet the very title indicates that the transition from the old spirit to the new is still incomplete. It is true that we might have a theology of the Greek poets—we believe that attempts to produce it have been made—yet the attempt to elucidate a theological system by quotations from their Greek authors would be looked on with some suspicion, and the suspicion would be considerably increased if the interpreter were believed to be pre-committed to a theological system and unconsciously inclined, if not frankly and avowedly desirous, to show that his system was sustained by the authority of the Greek poets. There is no reason why we should not have essays interpretative of Paul as we have of Hegel, or of the Psalms as we have of Browning—no reason except that it is difficult to find the interpreter.

Dr. Stevens is not such an interpreter. He stands at a point somewhere midway between the old and the new. He is committed to no creed. Neither his denomination nor his university pledges him to find in the New Testament authority for a sixteenth-century or a nineteenth-century creed. The Bible is not to him a magazine of proof-texts, and he does not attempt

to construct a Biblical theology by the simple expedient of picking isolated verses out of their connections and piecing them together in a new mosaic. He is interpretative; but he never quite forgets that he is a theologian, or ceases to think that he is to construct a system of theology, and that it behooves him to show that the sacred writers are self-consistent and consistent with each other. If he were not a theologian he would hardly find it necessary to affirm that "Paul uses 'righteousness' in two senses," at least he would endeavor to ascertain if there is not one sense which will fit into all Paul's uses of the word. There is such a sense; the difficulty is that it does not fit into the forensic system of theology. So, again, he would hardly say concerning the fifth chapter of Romans, "Incidentally, however, Paul has here given us the nearest approach to a theory of original sin," when in that chapter Paul's reference to the origin of sin is purely incidental and parenthetical, while in the seventh chapter he discusses the nature and origin of sin at length, tracing its origin to the flesh and treating its nature as the dominance of the flesh over the spirit. Like Wendt's "Teaching of Jesus," this volume is valuable because it classifies with freshness the teachings of the New Testament writers. But it is rather a classification than an interpretation, made by one who recognizes fully his freedom to use the new methods but is not fully emancipated from the habits of mind induced by the methods of the past,

¹ *The Theology of the New Testament*. By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., Dwight Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



THE PARSON'S "PUBLIC"

An English Village Public-House

By the Proprietor: The Rev. Osbert Mordaunt

Rector of Hampton Lucy, Warwickshire

[Last summer, in the beautiful village of Hampton Lucy, five miles from Warwick Castle, England, a member of the Outlook staff saw a little public-house, spoken of by the driver of his carriage as "the Parson's Public." Inquiry developed the fact that for twenty years the inn had been owned and controlled by the vicar of the village church, and that all the profits during that time had been devoted to local improvements—one item being a fine set of cathedral lamps for the church. The rule of the "public" is that nothing alcoholic except beer shall be sold, and that there shall be no swearing or other disorderly conduct. The following article, written by the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, at the request of The Outlook, seems to us of special interest. The illustrations are from photographs made for The Outlook by Mr. Douglas McNeille, of Stratford-on-Avon.—THE EDITORS.]

THE public-house at Hampton Lucy has been conducted on the present system since 1876. It is the only one in the parish, and as not more than one is likely to be permitted, I am the possessor of a monopoly undisturbed, and have therefore succeeded with the system pursued better than could have been expected were there other houses to contend with. There are, however, numbers of villages in the Kingdom with only one public-house, and many more with perhaps two or three belonging to the same landlord. In such places the plan I here advocate might be adopted with advantage.

The principles of the system are: 1. The sale of *pure* beer (upon the meaning of "pure" I comment further on).

2. The person who sells the beer must have *no interest* in the profits.

When this "public" came into my hands, I consulted several temperance reformers as to the advisability of closing it altogether, or of endeavoring to conduct it "respectably" in the strictest sense of the term. My more extreme friends said, "Close it altogether." Others of the moderate section were of opinion that I should be wiser in keeping it open, subject to strict regulation, rather than risk another being started, over which I should have no control. I chose the latter alternative, and results, for nearly twenty years, have amply justified my choice.

The first step was to find a trustworthy tenant, who would accept a fixed sum

annually for transacting the business, leaving the responsibility of profit or loss to my account. An outdoor servant gladly accepted the situation, with his wife, on condition of occupying the house rent free, a small sum being allowed for the management and for dispensing the beer, the profits on the eatables and stabling of horses being left to him. The sale of spirits was discontinued—no great hardship to the inhabitants, considering the opportunities afforded for buying them from grocers' traveling carts. I believe that much less spirits are drunk now that bottles have to be bought entire than when it was so easy to send to the "public" for three or six pennyworth at a time; but I am no advocate of grocers' licenses. The abolition of the spirit license was a most unpopular measure; at first I received a good deal of abuse for it. Among other things, I was frequently told that people would die if they could not be supplied with a drop of spirits in times of cold or sickness. Providentially, however, for sixteen months after the license was canceled only one adult death occurred at all, in a population of (then) nearly five hundred; so I heard no more complaints on that score.

The home brewing of beer we have never attempted. Our brewers tell me that many of their brews are brewed from malt and hops solely, but that others, especially in warm weather, are brewed with a proportion of (say) fifteen per cent. refined saccharum, or pure glucose made from maize or other cereals. This is not used as a substitute for malt, and is no monetary advantage, but is a necessary addition, without which, under certain climatic conditions, or with a soft or too extractive quality of water, neither so good nor so wholesome beer could be produced.

It seems clear that the best brewing cannot be maintained throughout the year, summer and winter, with no other ingredients than malt and hops, except perhaps under special conditions of water, or the use of light foreign barleys exclusively, which would, moreover, adversely affect the agricultural interests of the country. The best definition of "pure beer" may be, therefore, that which contains nothing injurious, or only wholesome, nutritious substances.

The quality we endeavor to maintain and sell is certainly something very differ-

ent from the thick, muddy, perhaps adulterated, certainly thirst-creating, stuff sold at some village "publics." I have reason to believe that on account of the liquor being pure and wholesome, and therefore satisfying, less is consumed than formerly. Low wages may have had something to do with a decrease of consumption. But when wages were higher, some years ago, I noticed that less beer was purchased, with a good quality of liquor, although the price remained the same. Before the "public" changed hands, perhaps drunkenness was no worse here than in many places; but cases were common enough. I am thankful to say that now they are comparatively rare, and seldom occur, except when people have come in from other places the worse for liquor, and have been accidentally served with more. Of course if such a condition is perceived, they are declined any at all. The usual public-house hours are observed, and no limit as to the quantity supplied to sober people is ever attempted; but no credit is allowed.

I submit a sample of an average year's accounts. When I became responsible for the business, the people were given to understand that all the profits, after the payment of the rent and current expenses, would be returned to them in the shape of food or clothing, or other charities. *It is obvious that under such a system those who drink the most are taxed for the benefit of their neighbors.* I do not publish any details of the surplus expenditure, for I do not wish the people to suppose that they have any absolute claim upon it. About two years' profits were once devoted to the sinking of wells and erection of pumps in various places, the water supply being improved at the expense of the beer.

Receipts.....	£	s.	d.
	315	0	0
Expenditure:	£	s.	d.
Cost of Beer.....	216	0	0
License.....	3	18	6
Taxes and Insurance.....	4	10	0
Repairs.....	4	18	0
Fuel, Lights, etc.....	14	10	0
Rent.....	25	0	0
Expenses of Management.....	16	0	0
Charities.....	30	0	0
Balance.....	3	6	
	£315	0	0

The rent goes, by the will of the late proprietor, to pay the organist's salary.

My experience leads me to the following conclusions :

1. Temperance reformers do not agitate sufficiently against the evils of adulteration, or, to say the least, against the injury caused to the community by the sale of unwholesome liquor. Opinions seem very much divided about the extent to which positive adulteration is carried on by publicans. If it is not common to add tobacco or salt, or worse ingredients, to the beer sold in some of our small public-houses, it must be often brewed from low-class

fosters rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy, all sorts of kidney and liver diseases, and then reappears in the muddled and blighted intellect of his offspring. The Germans, it is said, drink more beer than we do ; but they are a comparatively sober people. Why ? Because their beer is pure.

2. There are many villages and country towns in which property is not divided, where the public-house, or houses, belong to one squire or landlord. Why should not such proprietors take the matter into



THE TAP-ROOM IN THE PARSON'S "PUBLIC"

materials for the sake of extra profit, which goes into the pockets of unscrupulous brewers or publicans, or of both. Or, if this be not for the sake of extra profit, it is done from ignorance of the quality of the materials, malt, hops, etc., which they buy, and the principles of correct brewing ; making this unwholesome stuff from low-class material to start with, and with the yeast insufficiently purged from the beer to finish with. Certain I am that it is not pure beer, but the mixture sold under the name, which is a potent cause of drunkenness, and of the craving for drink among thousands who scarcely ever touch spirits. It is this that soddens poor Hodge's brain,

their own hands—this could be done with very little trouble to themselves—and so promote health and sobriety among their people ? By all means let respect be paid to the vested interests of really respectable publicans ; it would be unfair to evict them. But in cases where the management is bad, or drunkenness encouraged, or of leases falling in, let the landlord find a trustworthy person or family (a man and wife are best) who shall be content to dispense pure beer for a fixed salary, keep accounts which shall be submitted to periodical inspection, and return the profits to the proprietor, who can dispose of them (if he thinks fit) for the benefit of

the parish. Or, if he prefers to farm the public-house for his own benefit, let him do so. He will receive the rent and the profits, and will probably discover, in these days of agricultural depression, that the balance in his favor is very acceptable. Either way the people will soon learn to prefer such a system, and be grateful for it. The enormous number of public-houses now in the hands of the brewers must, of course, make a change difficult or impossible for many landlords who might be willing to make it. I only plead, in such cases, for my system to be attempted as soon as the emancipation of the "public" is possible. But, a free hand granted, some difficulty may arise in finding a trustworthy person to manage the house; yet even supposing the management were committed to one of doubtful integrity, the proper returns which should be made for each cask of beer being once ascertained, any dishonesty becomes difficult, provided the accounts are frequently inspected. If the quality of the beer depreciates, complaints will be heard. In our case, at present, the brewer's agent periodically examines the tap, and he knows that it is to his interest to see that the beer sold is up to the mark.

3. As regards profit and loss; the business which has paid the publican may be less profitable, but certainly no loss, to the landlord. I am told that it can hardly be made to answer if less business than to the amount of £300 (\$1,500) per annum is done. My own figures seem to show that at £300 there is some profit, and that at a figure considerably below this there might be no loss.

I am not prepared to say anything very definite by way of advising an experiment of this kind being tried in the face of opposition from other "publics" over which a landlord may have no control. But I am very much inclined to think that it would answer even under such circumstances, simply because the really moderate drinkers (who are still, let us hope, in a majority) would soon discover where they could get the most wholesome return for their money, besides knowing that the manager had no interests whatever in encouraging them to drink, or in selling cheap stuff for the sake of extra profit.

I may here add a few words as to the extent to which our example has been

followed. Of course the system is continually being condemned and ridiculed by the extreme total abstinence party. I have received many abusive letters concerning the alliance between parsons and publicans, the Bible and beer, but I am thankful to be able to show that the movement is not in any sense ecclesiastical, although it is well known that the Bishop of Chester has done most excellent work in espousing the cause and backing it up with his eloquence and common sense. The Bishop is Chairman of the People's Refreshment House Association, which was registered in 1893. The Duke of Westminster is a Vice-President. The aim is to promote public-house reform by giving facilities to landowners and corporate bodies to transfer the management of public-houses to the Association, which insures their being properly conducted, pays four per cent. to shareholders, and devotes further profits to local objects. The Association has three or four houses in its hands, and is negotiating for more. The results so far are very satisfactory and encouraging. Besides these the following houses in different parts of the country are now being worked on our system:

The Anchor, Scaynes Hill, Lindfield, formerly the property of the Rev. F. Willett, who for many years reported a decrease in drunkenness.

A new inn recently built by Mr. Gardner Bazley at Childswickam, in Gloucestershire.

Spital Beck Inn, the property of the Dowager Lady Lechmere, in Yorkshire.

The inn at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, the property of Sir E. Lechmere.

The Plymouth Arms, St. Fagans Nedditch, the property of Lord Windsor.

The White Hart, Atherington, Barnstaple, the property of the Rev. W. Arthur.

Hoar Cross Inn, Burton-on-Trent, the property of the Hon. F. L. Wood, has lately been transferred to the People's Refreshment House Association, as Mr. Wood, after working it for some time, preferred handing it over to the Association.

Two inns on Earl Spencer's property in Northamptonshire are worked on the co-operative system, which is practically the same as ours in its results.

The public-house at Wantage, Berks, the property of Lord Wantage.

Upon inquiries made last year, I find that all these proprietors are satisfied with the system. They nearly all report a considerable decrease of drunkenness, while in every case the people seem grateful for the change.

In conclusion, I venture to quote the recommendations which I was allowed to make before the Royal Commission last July, as tending to indicate the lines upon which our system can be largely and advantageously extended :

First of all, I am in favor of local management. Public-houses should be placed in the hands of the County Councils, Town Councils, or Corporations, on, we will say, the Gothenburg system. Nevertheless, let counties and towns be allowed to make experiments. Give the principles, and leave details to them. If any county or town could be persuaded to try prohibition, let them. It would be an object-lesson. I do not believe in it, but let them try it alongside of our scheme. Secondly, I think there should be a large reduction in the number of licenses. They should be reduced, say, by one-half or one-third, or let the local authorities determine what number is absolutely necessary. The profits under the new system should go first to compensate evicted publicans; but still I would say that they might

become paid managers under the new system, with a fixed salary, if they were deemed respectable and trustworthy. Of course in many cases of tied houses the brewers and the publicans must be treated as one in the matter of compensation. When they are paid off, I am strongly in favor of the profits going to the hospitals, for these reasons: such an application would be, first, popular; secondly, undenominational; and, thirdly, I think it would settle the hospital financial difficulty altogether. If the time ever comes for this system to be carried out, there will be a good deal of wrangling among local authorities about the dispensation of the profits. The hospitals seem to me to afford the simplest, fairest, and the most needful application. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is afraid of the system, let him take as much as he consistently can in the shape of high licenses. Then I think under any system for the future publicans should be prohibited by the police from serving known drunkards, or, we will say, convicted drunkards. I think the Sunday hours should certainly be reduced to two half-hours in the day. I am for abolishing grocers' licenses.

The Foster-Mother

By Edwin H. Keen

(After the French)

Sleep, little one! Again I feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.

Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken :
Sleep, little one! thou hast a mother still.

My lips I press to thy sweet brow anew;
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother too.

Mine to protect, to cherish, and to rear;
Why should the baby hand, the flaxen hair,
Set me a-dreaming of a bygone care,
And make a far-off sorrow seem so near?

Wake, little one! Too much am I beguiled,
Too near, too close, the little hands are wrestling,
Too soft, too warm, the little head is nestling.
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Wake, little one! Thy mouth too sweetly smiled,
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Yet do not wake,—sleep on,—full well I know
God, in my heart maternal love renewing,
Intendeth not for my poor heart's undoing,
Nor builds again a joy to lay it low.

Sleep, little one! 'Tis sweet to feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken :
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother still.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

IX.

The Northern Farm

Emerson said, with pardonable exaggeration—before the immigration from the Continent set in—that the East was merely new England and that “America begins with the Aileghanies.” With far less exaggeration it may be said to-day that our cities are merely new Europe, and that “America begins with the rural districts.”

Before going to the Northwest to study farm life there, I spent three days in as many rural communities in Maine, Vermont, and New York. So far as agricultural conditions were concerned, I hardly did more than break ground for my later inquiries. But I came back with a vivid impression of the Americanism of the rural districts which Western observation merely confirmed. The contrast with New York, where most of our foreign critics think they find America, was sharp in the extreme. In this city less than one person in four is of American parentage. In the rural districts less than one in four has any recollection of an immigrant ancestor. In this city there is almost the European separation of rich and poor. The great wealth is the wealth of the few. Barely one family in four owns either its home or any industrial property whatever. In the rural districts the average wealth is small, but it is a common wealth. Less than one family in four is a tenant, and even the tenants usually own the stock and implements with which they do their work. Out of this economic independence and equality not only American political democracy but American social democracy has sprung.

The social democracy permeates the whole people. The most conservative feel its spirit more than the majority of European
sts. Not only all men but nearly

all women treat each other without arrogance and without servility. This generalization was strikingly illustrated by my own experiences. In the family with which my host in Maine was boarding, the servant was one of the most attractive members of an exceptionally attractive household. She was an orphan girl of a family as poor as those from which city servants come, but she was attending the village academy and “helping” with the housework for her board. Not only was she made one of the family in outward form, but in feeling as well as in conduct the Golden Rule was obeyed. In Vermont I stopped at the village hotel, but when I drove about through the country districts I found that the same young woman would sometimes teach school for a term or two, then “help” a neighbor, and again return to teaching when the opportunity presented. Her wages in either work were about the same, for the supply of school-teachers in New England farming districts has reduced salaries to two-thirds the level in the far South. Five dollars a week was the common pay, and a dollar and a half of this had to be paid out for board from Monday to Friday—the teacher going home for Saturday and Sunday. When I went to the New York farm, I again found social democracy at the point most difficult to attain. The family I visited was remarkable in its culture. The wife was the author of a well-received text-book, and the husband was a scientific student as well as a practical farmer. Along with his scientific books I saw on his shelves my old friends, or rather enemies, Giffen’s “Case Against Bimetallism” and Laughlin’s “History of Bimetallism in the United States,” together with well-studied official reports of currency conferences and silver literature galore. On

his walls were good paintings from his own hand, and at the supper-table, when I unfortunately remarked that I read Whittier more than any other poet, I was asked if I had read this and that favorite of theirs, until I felt that I knew nothing about Whittier. They, on the other hand, had taken a Whittier pilgrimage the previous summer, visiting the scenes he depicted. Yet in this intellectual family the help was treated as a friend. The only place in these visits to the rural districts where I ran across anything of the European caste spirit even toward servants was in the Vermont town, where one lady spoke to me somewhat scornfully of the custom of treating servants as we would treat one another. This lady, however, was in touch with several rich New York families who had summer residences in Windsor. The town, as a whole, was almost an ideal of American democracy, with its beautiful free schools, its well-selected town library, its numerous churches, its well-shaded, saloon-free streets, and, above all, its attractive homes—most of them owned by the families who lived in them, and nearly all such as a college boy or girl might come from or take his friends to without loss of pride. Altogether my visits to the rural districts in the East, the small towns as well as the farms, impressed upon me vividly the almost universal independence, self-respect, and inability to look up or down upon our fellows, that has from the first been the very life of American democracy. Compared with these communities our cities are merely new Europe. America begins with the rural districts.

The rural districts I visited in the West were in Minnesota—one of the few States where immigrants form a large part of the rural population. In these districts the greater Americanism of the West, of which Emerson spoke, was chiefly marked in the more rapid Americanizing of the immigrant elements. The American farmers were, indeed, more alert, aggressive, and self-reliant than those I met in the East or South—always excepting the exceptional farmer I visited in New York. But this difference was less pronounced than the difference in the immigrants West and East. The American farmer who really introduced me to farm life in the Northwest

made the boast that "only the better and more independent class of immigrants come to Minnesota to farm." The one poorer class that came to Minnesota at all, he said, were the Poles, and they settled in the towns "to be somebody's hands." In the rural districts, apart from the people from Canada and Great Britain, who counted as Americans, two-thirds of the immigrants were Scandinavians, and the remainder generally Germans. It was the Scandinavians whom I kept meeting, and all that I saw and most that I heard confirmed my host's generalizations about them. It seemed to be the universal verdict that they were superior to any other class of immigrants in intelligence, in ambition for their children, and in openness to American ideas. At the State Agricultural School they had nearly as large a representation, proportionately, as the Americans, and at the State Universities both in Minnesota and North Dakota their representation, though less, was still strikingly large. But even this invasion of the universities was less impressive than their distinctively American attitude toward the temperance question. In Minnesota I found that the total abstinence movement had a strong hold among them, and in North Dakota my day's visit to Grand Forks showed me that the greater part of them heartily indorsed complete prohibition, which is thoroughly enforced in that thriving town. In Massachusetts I had been encouraged by the complete assimilation of the children of the immigrants there, but among the Scandinavians in the Northwest the process had made extraordinary headway among the immigrants themselves.

By reason of their thrift, the Scandinavians seemed to get ahead, in point of wealth, more rapidly than the Americans. They are not yet, as a rule, so well-to-do; their houses are not so good; their standard of living is not so high. But the advantages of the American farmer in these respects—so far as prestige, comfort, culture, are concerned—formed a positive disadvantage to them in meeting the requirements of hard times. As I drove about the country and talked with different farmers and asked about others, I heard of Scandinavians succeeding where Americans and English had failed. The failures of the latter were especially

The
Scandinavian
immigrants

marked among those who had attempted to conduct "bonanza" farms. But the American farmers who ran behind were not confined to this class. The years of extreme depression just preceding my visit had seen a good many independent small farmers driven to the wall. Many Scandinavians may have belonged to this class, but along the roads on which I was driven first in southern, then in central, and afterwards in northern Minnesota, there was never a chance reference to a Scandinavian who had failed. Two whom I talked with together in a wheat-field—one was helping the other with his threshing—spoke with pride of the kind of start they had had. One of them, a man of forty, had begun in the district with less than a dollar, and now owned a quarter-section (160 acres). The other, a somewhat older man, said that he had started out with \$22 in cash, and a cow bought on credit. The first season the cow was all that kept his family from starving, his wife selling butter to buy what was absolutely necessary from the stores. Now he had paid for one quarter-section and bought another, on which he and his three boys would pay \$1,000 the present year. His two sections, though he did not appraise them, must have been worth eight or nine thousand dollars.

In getting ahead so rapidly these hard-working and hard-saving farmers had been helped by what the single-taxers call the unearned increment. Regarding land values the Populists in Minnesota were much more cheerful than Republicans in the East. In Vermont Republican farmers had told me of farms selling for one-half and even one-quarter their price twenty-five years ago, and in New York my silver host offered me a ninety-acre farm—just fifty miles from the city, and less than two miles from the Hudson—for \$1,800. In 1880 it had sold for \$6,000, but he had lately been compelled to accept it in payment of a mortgage of \$1,400 and the interest in arrears. At the sale, he said, he was the only bidder, and he would gladly sell the farm for exactly what it had cost him. The fact that his \$1,800 mortgage had come to be worth more than his neighbor's \$6,000 farm illustrated the injustice of the standard to debtor farmers. When not to Minnesota, where silver men

were so numerous among the American farmers, though rare among the Swedes, I expected to hear more such stories. But I heard none of them. When men talked of falling prices, it was always of the prices for farm products, never of the prices for farm land. Even during the terrible depression from 1893 to 1896, when many debtor farmers lost their land to their creditors, the price of farms at a free sale was never materially lower than before. Improved farms were worth \$25 and \$30 an acre, that ten years before would not have brought half these figures, and twenty years ago hardly the quarter. No one, however, spoke of this advance as an "unearned increment;" and an open-minded single-taxer might have found it difficult to convince himself that the increment was "unearned." The men who had obtained it, as a rule, were the pioneers who had gone to the frontier and worked for years in isolation, not only in improving their own land but in making the roads and paying the taxes for the schools that made the section desirable to later comers. It was their labor that paved the way for railroads and stores and banks. To tax the earlier settlers for the benefits they received from the later would be less just than to tax the later settlers for the benefits they received from the earlier. The single tax upon land values may continue to make headway among thoughtful people in cities, who get their views from what they read, but it can get no hold among thoughtful people in the country, who get their views from what they see. East of the Mississippi River it is the unearned decrement that is making farmers think; and west of that river, where the increment still arises, every farmer believes it to have been paid for with harder work and heavier taxes than the increment that has come to capital in railroads, banks, or even stores and manufactories. The Western farms are the stronghold of economic radicalism, but the instinctive radicalism there takes the form of the progressive taxation of large holdings of property of every kind, and not the single tax upon the value of land.

Nor is it simply concern for their own vested interests that makes Western farmers hostile to the single-tax proposal. In spite of their pronounced sympathy with

Unearned
increments and
decrements

A representative
farmer

the public ownership of monopolies, the ideal of individual independence seems to have a more profound hold upon them than upon supposedly less socialistic people in Eastern cities. Their attitude toward the private ownership of land came out concretely the first day I spent on a Minnesota farm. My host was the superintendent of farmers' institutes, and his farm was a State experiment station. When my friends at Marshall told me that he was the best man in the region to tell me about farming conditions in Minnesota, I accepted their advice with some reluctance, as I feared a man full of his own ideas, who would tell me what Minnesota farmers ought to think, instead of what they did think. To my delight, I found a man whose marked characteristics were common sense, common sympathy, and belief in the people whom it was his work to teach. Then, and afterwards, he seemed to me to personify the finer type of Western farmers, and when I think of almost any farming theme, his attitude toward it is likely to recur to me. We did not in so many words discuss the single tax, but his feeling toward it was made clear when we spoke of the sale of the State school lands. Originally in Minnesota, as in most of the Western States, sections 16 and 36 in every township—two square miles out of the thirty-six—were reserved for the State school fund. Much of this land in Minnesota remains unsold, and the question came up whether the State would not do better to keep it in the public possession. My host's answer was an unquestioning "no." "The State has done better," he said, "to sell the lands outright than to lease them. . . . A better class of citizens is attracted, and better work secured in making improvements." I do not care to discuss whether he was right, or whether a single-tax lease freeing the tenant from all taxation upon his improvements would secure as enterprising settlers and as good financial results to the State. Be that as it may, my host's view was the typical one of Western farmers. They not only oppose the public ownership of land now in private hands, but they believe in the private ownership of land now held by the public. Mineral lands alone—whose development does not depend upon the owner of the soil—constitute an exception.

There is only one thing that can alter the intense individualism of Western farmers, and that is the menace of monopoly.

Western individualism

When I thought of the belief in the East that Western farmers are saturated with State Socialism, it was almost amusing to study my host's ingrained feeling against it. He was the firmest kind of an anti-monopolist, and was ready to look to the State not only to protect the public against extortion, but also to carry forward work requiring general co-operation. He believed, for example, in State insurance against hail, but this was simply because the voluntary co-operation of farmers could not furnish it. Voluntary co-operation, he said, enabled neighboring farmers in many parts of Minnesota to insure one another against fire. The expenses were almost nil, as there were no agents, no profits, and the officers served without salaries. The burning of one barn or farm-house never involved another, and therefore there was no difficulty about meeting assessments to repair losses. The path of a hail-storm, however, was too wide for neighbors to insure one another, but State insurance would always enable the prospering to help the suffering, for the hail-storm generally prostrated only a few localities. Yet this readiness to look to the State as a public servant in no way altered my host's deep repugnance to the thought of the State as master and all the citizens its employees. This feeling came out clearly when we discussed civil service reform. He believed in civil service reform, but he believed in it to protect the public against political corruption. To the civil servants whom it protected in office he feared that it was a positive evil. It was in danger of making them routine men and "weaklings." There are people, he said, who like to spend their lives as government clerks, but it doesn't develop the qualities that come from independence and individual responsibility. The Western farms, he believed, contained the finest body of citizens in the country, partly because only people who had "resources in themselves" were attracted by the life, but chiefly because pioneer farmers were thrown upon their own resources and required from boyhood to do innumerable things for themselves without supervision.

This training, it became clear to me, has developed among Western farmers a passion for individual independence and individual initiative that makes their individualism a more fundamental characteristic than the socialism evoked by their struggle with monopoly.

But the training that comes to the Western farmers from the necessities of pioneer farm life is only a part of the education that makes them superior, as a class, to any city working people whom I met. When I entered the house of my host—and this experience was repeated three times thereafter—almost the first thing that caught my eye was a good-sized library. When I got nearer the bookcase, the books that seemed to have seen the most service were the works of Charles Darwin and Commentaries on the Scriptures. My host had begun life as a Methodist minister, and when the current of his own religious thought had led him to leave the ministry he did not cease to be either a student or a preacher. For years he had given his unpaid services to building up his church out on the frontier, and his religious life had deepened as he had gone on with the scientific studies that had started his independent course. He did not tell me that his religious life had deepened, but I felt it as I went about with him on the farm, and still more I felt it when, the next morning, he led in family prayers. This service followed breakfast, and the prayer was just a continuation, on a higher plane, of our conversation at the breakfast-table. Rarely have I heard a prayer like it in religious feeling, and never one quite like it in theme. It was the conversation of a man talking with God about political evils, and asking for openness of heart to receive his truth. When he prayed that, as citizens, we might struggle for the righting of public wrongs, might learn God's way by trying to do his will, and might see God working out a higher order of society, bringing greater good to the greatest number, the air became charged with religious emotion as I had never known it to be except when hearts had been touched by the deepest experiences of life. The manly, straightforward appeal for guidance in public affairs, that we might work with God for the bettering of society, had a converting power such as few appeals for

personal help possess, even when made in the presence of sorrow or death.

Such was the man to whom the University of Minnesota turned, about ten years ago, when the dissatisfaction of farmers with its agricultural department threatened a division of the State appropriation. It was decided that, since the farmers could not or would not go to the University, the University must go to the farmers, and Mr. Gregg was put in charge of the work. "Institutes" lasting several days were arranged for in different parts of the State, where practical farm problems were discussed in the light of practical experience. Mr. Gregg had had the practical experience himself, and he employed as his associates only men who united practical experience with wide reading of experiments in laboratories and farms all over the world. The educational fetic that intellectual activity can best be stimulated by studies far removed from practical life and thought was utterly discarded. At first the attendance at the institutes was small, but when those who came found that their questions were answered by men who had met the same difficulties as themselves in everyday farm life, the deep-seated and often justified prejudice against scientific farming began to give way. The attendance at the institutes rapidly grew, until in many sections institute week came to resemble county fair week. The farmers came with their families from miles around, and stayed until the institute was over, hearing the lectures, watching the experiments, questioning the lecturers, and themselves answering questions out of their own experience. In central and in northern Minnesota I asked about these institutes, or heard about them without asking, and the testimony was so strongly in their favor that Minnesota seemed to me to be solving the problem of educating farmers, instead of educating men away from the farms. I did not have an opportunity to attend one of the institutes, but when, a few months later, I read Prince Kropotkin's glowing account of the intellectual superiority of Iowa farmers over those of the Old World, as shown by the attendance and discussions at the "farmers' meetings," his enthusiasm seemed to me justified. Many of the American farmers in Minnesota do not belong to "America's

working people," if that phrase covers only distinctively manual workers. They take as much scientific interest in their work, and do as much serious reading, as most city physicians or editors.

The reflex influence of the institutes upon the University has also been invaluable. To have men from the University lecturing in different parts of the State every year has naturally quickened the interest in agricultural education, and to have men at the universities in touch with the farmer and pursuing agricultural science, not for "science's sake," but for the sake of the farmers, has made the instruction there healthful and inspiring. The "Farm School" at Minnesota University is the most prosperous in the United States, and has an attendance of nearly five hundred young men and women. When I passed through Minneapolis, I went to see one of the professors, and had a glimpse of co-education. I had visited one or two Eastern colleges for girls, but I thought that I had never seen so large a proportion of good-looking and attractive-looking young women as came along the walks, talking without constraint and without excitement with the young men who were with them. It seemed the natural way of living, and I felt sure that the prejudice of the fashionable world against co-education would soon have to follow the prejudice of the same world a few years ago against any form of higher education for girls. This generalization I afterwards verified with some care at the University of North Dakota, but to elaborate it would take me away from the thread of my story. My agricultural professor, Mr. T. L. Haecker, proved to be even a greater enthusiast than I had anticipated. I came in upon him at an inopportune time, but when he found that I wished to verify some loose generalizations about the cost of food for dairy cattle and the amount of butter that could be counted on, he gladly turned over to me elaborate records showing just how much it cost to feed each cow in the University dairy farm and just what product it gave. He had as much scientific enthusiasm over these tables as a classical professor would have over a new edition of a Greek play, and with reason, for the results had human interest. The tables showed that

the University cows were producing 350 pounds of butter a year as against an average of 250 for the cows on ordinary farms, and that the best food for dairy purposes was bran, the cheapest product of the farm. Enthusiasm of this sort for practical knowledge was at the bottom of the success of the agricultural department, and it seemed to extend to every phase of farm life. The students were given a course in veterinary science, with especial reference to the diseases of farm animals; courses in botany and entomology, with especial reference to farm pests; and manual training in carpentering and blacksmithing, to enable them to repair their barns, shoe their horses, and keep their machinery in order. A kind of culture was given which every farmer would value and carry further in after life, instead of leaving the school with a "finished" education. Tuition was free; board was furnished at cost—a trifle less than \$3 a week—and the school year was begun in October and closed the last of March, so that vacation wages could cover all term expenses. Equality of opportunity for the highest education was never carried further.

Most of the work of the farm institutes was, of course, technical, but there was a part of it which I was able thoroughly to appreciate. The institute lecturers made it their business to preach co-operative dairies, and to prepare the way for them by teaching their audiences how to select dairy cattle, and care for their cream, so as to get the best results. Superintendent Gregg spoke so warmly of the success of this form of co-operation that I inquired where, on my way to the Red River Valley, I would find a good dairy district. At his suggestion I stopped at Litchfield, and saw for myself an American experiment in co-operation almost as remarkable as that of the Rochdale Pioneers in England.

I reached the Litchfield creamery at four o'clock in the afternoon, just as the young Danish superintendent was about to leave for the day. He proved to be another enthusiast—Minnesota seemed full of such people—and for an hour he talked with me, really explaining every part of the system. The creamery had cost \$3,200, and handled about 20,000 pounds (pints) of milk a day. The farming district from which milk was brought to the Litchfield

Minnesota
schools

Co-operative
dairies

creamery was only five or six miles in radius, as there were other co-operative creameries in other parts of the county. It was not necessary for each farmer to haul his own milk to the creamery, but different farmers along the same road were able to take turns, and thus drive to the creamery hardly oftener than they would wish to come to town anyway. It was thus co-operation all along the line.

When the farmer brought in his milk, it was at once weighed, and when a sample had been taken it was poured into the common receiver. The farmer did not have to wait for the cream to be separated in order to get back his skim milk to feed his calves, etc. At once he received checks for the approximate weight of both the skim milk and the buttermilk that would be due him, and these checks he at once cashed by a simple automatic arrangement. The milk check, for example, varied in length according to the weight of milk it called for. If the farmer had brought 100 pounds of fresh milk, he was entitled to 85 pounds of skim milk, and by shoving his long check through a slot he received exactly that amount. By a similar "check-in-the-slot" device he would get 10 pounds of buttermilk. No labor or even supervision was called for on the part of those in charge, and everything was so conveniently arranged that in a few minutes the farmer drove away with all that was coming to him except the payment for his cream.

From a hundred pounds of milk about five pounds of butter could be made. The milk varied so much in quality, however, that the farmers were not paid according to quantity, but according to the amount of "butter fat" contained. Each farmer had a separate glass jar in which the samples from his milk were preserved till the end of the month, and then tested. At the time of my visit the price paid for "butter fat" was eighteen cents a pound, and the average payment to the farmers for their milk was seventy-one cents a hundred pounds; but some farmers would get barely sixty cents, and some nearly ninety cents, according to the richness of their milk. Sometimes, said Superintendent Sondergaard, it had been necessary to return the farmers their milk; in which case, he said, they explained to the farmer as pleasantly as they could how he should

keep his milk to avoid absorbing odors or otherwise injuring its quality. In this way the creamery served as an educator to its patrons, and thus supplemented the work of the "Dairy Institutes."

Regarding the machinery in the creamery little need be said except that everything was immaculately clean. Superintendent Sondergaard made no loose boasts about the "wonderful economies" of improved machinery over the ordinary farm implements, but stated clearly the exact amount of the saving. On one hundred pounds of milk the farmers' skimming of the natural cream lost one-half pound of the butter fat contained, or nine cents; the creamery's separator reduced the loss to one-tenth of a pound, or less than two cents. The rest of the machinery used, he said, did not make better butter than the best of dairywomen made by the old hand churns, but it made a uniformly high grade, for which there was an immediate and certain market. The Litchfield creamery, he told me with some pride, had taken the first prizes at two State fairs. Its butter usually brought twenty cents a pound at St. Paul. He showed me the price-list for butter in a daily paper, disclosing that the market recognizes as much difference between butter and butter as it does between eggs and eggs. The prices ranged from twenty and one-half cents a pound down to four or five. Before the co-operative creamery was built most of the farmers had to sell their butter as "packing butter" for about twelve cents a pound.

The next day I drove into the country to learn how the farmers looked at this remarkable experiment, and I came back thinking even better of it than when I set out. The most critical farmer I met admitted that the creamery had been a great gain to his wife, though he insisted—and my escort thought justly—that she could make better butter than the creamery. The best talk I had was with the farmer who was the first president of the creamery association. He gave me the history of the experiment from the beginning, and pointed out the financial gain which the creamery had brought even to the farmers who used to make "better" butter at home than the creamery made for them. The farmers of the whole district, he said, were now

The dairy
farmer's
view of it

"planting less wheat and raising more." The great increase in their dairy farms made possible by the creamery had enabled them to enrich their land with manure, so that the yield of wheat had been increased from about fifteen bushels an acre to nearly twenty-five bushels. The value of land had gone up proportionately. It is now selling, he said, at \$30 an acre, while a few years ago the selling value was less than half that sum. "The creameries have enriched our land and relieved our wives' slavery."

The history of the local creamery was, briefly, as follows: Mr. Ames and nine others had given their note for \$3,100 to erect the plant, and the stock, in \$50 shares, was distributed among the farmers in the neighborhood—no one receiving more than two shares. This stock was paid for by the stockholders accepting a deduction of \$5 a month for each share from their payment for the milk they took to the creamery. In ten months the stock was all paid for in this way, and the note given to the builders of the plant canceled. Since that time repairs had been kept up, some new machinery had been purchased, and dividends had been paid to the co-operators averaging fifty per cent. a year.

These results seem almost incredible, but Professor Haecker at the State University assured me that fifty per cent. was less rather than more than the ordinary dividends realized by the co-operative dairies of the State. Mr. Ames gave me some detailed figures regarding the running expenses, which supplemented those previously given by the Superintendent in such a way as to show that each had been accurate in his statements. To those who are fond of figures, the balance-sheet of the Litchfield creamery may be interesting. The butter made amounted to nearly one thousand pounds a day, which sold for \$200 gross, or \$180 after paying expressage and other selling expenses. The yearly receipts were thus about \$50,000. The expenses were \$75 a month to the Superintendent, \$30 a month to each of his two assistants, and about \$125 a month for fuel, etc., making a total of about \$3,000 a year. All the balance was paid to those furnishing the milk, except a "sinking fund" of five cents on every hundred pounds of milk, which, by the

rules of the Co-operative Dairy Associations, goes to the bettering of the plant and the payment of dividends. At Litchfield this sinking fund payment is about \$10 a day, or \$3,000 a year. About half of it has uniformly been devoted to repairs and new machinery, and the other half to the payment of the fifty per cent. dividends.

I went from Litchfield to the Red River Valley to investigate the bonanza farms "bonanza farms." Ever since David A. Wells, in his "Recent Economic Changes," published about ten years ago, urged that the prices of farm products were being reduced by the cheaper methods of production employed on the great ranches, the impression has been circulated far and wide that in agriculture as in manufacturing the "big fish are eating up the little ones," and that the independent small farm is soon to be a thing of the past. From the time I entered Minnesota till the time I left North Dakota—the supposed fields of gold for the great wheat ranches—I heard not a single fact that even seemed to support the prevalent Eastern theory. In southern Minnesota everybody I asked agreed that the large farms had been the least successful, and Superintendent Gregg assured me that all over the State the big farms were gradually being broken up into smaller ones. On the railroad car north, my first traveling companion proved to be the agent of one of the very large land companies in the western part of the State, and when I asked him about the profitableness of farming on a large scale, he said that his company had now adopted the policy of selling its land to small farmers. He did not, indeed, depict the "bonanza" farm as hopeless, but he recognized that it was less profitable than the small farm managed and tilled by its owner. When I reached the Red River Valley, where the large farms are still the rule, this judgment was universally confirmed. The great estates of that region are doomed to disintegration. The great wheat ranch cannot compete with the small diversified farm. In agriculture the big fish are furnishing food for the little ones.

The morning I reached Crookston I drove out to the agricultural experiment station to present a letter of introduction

which Superintendent Gregg had given me to Professor Hoverstad. Never was letter received more cordially, or by a person better able to help me. For two days he devoted himself to making me understand the agricultural situation in the district. He was a young Norwegian, six feet three inches tall, with fair face and blue eyes, and with a sincerity and simplicity of manner that to me were singularly attractive. The first afternoon we drove about to the large farms within easy reach. One of these farms made me half regret that these articles were not to be illustrated, so complete a picture did it give of the possible waste of farming on a large scale by means of machinery. The farmer in question was an enthusiast on the subject of new machinery, and around his great barnyard, exposed to the weather and in some cases partly covered with manure, was a broken line of costly machines stretching several hundred feet. I asked my escort how long machines would last with that kind of care, and he replied not more than five years at most. I then asked how many weeks each year the farmer used the costlier machines, and found that a month was usually a maximum. In this month the machines must save enough labor to offset wear and tear and interest for the whole year. We did not go in to talk with the farmer whose yards presented this remarkable spectacle, but instead pressed on several miles to talk with a large farmer of exceptional energy and intelligence, who never allowed things to run "at loose ends." When I asked this farmer why the large farms were breaking up into small ones, he put the whole case in a single picturesque phrase. "There are," he said, "only two sure crops in this country—ice and children; and the small farmer has the children." The profit of a farm does not come from the cultivation of great stretches of wheat with men hired for the season, but from the cheap rent and cheap food for the farmer's own family, and the constant employment of its members the whole year through in looking after the by-products of butter and eggs, fruit and meat, and turning the waste from one part of the farm into the enrichment of another. The big farmers could not hire help to do this work satisfactorily—especially from the roving class that preferred to work on the big farms.

"We always have to have three crews of men," said the farmer I have just quoted—"one coming, one working, and one going." The attention a big farm got from these shifting hands could not develop it like the attention a small farm got from its owner.

The next day we took the train for Euclid, to visit the great "Keystone" farm. Fortunately for my purpose, the manager was away for the day and we were forced to make all our inquiries from the men. For the absent manager I conceived a high regard. His was just such a farm as has been glowingly described in so many magazine articles lauding the new order of farming. There was a splendid array of farm buildings, freshly painted in white and red, and everything about the place indicated perfect equipment and perfect management. We reached it just at noon, when, at the tap of a bell, sixteen hands filed out of the "men's parlor," went to the stable, and presently emerged each with five fine Norman horses, which they took to the fields. One man with five horses and a gang-plow, I was told, could cover five acres in a day, or as much as two men with three horses apiece could cover with the ordinary single plow. Right here, then, was one of the vaunted economies of the new order: one man with five horses and a \$75 plow was doing as much as two men with six horses and a cheap plow. But here again closer questioning showed the common sense of the independent farmers, who for most fields preferred the single plow. The gang-plow did not do its work quite as well, and if the difference was only a bushel an acre there was a loss. The farmer who hired labor to cover immense areas preferred the gang-plow, but the farmer who did his own work on a small farm could well afford to give a few days more to his plowing and get a larger yield. Another economy also for the small farm forced itself on my attention. The small farmer was always within a few minutes of his work. The hands on the ten-square-mile farm, on the other hand, often had to walk a mile or two four times a day to get to theirs.

By this time, however, I was more interested in the life of the workmen than in the economic problems I came to inves-

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tigate. Professor Hoverstad and I were asked to the table, which the men had just left, and had an excellent dinner. My own observation, therefore, did not confirm what I elsewhere heard about the inhuman treatment of hands on the great farms. After dinner we sat down in the "men's parlor" and talked to our heart's content with a group of three or four men who were "pressing hay," as they termed it. They were all on sick leave, but their wages, they said, were docked "just the same." Their attitude, however, was just the opposite of grumbling. After the fashion of men who do not entirely take you into their confidence, they were inclined to put the best face on things. They preferred, one or two of them said, to belong to the crew on a big farm to being the only hand on a small one. When I asked whether the small farmer didn't treat them as one of the family and share with them everything the family had, the answer was: "Yes, but the work is never done. There are so many more chores." Here they had "a ten-hour day." Afterwards, when they told about their day, their reckoning of hours seemed quite liberal to their employer. On week-day mornings they got up at four o'clock; on Sundays, except in threshing-time, they got up at five. During threshing-time they worked on Sundays the same as other days and got "thresher's wages"—\$1.75 a day—instead of their regular \$20 a month. Before breakfast they had to look after their five horses. They were due in the fields at six, and from that hour they dated their day's work. They worked from six till eleven, when they started back to the barns. After dinner they were not called out again until 12:45, because "the horses have to have an hour to eat." They then worked till six. It generally took them nearly half an hour to bring their horses in, and nearly another hour to feed and bed them. By the time they had finished with the horses and had their suppers it was often 8:30. To get up the next morning at four, most of them wanted to go to bed. Those who sat up awhile could talk or play checkers. No cards were allowed, and no liquor.

These last rules seemed to be rigidly enforced, and with the general consent of the men. In spite of this enforced morality, however, the life seemed demor-

alizing. The men were utterly cut off from family life, and from higher life of any form. They received a remarkable opportunity to lay up wages, but a more remarked impulse to "blow them off" when they reached the city at the end of the season. Most of them went to the logging camps for the winter, and the garrulous Irishman who was the best talker in the group assured us that the life there was even finer than on the big farm. "The food is good, the lodging just about as good as here [where they slept eighteen in a room]; the days are shorter, and we have cards at night." If David A. Wells's dream of the big farm driving the small farm to the wall were in danger of being realized, the future of Minnesota would look as dark as it now looks bright.

But the dream, or nightmare, is in no danger of being realized. Even this well-managed farm was not believed by the men to be profitable. Their evidence, it is true, was of little value, but there were many things to indicate heavy expenses which the small farmer's family saves him. At the time of my visit there were just forty people employed on these ten sections, where forty families might have cultivated independent farms of the typical Minnesota size. Of these forty, one was superintendent, one was foreman, one was stable boss, one was dairy boss, one was gardener, one was blacksmith and mender, four were gardener's helpers, two were dairy helpers, four were stable-boys, three were women, and one was called "flunkie" by the aristocrats of the "men's parlor." Thus twenty out of the forty were either doing the work of supervision which the independent farmer does himself, or else were doing the work in dairy and kitchen and garden and stable which the independent farmer's wife and children do for him.

But the best illustration of the advantages of the independent farms over the bonanza farms came to me while we were on our way to the "Keystone." When we reached Euclid, Professor Hoverstad told me that he wanted to take me to see a farmer near by whom he thought a great deal of and who was conducting a fairly large farm successfully. When we reached the farm, three unusually attractive little girls were playing in front of the house, and a

A Populist
minister

man in working clothes of clerical cut came forward to meet us. One of my favorite prejudices is against a clerical dress, but before this man had spoken I realized that he wore it out of no desire to isolate himself by any broadening of phylacteries. It was a face of exceptional purity of thought and warmth of sympathy. My welcome was perhaps unusually warm because he proved to be a subscriber for *The Outlook*, and liked it in spite of its theology and politics. When we entered the house, I noticed Farrar's and Robertson's sermons. I found that my host was still preaching in the little Episcopal church where he had ministered for years, though he supported his family by work on the farm and was President of the Euclid Farmers' Alliance. Before we had talked long I learned that he was an enthusiastic Populist. When I came away I took with me a spirited and sensible reply he had published to a Minnesota railway magnate's address before the Minnesota Editors' Association on the wonderful profitability of farming if the farmers would only give all their thought to their farms. The incompetency of the railroad man to discuss farming, and the absurdity of the great farming class letting the railroad officials and editors do the governing, furnished my host with a field for telling satire. The last thing an American farmer in Minnesota dreams of doing is to allow some other class to do his political thinking.

Equally unwilling are these farmers to let any other class think out their farm problems for them. There was a part of the conversation between Professor Hoverstad and Mr. Curry that I cannot help quoting, because of the light it threw on the question of the great wheat farm. They were not discussing this question, but what they said was none the less illuminating regarding it. Both of them had been asked by an agricultural paper to offer their replies to a farmer who had written to the paper: "My wheat is decreasing, my weeds are increasing, and I have no money." A prominent college professor had already answered the farmer that he should borrow money and buy sheep. Both of my companions, who were practical farmers as well as scholars, agreed that to borrow money was the very last thing the farmer should do. "Debt," said Mr. Curry, "is

the very worst weed a farmer can get started on his farm," and if a farmer goes in debt to buy sheep he will not only have his interest to keep up, but will probably lose thirty or forty per cent. of his investment before he learns how to take care of sheep. Both men agreed that the first thing for the struggling farmer to do was to plant less wheat. "When you raise a ton of wheat worth \$15," said Professor Hoverstad, "you take \$5 out of the soil." The single-crop wheat farmer was bankrupting himself by using up his capital. The thing for him to do was to put a part of his wheat-land into pasture to enrich it, and part into corn to get rid of the weeds. With fewer acres he would soon raise more wheat, and by diversifying his crop he would be able to work all the time, instead of having a great deal of work at the very times when labor was dearest and hardest to get. Finally, they agreed that the farmer should reduce expenditure to a minimum by looking after dairy and chickens and garden and pigs, and by learning to do all his own blacksmithing and repairing. The complete agreement of these men was not the agreement of politeness, but the expression of the common sense of practical farmers that only by diversified farming, intelligently managed so as to make every part fit in with every other, could a farm be made to pay. The remedies insisted upon for the small wheat farmer who was running behind were all remedies which the great wheat farm cannot adopt, and they pointed out as many reasons why the great farm, instead of cutting in two the cost of production, as Mr. Wells assumed, cannot be cultivated as economically as the small.

But the matter of supreme concern in all this was not the advantage of the small farm in the production of wealth, but its advantage in the production of character. The Curry farm was in no sense a bonanza farm. Coming to northwestern Minnesota in the early days, Mr. Curry had taken up three quarter-sections of land—one under the homestead act, one under the pre-emption act, and the third under the timber-culture act—and later had bought another quarter-section for \$75 from a neighbor who was unable to keep up payments on a \$400 mortgage and unwilling to throw the land into the hands of the

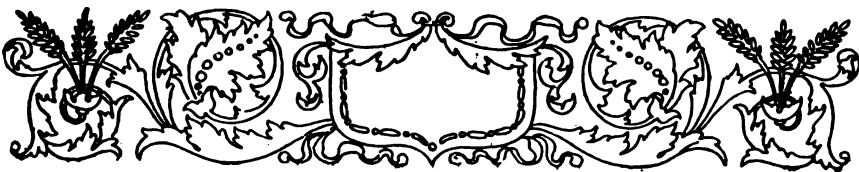
A farm
problem

The American
farmer's family

mortgagee. He had but a single son in his large family, yet the remarkable thing about his farm was his independence of hired help. Only one man was kept, except in the busy seasons. "My wife and girls," he said, "until the older girls went away to school, took entire charge of the milking and butter-making." This was one of the most important parts of the farm, and was managed ideally. There was a herd of one hundred cows and calves, and the cow stable was planned with such economy that a small building housed them all, with each in a separate compartment. It was exquisitely kept, and just outside of each stall was a little tablet on which the record of each cow was kept. The records equaled those of the State University dairy—eight pounds of butter a week, or three hundred and fifty pounds a year, being about the average. The dairy had a separator like the co-operative dairy, and the prices obtained were equally high. Yet the wife and the girls who had kept up the most profitable part of the farm were said by Professor Hoverstad to be among the finest women in the State. Mr. Curry himself spoke about the girls in a way that was charming. "My oldest girl," he said, "graduated at Bishop Whipple's Academy as valedictorian, was sent a year to Wellesley, and is now back at St. Mary's as teacher. . . . It was not because she is an uncommonly smart girl, for she isn't, but because she had been accustomed all her life to take hold of things with energy and stick to them until they were accomplished. . . . All the teaching she had got was from her mother and me, and if you know anything about a farm you know that that was pretty irregular. Now we have two more daughters at St. Mary's. . . . They have just as little fear when a cow approaches them as when they are entertaining a bishop." To my deep regret, I was unable to accept Mr. Curry's invitation to stay for dinner, but as we drove away I was glad to see a pretty sixteen-year-old girl at the kitchen steps helping with the

heaviest housework. It was as charming as the sight of the college girls, and educationally it was more wholesome. Here were girls who were being developed into the finest womanhood under an education that made them healthful, self-reliant, able and willing to serve in the common things of life. Not only sound bodies and minds, but sound hearts, come from teaching like this. These girls seemed to me types of the American women that are to be when all shall recognize that the best education is that which trains us to minister and not to be ministered unto.

For women as well as men the northern farm gives the training in self-reliance and self-respect upon which the development of democracy rests. Nowhere else have I found conditions so hopeful. There are hardships enough, due to the prevalence of debt, of low prices, of excessive railroad rates, and the like. But the forces that deeply affect the character of the people are in a wonderful degree working together for good. The great farm with a low grade of dependent labor is giving place to the small farm with a high grade of independent labor. The independent small farmer, by diversifying his crops, is avoiding the crises when hired labor must be called in, and the increased use of machinery, though less profitable than it is often thought, still further reduces the call for casual labor. More and more the farming population is becoming one of independent families who plan for themselves and are their own masters. Meanwhile the educational movement that has such astonishing strength in the Northwest is making the farmers an educated mass, and their own work—by reason of its diversity, by reason even of the machinery they are handling—is strengthening their ability to think and act for themselves. From the beginning the American farm has been the stronghold of the forces making for American freedom, and its position is to-day being further strengthened for the struggles of the future.



The Madonna's Robe

By Edith Andrews

IT was market day in Amalfi, and the little piazza was full of life and activity, even at the early hour of seven. You had to pick your way carefully among the piles of salad, red and yellow pepperone, finocchi, and onions covering all the pavement. One or two enterprising dealers had even gone so far as to arrange their wares on the lower steps of the great flight of stairs leading to the picturesque Cathedral of St. Andrea, with its slender tower, bright-colored tiles, and its beautiful Gothic portico. A few of the beggars had also roused themselves early on this day and were standing about watching the sales and begging for the outside leaves of the salad and cauliflower which would otherwise be given to the cows.

A young man was working his way with his elbows among this noisy, gesticulating crowd.

He skillfully balanced on his head a large basket full of brightly colored yarn, thread, needles, pins, cheap wares, cloth, and buttons. Carefully tucked away under his arm was a harmonica.

"What is your hurry, friend Peppino?" demanded first one and then another. "Will you not at least give us a song?"

"No," was the short reply; "I have to go to Ravello."

"Still, there is no hurry; one would think the devil was at your heels," grumbled another, as Peppino, contrary to his genial habits, pushed his way a little roughly among them and said no more.

It was a warm day in November, and in the sheltered, sun-exposed town of Amalfi the air was quite heavy and oppressive, even at this hour. All along the shore people were lazily lying about watching the labors of their more diligent neighbors. Men were bringing from the shop near by great baskets of *pasta minuta*, which barefooted boys, on their knees, spread out thinly on the ground to dry in the hot sun. Others were hanging the long strips of macaroni over wooden poles put there for the purpose. Nearer the water fishermen had stretched out their long nets and were mending them after the night's haul. But Peppino had no eyes for the

life about him this morning, and responded to the hearty greetings along his way only with a short "Buon giorno." His face looked strained and anxious, and a shade of pallor came over his bronzed cheeks as he kept his eyes fixed on a group of houses just at the edge of the point which the road encircles before it ascends the steep hills leading to Ravello. As he neared a little red house perched above the others he took the harmonica from under his arm and began playing, singing in a low, strong voice the pathetic strains of "La Musica Proibita," his eyes fixed anxiously on the upper windows. Just as he passed beneath the house a window was cautiously opened and the pretty, frightened face of a young girl appeared for a moment. Hastily picking a rose from one of the flower-pots which adorned the sill, she threw it down into the road below, where it fell in the dust at Peppino's feet. Then, shutting the window as quietly as it was opened, she disappeared, leaving Peppino, the song unfinished on his lips, starting up with a rapt look of adoration on his honest face. Other women, likewise hearing the music, and knowing that the peddler was passing, came to the windows by this time and roused him from his trance by their chatter. Suddenly remembering the rose which he had forgotten for the lovelier one above, he picked it up quickly, and, shaking off the dust, looked at it despairingly. A mist came over his eyes and a great lump rose in his throat, but, tucking his harmonica under his arm and pulling his cap down over his face to hide it from the eager ones watching, he strode bravely on, paying no attention to their cries.

"Alas! since it is a white rose, there is no longer hope," he sobbed to himself as he hurried along. "The mother has, then, decided to give my Rachele to another. I knew there was no doubt when she whispered to me at the holy font yesterday while the mother was at the confessional; for, although the mother wishes me well, I have nothing, while *Ciro* is indeed prosperous. Still, one must hope to the end; and all night long in my dreams I saw

first a red rose, which would mean the affair was not yet decided, and then the white one which she said she would throw down if all must be over between us. If the mother would but wait a few years, I might also have something besides the basket on my head, for I am young and strong, while *Ciro* is both old and *brutto*. But the mother thinks always of the shop, and of the other girls ready with open mouths to swallow up such a rich lover if *Rachele* does not take him."

Talking to himself as he walked steadily on, Peppino left the town behind and began the ascent to Ravello. Sometimes he avoided the carriage-road which runs zigzag to and fro, and climbed up by short cuts to the next turn in the road. The fresh mountain air cooled his cheeks. Stopping now and again, he put down his heavy basket and let the breeze blow about his curly hair as he gazed down the thickly wooded ravines, or up to the hilltop crowned with gray stone houses all huddled together like a flock of sheep in a winter's day. Half-way up the ascent houses began to appear, sprinkled along the road at some distance from one another; and as each in turn came into sight, Peppino took out his harmonica and played a tune to let the people know of his approach. He did not venture to sing, for that was more than he had heart for, even if he could get rid of the huskiness in his throat which made his voice seem to belong to another. Sometimes the dogs heard the music before their owners, and came gleefully prancing down the road to meet him. They considered the peddler as their friend, which was indeed a compliment either to his good heart or his musical ability, for he seldom had even a bit of bread to give them, while the marketmen below had to buy their affections with scraps of bones before they could with safety even pass along the highway. All the money which the family could save during the week was brought out to buy buttons and cloth; even the little ones often had a few soldi to buy yarn to knit their own stockings. The air grew fresher and clearer, until it was really cold as Peppino passed through the walls of a tumbled-down church leading into the little piazza of Ravello. He turned up his collar and hurried along, for he was in no mood to listen to the

jokes of the men who had no other occupation but to lounge about.

He chose a little narrow path which leads in and out among the half-ruined palaces and crumbling churches which are all that remain of the past splendor lavished by merchant princes of the thirteenth century on their mountain home. The high walls overhung with ivy shut out the morning sun, and the moss-covered stones were wet with the autumn dampness. Peppino shivered with the chill, but the melancholy stillness suited his sad thoughts better than the bustling noise below in Amalfi. Soon, however, he left the town and was out again in the open country among the terraced vineyards. Now and again troops of women bent double with sacks of *carbone*, which they were bringing from high above, stopped and rested, leaning against the walls, and examined the peddler's wares. But he met almost no one after passing the scattered village of Scala and the ancient church of the Annunziata. The path became more rough and steep, and by the time he reached San Pietro di Castogna, Peppino was so tired that he determined to go no further, and, putting his basket on the steps of the little chapel by the path, he sank down beside it, worn out with the unusual mental struggle which had been troubling him.

Far below, the river Dragone flowed peacefully along, and the silence was only broken by the occasional passing of a woman painfully carrying kegs of water which she had brought from the river below. Suddenly, with a creaking groan as if in protest, the battered door against which Peppino was leaning slowly opened, almost pitching him down the steps. A tall, gaunt priest stepped out. He wore a robe faded to a dull green by the sun and rain of many seasons, and his eyes had the far-away look of one who lives alone.

But they brightened up as he saw the young man, and he gave Peppino his hand, which the young man reverently kissed. "Ah, friend Peppino, I have been hoping to see you for some days; I have a little matter of business which I would like to talk over with you, so come with me into the church." The priest turned back, followed by Peppino, vainly wondering what business Padre Giacomo

could have with him, and why it should be transacted in the church.

The air was musty and damp within, and the darkness blinded his eyes after the bright sunshine outside, but he followed the dusky figure of the priest down the aisle until he stopped at an altar at the right. By this time his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he saw that they were before the shrine of the Madonna. Crossing himself, he knelt and prayed the Gracious Lady to have compassion on his suffering, and, if it were possible, to give him the desire of his heart. As he rose from his knees he noticed for the first time the shabby appearance of the Madonna. Her dress, which had once been of costly silk, was literally hanging in shreds, while the lace that adorned it was torn and patched. The crown on her head was tarnished and black; even the gilt stars on her blue mantle looked like black spots made by dirty fingers. Turning from his survey of the Madonna to Padre Giacomo, Peppino was surprised to find the priest looking earnestly at him.

"You see to what a low state we have fallen, since we must let the Holy Mother go about looking like a rag-bag," said the priest, mournfully. "What shall one do? There are only ten lire which I have scraped together for many a month, and what can we do with that? One by one my flock are leaving me alone and going below to worship where the church is gay and bright with new paint and gilt. Nothing but a miracle would give us fresh paint; but still perhaps if the Madonna were newly dressed at Christmas-time, and well lighted with candles, it might bring them back. It was of this that I wished to talk," and the old priest looked at the young man a little anxiously. "One might as well say now, as a year from now, that unless you can help me a little I can do nothing, for a blind man could see that with ten lire one cannot dress a Madonna."

"It is true," said Peppino, thoughtfully, "but let us come out on the steps, where one may see as well as talk."

All at once it seemed as if the peddler had become the master and the priest the servant, as he meekly followed Peppino out of the church, shutting the creaking door behind him. Slowly and carefully

Peppino spread out his bright-colored stuffs on the crumbling old steps—stiff sarcenet cambric and softer sateens of blue and yellow and pink.

"Those with designs would not do at all for the Madonna, and it is the plain ones which cost the most, and even they should be of silk," he said to himself, for he was a man of good taste. But to the priest, living so many years by himself and accustomed to the dingy, faded hangings of the church, these bright colors seemed very attractive, and he rubbed his hands together with delight, pleased as a child at the prospect of a new toy.

"Ah, my friend, is it then possible to have one of these?" and he held up admiringly the bright red cambric.

"Yes, quite possible," was the reply, "for less than ten lire, but you must remember there is still the lace to be thought of."

"It is true," said the priest a little sadly; "I had forgotten that, and the old would never do."

Peppino said nothing, but he took out his stock of coarse cotton lace, and, holding up the widest piece over the red cambric, looked at the priest questioningly. "How does that go?"

"It is magnificent," he said. "But would it cost a great deal?"

Peppino thoughtfully rubbed his head and calculated. "The cambric, at the lowest price, would be six lire; and for the lace you would need at least five meters, and it costs me two lire a braccio—I could call it ten lire for the whole, but you would still be six lire in debt."

The priest's face fell. "Ah, it is as I feared, if you have put it as low as possible."

The young man nodded, and he continued coaxingly:

"You are in trouble. I saw it in your face when I just opened the door. Do you not feel that the Holy Mother would help you if you made it possible for her to win back the hearts of her flock? Also there is the lace on her gown; you can take that, though, to be sure, it is almost in rags. Still, there are good bits which you might sell for a lira—who knows?"

Peppino looked off over the hills and thought for a moment. Then he said, cheerfully, "It shall be as you say. Unless the Madonna works a miracle for

me, ten lire more or less can do me no good."

"You have done well," was the priest's delighted reply, "and the Madonna will answer your prayers."

Then, as if fearing a change of heart, he hurried back into the church, and with eager, trembling hands he ripped off the old lace which had been there before his day and who can tell for how much longer?

The bargain concluded, Peppino turned his steps downward, stopping now and again to sell a few things, and even the dogs seemed to notice a happier expression on his face, and wagged their tails in approval. He wondered why his heart felt lighter, for all the trouble was there just the same, and no visible way out of it. Suddenly he remembered that he had eaten nothing since six in the morning, and it was now four in the afternoon. Notwithstanding his lighter heart, he still did not feel like meeting his friends at the *trattoria*, so he sat down where he happened to be, outside the gate of the beautiful palazzo Ruffino.

He looked through the bars in at the ivy-covered tower and beautiful garden for a moment, wondering how it would feel to be rich, and then he drew from his basket a red bandana handkerchief in which were a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese. As he did so, he also pulled out the roll of old lace. Stopping a moment, he stretched it out on the ground, and then with his knife he cut off a piece of bread and began to eat. "It is hardly worth the while to carry that old stuff about any longer, for who would be so great a fool as to buy old lace when there is always new to be had?" he said to himself. "Still, as the father says, there are good bits in it, and the design one might almost call beautiful." He was so busily absorbed in his eating and meditations that he was not conscious of any one being near him, until a voice behind him said, in a quiet tone of command, "What have you there?"

Peppino started to his feet, his face red with confusion, and pulled off his hat, for he recognized the lady of the palazzo, whom he had often seen as he went through the garden to sell things to the servants. "A thousand pardons, Signora," he said. "I did not hear you."

The lady paid no attention to his ex-

cuses, but demanded again, her eyes fixed on the lace, "What have you there?"

"A miserable rag, Signora," he said, as he began to gather up the lace, "which I have just received from Don Giacomo above in exchange for a dress for the Virgin."

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Who knows it?" was the reply. "To my mind it is good for nothing, but Don Giacomo thought there were good bits that one might perhaps sell."

The lady looked at him sharply, but saw he was in earnest. "I must tell you, then, that it is not a rag, but a valuable piece of Punta Catena, for which I will give you five hundred lire if you wish to sell it to me now, which is more than you would get if you carried it to Napoli to a dealer, who would doubtless cheat you."

The bright color died out from Peppino's face, and he fell back heavily against the iron gate.

"Are you ill?" asked the Signora, in surprise.

"Ill?" he gasped. "I am dying of joy. Ah! if you could but know what it will mean to me. I may yet marry Rachele; surely the mother would give her to me with five hundred francs!"

Smiling sympathetically, the Signora passed through the gate, the piece of dirty, torn lace in her hand. "Giovanni shall bring you the money at once, that you may go to your Rachele," she said.

Peppino stood leaning against the gate, every pulse in his body tingling, and his head whirling around as if he had been drinking champagne for an hour. The moments seemed to him weeks as he waited. "What if she changes her mind after all, or decides to give me less?—for I am sure she is mistaken in the worth of the rag," he said to himself.

This horrible thought sobered him, and he shivered as if a bucket of cold water had been poured down his neck. When, at last, Giovanni, the porter, arrived, he was almost insane with fear and joy, and could hardly count the five great hundred-franc pieces which Giovanni put into his trembling hand. Then, holding them so tightly in one hand that it was a wonder anything remained of them, his harmonica under his arm and his basket on his head, he started on a run through the piazza,

never hearing the shouts of his friends, who thought he must be followed by an enemy and waited to see who it could be, past the ruined church and down the road, taking all the short cuts, while the spools and buttons in his basket danced about as merrily as if they also were rejoicing in their padrone's happiness. The dogs, hearing some one hurrying along, rushed out barking furiously, and then stood still in amazement as they saw it was their old friend. They could not in the least understand it, though they watched him out of sight, and returned to their home with their tails down and meditated for a long time.

As for Peppino, he never stopped to take breath until he turned the corner of the road into Amalfi and stood beneath the little red house perched high above with its window full of red and white roses.

Two days before Christmas, Peppino, clad in a new suit of clothes, and Rachele, pretty as a picture in all her wedding finery, climbed the road to Ravello.

All Peppino's customers and all the little children and all the dogs came out to meet them and wish them joy; so it

was fully *mezzo giorno* before they reached the little chapel of San Pietro beyond the village of Scala.

The door of the chapel was opened, and the sunlight streamed down the aisle and lighted up the figure of the Madonna already clothed for the festa in her gay robe of red and new lace, and the figure of Padre Giacomo gazing admiringly at it. Side by side Peppino and Rachele knelt before the Holy Mother and humbly thanked her for the miracle she had wrought for them. Then, rising and carefully taking it out from under her shawl, Rachele held up a beautiful silk mantle as blue as the sky above and covered with stars as bright as the sacred one which led the wise men of old to the Nativity. "Holy Mother, deign to take our lowly offering and wear it in memory of thy goodness toward us," she murmured.

The Madonna, looking down, seemed to smile upon them in approval as the good priest joyously took the mantle from the girl's outstretched hands and laid it gently on the shoulders of the Holy Mother.

"May the blessing of the Church be with you now and forever," he said, crossing his hands on the two bowed heads.

Democracy

By William Prescott Foster

Our mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
Has lagged too long in port, and we have drownded
An idle crew or with wild mates caroused,
Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
For still our orders hold as in the past,—
That glorious day we shook our banner free,
And broke from out the line and took the van,
With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast
Who held with us,—to sail and search the sea
Until we find a better world for man.

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*



The LAKES of KILLARNEY

By
**CLIFTON
JOHNSON**
✻
Illustrated
by the
author



THE Lakes of Killarney!—there is something melting and delicate about the phrase that draws one strangely. It has a melody that charms one with a vague suggestion of gentle, dreamy landscapes, peaceful waters, and mild blue mountains.

I suppose, when one's imagination has dwelt long on the fascination of a place beforehand, there is bound to be a certain degree of disappointment in the reality; but the combination of lakes and streams, mountains and varied foliage, at Killarney is unquestionably very beautiful, and the greatest fault I had to find was that the lakes were so much shut away from the public by the bordering estates of the gentry. Unusual attention has been attracted to Killarney of late by frequent newspaper references to one of these estates—that of a Mr. Herbert—which has recently come on the market. The items and the headlines sometimes gave the impression that the lakes themselves were to be sold, and that this one estate held them all within its boundaries. It was feared that the domain would pass into the hands of some speculator and be made a vulgar commercial show, or be

purchased by some aristocrat who would exclude the public altogether. Efforts were made to have the Government buy the estate and turn it into a public park. The project failed, and then it was suggested that the Irish in America might contribute the money for this purpose.

The estate is hardly as vital as one would infer from much that has been published, yet it does include nearly all of the middle of the three lakes, with its islands, and a considerable strip of shore of the lower lake. I heard the laboring folk speak of Mr. Herbert as a good landlord and employer, "but," said they, "he married an American girl for her beauty, and he has gone broke now." It seemed to be taken for granted that this was an unusual occurrence—a British subject of the upper classes marrying an American girl for beauty instead of money—and the dismal sequel was held to be a natural consequence. The peasantry all regretted his failure, and looked forward to a change of landlords with misgiving.

The lakes lie in a basin between several mountain groups, and they have an air of permanence and of age coeval with that of the heights which overlook them;

but one of the natives of the region informed me that there once were no Lakes of Killarney at all. Where they now are was just a low valley, and in the valley were farms and a town. One of the inhabitants of the vale was a man who had a well that he took great pains to cover every night. But late one evening, after the man had gone to bed, some neighbor came to this well for water, and left the slab off. The next morning a great river was pouring out of the well, and the farms and the town were under water. The houses are still to be seen at the bottom of Killarney, and so is the well. Into it runs one river and out of it comes another—at least so said my informant.

On my first day at Killarney I went for a long walk southward along the lakes, starting from Killarney town on their northern borders. I kept to the eastern side of the lakes, following a ribbon of winding roadway so hemmed in by the walls of the adjoining estates of the gentry that I might almost as well have been in a tunnel. The gentry have taken the shores of the two lower lakes almost entirely to themselves, and their broad parks behind the stone walls keep the traveler who is on the highway well back up the slope. It is not until the middle lake is passed that one finds freedom. Then the wayside walls dwindle and disappear, and the road comes down to the borders of the water.

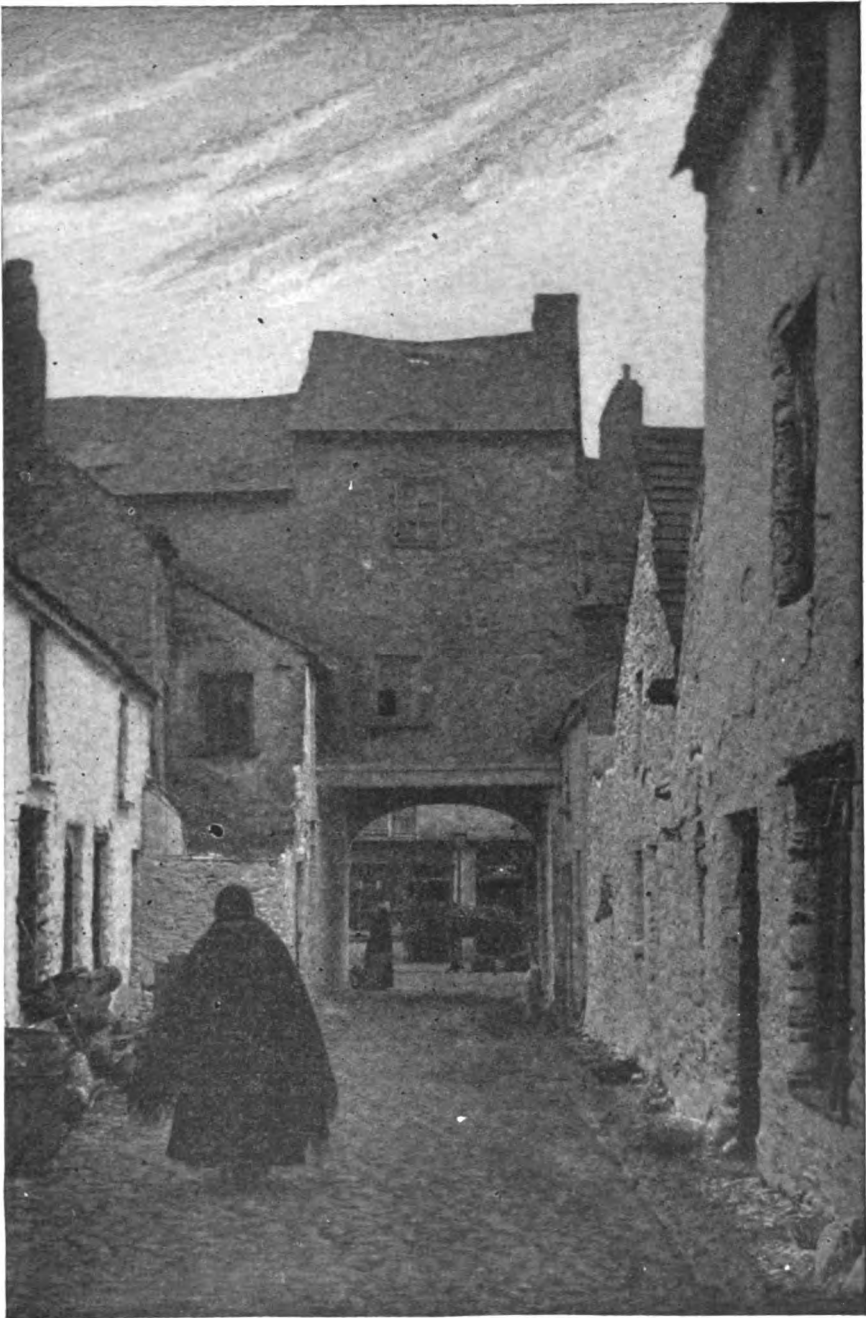
Around the large lower lake is a rich alluvial country of gentle slopes where the grass flourishes and the trees grow spreading and stately. Farther on, the ground wrinkles into hills that constantly grow more rugged, and the turf gives way to heather and furze, and the shade-trees to wild forest growths that have an almost tropical luxuriance. There are pines and drooping larches, and at the time of my visit these were mingled with the spring greens of the beeches, elms, and oaks, with below a tangled undergrowth of dark, glossy holly and arbutus, while ivy vines crept up the tall tree-trunks. I doubt if any woodland rivaling this in its rich and varied profusion could be found in all Britain. The forest, however, is not extensive, and after a few miles of it the trees lose their lofty luxuriance, and as one proceeds farther along the upper lake these patches tend to become more stunted

and less and less frequent. Here, too, is much barren heath, and, in the hollows, peaty bogland; but at the same time there are clear streams leaping down the rocky ravines, and in favored places one may hear the pleasant sound of distant waterfalls; and everywhere, close at hand, are rude gray crags and vast mountain ridges. It was an unfenced waste that one could ramble through at will, and to me the upper lake, with its many islets and irregular shores and wild surroundings, was the most satisfying of the three.

On all the long road of eight or ten miles there had been scarcely a village worthy of the name, and even the cottages were infrequent. I saw few people, and the busiest scene was on a wide, spongy peat moss, where three or four groups of men were busy getting out their year's supply of fuel. Four or five men composed each gang. One man dug out the long, soggy bricks of peat with a spade-like cutter, another tossed them with a fork up on the turf, and the rest of the company, also with forks, spread them to dry.

Workers of another class, of whom I saw several, were men cracking away at the roadside stone-heaps with their long-handled hammers. These heaps of stones occurred at intervals all along the highway, some still in the rough, and some, broken small by this monotonous hand labor, were ready for road-mending.

On my walk back to Killarney I took a side way and entered the Herbert estate, for which privilege I paid a shilling at the lodge gate. I followed a devious road across several bridges and large islands and back to the mainland, where at length I came to the ruins of an ancient abbey—a great ivy-grown church with the roof and windows gone, but otherwise practically complete. It had a fine situation on a hill overlooking the lake and the peaks of the big mountains across the water. Close about was a burying-ground still in use, where white modern crosses were mingled with gray moss-grown slabs, some of the latter fallen and worn blank by the storms of the passing years. Within the abbey are many dim vaults and passages, and several old roofless halls in which are graves and somber tombs and headstones. One apartment contains a yew-tree grown to great size, so that its branches reach



AN OLD STREET



ON THE LOWER LAKE

out over the upper walls, and scarcely more light comes from above than if the room had a roof.

A century ago Muckcross Abbey had an inhabitant, a hermit of the name of John Drake. For eleven years he lived in the ruin, and acquired a wide reputation for piety and for a demeanor that combined solemnity and cheerfulness.

When I reached my hotel toward evening, after the long day's tramping, I was glad to sit down in my room to rest. The hotel was a humble establishment on one of the town byways. It was a good place in which to see life, and to meet ordinary, every-day people, and, in spite of certain drawbacks, there was something about it decidedly congenial and interesting. The clean stupidity of the finer hotels I somehow never relished, and in whatever town I chanced to stop in my journeying I always sought out, when I conveniently could, one of the lesser hosteleries, only requiring that it should look fairly clean and respectable. I had my doubts here at Killarney as to whether I had been particular enough. My room was a mixture, very characteristic of Ireland, of attempts at tidiness and of what was very like dowdyishness and dirt. The stairways were wretched; the kitchen, of which I had glimpses as

I went in and out, had the appearance of not having been cleaned or put in order for a month, and the upstairs parlor looked like an asylum for second-hand furniture.

The view from my window was of a narrow street with two liquor-shops just across the way. It was a dirty street, and this evening cows, singly and in little groups, were being driven along it coming in from their day's grazing in the fields. A squad of geese waddled past, there were hens picking about the gutters, and it needed only the presence of a few pigs to make the farmyard picture complete.

The next day opened dull and threatening, but now and then a pale gleam of sunshine struggled through the misty clouds, and toward noon I started for a ramble through the town. There are several streets of shops, but nearly all these shops are small, and when you look inside they are apt to appear cheap and slovenly. Shabby buildings are common, and you find some half ruinous. On the by-lanes are frequent low cottages with thatched roofs. The hens everywhere make themselves at home in the public ways, and step in and out familiarly at open home doors. The Irish live on very sociable terms with the farmyard creatures in both town and country. As I passed

a corner saloon I saw a party of geese (not human ones) waddle in with an air of frequenters of the place which was emphasized by their crooked gait. They appeared to be dry, for they looked this way and that, seemingly regarding the array of bottles on the shelves, and then, no bartender chancing to be present, began nosing about the sawdust-sprinkled floor.

The cows enlivened the townways with their coming and going every morning and every evening. At this season of the year they spend most of their time in the fields, and after each milking they are driven back to their pasturage. Their owners have stalls for them near their dwellings, in which the creatures are kept in winter.

A good deal of the picturesque-ness of the town is to be credited to the humble costume worn by many of the women. Those of the poorer class, when near home, appear on the street bareheaded, and on more extended errands they don an old shawl. If the weather is chilly, they often pull the shawl about their faces and look out on the world from its hooded seclusion. I was told that most of these women had no hats, not wholly because of poverty, but because they think them a bother. Women with bare feet were not uncommon, and there were others to be met with who drew the line at shoes and no stockings.

One feature of Killarney that was particularly noticeable at the time of my visit was the number of broken windows in dwellings and in shops right through the town. This gave the place a depressing air of poverty, decay, and drunkenness. In explanation of this wreckage I was informed that a County Council election had recently taken place, in which connection there had been no end of disturbance.

"Ah, we had hot work here, we did that!" said the man I questioned, and the broken windows had been a natural consequence. In most districts the

election had passed off peacefully enough, for nearly everywhere the National party was so dominant that there was no outside opposition and the contest was between two Home Rulers. In that case it was all in the family, and there were no especial explosions of partisan ardor.

But at Killarney a Home Ruler was opposed by a Unionist, and resort was had to methods of dealing with political heresy



MAKING READY HIS SPADE

that in most places are becoming now a little old-fashioned. As a matter of course, the enthusiasm of the patriots on both sides was braced with drink, and the persuasiveness of ardent spirits was used freely on the doubtful ones to make clearer to them the way they should vote; but this was not all. On Easter Sunday the Home Rulers, who had erected a platform on the public square, gathered for a rally. The speaking had begun and everything was moving smoothly when the Unionists made a descent on the meeting in force, armed with eggs and with flour tied up in small paper bags. The invaders pelted right and left, aiming more especially at the orators and dignitaries on the platform. The air was full of yells and blows, mingled with the crash and spatter of the eggs and the soft bursting of the flour-bags.

The crowd got well smeared, to say nothing of the bruises of the hand-to-hand hostilities, and the meeting was effectually broken up. The thing about this assault that grieved the Home Rulers most was that some of the eggs used on them were bought from their own leader's wife. She kept a poultry-yard, and the evening before had unsuspectingly sold to the enemy all the eggs she had on hand—some eight or ten dozen. If this meeting had not been the last of the campaign, serious retaliation would have been attempted.

Killarney has the reputation of being a place where the beggars, by reason of their numbers and their persistence, make a real pest of themselves. But I was so fortunate in my stay as to encounter only one genuine specimen of the genus. I suppose the reason was that the tourists as yet came only scatteringly, and the beggars had not begun to ply their trade in earnest.

My beggar was a man accompanied by a little boy. I had started for a walk, and he overtook me and remarked on the fineness of the weather, though it looked very threatening at the time, and then he kept on a mile or more in my company. His tongue wagged unceasingly, and he commented on what was to be seen along the way, on the condition of Ireland, of England, and of America, and wove into it all the tale of his own troubles—how he was a shoemaker, but could find no work these two years, how he had been evicted, and how he had this little boy and four

other children to provide for, and would I be good enough to help them a bit to get some food, etc., etc.

After my beggar left me I kept on southward along the lakes. The air darkened as I proceeded, and I could see that a storm was gathering among the mountain peaks. Presently there came a report of distant thunder, and I noticed that a little girl whom I met at the moment made the sign of the cross and hurried on faster. I, too, caught the impulse to hasten to the shelter of the town, and I stopped and watched the clouds in doubt; but it seemed to me that the storm was swinging off in another direction, and I walked on again, hoping to climb one of the mountains and see the country from the heights.

At length I took a side road that wound high up the slopes of the hills. I went up and up, and was passing along the borders of the last patch of woods before the land gave way to the stony upper wastes of heather and furze, when I saw a tall, tattered figure on ahead. He had a staff in his hand and a cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders. Near him lay two dead sheep. I thought the man looked like some Robin Hood of the forest, and the fancy came that he had slain the sheep and was going to bear them stealthily away, and that he might take a notion to treat me as he had the sheep. He was peering about in a curious manner that I could not understand, but his mild greeting when I approached reassured me. Then he pointed out the dead sheep and said they had been killed by the lightning, and he had just found them there. He showed some scorched streaks on their bodies, and when I went on and left him he continued as before hovering around the spot and considering what was to be done.

The road now faded into a dim trail almost wholly grassed over, and led away across a boggy level toward a steep slope that mounted high toward the craggy mountain summits. I was crossing this marshy stretch when another shower approached. Behind me the landscape was being fast enveloped in murky blue mist, and a somber twilight had crept over all the earth. I had a waterproof cape with me, and was about to put it on, with the idea of crouching down on some rock and letting the fast-gathering storm sweep over



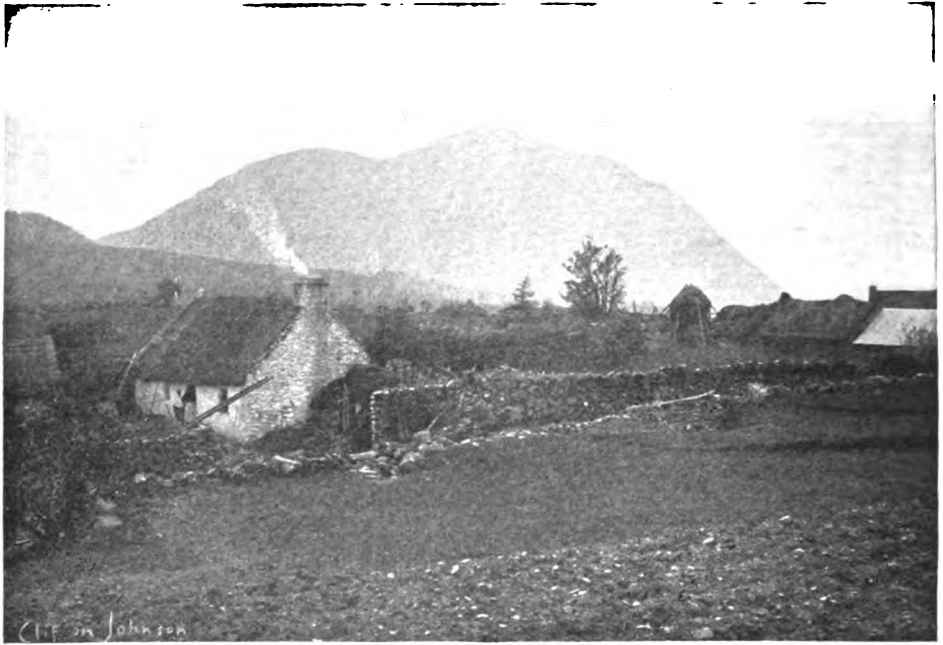
A PEASANT WOMAN AT HOME

me, when I saw a woman on ahead, with a great bag on her shoulders, moving off to the right. A glance in that direction revealed several thatched cabins among some tiny fields, with stone walls about them, on a low hillside.

Between me and this gray, earth-hugging little hamlet the ground was a spongy bog sprinkled with boulders, as if it were some sort of vast plum-pudding. But the impending blackness of the storm allowed of no hesitation, and I hurried on, keeping to the stones as much as possible, and with the first onset of the rain I was on the borders of the village. I went into a stableyard in front of a dwelling, and there found an old woman working at the entrance to the cow-shed. Permission to

go into the house out of the rain was readily granted, and I hastened to seek the welcome shelter from the downpour.

It was like entering a cave, and when I first stooped through the low doorway the place looked perfectly black, save for a feeble gleam of red in the fireplace. The woman, who had come in soon after I did, set out a chair for me, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom my surroundings gradually revealed themselves. The room was open above to the smoke-blackened rafters. It had very thick walls, and was lighted by one small window and the open upper half of the door. The floor, partly of hard-trodden earth and partly of cobbles, was very uneven, and nothing set level on it. There



HOMES AMONG THE HILLS

were two tables—one large and one small—a dresser sparsely filled with dishes, a cupboard or two, three chairs, and in odd places about the floor were black kettles, pots and pans, shoes and rubbish.

A good-sized clock was fastened to the wall, and ticked with steady solemnity in the dusk. It was the first thing I spoke of, and the old woman, who had seated herself by the fire, was telling me how they had had it for twenty years, and what good company it was, when there came a clap of thunder.

"O God Almighty, save us!" she exclaimed, and made the sign of the cross, and then bowed forward in a posture awkward yet eloquent of a childlike fear and faith, and spread out her hands in supplication. "God bless us and save us," she continued, "and save his honor [meaning me], and save the people, and all of us."

The intonations of the thunder were of frequent recurrence after this for the space of half an hour, and at every clap the old woman crossed herself and prayed something as above, though often mumbling more which I could not catch. The storm reminded her of a story—she would like to know if I had heard it, and whether I thought it might be true or no.

"There was a man, and he was workin' in a field like, and it came on to thunder, and he put his head in a hole in the wall, and he said, 'God save what's out o' me!' And he no sooner said that than the wall fell in, and took his head clean off. It was telled to me that this was a judgment on the crathur, because it is not right to pray small, just for yourself. But you should pray large—to save us all—pray big and open-hearted. But that may be only a story, sir."

The fire beside which the woman sat was made on the floor at the end of the room, under the wide hood of a chimney that flared out from the wall about five feet above the blaze. A sooty kettle hung over the fire and simmered cheerfully. Now and then the woman reached down to a heap of dry brushwood by her side, took up a few twigs, broke them across her knee, and replenished the fire. If it was low, she would stoop and fan the embers by blowing. It would flame up then, and its light would shine out into the dusky room. These pine twigs the villagers were allowed to break off and bring home from the woodland down below. The household supply of peat was gone. They cut it on the mountain a mile above, and when it was dry brought it down on

their backs, a task in which both the men and women shared. No one in the village owned a horse, and the only beasts of burden, aside from the human ones, were two donkeys. Even for them the task of bringing the "turf" down from the mountain was considered too severe, the path was so steep and rugged, and they were chiefly used "to take to town for some messages."

A good deal of smoke drifted out into the room, and the woman explained that the chimney was bad, "but some days we haven't a bit of smoke, and other days we have a good dale. It's as the wind turns."

The woman had two sons and a daughter living with her, as she told me with a fervent "thank God." "And I had another son who went to Australia, and for two years I heard from him regular and he sent me money, but I have had no account since, and I suppose he is dead, God help it, sir. And I had a daughter, too, that went to America, to Worcester, it was, sir, and her name it was Mrs. John Dwyer; but I have had no account from her either this long time, and I suppose she is dead too, sir."

The family kept a cow, and had a yearling and a calf and nine or ten sheep. The sheep were grazing on the mountain at this season, but in the winter they kept them in the walled fields near the house. "We sell the wool," the woman said, "but it brings no price at all now—it do not, sir."

Few pigs are kept in the hamlet, but there are geese and chickens, as I realized when the woman stepped outside for a moment and left the half-door open. Almost at once a bedraggled rooster skulked in and stood with his head well down between his shoulders and his tail drooping to let the water run off. He did not look very attractive, but a hen who seemed to think his company desirable came with a startling flutter and cackle from a nest in a room corner, lit near the rooster, and began looking about the floor for something to eat. Then a bevy of geese came in from the wet outer world. The place was getting pretty populous, but just then the woman returned and shoed these two-legged friends all out into the yard with a "Begone, you thieves, you!"

She had scarcely shut the half door

when one more of the creatures of the place appeared, in the form of a cat, which leaped up from the outside and poised on the door edge, looking at me in alarm and not daring to come further.

The woman's sons were at work for one of the gentry in the valley, so that the family was not dependent on the little farm. Because of this income from without they ate the eggs their hens laid, instead of selling them, as they would have to do "if they were badly off." They made a little butter now and then for home use, and they raised a few cabbages, and in a good season enough potatoes to last through the year. "But if it is wet or the blight do come too soon, the p'taties do not last, and then we eat bread."

They bought oatmeal, and occasionally fish and bacon, and the old woman said they fared much better than when she was a "gaffer" (a girl of ten or twelve). "Thin the times was tight, and we lived on p'taties altogether. Sometimes we ate them with only salt, and sometimes we ate them with milk. We never had bread except at Christmas, and very little meat at all."

For the cows they raised hay and oats, "And we might have plenty, by the will of God, if it was not for the deer coming here from the forest. There do be only a few of them back here on the mountains. They get into the corn and spoil it on us. Every night now when the stalks get big the deer come and do be at them so the corn will not be worth the cutting. They feed on our grass, too, when it gets strong. We have dogs in the village to chase the deer away, but the crathurs are soon back on us again. It is a cold, wet place, this. The sun—the fine time is the best for us here—'tis thin, sir. It is not good to-day. But to-morrow might be fine, sir, with the help of God."

On Sunday everybody on the mountain goes to mass at Killarney, four miles distant. Winter or summer, it makes little difference—"all the people around go, sir, except it may be those who are too old or feeble."

I inquired the name of the village, and the daughter and mother both pronounced it for me, but I could make nothing of its guttural syllables. Then the daughter spelled it slowly, and I wrote it down—G-o-r-t-r-g-u-l-l-i-n-e.

What is Religion, and What Does it Do for Us?

By the Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.

"Religion . . . is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

RELIGION is here represented as consisting of two elements. One of them is Charity, which sends a person out into the world to minister to and help it; the other is Purity, which guides a person through the world, and guards and protects him from it. The first brings him into 'touch and sympathy with man, and makes him thus the incarnation of the Human; the second brings him into touch and sympathy with God, and makes him thus the incarnation of the Divine; and both together constitute that true religious sphere in which he finds and lives on earth his largest possible life.

And that suggests the subject to which I ask your attention; namely, What is Religion, and what does it do for us?

And first I remark that religion of some sort is a universal fact in the history of the world. It is, indeed, to a great extent the history of the world. Everywhere we see it, in every age, in every land, in every social condition, among civilized peoples and savage, enlightened and unenlightened. It is, as Professor Britton remarks, the one and only trait in man by which he is qualitatively separated from the other animals. They have a kind of language, as we have, or the power, at least, of communicating with one another by sounds. They have their governments and their arts. Never do we see anywhere among them this notion of religion, or the faintest suggestion of it. It is a distinctively human trait, and a distinctively human trait which in our human life on earth universally appears. Many different theories have been at times put forth in explanation of it. Some have traced its origin to a primitive belief in ghosts; some to the worship of ancestors; some, again, to the prevalence of a superstitious fear, which, from the earliest time even until now, a priestly caste has traded in for the benefit of itself; while others still there are who look upon religion as some-

thing pathological rather than theological, and to whom it is the symptom of a persisting mental disease.

But whatever be the attempted explanation of it, or the origin of it, here at least it is, here it always has been. Judging human nature in the future by the past—and proverbially there is no better way to judge it—here it always will be: Religion, the one great fact that stares us in the face in the story of mankind. Scorned and mocked and derided and perverted and abused, and yet persisting still; cast down, but not destroyed, and conquering even those, as has been truly said, who think they have conquered it. For while at times they may doubt it, and seem thus to discard it, they will doubt again their doubt, not openly before the world perhaps, but secretly at times in themselves, and with that doubting of their doubt Religion will come back again, and still be on their hands.

And so it is, my friends, on our hands to-day. And the question we have to consider with reference to religion, it seems to me, is this—not the question of whether religion will hereafter be an influential and controlling force in the world. No, that is not the question; it is threshing o'd straw to consider that; that question is settled—human history, human experience, human nature, has settled it. But what sort of religion is to be a controlling force and factor in the world? What is religion? The religion that will prove itself to be both good and true, by giving to us here and now the best and truest things and enabling us thus to live on earth our largest possible life? What is religion; that is the question. That is the question to which this age is addressing itself. That is the question which, with a great searchingness of inquiry, searching all credentials, sifting, testing, examining all theories and all claims, no matter how vast and hoary and venerable they may be, this present age is asking—What is religion? And to that question, my friends, that present and pressing question, which,

with an importunity perhaps never before surpassed, is forcing itself to-day upon the intelligent thought and conscience of mankind, I find an answer given. It is an old answer, in an old Book, but it is a good Book, generally so regarded, whatever our particular theories concerning it may be; and it is a good answer, which says that religion is this: Is it now about to make some great and wonderful announcement to us? Is it now about to disclose some great and wonderful mystery to us, lying behind the veil which we have long been seeking to penetrate in vain? No, no, not now, not yet.

Religion, it says, is this: It is first of all charity. And charity, what is charity? For that, too, needs an interpreting word, perhaps. Is it simply something in us, as is so commonly supposed, an amiable something in us, which always makes us blind, as with a bandage on our eyes, to human faults and sins, to human misdemeanors, to human misbehaviors; so that when we have occasion to speak of people whom we meet, we shall always speak of them as good people even when they are not good people? No, that is not charity, that is mendacity, or something very like it, for that is saying what is not true. Neither, again, is charity simply something in us, an impulsive something in us, which always disposes us to do for people with a free and open hand whatever people ask, simply because they ask it and we can afford to do it or we can afford to give it, without regard to whether it will be of real and permanent value to them. No, that is not charity, that is inequity; for that is doing what is not right. Charity means to give, not merely a kind word—charity sometimes gives a sharp and severe word; nor merely a liberal dole—charity sometimes withholds and refuses the liberal dole. Charity means to give *ourselves* in human service and in ministry to others. And how and where in human service and ministry to others? Not merely in benevolent spheres, in eleemosynary spheres, but in all spheres, social, industrial, commercial, political, as well as what is called the philanthropic sphere—running our railroads, managing our banks, practicing our professions, pursuing our various callings whatever they may be, wherever they may be, in the home, in the market-place, in the forum and in the shop, making human

service the inspiration of them and the controlling motive in them.

That is charity: great, big, robust thing. That is how it appears. Not merely in those gracious ones who go forth into the world to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry and to perform their sweet and beautiful acts of ministration to the poor, to the afflicted and the sick. Oh, it is something much more comprehensive than that; and in other persons appears. In the lawyer who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his retainer, but chiefly for human service. In the physician who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his fee, but chiefly for human service. In the clergyman who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his salary, his emolument, his name, his reputation, but chiefly for human service. In the journalist, the capitalist, the professional man, the artisan, the artist, in every one who tries to do his proper work in life, not only for himself, not chiefly for himself, but chiefly for human service, making that the spring and the mainspring of his activity in it. That is charity, and that is how and where it is made to appear. Appearing thus, it would not change in outward form the great economic activities of the world to-day; it would simply put a soul, a great human soul, into those activities, so that men would find, not as now so often, their soul's destruction in them, their soul's enfeeblement in them, but their soul's enlargement, their soul's redemption, in them. And, giving thus themselves, through their respective callings, just what they are doing now and will do all week long, in ministry to others, making human service the inspiration of them and the controlling motive in them; not narrowed would they be, broadened would they be; not poorer would they be in any sense of the term, but richer would they be in every sense of the term, material, moral, and spiritual, with a richer human feeling and human experience in them. More and more would they thus become, with the growing image in them of a Son of man on earth, the incarnation of the Human. Then would there be seen charity in the world, pervading, permeating, controlling the world. Then would there be seen religion in the world. For charity is religion.

There is another element. Serving the

world, helping the world, ministering unto the world, yet keeping himself unspotted from the world—Purity. And how is purity reached? How do you keep yourselves unspotted from the world? By shunning it and avoiding it and running away from it? No, for then you could not serve and minister to it and help it. And while purity then would come, perhaps—and perhaps it would not—charity would go. How, then, while in the midst of the world, can you manage to keep yourself unspotted from the world? It is a timely and needed question. And the answer to it is this: Cultivate and cherish and aim at what is good, aim at what is best. Aspiring towards the highest, the lowest will not touch you, or at least will not defile you; seeing it and hearing it, you will see and hear it not; walking in its midst at times, moving and going through it, it will leave no stain upon you. That is what St. Paul meant when he said, "Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Yes, walk in the higher part of your nature and you will not fulfill the lusts in the lower part of your nature. Live upstairs and you will not live downstairs; and if at times you go down, or fall down, you will not stay down, you will come up again. And more and more will you be there, living there and dwelling, and finding there your home, your large r, your purer, your more congenial home. And in that better region, with its better air about you, better things will you see; spiritual things will you see that now perhaps you doubt; spiritual realities and verities will you see, more clearly will you see them, more ardently will you love them, more persistently will you pursue them, more tenaciously will you grasp them, more firmly will you believe them, and what to you is most ideal will always be most real. Thus higher and higher will you rise towards the highest that there is, towards God. And more and more will you thus become, through the growing image in you of a son of God on earth, the incarnation of the divine. Purity then will you have; a purity which, in the fineness and delicacy of its vision, sees the vision of God hovering over the world, shining through the world.

Yes, Charity and Purity, revealing to us man, showing more and more the best

there is in man, revealing to us God, showing more and more the best there is in God, and making us rich in both. Purity and Charity—the wings by which we soar heavenward and earthward, upward, towards the highest; outward, towards the broadest; and constituting thus that true religious sphere in which we find and live on earth our largest possible life.

This, then, is religion, the religion which the world needs to-day, to heal it of its stripes, to smooth it of its frictions, to cleanse it of its filth, to give it faith in man, to give it faith in God, to make it rich with both.

In speaking to you I have had in mind the thought of one whose image is before me, whose memory will not easily or quickly fade from the traditions of my parish. Much that I have said has been suggested by him; and perhaps, to those who have ears to hear, it has been suggestive of him. Pre-eminently religious, that was the form it took—Purity and Charity. Purity—I never knew a cleaner man, in feeling or in thought, in character or in life. With exceptional temptations and tendencies, because of the exceptional affluence of his circumstances, towards self-indulgent coarseness of conduct and of speech, they never touched nor defiled him, they made no stain upon him. It is not the way with all situated as he was, but it was his way; it was his religion. As for charity, it was his business, to which he gave liberally, bountifully, unsparingly, himself, even unto the breaking down of himself, even unto death. As for his business; making human service, faithful, just, and honorable, his inspiration in it, he transfigured it into a charity. It is not the way with all men in business, situated as he was, but it was his way; it was his religion. And what is that, after all, my friends, but the religion of Jesus Christ, in whose ideal purity, with its divine manifestations, we see as nowhere else the image on earth of God; in whose ideal charity, with its human ministrations, we see as nowhere else the image on earth of man, and who therefore, while Son of man, was also Son of God?

What, then, is religion? It is the question which this age is so searchingly asking; and the answer is, Jesus Christ! So I believe, and so, God helping me, I will teach and preach.

FROM MOSCOW TO VLADIVOSTOK



GROUP OF TARTARS AT PETROFAVLOVSK STATION

From "Siberia and Central Asia," by the Hon. J. W. Bookwalter. Courtesy of the F. A. Stokes Co.

By William Durban

DURING a recent tour in various parts of Russia I saw nothing which more astonished and instructed me than that part of the great Pan-Russian Exhibition at Nijni-Novgorod which was devoted to an enormous display of Siberian products. I found also that few visitors to Russia were prepared for the wonderful revelation thus afforded. It was evident to every thoughtful spectator that not only was the Russian Empire easily capable of supporting itself, if at any time totally cut off from all the rest of the world, but that her Asiatic territories would be her finest resource. Not only natural but artificial products were shown in almost inexhaustible profusion, all from Siberia. That vast region is, in fact, an epitome of the whole earth. It seems, somewhere or other

in its magnificent stretch across the whole of the largest of the continents, to be able to supply everything that any other country can produce. Too many writers, in estimating the possibilities of Russia, make the mistake of regarding her too exclusively as a European Power. They constantly leave out of consideration the great fact of the future, that Siberia is the greatest country in the world, and that this huge territory is one vast repository of incalculable and undeveloped treasures, all of which are to be at the service of the Czars. And this marvelous Eastern empire is to be peopled by the Muscovite. Russians will soon inundate the immense plains, and in years to come millions of the children now living in European Russia will dwell in countless *mirs*, or village communes, which will dot the limitless

forests of the Tundra over its thousands of miles between the Uralian range and Kamchatka.

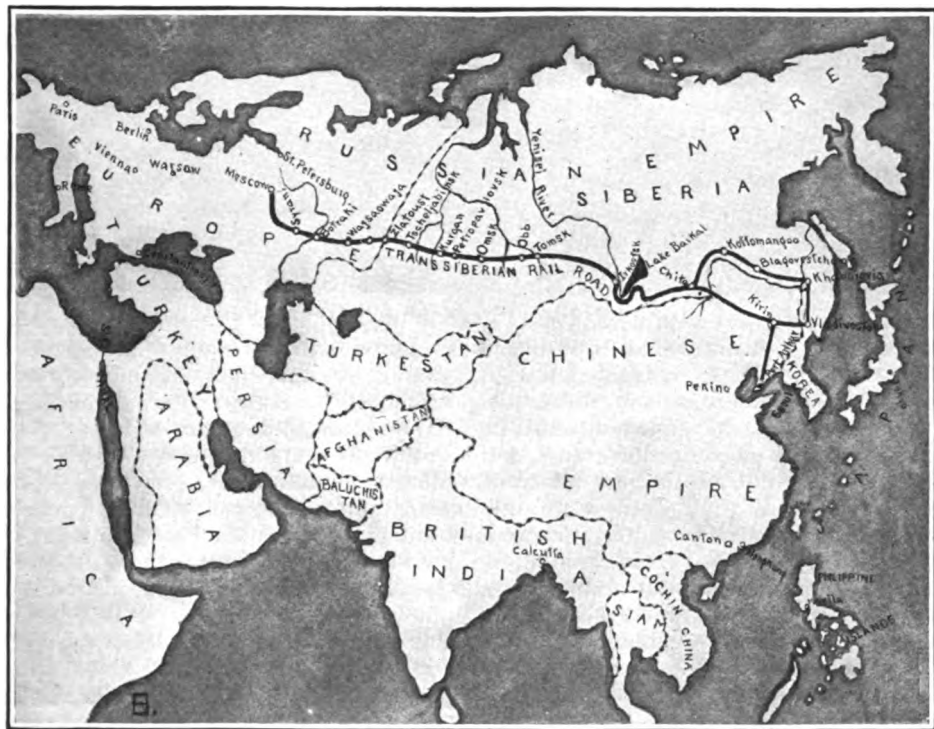
Americans and Englishmen were the real authors of the splendid and romantic scheme for spanning the Asiatic continent with a railway from end to end. I met here and there in the Russian Empire a number of Englishmen engaged very successfully in trade, but they were almost invariably thus working on their own account. The time is almost past when the Russian Government will engage an Englishman or an American to direct public works, although in the not remote past nearly every position of great responsibility was committed to clever men of one of those nationalities. The Russian administrators now rely on native engineers; but, for all that, it is not likely that the Trans-Siberian Railway would have been ventured on but for the impetus given to the scheme by Anglo-Saxon brains. In 1857 an American named Collins came forward with his grand scheme for the formation of an Amur Railway Company from Irkutsk to Chita. Although his plan was not officially taken up, it was carefully kept in mind, and it will actually form the main and central part of the present line now so rapidly being constructed. An English engineer offered to lay a tram-road across Siberia, after Muravieff had carried Russia to the Pacific by annexing the mouths of the Amur. In 1858 three enterprising Englishmen offered to construct a railway from Moscow through Nijni-Novgorod to Tartar Bay. Though all proposals by foreigners have been politely rejected, yet they have been regarded as good stimulants to native energy. It took forty years to think out this colossal undertaking. One great Asiatic-Russian line is actually completed, so that a passenger can travel continuously, with every luxury, from St. Petersburg to Merv, and thus it is evident that a revolution is at hand in many of the conditions of civilization which have been carelessly regarded as perfectly stable. The international equilibrium is shortly going to be seriously upset, and it would be wise for other nations to weigh well in anticipation the contingencies which must inevitably arise. Of course a slender and roughly constructed artery of communication, like this new railroad, may by many superficial minds be sup-

posed to be no very important factor in the world's progress. Those who think thus are dangerously out of the true reckoning.

Stupendous colonization schemes will be set on foot as soon as the Siberian line is completed. Let us just for a moment consider, in the first place, what an effect this undertaking will certainly have on the mere matter of relative populations. One of the chronic troubles of the Russian Government is that the population of the Empire is distributed in an uneven manner, which renders both comfort and prosperity hopeless. It happens that those are the most thickly inhabited districts, for the most part, which are least able to sustain the people in vast numbers. Immense numbers of villages are scattered through the vast forests of central and western Russia, while the great wheat-growing plains of the center and southwest are very sparsely inhabited. Then, again, the infatuation of the military oligarchy has been seen in the plan on which all the railways, except this new Siberian line, have been designed for purely warlike purposes. The Emperor Nicholas I. insisted on all the lines being developed without the slightest regard to the wants of the towns and the necessities of commerce. Even the natural facilities for certain engineering operations were not allowed by that autocrat to be taken for a moment into consideration. His engineers were once consulting him as to the expediency of taking the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow by a slight detour, to avoid some very troublesome obstacles. The Czar took up the chart, and with a pencil ruled a straight line from the old capital to the new, and handed it to them, saying, "There, gentlemen, that is to be the plan of the line!" And there is certainly not a straighter railway in the world for a length of six hundred miles. But the Siberian line is being constructed with the most careful and proper regard to other than merely military interests, though these will of course be constantly kept in view. The railway is being laid down in accordance with the most correct scientific rules, and also in a main direction which will be most serviceable to the development of the country. It runs across the great rivers as near as possible to their upper waters, just about where

they begin to be easily navigable. This will enable the navigation of the Obi, Yenesei, and Lena to be taken advantage of for extension of commerce throughout their entire available length; and, when all is completed, there will not in the world be so splendid a system of communication by rail and river combined as in Siberia. For instance, it is fully expected by the most prescient of Englishmen that the great valley of the Lena will one day become one of the granaries of the world, especially of England. Captain Wiggins,

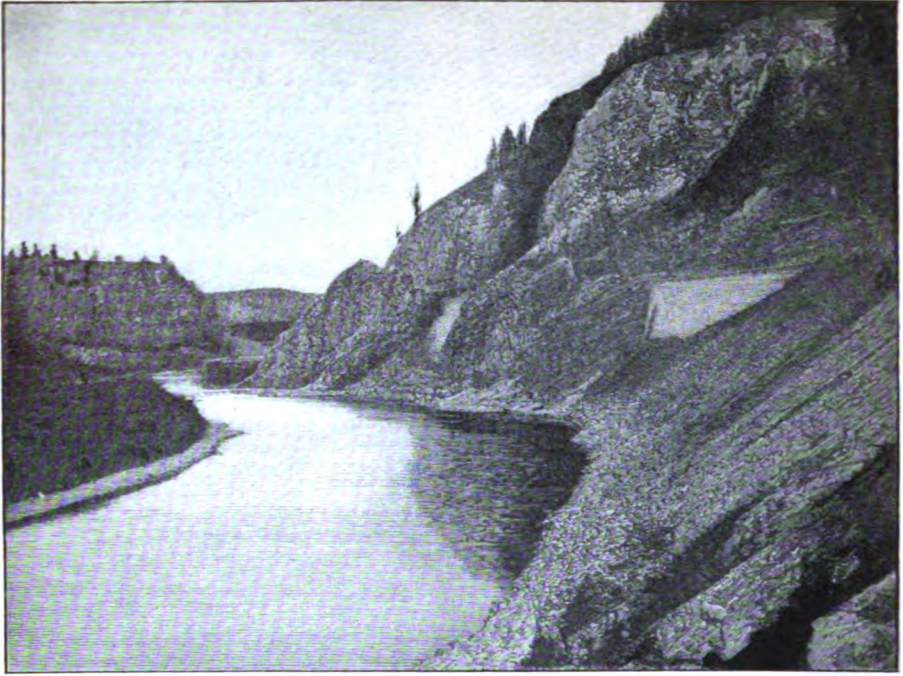
But this will induce an immense tide of population. Russian peasants are now every winter by millions in a state of semi-starvation. Thousands of these will ere long daily stream to the new eastern land over which the Muscovite eagle floats. Siberia at present contains a population of only four millions, which is less, by more than a million, than London reckons. And yet within the borders of Siberia the whole of the United States of America could be inclosed, with plenty of room to be spared for the further accom-



ROUTE OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

by his famous voyage round the Arctic as far as the mouth of the Lena, has already demonstrated that we can tap for commercial purposes that vast and fertile region for most of the year. And the same prospect opens for the other glorious rivers which run from south to north along the whole of the Siberian area. At any rate, all through the summer months, America as well as Britain will, by the northern ocean passage and these great rivers, communicate with the heart of Asia, the railway in the far interior completing the magic circle of commerce.

modation of a nice collection of little kingdoms and states. Already towns are springing up like mushrooms in the wake of the railway. There are composite reasons for this development. The first is that the railway is running through south Siberia, where the climate is delightfully mild compared with that of the regions further north. The next is that all the chief gold-fields are in this southern region. The Russian Government is the narrowest and most exclusive in the world in most matters of administration, but in some it is actually the most generous and



RAILROAD ALONG RIVER ZOURIAZAN

liberal. For instance, it has thrown open the gold-fields alike to native and foreign enterprise, absolutely without restriction, except that all gold gathered must be assayed at the Government offices, and that ten per cent. of the net proceeds must go to the Crown. I was not a little astonished, when contemplating the wonders of the Nijni-Novgorod Exhibition, with the enormous gilded pyramid representing the mass of gold that has been taken from Siberian mines. When the line is completed, all the gold needed by Russia will be secured from her own domains.

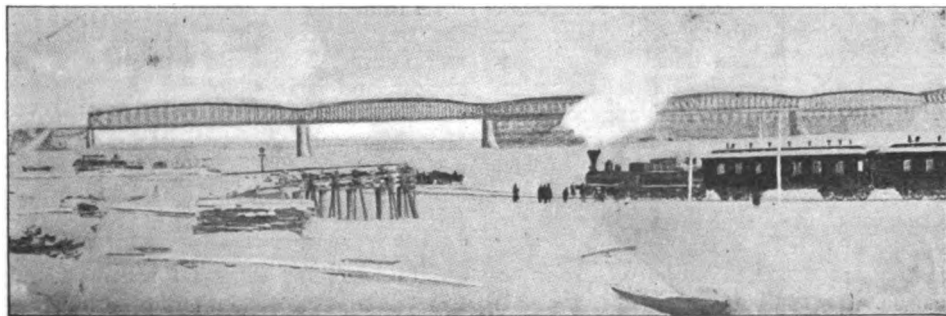
The three great zones of Siberia are not properly understood by superficial students of geography. The first is the Tundra, the vast region stretching through the northern subarctic regions. Here we have one of the appalling belts of the earth's surface. It runs right along that gigantic expanse of at least five thousand miles of Asiatic continental soil, and is from two hundred to five hundred miles in breadth. The Tundra is, of course, in the long winter one frozen snow-sheet. In the brief summer it is swampy, steaming, and swarming with mosquitoes. It is tally treeless; but it is a training-

ground for hardy hunters, the home of strange, uncouth tribes. Immensely more valuable is the far wider zone of the Taiga, the most magnificent belt of forest in the world. What a marvelous tract is this Siberian forest! I shall never forget the weird and solemn yet profoundly delightful impression made on my own mind by my first ride of at least a thousand miles through the birch, oak, spruce, larch, and pine forests of European Russia, which cover myriads of square miles of the north and center of the land, and which, straggling across the low Ural hills, called mountains only by courtesy, thicken, broaden, and deepen into the grand sweep of the Siberian arboreal belt. Glorious and gloomy, silent yet musically murmuring, terrible with its secret perils, but fascinating to the exile longing to escape into its recesses, this Taiga kingdom of the sublime trees of God's own right hand planting defies competition in any other province of the earth. Giant cedars and pitch pines, somber Scotch firs and Oriental spruces, graceful larches and elegant birches, with occasional lines of soaring poplars and moisture-loving alders, form the haunts of bears and wolves, foxes and lynxes, south of the northern border-

land of the marten, sable, blue fox, and white bear. The third zone is that of the grand steppes, the rich, arable lands sheeted with flowers like an endless garden, variegated by woods, and holding in their lap ranges of beautiful mountains, all running with fairly uniform trend from north to south, with its very center gemmed by the deepest lake on earth, the mysterious Baikal. Through the spurs of the Taiga, running irregularly into the steppe zone, runs the new railway. Thus the line taps the chief resources of the country. It will open the forests, the arable land, the cattle-breeding regions, and the mineral districts with their boundless capabilities of development by the capital of the world.

Capitalists and speculators will soon begin to see in Siberia the most promising field left on the globe for their exploitation, and this marvelous new country will, with its railway facilities, in a very short time begin to invite energy and enterprise in a degree never yet equaled. But the chief of all results in the near future, and the one persistently kept in view by the astute politicians of the Czar, will be the inevitable honeycombing of the whole Chinese Empire by a railway system. Only those who are either willfully or stupidly blind to all the indications of future possibilities in Asia—that seed-pot of the next age—can ignore the certainty of the transformation of the Yellow Land. It is, indeed, a striking combination of signs which we now witness. While we are all talking about the partition of China, and while one Power after another is nibbling bits out of the quivering mass that lies helplessly awaiting vivisection, Russia is stealing on across the Taiga and the Siberian steppes to the consummation of her destiny.

Britain as an Eastern power, as Lord Beaconsfield loved to describe her, will be profoundly affected by the construction of the Siberian line. As Russia goes forward with her scheme, her great competitor, and, as I believe, her inevitable antagonist, Great Britain, is silently and secretly being impelled to prepare for a stupendous coming struggle. I am one of those who love the Russian people. I have moved among them, delight to read their literature, pity their impotence to shake off the horrible incubus of a mock-paternal tyranny, and feel all the fascination of their endless good humor, their profound sadness, their passion for music in the plaintive minor mode, their affectionate hospitality, and their childlike religious fervor. Who has learned their language without coming to feel that it is as strong as the German, as sonorous as the Spanish, and as musical as the Italian? Who can doubt the greatness in the future of the nation now numbering over 130,000,000, rapidly increasing, and about to unfold the hidden resources of two continents, in a way which will create universal astonishment? It is with profound sadness that any one who has learned to know and love such a nation forms the conviction that the infatuation of its bureaucrats will impel it to incur a fearful fate. The collision of the Moscovite and Anglo-Saxon races will not be avoided, though it may for years be warded off by diplomacy. The further end of the railway is already finished. But meanwhile the Manchurian line, over which the diplomatic "Battle of Newchang" has so long raged, will be built, and for this Russia will fight England with all the arts of her bureaucratic strategy. She will contend only diplomatically for a few years, but will never renounce her object,



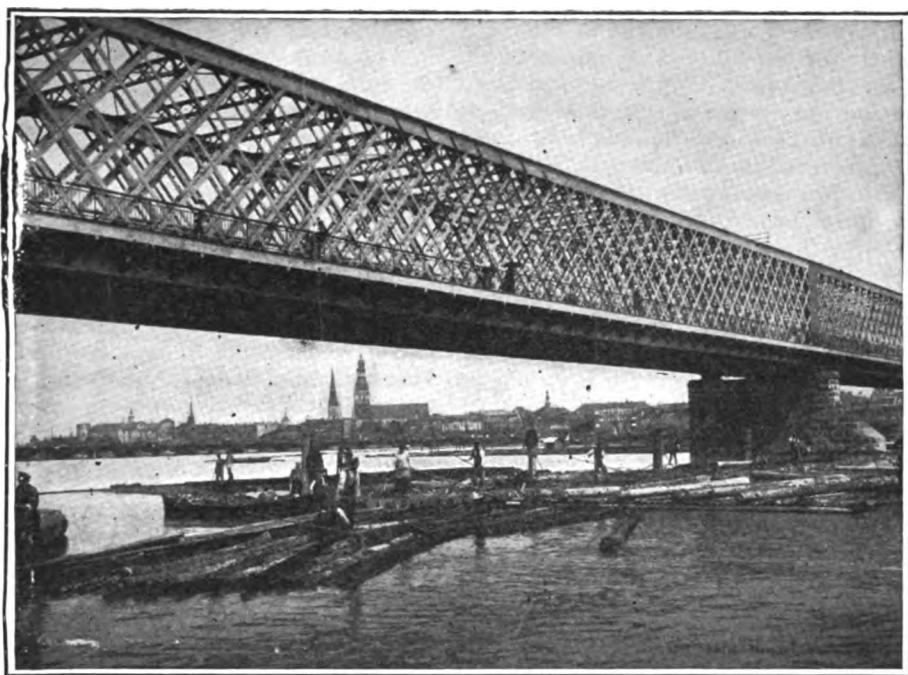
TRAINS MOVING ON THE FROZEN IRTISH RIVER NEAR BRIDGE

which is to control North China. And the British people, with the secret support of the Japanese, will as jealously resist the absorption of any part of China by Russia as they have resented the encroachments of Russia on the Ottoman dominions in the west. The English mind is wedded to the doctrine of the "open door," and the Russian to that of the "closed door;" but these doctrines, unfortunately, cannot be carried into practice without interference with the people who happen to live behind the door. England can keep the door open only by controlling those behind it, and Russia can keep it shut only by asserting her paramount claim within the door. Herein lies the world's approaching trouble. Many countries will be drawn into the conflict which is coming. The Siberian Railway is meantime making for peace, for it is diverting all the energies of the Russian Government, and is engaging that attention which was too much concentrated on affairs in Turkey, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Austria.

The peace rescript of the amiable young Czar exactly suited the plans of the Russian Ministry, who are the ablest and most unscrupulous bureaucrats in Europe. They want, at any cost and at any sacrifice, to see peace preserved till the railway link is finished; but those sanguine spirits in various countries are being grievously gulled who imagine that we are about to witness, whatever the tentative results of the Peace Conference, that retrenchment and reduction of aggressive armaments which every humane heart desires. Russia does not covet India, but she does intend to appropriate, and imagines that Providence has appointed her to possess, Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, Tibet, and China. This may sound like a ridiculously large statement, but only those who are unfamiliar with Russian literature can deride it or question its truth. The whole Russian nation is deeply imbued with the dangerous notion that Heaven specially favors "Holy Russia," and specially despises all the rest of the world. The mission of Russia is religious. And that is exactly what the average Muscovite would say is the mission of the Siberian Railway. It is to evangelize as well as to civilize Asia, and to propagate the Orthodox Church. More-

over, wherever Russia sends her forces, there the clergy go, in front of all. And it is astonishing how she succeeds in the task of assimilating to her religion the subject races. The whole of the east of Asia is Mongolian, and the Mongolian races are mainly Buddhists, but the blending of Muscovite and Mongolian will be an easy process. The fusion of races is already proceeding in Siberia, and it is proceeding by the help of the Church as well as the army. Just as Russian converts and churches have silently sprung up in great numbers in Palestine, so that the Russian religion has quietly and coolly taken possession of the Holy Land under the very nose of the Sultan, so will the same Greek Church go on to dot with its domed sanctuaries all the north of China.

Difficulties with China are springing up at once, now that the line has reached the region east of Yeniseisk. On the Chinese Government learning of its progress into the heart of Asia, all the cunning of the Celestials has been brought into play. While apparently submitting to all that Russia demands as to control in Manchuria, trouble has begun in that very region. Many competent critics consider it very problematical whether the railway will ever be completed at all. Others consider that it cannot be finished for at least another ten years. Unforeseen obstacles of the most formidable character have suddenly arisen. These are all in Manchuria. They are entirely owing to the treachery of the Chinese, and their complicity with robber bands. The contractors in Manchuria have entered into a tacit understanding with bands of robbers; so that, though whole sections of the line are allowed to be laid, they are then torn up, so that all the work has to be done over again. This has been going on for several months. Neither the officials nor the troops are able to cope with the marauders. The rails mysteriously disappear, and it is supposed that they are made into pikes for the Chinese braves. How easy it is to see that, annoying as this is to Russia, it is really the best thing that could be thought of for her future success, and the worst possible misfortune for the Tsung-li-Yamen! Russia cannot be thwarted in her great schemes, and she will be compelled to send into Manchuria large forces, which will of course



PEASANTS' RAFTS AND RAILWAY BRIDGE

never be withdrawn ; and there will be redoubled efforts to push the construction in Siberia proper.

The Siberian pleasure-ground will become one of the favorite resorts of the pleasure-seekers of the world. This is an aspect of the enterprise not to be lost sight of. Already there has been a shout of delight on the part of many of those who have largely exhausted the familiar playgrounds of the world and have turned what were once unfrequented paths into beaten tracks.

The opening of Siberia will unveil a vast hitherto unknown world for people longing for novel regions to explore and fresh pastures to exploit. If my kind reader will for a moment follow on a map of Asiatic Russia the course of the Great Siberian Railway, as I will now briefly point it out, he will at a glance perceive what a magnificent prospect is opened for those who seek recreation and exploration on a new and extensive scale. The excursionist and the hunter, the geographer, the scientist, and the ethnologist, as well as the mere luxurious holiday-maker, will shortly enjoy the grandest opportunities of indulgence ever afforded.

The Great Siberian Railway starts just

across the spurs of the Urals at Cheliabinsk, which it reaches through Samara, on the Volga, from the European side, coming over the boundary hills through Ufa and Miass. Thus a traveler in Europe can enjoy that glorious ride on the Volga which I, for one, can never forget. And he can then begin at Samara the biggest railway ride on earth, as it will shortly be. From Cheliabinsk the ride will be all one romance of travel. The line crosses the Tobol at Kurgan, the Ishim at Petropavlosk, and the Irtysh at Omsk, where the bridge is seven hundred yards long. Now, these three fine streams are the confluents of the majestic Obi, the first of the mighty waterways of Siberia to the Arctic. In years to come many a traveler will thus strike the Obi and find his way on a route of enchantment in summer to the haunts of the seal, the walrus, and the polar bear. A long ride then takes the passenger to Kolivan, on the banks of the main stream of the Obi. Tomsk, one of the chief cities of Siberia, is thus missed, as is also Tobolsk. Tomsk is on the Obi, higher north, and Tobolsk is further up the Irtysh. It may seem curious that the line goes south of these great and important towns, but they are difficult

of approach through swamps, and they will be very well served by branch lines, as will many other places of growing importance as time goes on. These first sections of the Great Siberian Railway have wisely been designed to run through the fertile zone. The land costs not a farthing to the government, and it will be worth countless millions of roubles when the country is developed. The line next traverses the splendid rolling fertile steppes right on to the Yenisei, the greatest of all the great rivers of the country, and here the bridge is a thousand yards in length. The crossing is at Krasnoïarsk, and thus once more an important city is left on the north, Yeniseisk being about two hundred miles down the stream. And now the line descends steeply, only to rise and descend again and again through a lovely mountainous region, where the engineers have had to plan a wonderful series of cuttings, embankments, and bridges over ravines. By this glorious ride Irkutsk and then Lake Baikal will be reached, and the traveler will have arrived at the very central spot of South Siberia. That extraordinary lake is a central spot in a continent. It will become the haunt of multitudes of lovers of the picturesque and remote. And this is the hardest problem for the engineers in all their mighty task; for they have, in dealing with the banks of the lake, which must be skirted, to contrive to shield the line by dikes and walls, to cut tunnels through great granite crags, one of which will be two miles long, to bridge brawling mountain torrents, and to span ravines which drop sheer into the lake from great heights. Thus the popular notion that the Great Siberian Railway is nothing but a smooth and easy track over flat steppes, or undulating prairies, or swampy cranberry patches needing only to be drained, is a ridiculous delusion. In the heart of the province of Transbaikalia stands its capital, Chita, and on the way to this curious city, the home of the most important and estimable Socialist exiles sent from Russia, the line reaches its summit level of 3,665 feet. From this point to the Amur, where we are in Manchuria, and Russia and China are in contact, the route is through one of the wildest tracts through which a railway has ever been carried. There will be three branches at the eastern end of the

line, touching the Pacific at three points, and on all three of these Russia is busily at work. The amalgamation of Muscovite and Mongolian has fairly begun, and this coalition is one of the chief factors which will enter into the making of history in the next few generations. The issues will be far-reaching indeed.

The last journey without the railway across Siberia has been made. It was the wonderful adventure of Dr. Wenyon, the Wesleyan medical missionary in China, whose unpretending little work on his experiences is one of the wonders of the modern literature of travel. It is entitled "Across Siberia on the Great Post Road." This brave man accomplished the journey of five thousand miles without any companion. His dangers and escapes were thrilling. No other man is likely to risk such perils now that already certain portions of the route can be traveled by rail. But the charms of Siberia will be enhanced a thousandfold by the facilities of locomotion, for the tourist and student will be able at any point to diverge from the track and to enjoy longer or shorter excursions in directions hitherto unexplored. Hotels will spring up everywhere on the line, and though the accommodation may be primitive, this very fact will add to the attractions of the country for the cultured visitor; and anybody who has traveled among the Russian territories is well aware that, however rough may be the quarters, the ordinary Muscovite landlord is as anxious as any in the world about the welfare of his guests. Where in the whole world, for the holiday-making American, Englishman, or German, can there be found a more delightful hunting-ground for health, rest, change, and pleasure of the most beneficial nature than in the vast forest-clad Taiga, or the steppes of the fertile zone, all clad with flowers, or the southern mountains of Transbaikalia, or on the deep blue waters of Baikal, the only fresh sea in the world in which seals are to be found, or even, for the more adventurous and vigorous, down the wild currents of the Obi, Yenisei, and Lena, or among Tungus and Samoyedes, and other strange aborigines of the immense eastern dependencies of the Czar?

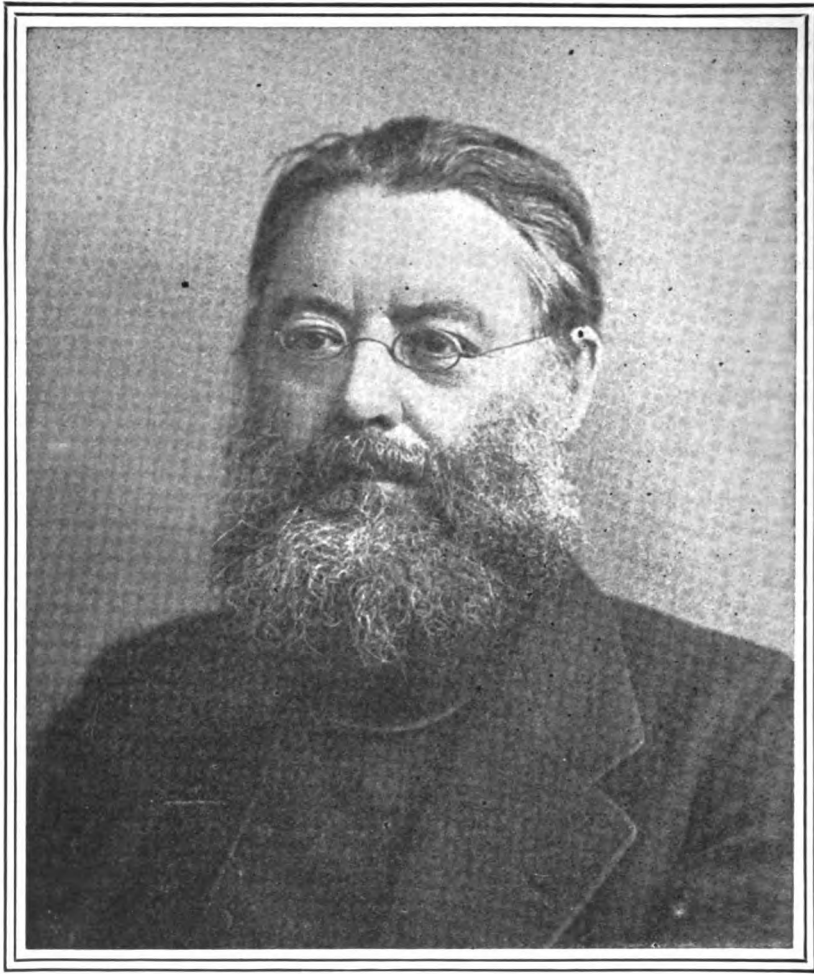
American eyes now look out across the Pacific. In one of his public utterances Mr. Seward said that the American people

had at length begun to form a right estimate of the Pacific. And this estimate will be marvelously stimulated by the Great Siberian Railway. This stupendous work of the Russian Government will more and more fix both American and European eyes on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Russia has been thwarted in her aspirations with regard to an outlet at Constantinople, and also on the Persian Gulf; but she will not submit to be shut away from the Pacific by being confined to her frozen ports. Even the chief, blocked during the long winter, is named most ominously, for Vladivostok means "Ruler of the East." Port Arthur is now Russian, and Germany soon showed what in Teutonic eyes that signified. The old notions about Siberia are being rudely dispelled by the quick march of events. During five months of the year nearly the whole of the country, even most of the Tundra, is as hot and steaming as a Russian samovar. And as for the long winter, what difference will this make to transit by a good railway? The great rivers and the railway will make Siberia a formidable competitor with Canada for timber; with England for iron and coal and other metals; with Egypt, the United States, Hungary, and Australia for wheat; with China and Japan for tea, which will grow well in many Siberian districts; and with all the lands on earth in many a valuable commodity. The opening of traffic in

Siberia, however, will be invaluable in Russia, especially on account of the inexhaustible supplies of all the most useful varieties of timber. One thing which I have constantly noticed in the talk of Russians is an indication of anxiety as to the rapid decrease of their forest supplies in Europe. But as soon as the line is in working order throughout, and especially when certain branches have been constructed, Siberia will be an inestimable mine of wealth on account of the vast tracts of forest land, which can never be anything like exhausted by home consumption.

Russia is proud of the opening of her Asiatic line, which penetrates old Tartary. It seems but the other day that Merv and Samarcand were far enough in the wilderness from modern civilization; but now a railway ride takes the traveler in a week from London to the heart of Tartary. And if this branch of her Asiatic system is so great a success, what may not be predicted of the main line, which will link the Baltic and the Pacific, by the rails which will run without a break over the course of six thousand miles between St. Petersburg and Port Arthur? Looking at the prospect that the world might be overrun by the yellow races at no distant date, many have expressed a dread of the "coming of the Mongol." But closer observers may rather look for the "coming of the Slav."





ROBERT W. DALE

Robert W. Dale'

By Amory H. Bradford

THE appearance of the biography of Robert W. Dale, the distinguished preacher, theologian, and politician of English Nonconformity, is an appropriate occasion for calling the attention of the readers of *The Outlook* to the life-history of one of the noblest men of our time. The story of the life is told by his son, Mr. A. W. W. Dale, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

¹*Life of R. W. Dale.* By A. W. W. Dale. Dodd Mead & Co., New York
50"

The task, which was difficult and delicate for one so closely related, has been accomplished with discrimination and wisdom. The son never obtrudes himself, and never allows his personal prejudices or preferences to lead him into unguarded or over-enthusiastic statements. The volume in its literary quality is fully equal to "*The Life of Henry Drummond*," and the two deserve a high place in the list of similar works which have appeared during the last half-decade. It is hard

for Americans to understand how the pastor of a church in an interior city like Birmingham could have such controlling and world-wide influence as belonged to Dr. Dale. The secret in part is in the religious conditions in Great Britain, which are different from those in this country. There the lines are sharply drawn between those who believe in the Established Church and those who are opposed to the union of Church and State. He who, by natural ability and training, worthily leads this opposition is recognized, not only as the chief man of his denomination, but of all Nonconformity. This position Dr. Dale unquestionably held. To a singular charm of manner and rare sanity of judgment he added great intellectual strength and force. Until the rise of Principal Fairbairn he was the ablest theologian in the dissenting churches, without a superior as a preacher, and a man whose influence in the Liberal party was second only to that of Mr. Gladstone. All his varied talents were brought into subjection to the desire to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which was the passion of his life. His theological treatises were first delivered to his own people as sermons; no amount of persuasion could ever induce him to leave his pulpit in order that he might become a member of Parliament; and yet few steps were taken in Parliament by the Liberal party without his advice. For more than forty years he was the pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel in Birmingham, in which position he succeeded John Angell James, one of the most eminent and spiritual preachers of that day in England. The church is located among business houses in a district almost as far down town as "Old Trinity" in New York, and yet the audiences to this day have never diminished. The morning congregation was largely suburban, and the evening more generally local; but both morning and evening the great edifice, seating about two thousand, was always thronged to listen to one who never indulged in sensationalism, whose sermons were rarely less than an hour in length, usually delivered from manuscript, and almost always on some subject requiring close and continuous attention on the part of the hearer.

The service he rendered outside of his own city may be briefly summarized. He

was a member of a deputation to the churches in Australia; he was invited by Yale University to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures, and few courses on that foundation have been more inspiring and helpful; he was the chief spirit in the moving of Spring Hill College to Oxford, where it is now known as Mansfield College; he induced Principal Fairbairn to become the head of the college, but always steadily refused to take a chair in the institution himself; and he was the first President of the International Congregational Council, which was held in London in 1891. His address before the Council was delivered under great physical limitations, and was practically his last public effort. He was ill at the time, and was never afterward well. His influence reached far beyond the bounds of his own denomination. It was freely acknowledged even in the Establishment, where his works were commended and where his death was sincerely mourned.

Robert William Dale was born in London on the first of December, 1829, and died in Birmingham on the tenth of February, 1895. His education was acquired at Spring Hill College, from which he went to become the colleague and successor of one of the greatest preachers in England. The task was not an easy one, but it was made easier by the consideration and courtesy of the man with whom he was thus early associated. Soon after beginning his ministry many of his people were alarmed for fear that he was not Calvinistic in his interpretations of Christian doctrines. They were no doubt right. He was not a Calvinist even then, much less later, but he was always intensely evangelical. He was preaching a course of expository sermons on Sunday mornings which were the cause of the anxiety. One day a good woman said to him, "If you were to preach such a Gospel sermon as you gave us in the evening a fortnight ago, it would at once be seen that the charge of unorthodoxy is baseless." To that suggestion young Mr. Dale characteristically replied, "That would be preaching Christ for my own ends, and I could not do that." Another incident of his early ministry I had from his own lips. When some of the over-anxious went to Mr. James and spoke of Mr. Dale's heresies, the old man, himself

a champion of orthodoxy, said: "Now you leave the young man alone; he has the root of the matter in him, and he must have his fling." The relation between these two ministers, one just finishing his course and the other in the flush and enthusiasm of youth, was beautiful and inspiring. It is not difficult for one who has read this story to understand how the senior came to be known as the "Angel James."

Within two or three years of his death, Dr. Dale told me that he never dared, as a rule, to preach without notes, for the reason that he found himself tempted to use up his material too fast. He added that, when he did not write, he was likely to draw upon all facts and illustrations within reach, with a view to an immediate impression, and that was what he meant by using material too fast. Yet he was an extempore speaker of unsurpassed power. I have been told in Birmingham that he was the only man to whom the people of that city would listen when John Bright sat down. They knew he never spoke without carefully considering his utterances, and, therefore, that he was always worth hearing. I well remember a few words he spoke to his congregation a week or two before the International Council in 1891. He was not able to preach, having just returned from a prolonged illness. While another preached he sat in his own pew with his family, but he came to the pulpit long enough to make one of the most touching and beautiful addresses to which I have ever listened. With rare tenderness, and with a music in his voice which was born of suffering and sympathy, he told his people that he had not needed the last manifestation of their regard for him to be sure of their love and fidelity. "For eight and thirty years I have had from you nothing but love and kindness." He finished by telling them that he expected to return to his work after the Council. He did return, long after, but never as a well man.

The later years of his life were saddened by political differences with many of his old friends. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he became a Liberal-Unionist, thus separating from Mr. Gladstone, and also from such lifelong friends as Drs. Guinness Rogers, Fairbairn, and Mackennal, who remained Gladstonians. For a while this separation rested like a shadow on

his life, but the cloud soon passed, for his honesty was never questioned. The esteem in which he was held by others than his own people was finely illustrated during the meetings of the Social Science Congress in Birmingham in 1884. According to custom, the formal sermon before the Congress was delivered in the Parish Church. The preacher was Lord Alwyn Compton, the present Bishop of Ely, a member of a noble house, but an inferior preacher. The audience numbered only two or three hundred, and not many of them were members of the Congress. The succeeding Sunday Dr. Dale preached an unofficial sermon suggested by the meetings. It was my privilege to be present, and it seemed as if every distinguished man of the Congress was in Carr's Lane Chapel on that day. The sermon is published in his volume entitled "Fellowship with Christ," and is called "Social Science and Christian Faith." At one of the sectional meetings of the Congress an address was to be delivered by Mrs. Dale, who in her way was almost as remarkable as her husband. In introducing her, the Chairman used these words with deep feeling and singular emphasis: "We are now to have the privilege of listening to the wife of one of the noblest men who ever lived." The late Dr. Alexander Hannay, himself a distinguished Nonconformist leader, in speaking of Dr. Dale's poor health, said: "We all feel that we must be very careful of Dale." This love was not the result of time-serving, for he was one of the bravest and most outspoken of men.

It would be a privilege to write of the place and service of Dr. Dale as a theologian, but only a few words are possible in this article. His work on the Atonement satisfies as many classes of religious teachers as any other book on the subject which has been published in England. Christ the Divine Saviour was the center of his theological system. Two phrases were common in his writing, "the Christian Revelation" and "the Christian Redemption." The subject of his address at the International Council, though not chosen by him, was characteristic of his thought. It was "The Divine Life in Man." He believes that man becomes immortal by the possession of the divine life which was in Christ. He would be

called a believer in conditional immortality, although in his presidential address the doctrine did not appear. With him sovereignty was above fatherhood. At least he would have said that in Christ alone do we become sons of God. Principal Fairbairn, in an article entitled "Dale as a Theologian," uses these strong words: "On the whole, when we survey Dale's work as a theologian, we are forced to say that our generation has had no abler interpreter of evangelical thought. His conspicuous merit was a depth that was never narrow, and a breadth that was never shallow. . . . Were we to select a word to express his most distinctive quality, we should say he was 'massive;' but his massiveness was homogeneous, expressing a rare unity and integrity of nature, and representing in its outward being the character and convictions of as honest a mind and as distinctive a thinker as these later times have known." Dr. Dale was a voluminous author. In the list of his published works I find eighteen. A list of his pamphlets, addresses, and essays covers seven pages of his biography.

The services in his memory in the city in which he lived so long will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, but they were not more remarkable than the tributes paid to him by Anglicans like Archdeacon Sinclair in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and by Canon Gore in Westminster Abbey. His statue has been placed in the Art Gallery in Birmingham,

but, as his biographer well says, "He has another memorial, nobler and imperishable—one that even the genius of the sculptor cannot match—in the abiding strength of the great church to which he ministered for more than forty years, and which, under a new leader and with increasing interest, is still unwearied in service and still loyal in the faith."

Few biographies are better worth a careful study, by Christian ministers at least, than the one to which I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this article. It is not a book for idlers, but for thoughtful men and women who are anxious for the leadership of one who has learned vital lessons as he has listened to still voices and been led through dark valleys. The last words which Dr. Dale wrote were on an unfinished sermon broken off in the middle of a sentence. They reveal the secret of his faith and his strength: " 'Unworldliness' does not consist in the most rigid and conscientious observance of any external rules of conduct, but in the spirit and temper, and in the habit of living, created by the vision of God, by constant fellowship with him, by personal and vivid experience of the greatness of the Christian redemption, by the settled purpose to do the will of God always, in all things, at all costs, and by the power of the great hope—the full assurance—that, after our mortal years are spent, there is a larger, fuller, richer life in—"

Early Autumn

The dark-green summer, with its massive hues,
Fades into autumn's tincture manifold;
A gorgeous garniture of fire and gold
The high slope of the ferny hill induces.
The mists of morn in slumbering layers diffuse
O'er glimmering rock, smooth lake, and spiked array
Of hedgerow thorns a unity of gray.
All things appear their tangible form to lose
In ghostly vastness. But anon the gloom
Melts, as the sun puts off his muddy veil;
And now the birds their twittering songs resume,
All summer silent in the leafy dale.
In spring they piped of love on every tree,
But now they sing the song of memory.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Little Wildflowers

By James Courtney Challiss

The little Wildflowers to sleep have gone,
'Way down in their cozy beds;
A thick brown blanket of leaves they've
drawn

Right over their little heads.
For well they know cold weather's about—
The time when Jack Frost appears,
And that some night, if they don't watch
out,

He'll come and bite off their ears.

They know that his partner, Mr. Snow,
Will also in time be due,
For old Mother Nature told them so,
And they know that it must be true.
So, tightly tucked in their beds, they lie,
And laugh, in their dreams so fair,
To think that neither, in passing by,
Will be able to find them there!

The little Wildflowers are tired of play,
And weary of field and sun;
The birds and the bees have gone away,
The song of the rain is done;
So now they nod on their beds of sod,
While winter winds o'er them sing,
And sleep so deep, knowing well that God
Will awaken them in the spring.

The Chorus in the Woods

By Mary Allaire

Far off to the west, near the land of
the setting sun, was a little hovel in which
lived a poor charcoal-burner, his wife and
nine children. One day, when the chil-
dren were playing in the woods, they heard
a horn. They stood still, and looked in
the direction from which the sound came.
Across the fields, between them and the red
setting sun, they saw four horses gallop-
ing, and a yellow coach with gilded wheels,
and coachman and footman in green and
gold; it was a beautiful sight. The wheels
were so heavily gilded that they seemed
to drop gold as they went whirling round.
The children dashed forward. Carl, the
eldest, was in the lead. They saw Carl

stoop and raise something from the
ground. They ran the faster. "Look!"
he exclaimed, and held the baby high up
in the air.

She was not afraid, but smiled and
cooed, this beautiful baby, at the crowd of
children who pressed about her.

"What shall we do?" asked Hansel, the
second boy.

"Put her where you found her," said
Louise, with a frown.

"No," said Hansel; "we will take her
home; the people will come back for her
and give us money."

"That is the gold we saw dripping
from the wheels," said Carl, as he started
toward home, the baby smiling in his
face.

There came to him, as he looked in the
baby's blue eyes, a feeling he never knew
before. He held her close to him as he
walked, and hated the thought of the
gold that might take this beautiful baby,
lying close to his heart, away from him.

The other children ran on with no
thought of the little one.

It was dark when they reached the
hovel in the woods.

"What did you bring that here for?
Are there not mouths enough to fill in
this house?" was the harsh greeting that
met Carl as he stepped into the open
door with the baby asleep in his arms.

Hurriedly he told of finding the baby
where she had dropped from the beautiful
coach. "They will pay money when they
find her," he urged. The thought of
money quieted the charcoal-burner and
his wife. The baby was Carl's charge.
No one else paid any attention to it. Carl
called the little girl Ray, because her face
was full of love and sunshine. She loved
him dearly, and was happiest when with
him.

The days went by, but no one asked
for the baby girl. Carl was happy, but
his father and mother wanted to send the
baby away. Besides, Carl gave so much
time to the baby that his father grew

angry, saying, "Thou art too old for a nurse; 'tis time thou watched the furnace and earned thy daily bread."

Carl's heart sank. Who would care for Ray while he was in the woods from sunrise to sunset? He took the baby out in the woods. The moon was shining. Its beams made paths of silver through the woods. Down one of these came a tiny little figure in a silver dress. Carl stood still. "What would you?" asked the lady, in a voice like tinkling bells.

Carl could scarcely speak, but he looked at Ray in his arms, and then said:

"Shelter and care for this little one."

"Come," said the lady in silver, who was scarcely taller than the cardinal-flowers down by the brook.

Carl followed, and at last stood where the trees overhead made a great dome. There on every rock and stone were gathered hundreds of these beautiful little creatures—"angels" Carl called them, for he had never heard of fairies.

As soon as Carl stepped into this great room in the forest, there was the sound of silver bells that made him think of the little stream running from rock to rock in the deep forest.

Then the fairies sang, and Carl sank down, leaning against the trunk of a tree. When he looked again, Ray, in a dress the color of a cloud at sunset, sat on a moss-covered stone, with a canopy of silver vapor above her head, and one gleaming star in her hair above her shining eyes.

Carl looked in wonder, and his eyes filled with tears. He could never hold this beautiful "angel" in his arms. Ray was gone from him. He sat leaning forward, the tears dropping, yet glad that Ray had found friends. The woods seemed full of sound, and out of it he heard sweet voices singing:

Thou art full of truth and love,
We in these each have a part—
Thou must work, and we must weave,
Till the earth is rich of heart.

One voice clear and full led all the others, and this he knew was Ray's, though he never had heard it.

The song died away. When Carl opened his eyes, he was lying on a bank in the woods about a mile from his home.

He hurried, forgetting Ray for the moment in his wonder at finding himself

lying out-of-doors and not far away from familiar scenes.

His father scowled as he entered the hovel that was home.

"To-day thou beginnest," Carl glanced about—Ray was not to be seen; then he remembered, and his heart was cold within him. He picked up his ax and followed his father into the woods. The fires in the furnaces were almost out, and Carl's father was angry.

"Pull out the wood, thou nurse of infants!" he snarled. Carl knew the wood was hot, but he determined to make no sign. He caught the end of the log to draw it out, and to his surprise it was not even warm.

Thou must work, and we must weave.

Carl looked about, but no one was in sight. He emptied the furnace, and then began making the fires anew; they burned and smoldered just right.

Till the earth is rich of heart was sung by the sparks, it seemed to Carl, as they came into life.

"Take thy ax and cut this," and his father blazed a big oak.

Carl's heart sank. How could he ever get through this great trunk—his ax was so dull?

He struck the first blow. There was a shower of leaves, and some seemed to linger a moment on his cheek.

Thou art full of truth and love.

Where were the singers? No one was in sight.

Carl's heart grew lighter. 'Twas Ray and the others. His ax sank into the tree; the chips flew faster and faster.

His father looked surprised. He did not scowl, but, as the day wore on and the work he gave Carl to do was done as he had never seen it done before, he smiled on the boy, whose heart grew lighter. At night, as they walked toward home, his father said:

"Thou art a boy who will make a man."
There was a rustle in the leaves, and Carl heard:

Thou must work, and we must weave,
Till the world is rich in love.

And the message sank so deeply into Carl's heart that he carried it wherever he went.

So well was it carried that the frown fled from the father's face, and the tired

mother learned to smile, and the brothers and sisters no longer fled to the woods, but worked at home. The vines grew over the hovel till the birds found shelter, and the fairies no longer fled to the woods, but met the children, whose baskets they helped to fill with berries, and guided them, though they were not seen, to the houses where the people loved children and did kind things for them.

Only Carl knew the hour when the fairies sang, and heard them.

Queer Chums

I wish you could have seen Max, not because he was beautiful, but because he was loving. When I saw Max, he was a black, rough-coated dog, about as large as a good-sized calf. His coat was black, but it had a tinge of red that suggested that it had been sunburned.

There was one disappointment. Max rarely wagged his tail. I never knew how much a dog's tail could say until I found this dog, who so rarely spoke with his tail.

Big as Max was, he had once been a little puppy—a fat, rollicking little puppy, in everybody's way, full of mischief, and ridiculous when he tried to run.

His home was on a farm where there were no children, and where the big people were always very busy. He looked soberly around when he was taken out of the basket, and began to hunt for his brothers and sisters. For several days he was unhappy and for several more very lonely. One day, when he was lying in the sun on the grass in front of the house, he suddenly raised his head, looking across the road to the top of a high, steep knoll. On the top was a beautiful calf crying for its mother, who was away off in the meadow beyond the woods. Max rose to his feet, waited a moment, then crossed the road, and began climbing toward the calf. Again and again he tumbled back, but at last he reached the top. He walked toward the calf and began rubbing against her legs. She was so astonished that she stopped calling for her mother. Calf and dog an hour later were found nestled together under the other side of the knoll, Max sound asleep.

This was the beginning of the friendship. The calf is now a cow, and responds to the name of Bossy. There are two other cows in this family—Fanny and Blue Jay.

Fanny is the leader. When the cows get into mischief, Fanny is always ahead.

If there is a weak place in the fences, Fanny finds it. Down the hill meadow from the woods into the orchard, the cows will come. When they are discovered, Max is called to drive them back. Jumping and barking, he comes fiercely; but he never jumps at Bossy. Blue Jay and Fanny must go at once, and he never stops until they are through the gate.

"But Bossy! Max, bring Bossy," some one calls. He looks up sleepily and seems to ask what is wanted.

"Go, Max; go bring Bossy." Reluctantly he goes after Bossy, but he never jumps at her. His bark is persuasive, gentle, and never urgent.

Leisurely Bossy moves toward the gate, Max at her heels; she knows that she will not have to run, that Max is caring for her.

One evening, just a little while ago, Rose went up the hill to milk the cows, Fanny and Blue Jay. But Bossy was not in sight. Max is fond of Rose, and when she told him to go after Bossy he obediently went after her; but neither came back.

Rose walked over the ridge after them, and found Max sitting on his haunches, his head thrown back, and Bossy licking his throat. Max was in no mood to be disturbed, and Bossy would not move until he told her. Patiently Rose waited, and when Max's toilet was complete the three came to her.

The Lost Glasses

By Mary A. Gillette

"Oh, Johnny, my laddie, your eyes are young—

Use them for grandma, dear.

My glasses, alas! are lost again;

I've searched for them far and near.

For lack of my glasses, I cannot find

The glasses I lack—'tis true!

Look well, and some one, when *you* are old,

Will do the same for you."

"When I am old, dear grandmamma,"

Said Johnny, with roguish eye,

"I s'pose I shall read with glasses, too,

And sometimes lay them by.

But when they're lost, I shall never search

On window-sill, or shelf;

I shall just put my hand on top of my head,

And find 'em there for myself."

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Outlook Farm in Cuba¹

By the Rev. Clarence Ross Gale

I AM sure it would be a moving sight could the readers of *The Outlook* see what I saw in Cuba last month. One afternoon I stood on the slopes of Mount Palenque, twelve miles west of Matanzas, and looked out over the wide area of land that stretches away for miles to the south, east, and west. It is as fertile a valley as the sun shines upon, and under normal conditions yields bountiful harvests; but the only plowed land I could see in all this wide area were the Cuban Industrial Relief Farms at Ceiba Mocha, "Outlook No. 1" and "New England No. 1." They presented a pleasing relief to the universal desolation everywhere seen. They were little oases in a vast region of deserted farms, overrun with tall grass, rank weeds, and entangled vines, and covered with ruined homesteads.

On these farms may be seen at work men, women, and children of all shades of color, but all reduced to a common condition of abject penury. Brave souls! for four or five years they have faced the stern realities of the reconcentrado life; they have seen their farms ruined, their homes burned, their loved ones butchered or starved to death, and still they struggle on, fighting with poverty, hunger, and disease—merciless foes that skulk in their borders eager to complete the work of extermination that Spain began. Among the one hundred and eighty or more whose names are on the pay-roll of the Fund, and who by their earnings support five hundred or more others, are persons with striking faces and interesting histories. An old man, tall, straight, dignified, with gray hair and beard, whom I had seen come to the farms day after day, but who, according to the necessary rules of the farms, was obliged to give way to another who had been out of work for a long time, said to the American overseer, with tears in his eyes and voice: "Sir, I don't know what I am going to do; there are eleven persons dependent for something to eat on what I earn here." This man had been a landowner, and all his bearing

showed him to have been a man of more than ordinary intelligence and position. He and his present conditions are typical of hundreds of others. An old woman, bent with age, rose week after week at three o'clock in the morning and walked several miles along a rough and desolate road through tall, wet grass, that she might be at the farm by daylight ready to do anything. Many little acts revealed the kindness of heart and womanly character she carried under the rags that covered her. Among these women laborers, dressed, some of them, in coarse potato-bagging and old coffee-sacking, are the wives and daughters of once prosperous farmers. But here they are by the hundred, thrown together into a common life and reduced to a common level by the great calamity that has overwhelmed them all.

I looked with peculiar interest upon the boys and girls on these farms and in the village. They are wide awake. They braid hats, weave fans, carry wood from the mountains, run on errands, do chores—anything to earn a "centavo" (cent). In not a few instances whole families, or the remnants of several families, are sustained by what these boys and girls earn on the relief farms.

Though wretchedly poor, the rural Cubans are a hospitable people. As you enter their palm-thatched huts on the outskirts of the cities and villages, they receive you with courtesy, insisting on your occupying the only chair in the house, and that a rickety affair. There are cans used for cooking, boxes and benches used for furnishings, with here and there some old piece of furniture that was snatched up when hurriedly they left the old homestead under the fire of their merciless foe. A convenient spot on the earthen floor where a fire can be built serves as a stove, and the numerous openings in the thatched roof constitute the chimney.

I went one day with a friend, on invitation, into a reconcentrado bedroom. There, on a coarse cot, the only bed in the house, lay a boy reduced by starvation and disease to a mere skeleton. Such a

¹ Mr. Gale passed the greater part of September in Cuba investigating the condition of the people.

sight! From the relief farms we brought infant's food and condensed milk with the hope of saving this life. But two days later the little sufferer was released by death, and on Outlook Farm was made the coffin in which the emaciated body was laid. When we came to carry the coffin from the house, the mother took refuge in the kitchen, that there, unseen, she might give vent to her pent-up grief; the father, leaning on crutches, sobbed as if his heart would break, while an only daughter, herself a mere shadow, poured out her grief leaning against the wall. The only income this family had was the \$1.50 a week earned by its one surviving son on Outlook Farm No. 1.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Barbara's Heritage. By Deristhe L. Hoyt. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 12mo. 358 pages. \$1.50.

Blue-Beard. By Thomas Wilson. (Illustrated.) By G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. \$1.75.

This model of book-making is a contribution both to folklore and to history. The "Contes de Mère l'Oye" (Stories of Mother Goose) were published in 1697, and among those stories was that of Bluebeard. Whatever origin it may have, it represents the life of one Gilles de Retz, a Breton soldier in the first half of the fifteenth century. While resident at Nantes as United States Consul, Dr. Wilson obtained access to the original records of the trial of Gilles (which took place in the Château de Nantes) and investigated the entire history of the French Bluebeard. This history is told in the present volume. In it and in the equally interesting appendices considerable light is thrown upon Mother Goose literature in general, and that of Bluebeard in particular. Some light is also thrown upon the French society of other days.

Bow-legged Ghost, and Other Stories, The. By Leon Mead. The Werner Co., New York. 8vo. 581 pages. \$1.25.

Boys of Marmiton Prairie, The. By Gertrude Smith. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 262 pages. \$1.50.

A boy's story of adventure, inculcating moral and physical courage.

Burns, Robert, Representative Poems of. With Carlyle's Essay, Edited by Charles Lane Hanson. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 84 pages. 45c.

Business Venture in Los Angeles, A. By Z. Z. Illustrated by Philip Hubert Froman. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. 8vo. 243 pages. \$1.

Carved Cupboard, The. By Amy Le Feuvre. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 250 pages. \$1.

Christ Our Creditor. By N. L. Rigby. (Second Edition, Revised.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 126 pages. 50c.

Christian Science, Searchlights on. A Symposium. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 126 pages. 50c.

Closet and Altar. A Collection of Meditations and Prayers. W. L. Greene & Co., Boston. 209 pages. \$1.

Conquest, The Romance of. By William Eliot Griffis. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

This book points out the triumphs of our army and of our diplomacy from the first year of independence to the first year of "Greater America." Even those who think that they have a thorough acquaintance with our history may find it desirable to refresh the memory with the salient features of the Louisiana Purchase, the acquisitions of Florida, Texas, Oregon, California, and Alaska. As in all his writing, so here, Dr. Griffis easily holds the reader's attention; the book is "popular" in the best sense. It lacks an index, and there are also certain misprints—such as Green for Greene, Stuart for Stewart—which will probably be corrected in a later edition.

Cuba, The New-Born. By Franklin Matthews. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 391 pages. \$2.50.

Most of the chapters of this book have appeared in "Harper's Weekly," but there are new chapters which add greatly to the value. Mr. Matthews's account of the American administration of affairs in Cuba is deservedly laudatory. As a vigorous piece of description and as a study of actual conditions, the book is the best yet published on Cuba. It is well illustrated from photographs.

Mr. Matthews thinks that the first sixty days of occupation "bent the twig for future growth," and adds: "Whether the grown tree shall bear the fruit of national independence or of colonial independence or of complete political assimilation depends largely upon the development and conditions of the future. The twig certainly was trained to stand erect and to grow straight and true by the American army officials and others, so as to produce national independence."

Cook-Book, Mrs. Gillette's. The Werner Co., New York. 605 pages. \$2.50.

Carelessness in indexing greatly lessens the value of this book. The receipts are simple and economical: there is much valuable information on many domestic subjects.

Differences. By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 311 pages. \$1.50.

This is the story of a young girl who takes up settlement work. While the topic is one sure to please popular taste, the reason why the heroine should give up her home of refinement and marry a particularly unpleasant day-laborer is not quite evident. All day-laborers are not so boorish: it is quite possible that the majority are not.

Dreyfus, The Tragedy of. By G. W. Steevens. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 293 pages. \$1.25.

To the impressionistic reports of the actual Dreyfus trial telegraphed by Mr. Steevens to England has been prefixed a compact and clearly written history of the entire affair, while copious appendices help to full knowledge. The story of the trial itself sometimes suffers from the author's evident anxiety to make his account constantly dramatic and pictorial, but it must be admitted that the book holds the attention continuously.

Dr. Berkeley's Discovery. By Richard Slee and Cornelia Atwood Pratt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 219 pages. \$1.

From the standpoint of pure science or from the standpoint of those who love a detective story, this is certainly an original tale. Dr. Berkeley's literal discovery is as ghastly as the awakening which it brings is suggestive and pitiful. The story is well written: it holds the reader's interest throughout.

Elijah the Prophet. By J. Bunyan Lemon. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 262 pages. \$1.25.

In this "Dream" the author introduces us to intimate converse with Elijah, who charms him into a sleep bringing visions of the life of Christ on earth and the succeeding Messianic reign. Though he makes his *dramatis personæ* speak in a *patois* of ancient and modern phraseology, his work will be acceptable to the literalists who believe that Elijah is to return in form to earth as the forerunner of a similar return of Christ.

Elsie in the South. By Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 324 pages. \$1.25.

Embroidery. By W. G. Paulson Townsend. Truslove, Hanson & Combs, New York. 8vo. 115 pages. \$1.50.

The position of the author of this book, as design-master of the Royal School of Art Needlework and Government Examiner of Art at South Kensington, makes the work an authority in its own field. It is practical rather than historical, using the history of needlework art to emphasize a suggestion or to point out its practical utility to the present-day application of the art. The illustrations would have been of far greater value if they had been better printed.

Enchanted Typewriter, The. By John Kendrick Bangs. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 16mo. 171 pages. \$1.25.

End of an Era, The. By John S. Wise. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 473 pages. \$2. This is a work of compelling interest. It is a particularly charming, if at times somewhat effusively related, autobiography but it has greater value as a contribution to our knowledge of American history. Written from an ardently Southern and Confederate standpoint, and with

a Southron's winning impulsiveness, it gives to us Northerners real pictures of life as lived in the South from 1850 to the end of the Civil War. It gives as well to all readers what, perhaps, they do not find in more ambitious accounts of the war, namely, first-hand impressions of some of its distinguished participants. Notably valuable to read in connection with other accounts are Mr. Wise's descriptions of the Know-Nothing campaign, the John Brown raid, and the Merrimac-Monitor fight.

English Poems, Standard. (Spenser to Tennyson.) Edited by Henry S. Pancoast. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 749 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Henry S. Pancoast, whose "Introduction to American Literature" is probably the best brief text-book on that subject, and who has also written an admirable "Introduction to English Literature," has selected and edited this anthology for the purpose of bringing readers into contact with the best English poetry. In doing so he tells us he has followed the settled judgment of time rather than his own individual preference, and has endeavored to select poems first for their intrinsic value as works of art, and second for their value as representative of the genius of the time or the race. The book is not only arranged chronologically, but is grouped under a very clear system of historical periods; it is also furnished with notes.

Episcopal Church, History of the American.

By S. D. McConnell. (Eighth Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 452 pages. \$2.

Dr. S. D. McConnell's work has had the good fortune to pass into an eighth edition, not by accident, but because, unlike most of its kind, it is extremely interesting. Dr. McConnell can touch nothing without investing it with fresh interest. The eighth edition appears in an enlarged and more handsome form, with the addition of twenty-five illustrations.

Erstes Deutsches Schulbuch. By Robert Nix. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. 196 pages. 35c.

Estimate of Life, The True. By the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 127 pages. 90c.

Earnest, pointed, and spiritually quickening, yet not free from the narrow evangelism which deems that a man like Edward Bellamy did not enter the kingdom of God.

Evans, James: The Apostle of the North. By Egerton R. Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 262 pages. \$1.25.

A fresh theme is presented here—the life of a missionary in Upper Canada and the northward regions as far as Athabasca Lake, and even beyond. This, during the second quarter of this century, was the field of James Evans, preacher and teacher, farmer, carpenter, and civilizer general among the Indian tribes. For courage and perseverance he compares with the earlier Jesuit missionaries whom Parkman has immortalized, and deserves to be equally known. Young people, usually not attracted to missionary literature, will be interested in this book. It is well illustrated.

Expert Cleaner, The. By Hervey J. Seaman. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 286 pages. 75c.

Family Prayers. By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., and the Rev. C. H. Ramsden. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 236 pages. 75c.

This collection includes a morning and an evening prayer for each day of four successive weeks, together with a number of prayers for various special occasions. We can heartily commend it for use in household worship.

Fix Bay'nets! By G. Manville Fenn. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 400 pages. \$1.50.

A story of English troops in India.

Gavin Hamilton, The Lively Adventures of. By Molly Elliot Seawall. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 311 pages. \$1.50.

A spirited romance of the wars between Austria and Prussia, a hundred and fifty years ago, including clever pen-portraits of Frederick the Great and the Empress

Maria Theresa. It follows history closely, but does not lack invention, and has original characters. Primarily a boys' book, but well worth reading by adults.

Golden Talisman, The. By H. Phelps Whitmarsh. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 8vo. 299 pages. \$1.50.

The slight knowledge of the mysterious land of Kaffiristan possessed by the Western world has been skillfully utilized in this romance of Central Asia, while the travels and adventures of the Persian hero Hakkouki are stirring in narration and widely varied.

Grant Burton, The Runaway. By W. Gordon Parker. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 8vo. 321 pages. \$1.25.

Boys fond of hunting adventures will find this tale attractive.

Great Appeal, The. By James G. K. McClure. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 131 pages. 75c.

The appeal of the divine Spirit to the human, addressing the several faculties of thought one by one, is described here both with simplicity and with warmth.

Hawaiian America. By Caspar Whitney. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 357 pages. \$2.50.

Mr. Whitney's book is interesting and instructive, though it is seriously marred by the author's intense partisanship. In his opening page he speaks of President Cleveland's attempt to right a wrong done to the old Hawaiian Government as a "policy of infamy;" and everywhere he is contemptuous of natives and laborers who are hostile to the absolute political and industrial rule of the members of our own race. Such moral sympathies have, of course, narrowed his knowledge of the humbler elements of Hawaiian society, but they enable him to put most strongly the case for the ruling classes.

House of the Wizard, The. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 340 pages. \$1.25.

A strange and original story of the days of Henry VIII. by the author of "On the Red Staircase" and "An Imperial Lover," two historical novels of Russian life which have won high popularity.

How Hindsight Met Provincialitis. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 16mo. 294 pages. \$1.25.

Principally a study of social limitations and prejudices in an old-fashioned Southern town. Not of value as fiction, moderately suggestive as discussion.

If Any Man Will. By Evangelist M. B. Williams. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 171 pages. 75c.

Invisible Links. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 286 pages. \$1.50.

There is a mystical and spiritual intention in these translations from the Swedish. Their highest charm lies in their pictures of home life and simple character.

Katzensteg, Der (Sudermann's). Edited by Benjamin W. Wells. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 203 pages. 40c.

Keats and Shelley, Poems by. Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 105 pages. \$1.50.

Lady of Darkness, Our. By Bernard Capes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 328 pages. \$1.50.

Landor, Walter Savage, Selections from the Imaginary Conversations of. Edited by Alphonso Newcomer. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 166 pages.

Literary Hearststones: Charlotte Brontë and William Cowper. By Marion Harland. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. \$1.

Mrs. Terhune has not only given us here extremely readable studies of the home life and personality of

Cowper and Brontë, but (especially in the latter case) has made use of some freshly obtained information gathered by personal investigation. Mrs. Terhune's visits to the Brontë and Cowper localities have made it possible to give her narratives atmosphere and color. The books are unpretentious as to literary criticism; they put the personal interest first and strongest. The series title is, to our taste, inferior to the books themselves.

Literature, A General Survey of American. By Mary Fisher. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 391 pages. \$1.50.

Love and its Affinities. By George F. Butler, M.D. G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 133 pages. \$1.

Loveliness. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 43 pages. \$1. The story of the love of a child and a dog told with exquisite sympathy. It depicts the sufferings that may come in what are termed the interests of science. The rescue of the dog from the demonstrator is dramatic in the extreme.

Ludwig II. of Bavaria, The Romance of. By Frances Gerard. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 302 pages. \$3.50.

Those who still care to know about the personal history of the late unhappy King of Bavaria will do well to peruse these readable pages. They are so well printed that they are readable in a double sense. Incidentally they throw some light upon the history of the past half-century. We note that the author refers to the present Prince Regent as "Duke Luitpold."

Mackinac and Lake Stories. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 222 pages. \$1.50.

Marble Faun, The. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Roman Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 vols. (Illustrated.) \$3.

Few books have been so often extra-illustrated as "The Marble Faun," for the very good reason that its scenes are laid in some of the most picturesque and attractive parts of the world, and that its background has furnished rich material for the photographer these many years past. In these two small and dainty volumes, with their tasteful cream covers with simple designs in gold, photographic illustration in half-tones has been freely used; and while the printing of the illustration is not uniformly good, the illustration itself supplements the text so thoroughly as to form almost an integral part of it.

Margaret Thorpe's Trial. By Lucy C. Lillie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 376 pages. \$1.25.

A story of two sisters, one the victim for some time of the other's weak selfishness.

Martyrs' Idyl, The. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 81 pages. \$1.

Missions, Questions and Phases of Modern. By Frank F. Ellinwood. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 281 pages. \$1.50.

This is a book of especial value at this time of changing views of the missionary problem: not its obligations, but methods of meeting them, being now somewhat in question. The author is entitled, by his long and intimate knowledge of the subject, to be listened to as an expert. Whatever confidence he thus attracts is enhanced by his evident breadth of view. Relying chiefly on the divine power of the Gospel of Christ for missionary success, he recognizes all the agencies which in actual history become auxiliary to the spread of Christianity—education and commerce, diplomacy and even war. Comprehensive and unsectarian, this is a book to be widely read and digested.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 285 pages. \$1.25.

Despite the fact that the Dooley dialect wears on the reader if taken in large doses, the shrewd turns and odd collocations of the famous Archer Street observer of life continue to amuse. The book includes the talks about

the Dreyfus case, and many earlier bits now first gathered together. "Mr. Dooley" ironically dedicates the book to certain English publishers who "without solicitation" have made him known to English readers.

Night Has a Thousand Eyes, The (and Other Poems). By F. W. Bourdillon. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 75 pages. \$1.

Perry on Lake Erie, With. By James Otis. (Illustrated.) W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 8vo. 307 pages. \$1.50.

Characters and incidents largely historical. A lively rendering of a memorable event.

Photo-Miniature, The. A Monthly Magazine of Photographic Information. Tennant & Ward, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York. 25c.

These little monographs, though classified as periodical literature, deserve a place among the Books of the Week by reason of their completeness, their comprehensiveness, and their permanent value to the amateur. Each of the six monthly numbers thus far received is devoted to a single subject, such as "Modern Lenses," "Hand Camera Work," "The Pose," "Photography Out-of-Doors," "Orthochromatic Photography," and is handsomely and intelligently illustrated.

Pioneering in the San Juan. By Rev. George M. Darley. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 226 pages. \$1.50.

Pioneer Preacher, The. By Rev. Sherlock Bristol. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 336 pages. \$1.

'Postle Farm. By George Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 359 pages. \$1.25.

That "blood will tell" is pleasantly proved by the charming heroine of "'Postle Farm." One is thankful, however, when she finally gets an education; two hundred pages of Devonshire dialect must have tried the printer; they certainly try the reader.

Professor Pin. By Mrs. Frank Lee. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 12mo. 229 pages. \$1.

Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires. By Michael Meyers Shoemaker. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. \$2.25.

The author of "Islands of the Southern Seas" takes us in this volume on a flying trip to Southern India and Burma, and shows us how those relics of ancient empires are rapidly changing under the progress of civilization. An even more interesting part of the book, however, is Mr. Shoemaker's description of Manila, whither he went from Burma. In this description the account of the monks in the Philippine Islands is particularly timely, in view of possible readjustments to be made by the recently appointed Apostolic Delegate.

Quaker Government in Pennsylvania, A History of. (Vol. II.) By Isaac Sharpless. T. S. Leach & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 251 pages. \$1.50.

The second and concluding volume of this book by President Sharpless, of Haverford, covers the period from the migration of the Quaker members of the Pennsylvania Assembly, at the outbreak of the French and Indian War in 1756, to the close of the Revolutionary War. The position of the Quakers in the latter struggle is set forth with a fairness that leaves nothing to be said in criticism. When called upon to choose between their devotion to liberty and their hostility to war, most of them strove to maintain neutrality. A portion, however, reckoned at one-fifth in the city of Philadelphia, left their Church to give active support to revolutionary armies, while a much smaller body, perhaps a tenth as many, left it to support the English. Outside of the city, where the wealthy and cultured class was generally Tory in sympathies, nearly all the Quakers welcomed the triumph of the patriots.

Return of the Fairies. By Charles J. Bellamy. (Illustrated.) Little Folks Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass. 8vo. 182 pages. \$1.

The illustrations are poor in conception and drawing. The fairies are a cross between magicians and very human creatures with defective judgment.

Religio Pictoris. By Helen Bigelow Merri-man. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 250 pages. \$1.50.

Revolutionary Maid, A. By Amy E. Blanchard. (Illustrated.) W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 321 pages. 12mo. \$1.50.

Opens with the demolition of King George's statue, of which event the little maid was a witness. In the stirring events of the Revolution she plays her part bravely as the loyal daughter of a loyal patriot, though often the social companion of the King's followers.

Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. \$1.75.

The photogravures by Mr. F. G. Coburn are effective, while Miss Margaret Armstrong furnishes many quaint decorative drawings for the margins printed in color, and also a rich red-and-gold cover design. There are numerous pen-and-ink drawings. Altogether this is an extremely attractive edition of two American classics.

Rob and Kit. By the author of "Tip-cat," "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 275 pages. \$1.

Shakespeare: Macbeth. Edited by L. A. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 199 pages. 60c.

Shakespeare, Tales from. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Introductory Preface by Andrew Lang. (Illustrated.) Truslove, Hanson & Combs, New York. 8vo. 372 pages. \$1.50.

These classic tales were first printed in 1807, for the purpose, as Charles Lamb explained in his preface, of serving as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare. Since that day they have passed through a great number of editions, and have ministered to the education and pleasure of a host of children. This new edition is well printed from large type, with an attractive cover, an introduction by Mr. Lang, and illustrations by Robert Anning Bell.

Silas Marner. By George Eliot. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 279 pages. \$2.

"Silas Marner" lends itself readily to illustration, although in order to make that illustration interpretative of the beautiful quality of the story the artist must be in profound sympathy with it. Mr. Reginald Birch has done some excellent work in reproducing the charm of English life of the last century or of the early part of the present century. His work is characterized by care and detail, a keen sense of the social side of things, a good sense of humor, and some freshness of imagination. He is more successful in depicting social backgrounds and dress than in interpreting great emotions. The publishers have made a tasteful volume of this English classic; a book of moderate size, well printed, and simply but effectively bound.

Sleepy-Time Stories. By Maud Ballington Booth. Introduction by Chauncey M. Depew. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 177 pages. \$1.50.

For little people. Nature is personified. Bees, birds, insects, flowers, minister to the pleasure of two little children. Religious thought is prominent.

Tales of Adventure from the Old Book. By Rev. Thomas Champness. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 121 pages. 3c.

Treasure of Mushroom Rock, The. By Sid-ford F. Hamp. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 317 pages. \$1.50.

A boy's story of gold-hunting, exciting but improbable.

United States, History of the. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. IV., 1862-1864. 8vo. 557 pages. \$2.50.

We Four Girls. By Mary G. Darling. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 8vo. 247 pages. \$1.25.

The story of one summer spent with a wise, loving woman, and what came of it in character-building.

Wild Flowers from Palestine. Gathered and Pressed by Rev. Harvey B. Greene. Dumas & Co., Lowell, Mass. 16mo. 45 pages. \$1.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

I was graduated three years ago from a theological seminary, since which time I have been engaged in the preaching of the Word. In my theological belief I am neither too conservative to reject the interpretations of the Scriptures from a Christian and scientific standpoint, nor too liberal to drop beliefs which require a deal of faith to accept. My intentions and desires are to find the truth even though cherished ideas have to be abandoned; and as you are the best exponent of what I am seeking, I now beg you to give an answer to the following:

1. Is the narrative of the Fall in Genesis iii., 1-7, accepted to-day? If not, what is the prevailing belief among modern critics?
2. In Genesis xxxii., 24 ff., Jacob is described as wrestling with a man: was it an angel?
3. In Luke i., 11 ff., what is to be assumed—that an angel really talked with Zacharias and Mary?
4. What is the best commentary (modern) upon the four Gospels?

T. A. S.

1. Not accepted as the particular experience of two historical persons: it is accepted as a true picture of the universal experience of man in innumerable individual falls. 2. Such an experience could naturally have occurred in a vivid dream, and have been subsequently objectified in imagination as a physical struggle. The allusion in verse 32 to "the sinew of the hip," showing many centuries intervening between the event and the record, makes it probable that the account is legendary, while none the less valuable for spiritual suggestiveness. 3. To be classed with visions (see Luke i., 22) rather than with visible and invisible external occurrences. 4. There is no "best." The International Critical Commentary, of which Mark and Luke are ready, will probably be the best when complete. The Cambridge Bible for Schools is a handy commentary; the Expositor's Bible is good of its kind. Dr. Abbott's commentaries are helpful.

1. How does "Rabbi Ben Ezra" rank among Browning's poems? 2. What is the meaning of the title? 3. What is the thought in the twentieth stanza:

"Enough now, if the Right

And Good and Infinite

Be named here, as *thou callest thy hand thine own.*"

4. What does "Nympholeptos" mean? 5. What edition of Browning's poems do you consider the best for one who would like to make a study of his complete works?

"NORWOOD."

1. Together with the series of "Dramatis Personae," in which it belongs, it is highly esteemed for vividness and dramatic power. 2. "Ben Ezra" means the son of Ezra. The historical person so named was a famous Jewish scholar in Spain, who died in 1167 or 1168. 3. The sense becomes clear from the remainder of the sentence, which you omit, viz.:

"With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute

From fools that crowded youth nor let thee feel alone."

Construe thus: With knowledge as absolute as your knowledge that your hand is yours. 4. A Greek word meaning "caught by a nymph." 5. The handiest complete edition, and a good one to work with, is published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company. New York.

Kindly mention the best work or works for the use of cooking classes in a manual-training school, such as will be helpful in teaching cooking scientifically, and beginning with the simplest methods.

R. H.

It would be most difficult to give a list of the best books for the use of cooking-classes, but we publish the list recommended by the Supervisor of Cooking of the New York public schools: Edward Smith, "Foods;" Matthieu Williams, "Chemistry of Cookery;" J. Macé, "History of Baking of Bread," translated by Mrs. A. Gatt;

"Mistry;" Williams, "Laboratory

Manual of General Chemistry;" Figuier, "Vegetable World and Animal World;" Campbell, "Elements of Structural and Systematic Botany;" E. M. Hunt, "Principles of Hygiene;" Thudichum, "Spirit of Cookery;" Mary Ronald, "Century Cook-Book;" Lemcke, "European and American Cuisine;" "The Murray Collection of Cook-Books;" Francatelli, "Modern Cook-Book;" Marion Harland's books. The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet known as Bulletin No. 56, and entitled "History and Present Status of Instruction in Cooking in the Public Schools of New York City." This pamphlet is issued by the Government free on application. It contains the order of cooking followed in the New York schools, and much other valuable information.

The following quotation I understand to be from the writings of Mohammed. Could you kindly inform me where I would find it? I would like as definitely as possible the page of book (Koran or otherwise) which you may refer me to. "Every good act is charity: your smiling in your brother's face, your putting a wanderer on the right road, your giving water to the thirsty, is charity: exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?"

J. H.

Referred to our readers.

1. What book or books will give one a good idea of the present state of opinion in circles of advanced criticism on the doctrine of the Trinity? on the Apostles' Creed? 2. Does Dr. Abbott believe in these as generally accepted?

G. C. E.

1. Concerning the Trinity, see "Gloria Patri; or, Our Talks on the Trinity" (T. Whittaker, New York, \$1). The published works on the Apostles' Creed do not diverge much into new lines of thought. 2. Dr. Abbott's repeated statements show that he agrees with the consensus of the evangelical churches upon these subjects.

St. Matthew v., 25, "Agree with thine adversary quickly," etc., has always puzzled me. Kindly give an explanation.

L. C. E.

In modern language, this is advice to one who has a bad law case to settle, it out of court. It is to be understood as a sort of parable to the Jewish people, then enjoying their last opportunity of averting judgment. It is to be interpreted in the light of such a passage as Jesus's prophecy of that judgment, Luke xix., 42-45.

Who is the author of a little poem, and where can I find it, entitled "The Sunshine follows the Rain"? The first verse runs, as near as I remember:

"I heard a voice on the moorlands brown, when the days grew fair and long;

Methought no voice in the crowded town could sing so sweet a song.

'Twas the voice of a herd-boy, all alone, alone on the showery plain.

Who sang with a silver-trumpet tone, "The sunshine follows the rain."

The above is all I remember connectedly but the closing line of another verse:

"God's angels sing to the doubting heart, The sunshine follows the rain."

W. N. S.

If any reader of The Outlook can control the disposition of about twenty-five second-hand copies of "Gospel Hymns" (preferably Nos. 5 or 6) for the use of a church of very poor colored people in the South, further information will be gladly furnished by Mrs. Eugene Ufford, Albemarle, Stanly County, N. C.

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British Reverses in South Africa

The blame for the British defeat near Ladysmith last week has been manfully assumed by Sir George White, Commander of the Natal forces. To his official report of the battle he adds: "I formed a plan, in the carrying out of which the disaster occurred, and I am alone responsible for the plan. There is no blame whatever to the troops, as the position was untenable." This prompt acknowledgment of blame has earned much forbearance for Sir George White at home and abroad, even the Paris "Gaulois" saying that, like a true Englishman, he sacrifices himself to avoid discrediting the Queen's soldiers and to avoid compromising his flag's honor. Nevertheless, by a blunder comparable to those of Balaklava and Majuba Hill, General White allowed two regiments to become separated from his main body. These ran into an ambuscade, and from the outset were hopelessly entrapped. They were historic regiments. One was the Royal Irish Fusiliers, a regiment which first saw Cape Town in 1806, and later captured the eagles of two French regiments in Spain. The other was the Gloucestershire Regiment, a favorite of the Duke of Marlborough. It fought at Ramillies, and in 1759 was at Quebec. Later it fought at Corunna under Sir John Moore, and then throughout the Sikh and Crimean Wars and the Indian Mutiny. Its last engagement before the Natal campaign was at Tel-el-Kebir, when Arabi Pasha was overthrown. The capitulation, even while facing overwhelming odds, of such regiments is a double blow to British pride. There has been inevitable discouragement throughout the Empire. The repulse seems to some like Burgoyne's surrender. The Boer losses at Ladysmith are unknown. The British losses, as far as reported, are three hundred killed and wounded, and five hundred miss-

ing. This does not include the Irish Fusiliers, who are supposed to be prisoners at Pretoria. The losses gravely impair Great Britain's offensive power in South Africa.



Events in Natal Fighting at Ladysmith has continued throughout the week, the British reconnoitering being greatly facilitated by the use of a small war balloon which is held by a wire strand three thousand feet in length. The mobility and the efficient serving of the Boer artillery has caused much surprise among the British, who, in general, have underrated the military qualities of the Boers. Telegraphic communication between Ladysmith and Durban is interrupted by the Boers, who have massed along the railway as far south as Colenso. Their advance has caused general alarm. The British evacuated Colenso, which is now in possession of General Joubert, and have retreated further south. At Durban the Legislative Building has been transformed into a hospital for the British and Boer wounded, who are treated alike. At Ladysmith, in response to a request from the Boers, General White lent them an ambulance to assist in conveying their wounded, while the Boers themselves collected water and blankets for the British wounded. Indeed, on both sides the treatment of the wounded and prisoners has been marked by notable kindness and consideration. At last accounts (by pigeon post) Ladysmith was bravely holding out, the naval guns from the British cruiser Powerful having arrived just before the complete investment. It is unfortunate for the reputation of the London War Office that its official reports have, as a rule, been so optimistic. The latest list of casualties at Dundee issued by the War Office gives an additional list of eighty-two non-com-

missioned officers and men of the Dublin Fusiliers missing, indicating that the Boers captured as many Fusiliers as they did Hussars. We now learn that the Boers are traversing Zululand, hoisting their flags over the British magistracies. Thus, while the first week's fighting in Natal raised British prestige throughout South Africa, the succeeding weeks have lowered it again.

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Events Elsewhere

General Sir Redvers Buller, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, has arrived at Cape Town. He has a graver military responsibility than any English general has had since the Sepoy rebellion. Not only is northern Natal in the hands of the Boers; their forces, concentrated on the southern boundary of the Orange Free State at Norval Pont, Bethulie, and Aliwal North, are now advancing into Cape Colony; they have captured Colesberg and other places. In consequence, the British camp at Stormberg, sixty miles from the Orange frontier, is being moved to Queenstown, fifty miles further south. Turning northwards, we find that, in addition to the annexation of northern Natal, the Boers have annexed the territory between the Transvaal and the German West African protectorate; the latter annexation has been accepted by the inhabitants affected. The Boer forces will thus have several thousand more mounted burghers, some of whom are already participating in the siege of Mafeking. There and at Kimberley the Boers are tightening their circle of investment. Transports will land troops from England every day this week at Cape Town, and the British forces will in all probability ultimately reach ninety thousand men. The numbers opposing them are not exactly known. It is said that General Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal army, counts upon eighteen thousand Transvaal Boers, sixteen thousand Orange Boers, and sixteen thousand made up from the Dutch in Natal, Cape Colony, and Bechuanaland, and from the Boer-loyal Hollanders, Germans, French, and Irish in the Transvaal. This gives a total of fifty thousand men—a total which does not include all the Boer soldiers, however. That would include the total male Transvaal and Free State population, estimated at about seventy thousand.

South American Revolutions

The revolt in Colombia has proved more active than had been anticipated. A fierce land engagement was fought near Barranquilla on October 24, and the insurgents were defeated, while on the same day two armed Government steamers on the Magdalena River, after a desperate fight, destroyed several vessels armed by the revolutionists—doubtless those which were lately reported as having been seized by them. It is said that one of the insurgents' boats was sunk with two hundred men on board. On the other hand, the insurgents have seized the roads leading to the capital, Bogota. The despatches from Colon, however, represent the revolution as under control. From Venezuela comes news of a revolution against the successful revolutionist, General Castro, headed by General Hernandez, who was Castro's fellow-leader in the opposition to President Andrade. Two battles are already reported; in both the insurgents were defeated. Thus, in South America, does revolution breed revolution and success make comrades rivals.

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Military Reports

Four important reports relating to military affairs have lately been made public. They come from Major-General Merritt, in command of the Department of the East, from General Davis, Military Governor of Porto Rico, from Adjutant-General Corbin, and from General Leonard Wood. General Merritt's report is particularly noteworthy because of the urgency of his recommendations relating to coast artillery and coast defense generally. General Merritt points out that the inspection of this branch of the service, by a piece of absurd red tape, not only is not performed by an artillery officer, but inspection by an artillery officer is absolutely forbidden by law. The report shows that there is not a single artillery coast-command in the United States properly equipped; that the system relating to this branch is inextricably confused; that the service is crippled because the men refuse to re-enlist in the artillery now, although it was once the favorite branch; that this is due to the imposition of heavy work outside of the proper drill and routine; that the organization of artillery into regiments is absurd,

as they cannot be used in regimental units at any time; that the enormous sums spent for disappearing guns have been of practically no avail because position-finders have not been furnished, and ammunition for practice is not provided. Of course the attention of the War Department is now directed first of all toward our operations in the Far East, but General Merritt's report shows that there is great need of maintaining our home-defense at a reasonably complete degree. General Davis's report on Porto Rico is encouraging, and asserts that every substantial reform is being received eagerly by the people of the island, who are honestly trying to understand American ideas and to advance toward our ideal of civilization. Specific recommendations for further organization are made. Adjutant-General Corbin's report bestows deserved praise on the volunteers who have given, in some cases their lives, and in others their best services, to the country during the last year. From the report it appears that from May 1, 1898, to June 30, 1899, the total mortality in our army has been 224 officers and 6,395 men. The strength of the army at the time of writing the report was about 99,160 officers and men, of whom 34,572 are in the volunteer service. General Corbin says that by December 1 all the newly enlisted regiments of volunteers will have sailed for the Philippines, and that these, with the troops now there, will give a total strength of 65,726 officers and men. Increased rank and pay for the higher grades of officers are recommended, as well as for military attachés abroad. Few will agree with the praise of the present staff and bureau system. Another recommendation of interest by General Corbin is that urging that Congress provide by legislation for the reservation and sale of public lands in Hawaii. Extremely welcome is the statement by General Wood in his Santiago report that the military force in the Santiago district is too large and should be reduced, while the civil government should be continually extended.



**Religion and Education
in the Philippine Islands**

The religious situation in the Philippine Islands reminds one somewhat of conditions in

Europe during the fifteenth century. The one predominant Church there is the Roman Catholic, but Catholicism as known and practiced in the islands by the friars would hardly be acknowledged as Catholicism in the United States or in Great Britain. While in this country and in Europe the ancient orders of monks have, to a certain extent, passed away, they flourish in the Philippines, and they are proprietors of a large portion of the land. Although the Filipinos are Roman Catholics in their religious beliefs, they are hostile to the friars, and for generations their main political idea has been that the friars shall be expelled. When our forces arrived in the Philippines, they were warned not to be seen in communication with the monks, as that would at once excite the suspicion of the people. Writing to *The Outlook* on this subject, Mr. W. A. Chester, of Manila, claims that the Jesuits seem to be the only order instituting enlightened efforts in the cause of education. To this order belongs the Astronomical Observatory, which has high rank. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that a college was founded in Manila before Harvard or Yale—earlier, indeed, than the common school of New England. St. Joseph's College was established in 1595, and graduated its first class in 1601. Prior to 1768 it was in charge and under the control of the Jesuits, who were made trustees of the institution by its donors at the time of its creation. When the Jesuits were expelled from Spain and its colonies, the Governor-General declared the property of the College forfeited, and converted the buildings into barracks for his soldiers. An appeal being taken to the Crown, the action of the Governor-General was reversed, and the College placed under control of the Metropolitan Church of Manila. At the present time this most ancient seat of learning in the New America is largely devoted to medicine and pharmacy. The first Protestant service ever held in Manila was on the morning of Christmas, 1898. It was conducted by Chaplain Pierce, who, ever since, with the exception of the interregnum during the outbreak in Manila, has read the Episcopal service twice every Sunday; in the morning for the Americans and English, in the evening for the Filipinos. Chaplain Pierce is entitled to

much credit for his unwearied zeal in the work of building up his church. He is peculiarly adapted to this work, as he possesses in an abundant degree the confidence of the people. The Presbyterian Church is represented by the Rev. Messrs. Rodgers and Hibbard. On Sunday Presbyterian services are held in the Young Men's Christian Association's tent; on Thursdays meetings are held in the private residence of a Filipino, who himself has been a Bible-reader for many years. At all the Protestant services the singing is especially noteworthy. The Filipinos are natural musicians, and they already sing our hymns with a refreshing enthusiasm. As to the introduction of American education, a system of public schools in which English would be taught was advocated by the United States Philippines Commission and was established by General Otis. Some six thousand scholars are in attendance.



Corrupt Elections in Pennsylvania

The Municipal League in Philadelphia, aided by the Prohibitionists and the Business Men's Republican League, has been hard at work detecting and punishing fraudulent registration in that city, and is believed to have reduced the fraudulent vote this year to one-half of its usual dimensions. Even this reduction, however, is thought to leave some fifteen thousand fraudulent votes, or far more than any one suspects of being cast in New York. Long years of moral complacency in Philadelphia have thus produced worse results than the same years of conscious shortcoming in New York. The extent of the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania election frauds is almost incredible till one learns the constitutional safeguards thrown about them. The Constitution of Pennsylvania is so worded as to prevent the requirement of personal registration, and the Constitution makes impossible any approach to ballot reform. That document provides that "any elector may write his name on his ticket, or cause the same to be written thereon and attested by a citizen of the district." Under this clause any elector may take another into the booth with him, so that bribe-givers and intimidators are able to make sure that their men vote as they

would have them. Mr. Wanamaker, in a letter written last week to the President of the Business Men's Republican League, brought out sharply the consequences of this system. He said:

We have not had an honest election in Pennsylvania for years. When the host of Pennsylvania freemen, supposed to be enlightened and independent, march to the polls, each individual voter knows that he is acting under a remorseless espionage from which there is no refuge or escape; that he must answer to his party, his boss, or his industrial master, if he is in any wise dependent; that his ambitions may be crushed, his employment terminated, his bread stopped, if he consults his own conscience and votes according to his judgment; while for those who are liable to such temptations the bribes of money and drink are offered on every side. These transactions in votes—awful, terrible in the aggregate—go on before all eyes. We see an enormous proportion of the voters all over the State, a proportion increasing instead of diminishing, going into booths, each accompanied by another.

The self-respecting majority in the last Legislature voted to submit constitutional amendments that would make registration and ballot reform laws possible, but Governor Stone vetoed them. Mr. Wanamaker justly urges that the election of a Legislature pledged to call a Constitutional Convention to provide for immediate ballot reform is the State's supreme need.



Taxes on Philanthropic Bequests

While the estate of Cornelius Vanderbilt almost exactly equals that left by Mr. Gould, the taxes upon it will be much greater, not only because of the new Federal law, but also because the will was more generous. Both estates aggregated approximately \$70,000,000, and both—as is usual with great estates—consisted almost exclusively of personal property. The Gould \$70,000,000 of personalty paid only the 1 per cent. required by the New York law from all personal estates in excess of \$10,000. The Vanderbilt \$70,000,000 pays not only this 1 per cent. to the State of New York, but also the Federal tax, which amounts to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. where the personal estate exceeds \$1,000,000. Had both properties been bequeathed in exactly the same way, the public would receive from Mr. Vanderbilt \$2,300,000, whereas it received from Mr. Gould but \$700,000. This effect of the new Federal law seems to us

thoroughly good, and we only regret that it was not in force when the Gould estate was divided. But the additional burdens upon the Vanderbilt estate do not end here. The Gould estate was bequeathed exclusively to Mr. Gould's immediate family, and thus escaped with the minimum tax imposed by the New York law. From the Vanderbilt estate \$500,000 was bequeathed to friends and servants, and over \$800,000 to religious, educational, and other philanthropic corporations. These bequests to institutions are exempt under the New York law, but the bequests to "strangers in blood" are subject to a State tax of 5 per cent., and all these bequests are subject to a Federal tax of 15 per cent. The public, therefore, will take 20 per cent., or \$100,000, from the amounts bequeathed to Mr. Depew, Dr. Greer, and other personal associates, and 15 per cent., or more than another \$100,000, from the amounts bequeathed to St. Bartholomew's Church, Yale and Vanderbilt Universities, and other philanthropies. These exceptional taxes upon the bequests made outside of the Vanderbilt family do not, we think, carry out the wishes of the public, and will seem to the great body of the people taxes upon generosity. The principle that the rate of taxation should increase with the amount of the estate, or the size of the bequests to individuals, is thoroughly sound, for even a light tax on an inheritance of \$10,000 involves more sacrifices of comfort and culture to the heirs than a heavy tax on an inheritance of \$1,000,000. But to impose a light tax on a bequest of millions to a direct heir, who would not be injured in any way were the tax heavy, while imposing a heavy tax upon a bequest of a few thousand dollars to friends, or many thousands to corporations carrying on public work, violates the requirements of the public welfare. We expect to see the colleges agitate this question.

The Dead Letter Office

The annual report of the Dead Letter Office at Washington, just published, should be a warning to all persons using the mails. There were 6,855,983 pieces of mail matter received at that office in a year. Less than 700,000 pieces had the "return" address that enabled the Gov-

ernment to return them unopened. This is an increase of 100,000 over the "return" addressed pieces received last year. Money, drafts, checks, etc., aggregating a face value of \$1,168,000 were received from 43,308 persons who failed to use the "return" address, causing detention, anxiety, and positive loss that might easily have been avoided. Five hundred thousand letters and parcels addressed to hotels were received at the office. A large percentage of these could doubtless have been delivered had instructions been left to forward all mail matter. Some part of the matter received at the Dead Letter Office is due to illiteracy, but a far greater proportion is due to illegibility and carelessness. The Government asks that all mail matter be addressed legibly, and that the "return" address be used on all important communications and all mail matter containing inclosures.



The Increased Production of Gold

The Report of the Director of the Mint, published recently,

shows another increase of nearly fifty million dollars in the world's production of gold. The output of this metal from the mines during 1898 is estimated at \$287,000,000, or a little more than the output of both gold and silver in 1890. The changes in the production of these two metals since that year have been as follows:

	Product of Gold.	Product of Silver.
1890.....	\$116,000,000	\$166,000,000
1898.....	287,000,000	213,000,000

In the table, of course, both gold and silver are reckoned at their coinage value. In 1890 the market value of silver was one-fifth less than its coinage value, the fall in its price being then attributed by monometallists to a previous increase in its production, and by bimetallists to its limited coinage. Since 1890 the production of gold has relatively increased, but, in spite of this, silver's market value has fallen to less than half its coinage value. Bimetallists urge that silver would certainly have been restored to par had the governmental demand been continued, and monometallists do not discuss the question. They merely point out that the need of both gold and silver to expand

the currency is not nearly so great as it was a few years ago, most of them admitting that the expansion of the past few years has been a benefit. The Director of the Mint predicts that the recent expansion will continue. "There is no reason," he says, "to expect any cessation of this steady annual increase for some years to come. The Transvaal has not nearly reached its limit; Australia—particularly West Australia—is not yet half developed; Alaska and the Yukon have only fairly begun to produce, while the recent steady increases in Colorado and other Western States show no signs of abating." In the Transvaal, of course, there is likely to be an interruption this year, but for the next succeeding years the predictions are reasonable enough. Nevertheless, the past changes in the production of gold make all estimates about the future hazardous. During the present century the following revolutionary changes in the yearly product have taken place:

	Gold.	Silver.
1801-50.....	\$16,000,000	\$28,000,000
1851-70.....	136,000,000	48,000,000
1871-90.....	106,000,000	95,000,000
1898.....	287,000,000	213,000,000

Many experts already predict the speedy exhaustion of the Transvaal mines, and as the exploration of the earth's surface nears completion the prospect of new gold-fields must lessen. It is perhaps worthy of note that last year's production, great as it was, added only about three per cent. to the aggregate amount of gold mined since the discovery of America.



The Bureau of Economic Research

The Bureau of Economic Research recently established in this city by Mr. George H. Shibley to investigate current questions of public importance has already demonstrated the educational value of the idea. Two reports, one by Professor E. W. Bemis on the history of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and the other by Professor J. R. Commons on its freight and passenger tariffs, have been published in the Boston "Herald," the Worcester "Spy," and the Springfield "Republican." Both articles show thorough work and bring out many facts with which even specialists in this department were un-

familiar. Professor Bemis, for example, shows that the Boston and Albany Railroad was built by contributions from the public amounting to \$5,300,000, against only \$800,000 from the private stockholders, and that a generation ago many of the leading men in Massachusetts advocated State purchase. Before a special committee of the Legislature in 1866 Mayor Quincy, of Boston, likened railway charges fixed by a few private owners to the taxation without representation which brought on the American Revolution. In 1874 the town meetings at Weymouth and Natick unanimously asked the State to buy the Boston and Albany road. Among similar petitions the same year were those of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., Houghton, Perkins & Co., and William Richardson, who was soon to become the Secretary of the Treasury. Professor Commons's review of railroad charges brings out the fact that the much-boasted lowering of "average" fare has been due almost exclusively to the increase of suburban traffic on commutation tickets. Since the competition of electric railways began to be felt seriously in 1890, the price of these tickets has fallen nearly one-half. Tickets from Boston to Worcester, Springfield, and Albany, on the other hand, have fallen only from 10 to 20 per cent. in the last half-century. The interesting facts brought out, however, are of less present concern than the educational idea presented. The professors contributing these articles have certainly given more economic instruction and awakened more economic thought than they could have done in years through class-room work—important as such work is. It is interesting to note that Mr. Shibley, the main supporter of this bureau, is a young Chicagoan, who graduated from a law school at the age of twenty-four, devoted himself to the publication of law books for five years, and then, having insured himself an independent income, retired from private business at twenty-nine, to devote himself with the same energy to the furthering of public measures. It is intended that the Bureau of Economic Research, while continually espousing the public interests, shall maintain a judicial attitude and make the unimpeachable accuracy of its reports the first requisite.

Mr. Daniels
on Railways

Perhaps the most important address before the International Commercial Congress at Philadelphia was that delivered by Mr. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad and President of the American Association of Passenger Agents. Mr. Daniels rightly declared that the present period is the age of transportation, and that the dying nations are those with little or no transportation facilities. Part of his address was devoted to a comparison between the hauling of freight by railways and by canals. The decline of commerce on the Erie Canal Mr. Daniels attributed to three causes: first, the great reduction in the rates of freight by the railways in the United States, and notably in the State of New York; secondly, the marvelous development of the motive power and rolling-stock of American railways. Less than a quarter of a century ago, upon the average American road, the capacity of a freight-car was twenty thousand pounds, and that of a freight-engine was twenty to thirty of such cars to the train. To-day grain-cars have a capacity of over sixty thousand pounds, and a locomotive of the latest type will haul from seventy-five to ninety such cars loaded to their full capacity. Mr. Daniels gave as the third cause for decline in canal commerce the demand of the public for quick time. "A shipper having a hundred thousand barrels of flour or a million bushels of grain for export must move it from Buffalo to New York within a specified time, and he cannot risk the slow process of the canals." Mr. Daniels is abundantly justified in his boast that American railways furnish the best service in the world. Our passenger-cars excel those of foreign countries in everything that goes to make up the comfort of a journey. Our sleeping and parlor car system is vastly superior to any other. Our baggage system is not only infinitely better in convenience, but arranged upon a more liberal basis, American railways carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage free as against fifty-five pounds carried by German railways. Mr. Daniels believes that we also have the lowest rates of fare. He says that last year first-class passenger fares averaged 2.14 cents per mile, although on some large railways the average was less than

two cents per mile. In England he quotes the first-class fare at four cents a mile; third-class fare for much inferior service is two cents a mile, but only on certain trains. In Prussia the fare, according to Mr. Daniels, is 2.99 cents a mile; in Austria, 3.05 cents a mile; and in France, 3.36 cents a mile. Mr. Daniels's figures for the Continental countries of course refer to first-class fares. Professor Hadley's figures for average fares in 1887 were 1.22 cents per mile for Prussia, 1.54 for Austria, and 1.39 for France. The average accommodation in these countries, however, is not nearly so good as here.



The National
Consumers' League

The National Consumers' League has been organized with headquarters in New York. It is the purpose of the National League to protect the workers of every State by securing uniform laws regulating the hours of labor of women and children and the conditions under which they work, as well as the conditions under which garments are manufactured. Until this is accomplished, the leniency or the laxity of the laws in one State may result in great injustice to the workers in a neighboring State. The factory laws of Massachusetts require a license for the home manufacture of cotton goods. This law has been enforced in Massachusetts, with the result of greatly reducing the number of homes in which such work is done, while the wages remain pitifully small. The amount of sweat-shop goods sold in Massachusetts has not been reduced, because the sweat-shop work in neighboring States supplies the demands of the purchasers of ready-made garments. The National Consumers' League now issues an official label to be placed on all goods manufactured under the conditions stipulated by the League. This label guarantees that the article bearing it has been made in accordance with the factory laws of the State in which it is issued; that the goods have been manufactured on the premises of a manufacturer having the authority to use it; that no children under sixteen years of age have been employed in its manufacture; that ten hours a day and sixty hours per week are the maximum hours of labor for all workers

employed by manufacturers having the right to use the label, and that these hours have not been between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.; that investigation is permitted the League's representative at all reasonable times. Failure to comply with this agreement forfeits the manufacturer's right to use the label, and compels as a penalty the payment of \$100 to the League. At present four manufacturers have the right to use the official label of the National Consumers' League. Even this small beginning is a great step in advance. The League asks that in the buying of ready-made garments the purchaser shall call for goods bearing the Consumers' label, thus creating the demand for goods manufactured under the right conditions—conditions necessary alike for the protection of the consumer's health and the worker's rights. There are Consumers' Leagues in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, with auxiliaries in the large cities of these States. During the present month a Consumers' League will be organized in New Jersey. What the Consumers' Leagues have secured in the selling of goods under right conditions is evidence of what can be accomplished through educated public opinion. Let this be extended to the manufacturer of the goods sold, and the home and the workshop will be alike protected from disease and injustice.



**A Foreign Critic of
American Universities**

M. Édouard Rod, in his recent comment on American Universities in the "North American Review," shows a kind of insight into the vital conditions here which foreign observers do not always manifest. The differences between American and European methods are so great that an observer from abroad is often absorbed in them, and fails to discern the really significant tendencies behind them. M. Rod notes, what a good many Americans fail to perceive, the American respect for traditions combined with entire readiness to create them. Our universities, in the judgment of this intelligent Frenchman, are not only distinctively American in their general features, but each has its own character, the institutions at Cambridge, in New York, and in Chicago presenting entirely different

aspects of academic life. M. Rod was especially impressed by the completeness of the material equipment of many of our colleges. In many European institutions of the highest standing old and insufficient accommodations are put up with, and the need for greater room is temporarily met. There is a good deal to be said for the spirit which keeps the University of Bonn lodged in its rather shabby house, or which retains the worn and scarred benches at Eton College. This spirit, however, is not always victorious even in Europe, where many of the universities are being rebuilt on a splendid scale. At Vienna and at Paris, for instance, the buildings of the higher schools of learning are not surpassed anywhere in the world in dimensions, dignity, or completeness. There are shadows, however, on the bright landscape of education in this country, and one of them is the excessive work required from the professors and teachers. Speaking from the European standpoint, M. Rod is astonished at the number of hours which are exacted of many of the best instructors in the country. He suggests that there should be fewer lectures, but that each one should be a masterpiece of excellence. There is no doubt that American colleges, as a whole, would be glad to act on this suggestion, if they had the means.



The Wrong Way The Board of Education of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx has put itself in a very undignified position and taken an indefensible course in excluding from the schools of the boroughs certain text-books published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., of this city. It will be remembered that some time ago the "Educational Review," of which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are the publishers, characterized President Little, of the Board of Education, as "a fine old educational mastodon," and declared that several members of the Board were held together "by the cohesive power of public plunder," a statement which ought not to have been made unless the "Review" was prepared to prove its charge. On complaint of President Little, Dr. Butler, the editor of the "Educational Review," was indicted for criminal libel, but the indictment was subsequently

quashed, the publishers, in a letter to Mr. Little, declaring that they never believed "the cohesive power of public plunder to be among your motives," and the editor of the "Review" saying in print that "Mr. Little's probity has never to our knowledge been questioned." This is all a matter of ancient history, and this kind of ancient history should have no weight with school boards or other public bodies in determining public questions. The Board of Education had but a single question before it, and that was the question of the value of the text-books published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. By a vote of twelve to four, the Board decided that because a criticism against some of its members had been made in a publication bearing the imprint of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., the text-books published by that house should be excluded from the schools under its charge. If the accusation brought by the "Educational Review" and subsequently retracted was not true, the Board of Education took a very undignified position in allowing it to have weight in their public action, into which no private motives of any kind should enter; if it had been true, their action in excluding the books of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. would have been perfectly consistent. That a body of men having the educational interests of the city in charge should decide an important question affecting the welfare of the city upon such a ground indicates that, however honest they may be, they are not awake to the dignity and responsibility of their position. No provocation ought to have tempted them into a course which not only makes the Board of Education ridiculous, but exposes the city which it represents to ridicule.



English Church Conferences

The city of Bristol is acquiring a reputation as a meeting-ground for great gatherings. In recent years it has entertained the Congregational Union, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Baptist Union, the Free Church Council, and, but for the burning of a great hall, would this year have had the Church Congress as well. The Congress was held instead in London. Perhaps its most interesting feature was a

discussion concerning "The Church and Nonconformity." As probably half England repudiates the ministrations of the Established Church, the attitude of that Church towards Nonconformists is always of moment to the Christian world. It would seem that the lesson which Nonconformity has had to learn is now being learned also by the Church of England; at all events, one of the speakers declared that, like Nonconformists, Anglicans would henceforth recognize the impossibility of the Church being bound to obey the State. He evoked cheers when he declared later that the Established Church had received the utmost help from the great theologians of Nonconformity, and that there were two ever to be named with gratitude and honor—James Martineau and Robert William Dale. It was Dean Farrar's opinion that reunion was not immediately probable, but that a better understanding had already arrived, since both Churchmen and Nonconformists recognize their common duties and responsibilities. "It is not a question of differences of opinion on points of theology and organization, but a question between atheism and Christianity, between materialism and spirituality, between the eternal moral order and the brute instincts and the base appetites of men." In closing the discussion, Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, said that plans of unity must be chimerical, because they call upon masses of men to break through the deposit of the habits of centuries, to forsake in a moment, on intellectual grounds, their inherited traditions, which have helped to the nurture of their spiritual life. Be this as it may, no year has seen a heartier co-operation between Christians of the Established and Nonconformist Churches. An evidence of this may be noted in the meeting of the Congregational Union, which met at Bristol, a place which it had already distinguished by three previous conferences. The discussions were full of interest and power. The President, the Rev. Arnold Thomas, was fresh from the International Council at Boston, and his presidential address was a notable utterance. The welcome of the Union, however, by Dr. Forrest Browne, the Anglican Bishop of Bristol, was the most cheering feature of the Conference. On behalf of the Dean and Archdeacon and

Rural Dean as well, Dr. Browne spoke as follows :

We desire to express an earnest hope that your deliberations may serve the higher interests of the large number of souls to whose welfare you minister, and so tend to the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. We are glad to have this opportunity of expressing our thankfulness that the agreement among us in so many useful works is so large as it is. Nothing that we can properly do shall be wanting on our part, and nothing, I am sure, on yours, to make this happy agreement more wide and more deep. We must retain the grave consciousness of differences which impose unwelcome limitation, but it is our earnest, brotherly wish that such limitations may on both sides be strictly confined to their own sphere, and may not be allowed to hinder the cordiality of our combination for the common good.

As an old Cambridge man, Bishop Browne rejoiced to find Mr. Arnold Thomas, an old Cambridge man, in the chair. They had learned in Cambridge the happy lesson how to find friends among those with whom they differed, and how to respect opinions strongly held with which they strongly disagreed. Bishop Browne then referred in hearty appreciation to the support given by a former Lord Mayor, a Nonconformist, and by the present Nonconformist Lord Mayor, to the restoration of Bristol Cathedral, and added :

We are speaking heart to heart as well as face to face. I pray, and I have no doubt that many here pray every night and morning, that God may bless every work done in the true spirit of Christ, and that we may all be brought nearer to one another in being brought nearer to him.



The Reserved Sacrament

Dean Stubbs, of Ely, who is now in this country, justly says that the issue involving the use of incense and lights in the Church of England is not nearly so vital as that which has to do with the reservation of the sacrament. Dr. Stubbs claims that while less than two per cent. of the Anglican clergy use incense, many more wish to follow the Roman Catholic practice of reserving the sacrament. The recent appeal of the latter to the Archbishops' Court of the Church of England concerning this matter raises a far more serious question indeed than is found in any merely dubiously decorative adjunct to eucharistic worship. It is the old question of transubstantia-

tion, and the consequently logical adoration of the elements by those believing in such a miracle. Now, transubstantiation is not a doctrine of the Church of England, and therefore cannot be sustained by any judgment from the Archbishops. On the contrary, reservation is prohibited by a rubric of the Prayer-Book, which reads as follows: "If any of the bread and wine remain unconsecrated, the curate shall have it for his own use; but if any remain of that which was consecrated, it shall not be carried out of the church, but the priest and such other of the communicants as he shall call unto him shall, immediately after the blessing, reverently eat and drink the same." There is something to be said in favor of those who wish to have more of the bread and wine consecrated than is actually necessary for the regular number of communicants, the over-supply to be used in the case of hospital visits, calls from those suddenly ill or dying, and other emergencies. To genuine Protestants, however, there is nothing at all to be said in favor of reserving the sacrament for the purpose of adoration. Even if the reservation be begun with the practical objects above mentioned in view, it almost inevitably ends in idolatry. The reserved elements are kept above the altar, just as in Roman Catholic churches. The people are expected to follow the example of the priests and choir-singers in making obeisance to the altar. Acts of devotion to the elements are encouraged, and a perpetually burning lamp is generally hung in front and above the Host. While the practice of reserving the sacrament may obtain more at the present time in England than in this country, it has already reached a sufficiently alarming extent here.



The Congregational Woman's Board of Missions

Last week at Syracuse the thirty-second annual meeting was held of the Woman's Board of Missions, representing the Congregational churches east of Ohio, and inclusive of all the Atlantic coast States. The Board has under its care about a hundred and thirty missionaries, over thirty girls' boarding-schools, nearly three hundred day-schools, and about one hundred and seventy Bible women. Mrs. Judson Smith, the President of the Board,

presided at the sessions. The total contributions for last year amount to over a hundred and ten thousand dollars. Interesting addresses were delivered by missionaries from India, Turkey, Spain, Japan, China, and the Pacific Islands. During the year, fifteen of the Woman's Board of Missions returned to this country, and of these eleven have gone back to their fields. Eight new missionaries have been sent out. The Ecumenical Missionary Conference to be held in New York City next April is receiving much attention from the Home Secretary of the Woman's Board, who is also Chairman of the Woman's World's Missionary Committee. In the latter capacity she has the care of arranging the programme for the woman's day in that Conference.



Interdenominational Work

Last week the Interdenominational Commission of Maine held a conference at Auburn, in that State. The requirements of the Commission are explicit. The first is that no community in which any denomination has any legitimate claim should be entered by any other denomination through its official agencies without conference with the denomination or denominations having said claims. As President Hyde, of Bowdoin, properly asks, Where is the State in which a set of principles as stiff as that have been violated only half a dozen times in the past nine years? "We have succeeded," he says, "either by prevention or by remedy, in scores of cases. We have failed in six. We have reason to be encouraged." Dr. Hyde instances the case of the Island Falls Congregational Church as an example of what has been done:

The church was founded in 1859. It was dependent upon missionary aid until the town began to boom in 1893. Then a new class of people came into the town from New Brunswick. In 1896, with the approval of the Congregationalists, a Free Baptist church was formed to meet their needs, and speedily came to self-support. The Congregational church also came to self-support. The Methodists have twice entered the town through their local preachers, and twice, on the representation of the Commission that their presence would weaken the work of the other churches and make self-support for them impossible, have graciously and courteously withdrawn. The net result of the Interdenominational Commission work is seen in the only self-

supporting Congregational church in Aroostook County; it is the one church whose period of chief development has been sufficiently recent to enjoy the protection which the principles of the Commission afford. An opportunity for future work is in the new town of Millinocket, to which place have come about a thousand of as fine workmen as there are in the State. We learn that their private accommodations are of the rudest temporary kind, and that they have no public place of resort whatever. Liquor is strictly prohibited by the rules of their factory company, and the prohibition is rigidly enforced. The manager of the company is a Roman Catholic. The Commission proposes to have four denominations, Baptist, Free Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist, unite in erecting a temporary building which shall be a center of rest, recreation, reading, and worship. The building will cost a thousand dollars, of which two hundred dollars each will be raised by the four denominations, and the remaining two hundred on the ground. The manufacturing company heartily approves the plan. Specifications for the building are now being made, and it will be pushed to completion at once. Here are four Protestant denominations united in doing a broad Christian work for men in need, with the approval and co-operation of the Catholic manager of the business enterprise which has thus suddenly created the town. A single success like that at Island Falls, a single work like that proposed at Millinocket, outweighs a hundred times the slight reverses which the Commission has met along the skirmish line.



The Open and Institutional Church League

The League held its sixth annual Convention October 31-November 1, in the Metropolitan Temple (Methodist Episcopal) in this city. The Metropolitan Temple is the center in its parish activities of what is known as the Methodist "Forward Movement" in New York. It is doing a great work of everyday ministration in the midst of the congested population in which it is located, and exemplifies in a marked way the spirit and principles for which the League stands. It is a free church, where the rich and the poor meet together and

crowded congregations are gathered. The Convention was one of exceptional interest. It could hardly have been otherwise with such speakers on the programme as Charles Wood, D.D., of Philadelphia, Philip S. Moxom, D.D., of Springfield, Mass., Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., of Boston, and Dr. E. S. Tipple, Cortlandt Myers, J. Wilbur Chapman, and Donald Sage Mackay, of New York. The topics discussed were of practical interest; among others, "How to Reach Men in the Destitute Sections of Our Cities," "The Work and Mission of Deaconesses," "The Need of Trained Workers," "The Evangelistic Spirit at the Heart of All Our Work." While those who gave addresses and took part in the Convention were for the most part conversant with the need and engaged in the activities of service facing the most difficult problems of the hour, the outlook in thought was hopeful and even optimistic. The Secretary of the League, Dr. E. B. Sanford, reported a growing interest in the work. The churches, especially in the cities, are more and more seeking, in the sections where the home and other centers of influence fail to meet the social need of the people, to provide substitutes for them in their organized life. The Rev. Frank Mason North, D.D., of this city, was re-elected President of the League. In the list of Vice-Presidents we note the names of Mr. William E. Dodge, Robert C. Ogden, J. M. Cornell, John S. Huyler, and Drs. E. Walpole Warren, Anson P. Atterbury, Edward Judson, with other well-known laymen and ministers in different parts of the country.



Seamen's Missions

Last week at Boston sixty delegates representing different ocean, river, and lake ports, from Montreal to New Orleans, met to confer regarding the best and latest methods of work among seamen. This is the first general conference of the kind ever held in America. It is the outgrowth of smaller conferences which had met yearly at Gloucester, Mass. Reports were read from all the workers, and interesting discussions ensued, led by the most experienced men. Among these men the personality of Chaplain Jones, of Cleveland, was prominent and dominant.

The general Chairman of the Conference was Chaplain Nickerson, of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. A specially interesting discussion centered around the question of sailors' environment; it was led by Mr. S. Augustus Johnson, a well-known lawyer of New York City, and the representative of the Legal Aid Society. A practical result of the Conference was the appointment of a committee, with Mr. Johnson at its head, to extend the usefulness of the Seaman's Aid work to all ports. Among other speakers were two commanders and three chaplains of the United States navy, all of whom advocated the formation of naval clubs for sailors in the larger ports frequented by our war vessels. These clubs will be extremely valuable adjuncts in connection with the general work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Notable good fellowship characterized the Conference, and general rejoicing that henceforth there will be the advantages to each worker of a union of hitherto independent endeavors. Every evening services were held in the various Boston churches in order to bring the labors of sailor workers more popularly and prominently before the community. Dr. Stitt, of the New York Seamen's Friend Society, has charge of the arrangements for the next Conference. It will be held in the metropolis.



An Evening Theological School

An evening theological school, designed to meet the desires of those who are otherwise occupied during the day, may be found at Amity Building, 312 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City. From its circular to "the young people of all Christian denominations in New York City and vicinity" we learn that its objects "are to provide a thorough course of study to fit young men and women more completely for Christian work in their respective churches; to prepare students for the Gospel ministry; to make proficient Sunday-school workers; to offer lectures to young women in training for deaconesses; to give instruction in missionary lines, and to cultivate a Christian spirit among the different denominations"—a most laudable undertaking, surely. The char-

acter and spirit in which this rare school will be conducted are adequately guaranteed by the name of the Rev. Leighton Williams as its dean. Originated by the late Rev. Dr. Samson, the school has now increased its faculty from five to six instructors, and lengthened its curriculum of subjects from a three years' course to four. Though Mr. Williams is by conviction a Baptist, the school is none the less thoroughly undenominational. It is open to women as well as men, and tuition is free. It should be added that the object aimed at is not to open a short cut to the pastoral charge, but rather to develop for the benefit of the churches the latent talents of many young people by a systematic training in the proper subjects of Christian knowledge. The prospectus for 1900 will be sent free on application to the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Charles F. Weindell, 942 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City. Our latest information is that the number of students at present enrolled is fifty, or thereabouts.



State Aid for Consumptives

The New York State Legislature will, during its coming sessions, be asked to consider many bills of vital importance to the people of the State. None will surpass in importance those presented to provide State aid for consumptives. The yearly death-rate in this State from consumption is placed at thirteen thousand; the same authorities place the number of consumptives found yearly within the bounds of the State at fifty thousand. The Health Boards of the cities have called attention again and again to the constant recurrence of the disease in the same houses, especially in the tenement-house sections. Maps have been issued bearing marks to show houses where the disease is always found in the city of New York. Such measures as the Health Boards can take to prevent the spread of the disease are taken, but the victims go about in workshops, stores, street-cars, and boats, ignorantly spreading the danger. The time has come for the people of the State to urge the establishment of small cottage colonies where those who have a chance to recover may live under conditions most conducive to that end. Other colonies

should be established, not too remote from our large cities, where those who cannot be cured may live in comfort, under the best medical supervision and care, no longer a menace in home and workshop, spreading a disease that uncontrolled is a scourge. The disease can be stamped out if science and intelligence, supported by public funds, are used to protect the health of the people.



The Philippine Commission's Report

We give on another page the substance of the report of the Philippine Commissioners. It is signed by four gentlemen of National reputation: Admiral George Dewey; Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, the President of Cornell University; Professor Dean C. Worcester, whose previous visit to the Philippines had made him a recognized authority on the islands and their inhabitants; and Charles Denby, whose experience as our Minister to China has made him familiar with Oriental life and character. These gentlemen have had better advantages than any other Americans to investigate the past history and present conditions of the archipelago, and their report will be accepted by the unprejudiced reader as conclusive respecting the *facts*, which may be epitomized as follows:

No agreement was ever made with Aguinaldo and no alliance was entered into with him by our representatives. He gave no aid in the capture of Manila. No effort was wanting on our part to maintain peaceable relations with his forces after his arrival at Manila. The attack on our lines was initiated by those forces and was accompanied by threats of and attempts at looting, arson, and assassination. In other cities not protected by our troops similar attempts have been successfully made. Continuous endeavors by the Americans to re-establish peace have failed because nothing would be considered by the insurgents except an abandonment of the islands to them. The insurgents are not a nation, and do not represent a nation; they are a military oligarchy, inspired partly by greed of plunder, partly by personal and political ambition, partly by fanaticism. They

represent only a portion of one tribe, and that tribe only a fraction of the entire population. They are not fighting for self-government, but for power to exercise governmental authority over a people either indifferent or hostile. Their government, where it has existed, has plundered and robbed the people; "never in the worst days of Spanish misrule have the people been so overtaxed and so badly governed." Where our authority has been established, municipal governments are being organized, schools established, industry recommenced. From many of the people have come appeals to us for protection against the insurgents, and where we are able to afford it the protection is welcomed, and the results justify the welcome.

These facts answer such questionings as the following, sent us by an honored friend of *The Outlook*:

The intellectual questions regarding our policy in the Philippines have been discussed in *The Outlook* at much length, but nothing has been said upon the religious questions that press upon simple-hearted men. How does our policy conform with our duty to treat the Filipinos as we ourselves would be treated? How does it conform with our duty to treat the Filipinos as we would treat Christ? When we kill them rather than treat them as we have treated Spanish-Americans from the beginning, are we not killing Christ? and is our inhumanity any the less because the ruling classes now as ever applaud it? Indeed, was not the inhumanity of those who killed Christ to defend their religion less than the inhumanity of those who kill the least of his brethren for any of the motives you avow?

If the armed Filipinos were a nation fighting for liberty, and we were fighting to subjugate them for our commercial advantage, this would be a wicked war and deserve universal execration. But if the armed Filipinos are revolutionaries, inspired by personal ambition and lawless fanaticism and aiming to overthrow the governmental authority to which the United States has fallen heir, and to establish an oligarchic rule over a subjected people, this is a most just and necessary war. That the latter is the case the report of the Commissioners makes clear. And it is substantiated by other independent and unprejudiced testimony. For example:

Formerly a Malay chief regarded his position merely as "a vantage ground for pleasure," and his people as folk of no account, whom Providence had thoughtfully bestowed upon him for the satisfaction of his desires.

He had no sense of responsibility; duty was to him a thing unknown. He had never been taught to recognize any obligation to the country or to the people over whom he ruled. Before him the commoners and peasantry were as driven cattle, and as beasts of burden he treated them.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, in the November "Atlantic," thus describes the Malay chiefs as they were in the Malay peninsula before British example had taught them the meaning of duty. What they were there they are now in the archipelago; so says Mr. Shoemaker in his "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires:"

They [the insurgents] have already enriched themselves at the expense of their people, and boast thereof. Of course they cannot hope to retain these ill-gotten gains if we hold the islands. The people would give us but little trouble, but these self-styled patriots, self-appointed rulers, will be content with but one condition of affairs: First, that the American Government shall supply a chain of warships around the islands to keep off all outside interference. Second, that the entire management of the islands be placed in the hands of this gang of men, especially all offices that enable them to carry out the methods they have learned from three centuries of Spanish teaching. They desire particularly the power to coin money—for themselves. As is always the case, they would be more intolerant of the people, from whose ranks they have so lately risen, than were the Spaniards. What character of men they are will be more fully understood when it is known that Aguinaldo, in the proclamation of his constitution, announced that his government would "*license the Chinese houses of pleasure*." To the uninitiated this sounds innocent enough, yet through such "pleasures" came the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

To compare a military oligarchy inspired by such motives to Christ, and demand that we leave a helpless people for whose care we are responsible to the rule of such a body, appears to us entirely to misapprehend the ethical question which the American people have to decide. The anti-imperialist should not assume that the Filipinos are a nation fighting for freedom against America fighting to subjugate them, and proceed to argue that such subjugation is wrong; he should assume that such subjugation is wrong, and should address himself to the task of proving that the Filipinos are a nation fighting for freedom.

The report of the Commissioners makes the facts clear; and in so doing it makes our duty clear. That duty is not to turn the islands over to a pseudo-government

of a fanatical military oligarchy whose régime is worse than that of Spain at the worst, but to establish and maintain our authority, in order to secure justice, liberty, and the general welfare of the community for whom we are responsible to the Filipinos, to the nations of the earth, to our own consciences, and to God.

Hope for the Southern Negro

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for November Booker T. Washington presents a striking defense of the South in relation to the negro. Taken in connection with Professor Du Bois's volume on "The Philadelphia Negro," reviewed on another page, it indicates that the Northern attitude of superior righteousness is hardly warranted by the facts in the case. "It has been my privilege," says Mr. Washington, "to study the condition of our people in nearly every part of America; and I say, without hesitation, that, with some exceptional cases, the negro is at his best in the Southern States. While he enjoys certain privileges in the North that he does not have in the South, when it comes to the matter of securing property, enjoying business advantages and employment, the South presents a far better opportunity than the North."

Mr. Washington's article contains a succession of facts illustrating the readiness of people in the South to value the negro industrially according to his achievement and not according to his color. "While in some other affairs race prejudice is strongly marked, in the matter of business, of commercial and industrial development, there are few obstacles in the negro's way. A negro who produces or has for sale something that the community wants finds customers among white people as well as black. Upon equal security, a negro can borrow money at the bank as readily as a white man can. A bank in Birmingham, Alabama, which has existed ten years, is officered and controlled wholly by negroes. This bank has white borrowers and white depositors. A graduate of the Tuskegee Institute keeps a well-appointed grocery store in Tuskegee, and he tells me that he sells

about as many goods to one race as to the other. . . . At a county fair in the South, not long ago, I saw a negro awarded the first prize, by a jury of white men, over white competitors, for the production of the best specimen of Indian corn. . . . What I have said of the opening that awaits the negro in the business of agriculture is almost equally true of mechanics, manufacturing, and all the domestic arts. The field is before him and right about him. . . ."

Nor is the willingness to recognize the negro's worth, says Mr. Washington, confined to the field of industry. Speaking of the president of the negro bank just referred to, he says that but a short time ago he read "letters from nearly every prominent white man in Birmingham asking that the Rev. W. R. Pettiford be appointed to a certain important Federal office." From the Montgomery (Alabama) "Advertiser" he clips the following in reference to the closing of a colored school: "The closing exercises of the city colored public school were held at St. Luke's A. M. E. Church last night, and were witnessed by a large gathering, including many whites. The recitations by the pupils were excellent. . . . The success of the exercises reflects great credit on Professor S. M. Murphy, the principal, who enjoys a deserved good reputation as a capable and efficient educator." Nor are the teachers even in the negro schools any longer confined to negroes, or to completely ostracized missionaries from the North. "The medical school for negroes connected with Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has from the first had as instructors and professors almost exclusively Southern white doctors who reside in Raleigh, and they have given the highest satisfaction. In Augusta, Georgia, the Payne Institute, one of the best colleges for our people, is officered and taught almost wholly by Southern white men and women. The Presbyterian Theological School at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has only Southern white men as instructors." Mr. Washington thinks the time is now ripe for the missionary schools supported at the North to employ as teachers Southern whites, for this policy leads the white people of the South to regard the work of the schools with

friendship instead of indifference verging on hostility.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Washington, in his defense of the South, ignores the race feeling, or would abandon or even leave to others the struggle for the political rights accorded to both races on the same terms by the last amendments to the Constitution. "I fear," he says, "that some of the white people of the South may be led to feel that the way to settle the race problem is to repress the aspirations of the negro by legislation of a kind that confers certain legal or political privileges upon an ignorant and poor white man, and withholds the same privileges from a black man in a similar condition." Such legislation, he points out, retards the elevation of the whites as much as it aids the degradation of the blacks, and he appeals to the pride of Southern whites with this telling sentence: "I do not believe that, with his centuries of advantage over the negro in the opportunity to acquire property and education as prerequisites for voting, the average white man in the South desires that any special law be passed to give him further advantage."



A Significant Silence

During the past few months Roman Catholics in this country and England have been trying to prove the injustice of identifying their Church with the condemnation of Dreyfus. Cardinal Vaughan says that the whole affair from beginning to end was a matter of state, of military interests, and of treason, in which the Church had no place. This is probably the conviction of most English-speaking Catholics. On the other hand, a contrary conviction as to their Church's part is held (not to mention the Radicals) by such French Liberal Catholics as M. Hébrard, editor of the Paris "Temps," MM. de Rodays and Cornély, of the "Figaro," and M. Jonnart, formerly Minister of Public Works. The last named claims that the Dreyfus affair has been utilized by the Church to make an onslaught upon liberal institutions and ideas, and to influence Frenchmen toward a clerico-military government.

A long time ago Madame Dreyfus wrote

to the Pope begging his co-operation in the rehabilitation of an innocent man. To her letter there came no reply. Instead, "La Croix" (The Cross), a Roman Catholic penny paper, increased its circulation, so it is claimed, to three hundred thousand in Paris alone, and established adjunct papers similarly named in every French province and in every important town; for instance, the "Croix d'Auvergne," the "Croix de Bordeaux," etc. All of these papers have the same general appearance; in the left-hand corner of each appears a representation of the Crucifixion, and, underneath, the motto, "Adveniat Regnum Tuum" (Thy Kingdom Come). The influence of the "Croix" is not only towards ecclesiastical aggrandizement; it is especially towards that aggrandizement among soldiers. To this end there is a special department in the paper called "Le Courrier Militaire," in which well-written articles appear on military subjects, and in which answers are given to questions from soldiers with relation to their barracks life. Thus France possesses an outward and visible sign of a clerico-military alliance, in which it may be assumed that the party of the first part proposes one day to absorb the party of the second. That gained, the Republic itself might be overawed, and clerical legislation reinstituted. This in turn might lead to a renewal, at least in part, of temporal power—that unworthy ideal which has done so much to prevent the great spiritual success of a mighty Church from becoming still greater.

These facts and suppositions, together with the gratuitous distribution of "La Croix" among the soldiers, have led to the suspicion that the heads of the Catholic Church, not only at Paris but also at Rome, were, to a certain extent, directing the various "Croix" published throughout France. This impression has been strengthened by the Pope's significant silence, and by his recent reception of the editor-in-chief of the paper. Before the Rennes decision, "La Croix" declared that "the Dreyfus case has hardly anything military about it. It is a religious case." After the judgment it said: "Justice has been done. Dreyfus has been condemned. As Frenchmen we rejoice over it. As Catholics we praise God for it."

While "La Croix" appeals to anti-Semitic

Frenchmen, the Jesuit "Civiltà Cattolica" in Italy has been used to appeal to anti-Semites there, and everywhere. This paper coolly advises that it is better not to kill or expel Jews; instead, however, they ought not to be allowed to exercise political rights or any sort of public function.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, replying to Cardinal Vaughan, "Verax," in the London "Times," blames those in authority in the Roman Church because they have allowed the minds of the Catholic people in Europe to be poisoned by a Catholic press. This press has itself done what Cardinal Vaughan protests against—that is, it has sought to identify the Church with the act of injustice whereby Dreyfus was condemned. The "Times" now publishes a more important letter. It is from Mr. St. George Mivart, the well-known scientist. Coming from a devout Roman Catholic, its appeal seems to us peculiarly daring. It is a remarkable event when any Catholic presumes to criticise his spiritual leaders; above all, when he presumes to criticise the Supreme Pontiff. Yet, referring to the Dreyfus affair, Mr. Mivart dares to speak of "the Pope's amazing and appalling silence," and to add that "to keep silence may often be to participate in the evil left undenounced. . . . How eminently, how above all, must this apply to him who stands as the supreme ruler of the Christian conduct and the direct and immediate representative on earth of the God of truth, goodness, and justice!"

It is not alone the absence of a papal pronunciamento in favor of justice to the Jew which Mr. Mivart deplors; to this sin of omission the Pope has added a sin of commission—namely, the reception, "not only without any public censure, but with positive commendation, of the Redemptionist miscreant, Bailly of 'La Croix.' So scandalous a circumstance all Catholics must deeply deplore; and what a lost opportunity for doing incalculable good!"

To the excuse made by Leo XIII.'s apologists that the silence was due to a fear of offending France, Mr. Mivart indignantly exclaims: "Offend France! God's vicar to refrain from telling men what their duty is for fear of consequences! As if God could not be trusted

with the consequences of any acts done in fulfillment of his behests!"

After recalling how the Pope and his Cardinals once misled the world in Galileo's case, Mr. Mivart declares that Dreyfus is the Galileo of the nineteenth century, and that in his case the papal authority "has now misled the world with respect to morals, with the probable result that other millions of Catholics will, one by one, abandon Catholicity."

To those who believe that Dreyfus is the victim of injustice—and nearly the whole world evidently so thinks—the Pope's silence does seem like a lost opportunity.



Knowing God

But how do you know that there is a personal God, and how do you know where he leads? You certainly cannot know except you are told by God himself, and must you not have authority for his having imparted the knowledge? Man of himself alone can do no more than imagine a Creator and speculate about his ways; he cannot comprehend them. —*New York Sun*.

How did Isaac know God? he had no visions. Or Joseph? did he know Him only by dreaming about Him? Or Moses, before he met Him face to face in Sinai? did he before that time only imagine a Creator? and if so, what made him fancy that it was God who spoke to him at the burning bush? Or Samuel? was his sole knowledge derived from the mysterious Voice which called him from his bed in the Tabernacle? Or David? what made him suppose that Jehovah was his Shepherd, and led him beside still waters and in green pastures? Or the author of the Hundred and Third Psalm? how came he to know that Jehovah forgave all his iniquities, healed all his diseases, redeemed his life from destruction, and crowned him with loving-kindness and tender mercies? Or Isaiah? how did he know that they who wait upon Jehovah shall renew their strength; shall mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint?

The Christian knows God, and knows that God instructs, guides, forgives, redeems, strengthens, inspires the soul—that trusts in him, exactly as Isaac and Moses and Samuel and David and Isaiah knew him and his helpfulness, and in no other

way. The knowledge is just as vital and real and the intercommunion as actual to-day as it ever was. The doctrines that there is no God, that God cannot make himself known to men, that he can be known only at second hand, either through a privileged hierarchy or an ancient literature, are all phases of the same general unbelief. The doctrine of the Bible is not that God once *was*, but that he ever is; not that man once knew him, but that men can always know him. Its doctrine is that God is in his world of nature and in his world of men, and that not to be able to see him is to be blind, and not to be able to talk with him is to be deaf and dumb.



Art for the People

The important matter in the art development of a country is not so much the appearance of great artists as the spread of a genuine interest in art among the people of the country. It will be impossible to develop or sustain great art in America until art becomes a natural and inevitable form of expression, and that cannot be until Americans come to feel and think in terms of art. The Dewey Arch is a significant and hopeful sign of the times, because it is illustrative of what might be called almost a spontaneous expression of thought and feeling concerning a striking event in an art form. Those who are anxious, therefore, for the larger and finer expression of American life attach the greatest importance to every wise and rational method of reaching the general public, and of making that public in some way sharers in art interest and art advancement. For this reason the opening of the annual exhibition in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg on Wednesday of last week, to continue until the first day of January, is a matter of National importance. The Institute, which is one of the most admirably equipped institutions for public education and recreation in the country, was built by the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, at a cost of something over \$800,000. To this noble gift Mr. Carnegie added a further gift of a million dollars as an endowment fund for the support of the art and science departments, the music hall and the library being supported by appropriations from

the city of Pittsburg. So quickly did the public respond to the opportunities offered by the Institute, and so soon did the Institute take its place in the life of the city, that the building is already overcrowded, and plans have been prepared for an addition, which will be larger than the original building, and for which Mr. Carnegie has made the further gift of nearly \$1,800,000. It is proposed to provide in the enlarged building ample space for a permanent collection of paintings, galleries for annual and special exhibitions, statuary and architectural halls, rooms for the display of photographs, drawing, etchings, engravings, statues, and accommodations for a school of art, together with such appointments of every kind as each department may demand.

The bare statement of the facts is sufficient to suggest the broad lines upon which the Carnegie Institute has been organized, and the generous foundation for public education and the encouragement and development of art which it provides. The founding and equipment of such an institution is quite as important as the founding and organization of a university. It is a great art university, providing the best teaching, not only through professional teachers and in graded classes, but through a constant exhibition of good works of art, a constant offering of the best music, and the opening of the doors to the best books in the world. One feature of the Institute deserves special attention because in this country, at least, it is novel, and because also it tends to enlarge the scope of the Institute and to heighten its educational significance. The annual exhibition of paintings, instead of being placed in the hands of a local committee or of a board of trustees, is practically in the hands of the painters of the world. Through their representatives any artist may submit his work for the consideration of the jury which makes the selection of pictures to be exhibited. This jury meets in October, and is clothed with sole power to select the works which shall be exhibited, to place the pictures in position, and to award the medals and honors. It consists of eleven members, one of whom is the Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee of the Board of Trustees; the other members of the jury are elected by vote. Each painter who is invited to

submit examples of his work for exhibition has the privilege of voting for ten members of the jury, two of whom shall be residents of Europe. Under this arrangement two eminent artists from abroad are invited every year to Pittsburg; are brought in personal contact with American artists; are invited to co-operate with them, and have the opportunity of becoming familiar with the conditions and prospects of art in this country. The two foreign jurors this year are Raffaelli, the distinguished French painter whose work is so well known in this country and who has made so many personal friends here, and William Stott, of Oldham, the English painter.

These gentlemen have made the selection of pictures which now hang upon the walls of the Institute, and they have personally awarded the medals, of which there are four. Under this arrangement the highest expert judgment is secured for the original selection of pictures to be exhibited, and the best professional judgment secured as to the relative value of these pictures; while the organization of the jury prevents the management of the exhibition from falling into the hands of a clique or group of artists, and promises to insure, not only intelligence, but catholicity. So far the exhibitions have been successful in bringing together representative contemporaneous paintings from many different sources, exhibiting many different methods and representing many different schools; and the people of Pittsburg have the opportunity of seeing at their own doors some of the best art products of the world. In this way the Institute fulfills its main purpose—the education of the people in matters of taste and artistic excellence. This year the gold medal, with an award of \$1,500, has been given to Miss Cecilia Beaux for her portrait of "Mother and Child."

A further purpose is served in the promotion of art by the encouragement furnished to painters in all parts of the country. The exhibition is open to the most remote and obscure painter on the continent. Every painter has an opportunity of securing attention at Pittsburg, if he chooses to avail himself of it; while the distribution of prizes and medals furnishes a further incentive for contribution. Such an institution is worthy of careful

study as furnishing an admirable example of the intelligent use of a great endowment for the double purpose of popular education and of the furtherance of art. The brief history of the Institute is a standing illustration of the fact that there is no antagonism between these two ends. The better a thing is in any art the surer in the long run is it to secure popular appreciation and command popular approval. Art can never become a natural form of expression until the esoteric conception of its growth and use is wholly abandoned. It must look to itself for its own standards; it must find its subjects within itself; but it can never be great unless it touches the life of the people, and in turn educates them. In this connection the words of Mr. William Stott, the English artist, one of the members of the jury of this autumn, are worth quoting: "Such an institution as the Carnegie Art Gallery is like a seed sown in the ground; it is bound to germinate and develop from year to year. Artists are born here, but unless they have something to feed upon they cannot develop. Vast industries give opportunity for the development of the commercial man, and no less is a magnificent art gallery a stimulus for the embryo artist."



The Spectator

It isn't everybody that understands the gentle art of managing engaged couples; indeed, after some thought on the subject and some critical experiences, the Spectator has almost come to the conclusion that nobody knows how to manage them—least of all they themselves. Naturally, they are difficult to adjust socially and domestically, because they, poor things! really are monstrosities in a way, being neither the fish, flesh, and fowl of unattached mortals, nor yet the good red herring of married folk. The Spectator, before the day when he received a schooling which he will relate, was accustomed to treat engaged people with that ordinary civility and that decent regard for his conventional relation to them that he tries to offer to all his social world.



But one day—this was years ago—he happened to be caught in the place where

every one of us is sure to be cornered at some time, and most of us more than once; namely, between the upper millstone of a room empty save for himself and the lower millstone of an incoming engaged couple who had by all outward evidences (too apparent to any sympathetic heart) fully expected to find that room vacant. No one on earth could have been more sorry for them than was the Spectator. In his sympathy for young lovers he was then, and is now, a fairly disgusting mush of sentiment; but in this case he was sorry for himself, too. This room he then occupied was the only retired spot in that house; he knew that, and to it he had retreated to finish some work very important to him, that he trusted might also prove important to others. But these facts were not by him weighed for a moment in the balances as against the infinitely more important claim of those intruding upon him. They needed this room far more than he, and it was imperative, he knew, that he should vacate as soon as possible. It was not the question of retiring in their favor that vexed the Spectator's soul; he was glad to concede his place in a cause so sweetly interesting; but how to retire? there lay the Spectator's quandary. The Spectator is a modest man, and, trying to put himself in the place of the young people, decided that for him to pick up his books and pens and writing-pads and rush away would not only be indelicate in the extreme, but would cover those who, from the bottom of his heart, he wished only to serve, with dire confusion. To thus broadly imply by his actions that he believed they had come here for the direct purpose of being alone together—it was too crude to be thought of.



So the Spectator, as uncomfortable and sorry for himself as he could be the while, sat there nervously playing with his writing materials, and forcing what was meant to be easy chat while that young couple sat and looked at him; and as they looked the Spectator slowly became aware that the eyes of both, not the gentleman's only, but the lady's, it must be confessed, grew sadder and sadder and more and more reproachful, while their responses to his labored conversation grew more

and more mechanical. The Spectator felt himself growing hot all over. This ill-bred little couple—what had they expected him to do! Put his hands playfully before his eyes and with their entrance slide out past them, uttering some banal jest about "turtle-doves"? Alas! berate them as he might, the Spectator was unhappily aware that he had never before seen—when separate—the slightest indication of ill-breeding or indelicacy in either of these newly contracted parties. Yet here they were, together demanding of him as plainly as eyes could speak that he should treat them to the most unconventional and crude conduct. The Spectator had meant to get himself out of their way after a decent interval, on some flimsy excuse that would still veil the true reason for his exit. As it was, he now rose, wordless, hot, and awkward, and somehow shambled foolishly out of the room, followed, he could see, by four beaming eyes that made no more effort to conceal their present gratitude and pleasure than they had made to hide their previous discontent. Their only resentment, if resentment they still held, was that the Spectator had not gone before, and the only person concerned who was in the least embarrassed by the barefaced leaving of lovers to their billing and cooing was the Spectator himself.



My dear young friends, the trouble is, you don't like any treatment of any kind that a mortal can render to you. What you want is as noiseless a vanishing, and, let me add, as bottomless a patience, as angels alone could give you. There is a door to every room, you know, and out of that door the wingless and visible must materially pass to leave you to that privacy which you wish; and you must not forget, also, that well-bred people don't usually rise and suddenly charge from a room, with nothing said and with no excuse offered. What do you want us to say to you as we retire? If you'd give us a little time, we'd think up something delicate and graceful; but you don't give us time, and you embarrass by this haste you insist upon. Our point of difference is that you want us to "stand not upon the order of our going, but go at once," and we find that mode of exit much too ignominious.

You must allow some leeway for the other side. So far as the Spectator is concerned, once and only once in his life did he, as he has just described, shamble wordless and abashed from the presence of lovers. Since then, though he has always retired most promptly, he has done so not ignominiously, but as he has indicated, and with some of the honors of war. What would you have? Are all the honors of war, and of love too, to go to the lovers? No, no! If you wish privacy, it must be had at some price, and that price the Spectator believes in making you pay. Ah me! Are you not the winners, after all, say what we will—we old folk? "Look out, at the moon to-night," said an old lady to the Spectator. "Don't you wish you were young again and just engaged?" The Spectator looked. Ah me! again. She knew—that old lady!

Upon his soul, the Spectator does not mean to be hard on the engaged. He sees the practical hardships of their case. What are they engaged for? To be married, to be sure, and nothing else; and here they are for varying spaces of time not married and yet not really single. It's in the nature of things a bewildering and impossible social condition, that gets on the nerves sooner or later and then plays the mischief generally. The Spectator knew an old gentleman who was a past-master in dealing with the engaged. On one occasion, when he was acting as director of a bank, the case of one of the employees was laid before the board with the advice that the board dispense with that employee's services.

"What's wrong with him?" asked the past-master. "He's been with us some time, and he used to be satisfactory."

"I know it," stated the complainant. "He can do perfectly satisfactory work, and that's all the more reason why his present work is inexcusable. He's been warned, and warned repeatedly."

"What's wrong with him?" repeated the past-master.

"Everything half done, scamped, no attention to anything."

"I didn't ask what was wrong with his work. What's wrong with *him*?"

"With him? I've heard he's engaged to a girl out of town. He's spending his

time and strength going back and forth, I suppose."

"Well," said the past-master, "I should advice raising his salary to a point that will let him bring the young lady to this town. He's been good before, and it's likely he'll be good again if we give him the chance."



Now this old bank director was not a sentimental soul like the Spectator. His was a business mind, and his suggestion, kindly as it was, was simply a business suggestion, founded not so much on a knowledge of lovers proper as on a knowledge of human nature. Any uncertain contract that the contractors enter into with enthusiasm such as that which usually attends an engagement of marriage must, as time goes on, become a problem more and more harassingly and consumingly interesting. There are contracts that can be proved wise or unwise only on fulfillment—and of these is marriage. It is perfectly natural, then, that the hanging of a contract to marry should be an uneasy business; and the longer it hangs, of course, the more uneasy and disproportionately absorbed the contractors become. Every good business man knows that an important and unfulfilled contract—like Mr. Stockton's pink-headed fool of a Scotchman—is a "dangerous thing to have about the house." Therefore, said the wily old director, "let the young people marry;" and marry they did, with just the good results that the prophet had foretold. But, mark you, even this past-master in the art of dealing with the engaged dealt with them in a manner that immediately changed their condition. When called on to adjust their difficulties, he did not stop to reform them as they were, but (O learned judge!) married them out of hand and as fast as he could.



We can't all be bank directors, nor all providences that hurry contracts for marriages to fulfillment. In the meantime we shall have to put up with the engaged as best we may. Sometimes we shall treat them so delicately that they will call us, to each other, unsympathetic, and wonder why we can't see that they don't want us. (That experience of his sticks

in the Spectator's throat.) Sometimes we shall be so indelicate as to call forth other confidences ; and of only one thing can we and they be sure—whatever we do or leave undone, we shall not satisfy those who, by the nature of their contract and condition,

are unsatisfied, and pledged to remain so until they can take that certain place in the community and in the domestic circle which now, poor nebulae! they have each lost as two people, and can regain only as one.

The Report of the Philippine Commission

A PRELIMINARY report of the Philippine Commissioners is given to the public. If printed in *The Outlook* in full, it would occupy many columns. The report in full can probably be obtained by any reader through his Representative in Washington. We give here the substance of it, with verbatim quotations of the most important portions. It is signed by all four of the Commissioners, President J. G. Schurman, Admiral George Dewey, the Hon. Charles Denby, and Professor Dean C. Worcester.

The report begins with a history of the commencement of the present war, substantially confirming the history as given in *The Outlook* of April 22, 1899. The insurrection in 1896 was not a war for independence, but for relief from intolerable abuses. The demands formulated by the insurgents were : Expulsion of the friars ; restitution to the townships or to the original owners, where they could be ascertained, of the lands which the friars had appropriated ; parliamentary representation ; freedom of the press ; religious toleration ; equality in treatment and pay between peninsular and insular civil servants ; abolition of autocratic and despotic methods in government ; legal equality for all persons under the civil and penal codes. The war was closed by an agreement on the part of Spain to many of these demands, including representation in the Cortes of Spain, the expulsion of the friars, the right of association, and a free press. These promises were coupled with payment of money to Aguinaldo. There is nothing in the Commission's report to justify the current charges of personal corruption against him, though it is stated that "the whole arrangement was not acceptable to the people ; they were angry because a matter of business had been made out of a revolution." The promises of Spain were never carried out,

and the result was sporadic risings which came to nothing.

While in this condition, war broke out between Spain and America, Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, Aguinaldo was allowed to come to Cavite on board an American vessel and allowed to land and organize an army ; but "no alliance of any kind was entered into with Aguinaldo, nor was any promise of independence made to him then or at any other time." The Filipinos, however, began to attack the Spanish troops, the Filipino militia revolted from Spain and joined the insurgents, and "while the Spanish troops now remained quietly in Manila, the Filipino forces made themselves masters of the entire island except that city. . . . When the city of Manila was taken on August 13, the Filipinos took no part in the attack, but came following in with a view of looting the city, and were only prevented from doing so by our forces preventing them from entering." Aguinaldo claimed possession of certain buildings, spoils of war, and arms of the prisoners, all of which were refused to him. The relations between the native and the American forces became more and more strained ; revolutionary clubs were organized in Manila and neighboring villages and towns ; attempts by conservative Filipinos to enter into conference and establish friendly relations with America were thwarted by Aguinaldo ; persistent and continuous efforts to advance the Filipino forces into the city of Manila were made. The conferences initiated by the commanding general to secure a mutual understanding failed because the Filipino commissioners were "either unable or unwilling to give any definite statements of the intent, purposes, and aims of their people." At the close of the last session they were given full assurances that no hostile act would be inaugurated by the United States troops.

None was. Nevertheless, on the evening of February 4 an attempt was made to force our lines, followed by signal rockets sent up by the Filipinos and firing at our forces all along the line. How far Aguinaldo was personally responsible for this the Commission is uncertain. "It is doubtful whether he had the power to check or control the army at the time hostilities broke out," but it is clear to the Commission that the war could not have been avoided by the Americans. "They were attacked by a bold, adventurous, and enthusiastic army. No alternative was left to us except ignominious retreat. It is not to be conceived of that any American would have sanctioned the surrender of Manila to the insurgents; our obligations to other nations, to the friendly Filipinos, to ourselves, and to our flag, demanded that force should be met by force."

As the result of the fighting the insurgent forces were everywhere driven back and the American line extended. Nevertheless :

On the night of February 22 some 500 insurgents entered the district of the city known as Tondo, where they started a conflagration and fired on our guards. It had been planned that the local militia should join in this attack. All the whites were to have been massacred, and certain enthusiasts had even wished to include the mestizos (people of mixed descent) in the list of the proscribed, but prompt and vigorous action on the part of the Provost Marshal, General Hughes, rendered the intended uprising abortive, and no subsequent attempt was ever made.

This was the week following the famous proclamation calling for the assassination of all foreigners, posted February 15, 1899, though to this proclamation the Commissioners make no reference. This brings the history down to March 4, when the Commission reached Manila. What they found is thus graphically described :

When the Commission reached Manila on March 4, the situation in the city was bad. Incendiary fires occurred daily. The streets were almost deserted. Half of the native population had fled, and most of the remainder were shut in their houses. Business was at a standstill. Insurgent troops everywhere faced our lines, and the sound of rifle fire was frequently audible at our house. A reign of terror prevailed. Filipinos who had favored Americans feared assassination, and few had the courage to come out openly for us. Fortunately, there were among this number some of the best men of the city.

Nor were the conditions without much better :

In the remaining provinces of Luzon, the Tagalog rebellion was viewed at first with indifference and later with fear. Throughout the archipelago at large there was trouble only at those points to which armed Tagalogs had been sent in considerable numbers. In general, such machinery of "government" as existed served only for plundering the people under the pretext of levying "war contributions," while many of the insurgent officials were rapidly accumulating wealth. The administration of justice was paralyzed and crime of all sorts was rampant. Might was the only law. Never in the worst days of Spanish misrule had the people been so overtaxed or so badly governed. In many provinces there was absolute anarchy, and from all sides came petitions for protection and help, which we were unable to give, as troops could not be spared. The feeling between the opposing armies was at this time very bitter.

The advance of our troops for a time aggravated rather than improved these conditions :

When General MacArthur began the movement which ended in the taking of Malolos, the natives, at the order of General Luna, fired their towns before his advancing columns. Those who were unwilling to leave their homes were driven out by insurgent soldiers, who burned their houses. The object of this inhuman procedure was to compel the inhabitants to flee before us, and thus prevent their learning from experience that the fearful tales concerning our soldiers, with which they had been deceived, were myths. This method of procedure, eminently successful at first, in the end recoiled on its authors, provoking so much opposition that the obnoxious order was revoked.

These evils were, however, temporary, and the benefits of American law are already being felt :

The flow of population soon began to set toward the city. Natives who had fled from their homes returned, while many of those outside our lines began to clamor for admission, regarding Manila as a place of refuge to be sought, rather than as, at the time of our arrival, a danger center to be avoided. The native population nearly doubled in two weeks, and it was necessary to impose severe restrictions on immigration in order to prevent dangerous overcrowding. Among the refugees came men of intelligence from all over Luzon.

Nor is this improvement in conditions confined to the city of Manila. It extends also to the regions which had been desolated by the Filipino armies, but in which order has been restored by the American advance :

Before the Commission left the Philippines, nearly all the inhabitants had returned to these ruined villages. Many of the houses

had been rebuilt. Fields that had lain fallow for three years were green with growing crops. Municipal government had been established, and the people, protected by our troops, were enjoying peace, security, and a degree of participation in their own government previously unknown in the history of the Philippines. Attempts of the insurgents to raise recruits and money in the province of Bulacan were proving abortive, except when backed by bayonets and bullets, and even in such cases the natives were applying to us for help to resist them.

The Filipinos had learned from their experience with Spain to distrust promises. They asked for acts. It was in consequence of this that attempts were made in various sections to establish civil law. "Early in June the Supreme Court was reopened with five Filipino and three American justices. Courts of first instance and justice courts were established later, when the difficult problem of securing suitable Filipino officials had been satisfactorily solved." Subsequently municipal governments were established in towns in which the presence of American troops made this possible. Preliminary work was, however, in almost all cases necessary. Although the towns were no longer burned by the retreating armies, they were left desolate. The inhabitants "had been plundered by the insurgent troops, who had robbed them of jewelry, money, clothing, and even food, so that they were literally starving. Peaceful citizens had been fired on, women had been maltreated, and there was genuine satisfaction that the Americans had come at last. Large quantities of food were distributed among the hungry, a measure which resulted in great good."

With the assistance of two able Filipino lawyers the Commission prepared a simple scheme of municipal government, similar enough to the old system to be readily comprehensible to the natives, but giving them liberties which they had never before enjoyed. The scheme was adopted in its entirety by General Lawton, and at his request a member of the Commission accompanied him to aid in putting it into effect.

In each town the people were called together and an election was held. The officials chosen were fully instructed as to their duties, and were advised that they must expend every cent raised by taxation in defraying local expenses. In every instance enthusiasm ran high before we took our departure, and when we left, cheers were raised for General Lawton and for the country which he represented.

With a single exception, the officials elected proved worthy of the trust imposed in them,

and conditions very rapidly improved in the newly organized towns, each of which soon became a center of attraction for the insurgent soldiers whose families resided within its limits. Deserters began to come in, some of them bringing their arms. Opposition to the insurgent forces grew rapidly among the peaceable natives of the province. Deputations came secretly from many important towns begging us to advance our lines and do for them what we had done for Bacoor and Imus.

This was impossible, but governments were organized with satisfactory results in twelve cities, where, however, large supervision was necessary because the officials were timid about assuming responsibility and slow to comprehend their new duties. "At many of the elections voters went in succession to the Commissioner present, the military representative, and the native priest, asking whom they were expected to vote for, and it was only with great difficulty and by dint of much argument that they were persuaded to exercise the right of free suffrage."

Although thus only a beginning has been made towards self-government under American guidance and authority, the results already achieved seem to the Commission full of promise, and their description of conditions certainly is more hopeful than that afforded by some of the reports which have come through the press:

When we left Manila, a large volume of business was being done, and the streets were so crowded as to be hardly safe. The native people were quiet and orderly, and all fear of an uprising had long since passed. A system of public schools in which English was taught had been advocated by the Commission, and established by General Otis. Some six thousand scholars were in attendance. In the Tagalog provinces of Luzon, where the anti-American feeling had been strongest, public sentiment had greatly changed, as evidenced by the fact that the Military Governor of Balangas had offered to surrender his troops and his province if we would only send a small force there. The Bicolis, in southern Luzon, had risen against their Tagalog masters. The Macabebes were clamoring for an opportunity to fight in our ranks, and native soldiers and scouts were already serving under General Lawton. Stories of the corruption of insurgent officers were becoming daily more common, and the disintegration of the enemy's forces was steadily progressing. The hope of assistance from outside sources seemed to be all that held them together.

The difficulties attendant upon absolute independence are illustrated by the attempt of the inhabitants of the island of Negros, who "are exceptionally prosperous

and enlightened, and who had the good sense to keep out Tagalog adventurers and retain control of their own affairs," to adopt for themselves a government which they believed themselves capable of carrying on without intervention. Aid was given and soldiers were furnished to protect them from warlike mountain tribes, but after the lapse of a few months they began to accuse their own officials of dishonesty, and then to ask Americans for their aid and protection in local affairs. At their request this was furnished, and an American was placed in control, though the people were left a large voice in their affairs. This system has just been put into operation. The people are satisfied, and public order is better in the island to-day than at any time during the last twenty years.

The Commission report their efforts at conciliation, which have been more patient and persistent than the public is aware. Nor were these efforts without response. "The so-called Congress of Aguinaldo voted for a peaceful settlement on the basis of the Commission's proclamation, and Mabini, the irreconcilable head of the so-called Cabinet, was replaced by Paterno, the former mediator between the Spanish Government and Aguinaldo."

But nothing came of negotiations, as Aguinaldo's emissaries were without powers and merely came and came again for information. The courteous reception accorded to them by the Commission, the fullness of the information communicated to them, the assurances of a liberal form of government when they laid down their arms, and the earnest appeals to them to stop further bloodshed in a struggle which could only end in their defeat—all witness to the spirit of patient conciliation exhibited by the Commission in endeavoring to reach an amicable adjustment with the insurgents, and the obduracy of Aguinaldo in continuing forcible resistance and in refusing even to outline terms which might be compared with the terms offered or with the concessions which the superior power might have been willing to make. No better proof could be furnished that the primary object of his struggle is not, as is pretended, the liberty of the Filipino peoples, but the continuance of his own arbitrary and despotic power. In any event, the American people may feel confident that no effort was omitted by the Commission to secure a peaceful end of the struggle, but the opportunities they offered and urged were all neglected, if not, indeed, spurned.

On the subject of the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government the judgment

of the Commission, based on extended investigations, is, briefly, as follows: That the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands are a heterogeneous people with a diversity of languages which are mutually unintelligible, and without either unity or possibility of unity in their present condition, and that while the intellectual capacities of the Filipinos are high, they have not been developed by education or experience. The masses of the people are not educated. The basis for self-government at present does not exist. Self-government as the American ideal should constantly be kept in view as the goal, but it cannot be assumed as the starting-point. Should America withdraw, the Commission believes that the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy, which would excuse, if it did not necessitate, the intervention of other Powers. The Filipinos cannot stand alone. "Thus the welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of National honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago. We cannot from any point of view escape the responsibilities of the government which our sovereignty entails, and the Commission is strongly persuaded that the performance of our National duty will prove the greatest blessing to the peoples of the Philippine Islands."

The Commission pays a tribute to the character of our soldiers, and indignantly deny the charges which have been made against them of "desecrating churches, murdering prisoners, and committing unmentionable crimes. If churches were occupied, it was only as a military necessity, and frequently after their use as forts by the insurgents had made it necessary to train our artillery upon them. Prisoners were taken whenever opportunity offered, often only to be set at liberty after being disarmed and fed. Up to the time of our departure, though several spies had been captured, not a single Filipino had been executed." The report closes with a very brief statement of the natural wealth of the islands, of the industrial advantages to the people of our protection and control, and the prophecy, quoted from a leading Filipino, that in the future his people will "become more American than Americans themselves."

Power of the Church in City Politics

By Bird S. Coler

Comptroller of the City of New York

[Mr. Bird S. Coler needs no introduction to the readers of *The Outlook* in the State of New York. Outside that State he may not be as well known. Elected Comptroller of the City of New York in the fall of 1897, on the same ticket as Mayor Van Wyck, he has been active in exposing public corruption and in promoting public reform. He initiated an investigation of the previous financial administration in Brooklyn, and brought to light frauds which had been perpetrated upon the city. He seized the opportunity furnished by a great fire at Coney Island to urge upon the people a plan for converting the burned district into a public park. His promptness in exposing the attempted Ramapo water steal thwarted that piece of jobbery. His figures respecting the present debt and prospective income of the city of New York furnished a financial basis for the demand that the subway should be built and owned by the city, by showing that it could be so built; and no man, unless it be Governor Roosevelt, has done more than he to make that result probable. This article, which he has furnished to us at our request, gives to our readers views respecting civic reform by one who is at once a practical politician and a vigorous reformer, and the principles inculcated in it are equally applicable to all cities, large and small.—THE EDITORS.]

A GREAT leader in American politics was once asked how to build up a political organization that would hold together for more than one campaign. His reply was: "Begin at the bottom and work up!"

If the churches of New York City would take that advice for a text, they would be able to exert more power for the making of good citizens and better government than any political influence in existence. The individual who holds that the Church has no place in politics would confine within narrow and selfish bounds the greatest civilizing force in the world. The Church must be broad enough to work for humanity, to civilize, to educate, to strive for better civic and material conditions, to save men as well as souls, else it falls short of the proper exercise of its power for good. Let the churches begin at the bottom and work up. They must get closer to the masses of the people. When they condemn a social or political condition, they must be able to lead the way to something better. Abuse and denunciation alone will not improve the moral condition of a man or a community. Municipal government is what the people of a city make it. It cannot long remain better or worse than the majority that created it, and city politics will be pure or corrupt according to the controlling influence.

Without intending to criticise individuals or organizations, experience in politics and public life has convinced me that the Church influence in New York City has never been brought to bear upon civic and political conditions in a proper and helpful way. Denunciation from the pulpit may expose to the public gaze a sore spot on the body politic, but it will not eradicate the disease. A sermon on politics reaches very few voters, and men to be well taught must receive instruction direct. A majority of the voters in this city do not attend church, and, in order to teach them a higher and better knowledge of their civic and political duties, the Church must go to them, must reach them in their homes, in their own social world, or in the fields where they toil, approaching them gently and kindly, and compelling their interest by instructing them first as their power over themselves and their fellow-men. I believe that, if the chances are equal, a man will be a good citizen rather than a bad one. Ignorant and indifferent citizenship is responsible for bad politics, which leads to corrupt government; therefore, if the Church would improve the political condition of the city, it must first better the moral condition of the citizens.

Politics tends to encourage and develop the selfishness inherent in human nature, and the most indifferent voter may be

made to take a new and commendable interest in public affairs if taught that he will be directly benefited by good government. The men of the Church and the Christian Associations who have attempted to reach the masses and arouse their civic pride have, as a rule, made the mistake of beginning at the top. As a result, they do not reach the people they would benefit. The political leader begins at the bottom. He forms his club in the back room of a saloon, and works up to a club-house. The Church starts with a club-house and ends with a failure. There must be a meeting-point between the two extremes. The unscrupulous politician wins votes for corrupt politics by promises of individual reward. The Church may win votes for pure politics by the guarantee of general benefit from better government. To the voters of the tenements municipal government is represented by the policeman, the sanitary inspector, and the public school, in the order named. The boy of the slums is reared in an atmosphere of antagonism to law and order, an environment destructive of good citizenship and dangerous to the community.

Social and material conditions in great cities divide the voters into two classes. In one class are the men of property and intelligence who desire honest and capable government irrespective of partisanship. In the other class are the men without property and those of inferior intelligence who too often feel that they have little or no direct interest in local government unless they receive some personal benefit. Politicians, for purposes of their own, encourage the continuance of this division and aggravate the antagonism between the two classes. The lower class is much the larger of the two, and, by reason of its inferior education and intelligence, is the more easily swayed by appeals to the passions or emotions.

The work of the Church in politics should not be confined to one class. The two must be brought together in a better understanding of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, that antagonism may be allayed and that one class may help the other upon the common ground of the general welfare. It is within the power of the Church to bring about a result so much to be desired by all good citizens. The men of the Church

who undertake the work, however, must first learn something of the methods of the practical politician, and proceed along similar lines until they have awakened the interest of the masses. Begin at the bottom and first teach the people that they will be directly benefited by good government and the strict enforcement of law and order. Develop and encourage interest in public affairs and create a sound public opinion. Teach the people that the overthrow of one party or faction and the success of another is never a guarantee of permanent reform, but that good government cannot long exist without a basis of good and intelligent citizenship. The people as a whole want honest and progressive administration of public business, and it would be a gross libel on the voters of New York to say that a majority of them would knowingly vote to place vicious or dishonest men in office.

Any section of the city, any election district, can be carried in a municipal election by a party or individual that can guarantee to the voters concerned a betterment of their condition, and convince them that the promise will be fulfilled. A platform proposing more and better schools, improved streets, additional parks and bridges, lower taxes, greater economy in the conduct of the public business, a better enforcement of law and order; in brief, a declaration that the city is to be made cleaner and better, and in every way a more desirable place in which to live, will win any election in New York, provided the voters can be made to believe that the declaration will be carried out in good faith. No party lash nor partisan appeal will long drive men to vote against their own interests and the general welfare of the community in which they live.

The citizens themselves can make such a platform, and they can enforce the fulfillment of every pledge therein; but they must first be taught to realize their own power in the matter, and then to exercise that power soberly and with discretion. There lies the work for the Church in politics. Teach the people that the government of the city is, and will always be, what they make it. Teach them that the public welfare is the concern of the individual, and that good citizenship alone is at once the basis and the safeguard of permanent government.

The young men of the Church who take an interest in public affairs may find a wide and fruitful field among the poor of the city. It ought to be as easy to interest a man in good government and intelligent citizenship as it is to interest him in bad politics. Begin right and the work will not be difficult. The first step is to reach the man; the second to interest him; and the proof of the method is to hold his interest. There are various ways in which the Church can undertake the work outlined in a practical way that will insure success. Political organizations have found the small and inexpensive social club, where the workingman is made to feel at ease and enabled to enjoy certain privileges and advantages too often denied to him in his own home, the surest way of reaching the masses. An experiment along the same lines is worth a thorough trial. If every church in New York should establish a small club or

reading-room, to be gradually converted into a school for instruction in public affairs and the cultivation of civic pride, the way would be paved for direct communication between the two classes of citizens that would in the end be beneficial to both. Such places should not be cold, cheerless, conventional lecture halls where superior knowledge is exhibited on a pedestal of pride and superiority. There the man of the Church and the man of large affairs should meet the laborer in overalls as man and man, each interested in the promotion of conditions of mutual benefit. Every light and shade of such a club-room should spell a broad and generous welcome to humanity, and every man who crossed the threshold should be made to feel that, no matter how humble his station in life, the public welfare is in some small measure committed to his keeping, and that he can do something towards the making of a better city.

Why I am Not a Universalist

By Lyman Abbott

[The following address was delivered at the Universalist General Convention, in Boston, on Monday evening, October 23, 1899. It was Interdenominational Evening; Governor Wolcott had delivered an address of welcome and Dr. Francis G. Peabody had spoken for the Unitarian denomination immediately preceding this address.—THE EDITORS.]

IT would be pleasant to-night simply to speak of those great fundamental truths in which all Congregationalists, whether they call themselves Unitarian, Universalist, or Orthodox, are agreed. But it has seemed to me that it would be of more service, both to the denomination which I represent and to that to which I am speaking, if I should tell you, as far as I can in a short address, why Liberal Congregationalists are not Universalists. It is true that no Congregationalist has a right to speak with authority for other Congregationalists. Yet I think it very clear that modern Congregationalism does not accept the doctrine of eternal punishment as it was preached by Jonathan Edwards, or even by Charles G. Finney. It may still be entertained as a scholastic theory by a few minds. It may be occasionally preached in isolated pulpits. But it is not found to any extent in the ministry of even the more conservative pulpits of to-day, and certainly not in the pulpits

of Liberal Congregationalists. Personally I absolutely disown it. I do not believe that any one of God's creatures will be kept by God in eternal existence simply that he may go on in sin and misery forever. The proposition has long since become spiritually unthinkable to me. I might perhaps believe that a soul could suffer eternally; but I cannot believe that any being that God ever made will be kept in existence by God that he may go on in sin eternally.

What was the old doctrine of eternal punishment? The Savoy Confession, up to about the middle of this century, was the recognized expression of Orthodox Congregationalism. Not that it was binding on Orthodox Congregationalists; but it was the only historic creed they possessed. Except in the matter of polity, and one or two minor matters, it was identical with the Westminster Confession of Faith; and this was the substance of its statement: It declared that our first parents fell by

eating the forbidden fruit ; that, they being the root of all mankind, their guilt was imputed and their sinful and corrupted nature was conveyed to all their posterity ; that as a result we are "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good ;" that from the race thus lost and ruined in the Fall, "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others are foreordained to everlasting death ;" that those not effectually called, God was pleased, "for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice ;" and that those "not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved."

Specifically, and clause by clause, I disown that statement. I do not accept it "for substance of doctrine." I do not believe that the guilt of Adam and Eve was imputed, or that their sinful and corrupt nature was conveyed to their posterity. I do not believe that we are "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good." I do not believe that some men are foreordained to everlasting death. I do not believe that it has pleased God to pass any by and ordain them to dishonor and wrath. Least of all do I believe that men, strive however much they may, cannot be saved unless they have something more than the call of the ministry of the Word and "the common operations of God's Spirit." This doctrine is inconsistent with the character of a righteous God. I might fear such a God ; I might tremble before such a God ; I might, because I was a coward, obey such a God ; but I could not reverence such a God. It is inconsistent with the faith that Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, for it was not his nature to pass any by or to ordain any to dishonor and wrath. It is inconsistent with the Scripture : inconsistent with the parable of the prodigal son, which is Christ's epitome of the Gospel ; inconsistent with the declaration of Paul that "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Jesus Christ to be the Lord, to the glory of God the Father ;" inconsistent with the very chapters of

Romans on which it is supposed to be founded, for they close with the declaration that "God hath concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all ;" inconsistent with the splendid picture John paints, of the time when every creature that is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, shall give praise and glory to the God of their salvation. This doctrine of the particular choice of some to glory and virtue, and the predetermined choice of others to wrath and dishonor, I disown as unphilosophical, antagonistic to the instincts of justice in humanity, paralyzing to Christian activity, dishonoring to God, unethical, unscriptural, irreverent, and untrue.

And yet I am not a Universalist. I am going to try to tell you why not.

We may approach life from either one of two points of view. We may approach it by the study of phenomena from without, or by the interrogation of consciousness from within. If we approach it by a study of the phenomena without, we come to the inevitable conclusion that not only physical nature, but human nature, is under great divine laws, and under a great divine Lawgiver. If there were not such laws, if life were a mere aggregation of individual wills, no science of human life would be possible. There could be neither history nor philosophy nor sociology nor ethics, because the science of life is not the mere reporting of phenomena, nor the mere classification of phenomena in their respective pigeon-holes ; it is the recognition of the laws under which the phenomena take place. The existence of sociology, or the law of society ; of ethics, or the law of the moral life ; of commercial law, or the law of the shop—the very existence of these laws is itself demonstration that the world of men, like the world of nature, is under law and a Lawgiver. But we may also interrogate life from within ; and if we do, the first and fundamental fact we confront is the fact of our own freedom. Freedom with limitations, freedom in a certain domain, freedom within narrow boundaries : but, within those boundaries, absolute freedom. It is in vain for Jonathan Edwards to tell us that man is like a pair of scales and always inclines to the heaviest motive, otherwise he would incline to the lightest

motive, which is a contradiction in terms. We come back to Samuel Johnson's utterance, "All argument is against the freedom of the will; we know we are free, and that's the end on't."

The men who take their point of view from the outward world, studying law from phenomena, become in theology Calvinists; the men who take their point of view from consciousness, studying it from within, become Arminians. I adopt, and I think most Liberal Congregationalists adopt, the second method. We believe that the ultimate fact in human life is the freedom of the individual will. We start from what we know, and reach out from that toward the unknown. I know that I can choose the good, and therefore I can choose the evil. What I find true in myself I believe to be true in every other man; he can choose the good, and therefore he can choose the evil. And while I wistfully desire—yea, and sometimes devoutly hope—that when the great drama of life here and hereafter is ended, all God's creatures will have chosen the good—I do not know. If I were a Calvinist, I should be a Universalist. If I believed that God could make all men righteous, I should be sure that he would make all men righteous; otherwise he would not be a righteous God. But I start from the other pole. I begin with my own absolute freedom. I recognize as a fact, in my life, in my philosophy, and in my preaching, that, in the last analysis, the destiny of every man is in his own hands. Father may persuade, mother may entice, influences may environ, God himself may surround with all possible persuasions, but in the last analysis the destiny of every man is in his own hands. And what he will do with it I do not know.

Why, if God be good, has he made a world in which there is sin? Why has he not made a world sinless? Could he not? Certainly; he not only could, he has. The birds are sinless. But he could not make a world in which are free moral agents able to choose the good without giving them at the same time power to choose the evil. Power to choose the one is power to choose the other; and a world in which there are some men who choose shame, dishonor, sin, and death, is a better world, I dare to say, than a world made of machines that could choose

neither the good nor the evil. I dare believe that a universe in which there were both a heaven and a hell would be a better universe than one in which there was neither, because a universe of beings unable to choose heaven rather than hell.

Do I, then, deny the omnipotence of God? It depends upon what we mean by omnipotence. If by omnipotence we mean that God can do everything by a simple act of the will, I do deny it. If God can do everything by a simple edict of the will, there is no room left for wisdom, for wisdom consists in using means to an end. I do not believe that God can compel a free moral agent to be virtuous, because he would then cease to be a free moral agent and would cease to be virtuous. Omnipotence cannot make men virtuous against their will, because virtue consists in the free choice of righteousness by a will which is not coerced. By omnipotence in the moral realm I mean that God can do all things in that realm, consistent with preserving the freedom of the free moral agent whom he is making in his own image—so making him that he may be righteous as God is righteous, by choosing the right and eschewing the evil, under no compulsion. If it were possible for God to hypnotize the race, so that under his hypnotic influence every man should choose the crown of glory, I would not have him do it, for then all the virtue would be in the hypnotizer and not in the hypnotized; and the glory of humanity is this, that when at last man is completed, he will stand in his moral nature independent, holding the helm of his own destiny and directing his own course. Sometimes you see a child sitting on the seat by his father driving the span. His father holds the reins in front of the child; the boy thinks he is guiding the horses, but he is not. So some men believe in the freedom of the will. Sometimes you will see that same father allowing the boy to hold the reins, but sitting by his side, ready to snatch them the moment any peril comes. So other men believe in the freedom of the will. The most awful and the most splendid fact in human life to me is this—that God puts the reins of my destiny into my own hands, and neither holds the reins before nor behind me. So, preaching the illimitable love and the infinite grace of God

our Saviour unto men, repudiating all particularism in theology, repudiating the notion that the grace of God ends for any man at death, believing with all my heart that all the resources of God's love and life and power are pledged to the restoration of all men to righteousness, holiness, and happiness—still my last message to the men and women to whom I speak is this: I set before you life and death; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.

You will understand that I am not trying to persuade you to my faith. Not even an editor, not even an American editor, not even a New York City editor, would have the effrontery to come into a denominational congress and argue that its creed was erroneous. I am only trying to point out the difference, as it seems to me, between your faith, if I understand it aright, and my faith. I enter into no cheap slander of the faith of a sister Church, neither here, nor, as God is my witness, anywhere else. I do not argue against the assertion, sometimes found in circulation in unthinking circles, that God is too merciful to punish sin; for I do not understand this to be Universalist doctrine. Whatever the Universalism of the past may have been, I have never found in any evangelical literature a more terrible indictment of sin, or a more awful portrayal of its inevitable consequences, than in some Universalist literature. The question is not, Will a merciful God save all men from suffering? it is, Can he save all men from sin? For salvation is character; redemption is righteousness; and nothing could be more appalling to the spiritually-minded soul than the contemplation of a world in which men were allowed to go on in selfishness and sin forever and yet in blissful indifference and unconcern.

It is possible that some of you will say, Why, this is just our belief! Why are you not a Universalist? Then I will answer by another question: If this is your belief, why are you not Congregationalists? We are nearer together, perhaps, than we have thought. I thank your chairman for the compliment he has given to the Orthodox Congregationalists in conceding to them progress in theology, but I cannot in modesty take all that compliment to my own Church; I think the

Universalists have made some progress in theology also. I will not recall the history of the past, but I will say this: all that the Orthodoxy of the past has said respecting the greatness and the awful sanctity of God's law I believe the Universalism of to-day says; and all that the Universalism of the past has said about the illimitable love of God, the Father of all the living, I believe the Liberal Congregationalism of to-day says. Certainly of this I am sure—the action of more than one recent Congregational Council bears witness to the fact—that the battle for liberty has been fought and won in the denomination which I am unofficially representing here to-night. Congregationalists would not ordain to the ministry any man who disbelieved in the solemn sanction and the inviolability of God's law; nor any man who thought that there was any other escape from penalty than repentance from sin and loyal acceptance of God's law manifested by obedience in daily life. But any man who believes that the law of God is inviolable, that punishment follows its infraction, that remedy follows repentance and never follows nor can follow without repentance, and that this remedy is revealed in and through Jesus Christ, will receive ordination, though he believe, as some Congregationalists do, that some men will never repent, and will live in sin and misery forever; or, as some other Congregationalists do, that some men will never repent, and will therefore cease to exist; or, as still other Congregationalists do, that, under the persuasions of Almighty God, all men will at last repent and through the door of repentance be brought back to holiness and happiness and God; or, as I think the majority of Congregationalists do to-day, decline to be dogmatic on that question altogether. The Congregational Church, thank God, is large enough for them all!

From Congregationalists who are not and cannot be dogmatic concerning the future I bring greetings to you, fellow-Christians and fellow-Congregationalists, who think you know what we can only hope. In a common faith in God the Universal Father; in a common faith in Jesus Christ his Son, manifesting the life of God to the vision of men; in a common faith in a full and free salvation offered to all men here on earth; in a

common faith, which in the past has been denied, in One whose mercy endureth forever, we can join hands in working in

faith and hope and love for the present salvation of men from sin through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Dr. John Brown on Puritan Preaching

By the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D.

THE Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University this year consisted in the portrayal of the English Puritans as exemplars of the art of preaching. There have been in this course lectures distinctively on preaching, by such men as Beecher and Phillips Brooks; on the preacher and pastor, by John Watson; on the philosophy of preaching; on the Sunday-school; on the substance of the preacher's message to meet special needs, like Dr. van Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt;" and, last year, on the adaptation of preaching to the conditions imposed by modern criticism, by George Adam Smith. Each incumbent has pursued his own way and has entered upon new paths. This year the subject was more distinctively historical and biographical than any previous. Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, known especially as the successor and biographer of John Bunyan, is eminent as an interpreter of the men and events of early Congregationalism. He was born in Bolton in 1830, graduated from the University of London, read for college with a minister, and took his theological course at the Lancashire Independent College. As a student he was especially drawn to the exegesis of the New Testament and Church history. He is just completing forty-four years of pastoral service, and has been pastor of the Bunyan Meeting for thirty-five years. This church was founded in 1650. John Gifford, known as "the holy Mr. Gifford," was its first pastor. Bunyan succeeded him in 1672 and remained until his death in 1688. Since then the church has had only six pastors, all of whom served until death, with an average term of thirty-five years. Dr. Brown's congregation is a genuinely democratic one, in which "the rich and the poor meet together;" and this is Dr. Brown's ideal of a church. It is a missionary church, and has its schools and congregations in several villages about

Bedford, ministered to, according to the custom prevalent in England, by lay preachers. Dr. Brown's published works are many, his two great works being "John Bunyan: His Lifetime and Work," and "The Pilgrim Fathers and their Puritan Successors," both of which are acknowledged classics of biography.

Dr. Brown has a high estimate of preaching, and some very definite ideas as to what the substance of the preacher's message should be. "There is," said he, "nothing equal to Christian preaching." "We hear some talk about the press superseding the pulpit; straight talk from a living voice must always be greater than a printed sheet." Uniting as he does a profound love of learning with deep and thoroughgoing evangelicalism, he is himself a Puritan after Puritan times. His attitude toward Biblical criticism is free and complacent; he feels that its extravagancies will be best weeded out by frank and open discussion. He would urge the danger of enhancing literary questions in such a way as to becloud the substance of the Revelation. It is the latter that gives material for preaching. Hence he would not bring the questions of criticism into the pulpit. They should underlie preaching, but are not preaching. The central theme is Jesus Christ and him crucified. Like the rest of his British brethren, he holds the atonement as a reconciliation to be the central theme of the Gospel.

He gives wide latitude to the term Puritan, and traces the movement further back than most historians. He finds its inception in the preaching of the Dominican and the Franciscan friars, and of Wyclif, their disciple and successor. He sharply criticises Froude's description of the Lollard movement as an "untimely birth." Its light never died out. It was like the leaven and the seed growing secretly. John Colet stood midway between the old and the new. He made the Bible a

"living book." John Bradford is a model for preachers, and gives us a fine example of that clearness of speech which is the excellency of speech. Hugh Latimer has had few equals in his forceful influence over all classes of men. He "hits the mark and makes the target ring." In Elizabeth's reign it became evident that Puritanism and Anglicanism must part company. Indeed, Dr. Brown has, in a recent article, described the Reformation as "but a halting measure." The one fell back on Scripture, the other acknowledged ecclesiastical tradition as the expositor of Scripture.

The makers of Puritanism who followed were nearly all university men, mostly from Cambridge. Their main power was spiritual. These men passed the torch on from one to the other. Ezekiel Culverwell was the inspirer of John Winthrop. William Perkins sent forth John Cotton and John Robinson. This, said Dr. Brown, shows the power of unconscious influence. "Men who never set foot on your shores live here to-day." Perkins was "not so plain that the piously learned would not appreciate, nor so learned that the plain could not understand." He urged the preachers of his day "not to lose the message in the delivery of it." The preacher must, above all, care for his own spiritual life before he can care for that of other men. The main work of the preacher is to *preach*, and the main object of preaching is to win souls. The true preacher, Perkins declared, will be stricken with fear at the greatness of his function. The preacher must have a tongue of fire. And it must be fire *from heaven*; no other fire will do.

During the golden age of English literature, near the last of the sixteenth century, two preachers stand out clearly—Henry Smith, "the silver-tongued," and Thomas Adams, "the Shakespeare of Puritan preaching." Smith was free from all "churchiness" of tone. He preached on the solemn aspects of life with solemn and searching words. Adams urged that all gifts and the ripest scholarship be given to the ministry. He saw clearly the inherent glory of man; but he saw with equal clearness his sin and failure.

The first half of the seventeenth century gave itself to doctrinal and evangelical preaching. Thomas Goodwin is a

shining light. While some preached to the understanding and some to the conscience, Goodwin's appeal was to the spiritual affections. "He reasoned from his own religious experience, and interpreted Scripture by the insight of a new heart." It was this that led him to accept his decided, though not extravagant, Calvinism. He had experienced both conviction and deliverance "in the hands of God," and "what he did he chose to do." "This," added Dr. Brown, "may sound like old-world talk, but there is more of reality in it than some may care to admit." No one can understand how Puritan preaching laid hold of souls until he has a profound religious experience great as Goodwin laid bare in himself. He preached the divine facts of Revelation rather than human subtleties of speculation.

Dr. Brown traced the rise and fall of the Cambridge Platonists, and drew some very significant lessons from the failure of this school. In their effort to bring the highest truths of Revelation into conformity with philosophy these noble men failed to discriminate between man's natural reason and his spiritual faculty. We cannot, said Dr. Brown, credit the intellect with moral apprehension. Experience shows that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. And sin destroys this faculty. There must be spiritual reconstruction and divine illumination. Their failure shows that no religious teaching succeeds that does not recognize clearly the distinct facts and truths of God's revelation.

Dr. Brown was at his best in his presentation of John Bunyan as "a life-study for preachers." It was because of this great preacher's own intense religious experience that he could speak with kindling eye and tongue of fire, so that "men bent to his words as the corn bends to the wind." "He was no piler-up of mere rhetoric, but a man deeply learned in the lore of human souls, heaven-taught in the art of laying hold of men." We gather Bunyan's ideals of what the preacher should be from his great story. We see it in Interpreter's picture. He "has eyes lifted up to Heaven; the best of Books is in his hand; the law of truth is written upon his lips; the world is behind his back; he stands as if he pleaded with men; over him did hang a crown of

gold." The preacher is to be Evangelist, pointing men to the wicket-gate; porter Watchful, careful for spiritual character; Great-heart, a man among men, the guide, conductor, and protector of pilgrims; shepherds Knowledge, Watchful, Experience, and Sincere, called of God to feed his flock. We see John Bunyan in his characters. In his preaching of sin and salvation he preached what he saw and felt; and this was the secret of his power. His simplicity and directness enabled him to speak to all kinds of men and women. He preached with confidence and conviction, "with no faltering speech or tongue of hesitancy," because he dealt with great themes: God, Christ, and the Divine Spirit; sin and salvation; character and destiny.

Dr. Brown's description of Richard Baxter and his transformation of Kidderminster was replete with suggestion for the preacher. Under difficulties of pain and disease, several times coming to the very verge of the grave, without the advantage of a comely presence, with homely diction, speaking divine things in a human way, he moved and molded men. His message was not so much *about* his Master as *from* his Master. He sought personal contact with men, not only for social purposes, but for spiritual ends. Another cause of his success was that "he stayed still in one place." He felt that most controversies could be settled by right stating rather than by debating. He knew what it was to be alone with God, and to see the face of Jesus Christ. His humble prayer was, "Do that on our own souls that Thou dost use us to do on the souls of others."

Dr. Brown not only finds Puritan preaching many years before Puritan times, but in such modern preachers as Thomas Binney, Spurgeon, and Alexander Maclaren. Thomas Binney he designated as "a born king of men." He brought God's revelation into relation with man's life, and made vital to the people the Holy Scriptures. He was "a devotional man talking intellectually."

Spurgeon won his way by the sheer force of his individuality, despite the attacks of "cultured heathen." "No man," said Dr. Brown, "can write a man down but himself." His power was largely in his naturalness. He was full of pathos

and humor, and had no "pulpit twang." He preached profound truths and he believed them with all his heart. He believed in a Gospel *from* the supernatural, a Gospel that *is* supernatural, and a Gospel that works by the *power* of the supernatural. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, had underneath all his preaching a strong, compact, and solid basis of theological thought, which, with "sweat of brain and wrestling of soul," he had wrought out for himself from divine revelation, verifying it at every step by his own religious experience. He thought himself into the mind of the sacred writers. He held it as a crime against God and man to relegate the intellect to inferior provinces of thought, and to forbid or discourage its activity in the investigation and mastery of religious truth.

Alexander Maclaren is a man whose methods are suggestive. He is "popular" in the noblest sense. He never for a moment neglects his pulpit. He began his ministry with the resolution that he would not write sermons, but would *think* and *feel* them. He, too, is a Scriptural preacher. He is a careful student of the original languages. He firmly believes in the historical facts of Scripture. He has unwavering certainty in the resurrection. He profoundly believes that Christ's death was a means of reconciliation between God and man. He deals in his preaching with the "science of the inner spiritual life," that life "which is derived from Christ and maintained in the soul by the Spirit of God." He finds an unmistakable contrast between the natural man and the spiritual. The bent of man's nature is wrong. The spiritual nature is destroyed by sin. The change comes by personal trust in a personal Saviour. "It is a solemn responsibility for any congregation to listen constantly to such preaching as his." He tells us: "I have found that my efficiency in preaching has been in direct proportion to the frequency and depth of daily communication with God."

The lecturer's aim was to set forth those elements in Puritan preaching which have permanent lessons. The lectures might well be called "Preaching Models and How to Use Them." These men are valuable, not for imitation, but for inspiration. "It is the province of genius

to touch life livingly, as by a sort of instinct to open out new paths of life which other feet may traverse." The characteristics of these men were moral earnestness, spirituality of life, a sense of seriousness, directness, humanity. Dr. Brown is thoroughly in love with his subjects. He believes that we are to translate their vigorous, sturdy preaching into the language of our time. The themes of real preaching are the same to-day as then—sin, salvation in Christ, repentance, eternity.

He feels that we need something of their deep conscientiousness and profound sense of responsibility, and of their deep personal religious experience, to equip us for preaching to this age. "Their spirit is a thing for all time."

His distinctively homiletical instruction and exhortation formed a commentary to his illustrations. "Instruction is a work of true compassion." "It is a life lived with God which has power with men." "Christless preaching has always been followed by desecrated and falling sanctuaries." In a plea for expository preaching he declared "a thorough and systematic knowledge of the Word of God" to be a great want of our age. With Thomas Goodwin, the preacher will do well to ask: "Am I doing it for a livelihood, to display abilities, for the orator's pleasure, for passing applause, to gratify a miserable vanity? The *motive* is the question." "Purity and sincerity of intention gives the real power, and no counterfeit can ever take its place." "It is a solemn thing to set forth the Cross." "How unreal men must shrivel before the searching gaze of Him whose eyes are a flame of fire!" We may set aside the "old-world talk" of these men, but "we must see that our message is as effective as theirs; that's the matter at issue." Our hearers "want men who can speak to their condition." "There is a divine art in dealing with men, to be acquired only on your knees in communion with God and in the daily experiences of life, in living sympathy with men." Experience "brightens many a scripture otherwise obscure, sends a thrill through many a prayer, and wings many an arrow to the conscience." Of Bunyan he said: "He meant to *do something* with his sermons when he made them."

"There must be that in our sermons which will both strike and stick. A man may part with truth and not communicate it. . . . There is nothing so unreal as to see a man speaking *before* his hearers, but not *to* them." Dr. Brown emphasized it as a work of real power when the preacher "can so put a thing as that one man shall wonder that he never saw it in that light before, and to another it shall seem so simple and obvious that he falls into the natural mistake of supposing that he could have preached that sermon himself." There is one sin not easily forgiven, "the cardinal sin of dullness." Dr. Brown is himself an extemporaneous preacher, and would encourage that type of preaching. Most men are like the trapper who admired the preacher who "could shoot without a rest."

Dr. Brown is a very vigorous and uncompromising "Dissenter." He averred that "true apostolic succession is that of inspiration and influence, and it is the only apostolic succession worth caring for." He hits the absurdities of Conformity frequent "Lutherian" raps.

In his conception of what should be the substance of preaching he emphasizes divine revelation as over against human speculation. He seems to make here a sharp distinction between what he terms "natural reason" and "spiritual faculty," a distinction which he avers and assumes without explanation. No small part of the value of these lectures comes from the opportunity of viewing and studying the lecturer himself. Here is a man who for more than thirty-five years has exerted a constantly growing interest upon the town of Bedford and upon the religious world at large. What are the elements that have given him success? Dr. Brown's main attraction as a speaker is his fine personality. He is direct and vigorous; cheerful, full of humor, a thoroughly human man, evidently capable of touching men on all sides of their life. He has a tender, sympathetic voice. The main power is in the spirit of the man. He brings his hearers under the spell of a devout and fervent spirit. Kindliness and seriousness are combined in him. He himself is a worthy survival of the Puritan preachers whom he has so vividly portrayed and so sympathetically interpreted.

The Unsocial Child

By Nora Archibald Smith

SINCE the majority of children conform with more or less exactness to a certain standard, it would appear unprofitable, perhaps, to devote much time to a consideration of the exceptions; and yet, to a mother who has an ugly duckling in her own family, he seems of far more importance than the whole flock of her neighbor's swans.

One might be tempted, if one were asked by such a parent how to train the social instincts of the young, for instance, to reply hastily that the question was an automatic, self-answering one, for that "children bring children" is a proverb known in every land. And yet the exception has as much right to be considered as the normal case; and now and then in families of every grade of society we find a little one who seems to prefer his own society to that of others. He cares to mingle neither with his brothers and sisters, apparently, nor with visitors, and it is often a difficult matter to discover the cause of this peculiarity and find its remedy, if indeed we see fit to apply one.

It must be conceded to be a peculiarity, of course, and the child that shows it is exceptional in one way or another; for by nature life seeks life, and youth yearns after youth. It is only necessary to notice the riotous behavior of a puppy when he has another of his kind to roll and tumble about with, or to watch twin lambs sporting in a meadow, and contrast these things with their demeanor when alone, to know that companionship is needful and delightful to all young creatures.

For what reasons, then, would a child voluntarily withdraw himself from his fellows and prefer to occupy himself alone?

In the first place, there might be a very simple and obvious cause which would make the separation not his fault but his misfortune—that of ill health. A child may be neither a cripple nor an invalid and yet be so far below par in strength and energy that the society of ruddy, boisterous, reckless, romping urchins of his own age may be a positive weariness to him. He is not to blame for this;

indeed, older people can well sympathize with him and can remember certain times when the aggressive strength and spirits of lively, untiring, effervescent, high-keyed friends have been evils not to be borne.

If the little one is in good health and yet is solitary in his habits, it may be that he is too advanced in mind to care for the companionship of children of his own age, just as a grown cat looks down with dignified scorn upon the trivial gambols of a kitten. Perhaps he would get on extremely well with older children and a more elaborate system of plays, while he finds those offered to him by circumstances not in the least worth while.

It may be, too, that he is of a thoughtful, fanciful temperament and is absorbed in the society of dream-companions tenfold more real to him than the people of the outside world. In many cases a solitary child, or one who is exceptionally imaginative, evolves for himself an "invisible playmate" who becomes as dear as a real one, to whom he gives a name, who shares all his sports and nestles by his side at night. Sometimes such a figure of fantasy, never more than half believed in and yet the dearer for the doubt, persists in the mind for years, serving all purposes of companionship to the little dreamer.

Now and then, too, an exceptionally bright child, active of mind, quick of perception, fertile in expedients, is surrounded by unkind fate with little dullards who can neither originate anything themselves nor carry out properly the details of a game intrusted to them. The fiery spirit endures their company as long as it will can and then breaks impatiently away, preferring solitude to the crushing weight of such stupidity. There are plenty of stolid, unimaginative children who, having no adequate views about play as a really important and engrossing business, are quite willing to go through the same stereotyped games day after day, and their society is doubtless quite as tiresome to a bright child as that of a grown-up bore may be to us.

Sometimes, again, a baby comes into

the world with the birthmark of genius on his brow, and is constrained by the very conditions of his nature to go through the world to some extent a solitary. Sully says, in his "Studies of Childhood," speaking of the unusual and original child, "It will possibly be found that, although not a romping, riotous player, nor, indeed, much disposed to join other children in their pastimes, the original child has his own distinctive style of play, which marks him out as having more than other children of that impulse to dream of far-off things, and to bring them near in the illusion of outer semblance which enters more or less distinctly into all art."

If you have never seen one of these strange, gifted children, you may find a touching sketch of one in "Missy," the heroine of Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," and another, done from life by George Sand of herself, in her "Histoire d'une Vie."

With the thoughts and dreams and fancies, the wonderful solitary plays, of such a gifted human creature, who would presume to meddle? Who would force the society of a rosy little earthly mortal on one whose spirit-wings have already budded?

If the want of sociability in our ugly duckling is due to any of the foregoing causes, we have no reason to be anxious, but may rather joyfully look forward to the snowy whiteness of plumage the swan will put on by and by; but, unfortunately, there is another side to the picture, and ugly ducklings have been known before now to grow up into still uglier ducks and drakes.

The unsocial child may be a selfish and a miserly one, who cannot endure that any hands but his own shall touch his cherished toys, and would rather doom himself to complete isolation than have his treasures meddled with.

He may also be a youthful tyrant, and betake himself to sulk in a corner if he cannot order every detail of the game. Unless he chances upon very gentle and timid companions, he must of necessity be unsocial, for, no matter how much he wants to play, he can find few who are willing to play with him.

There is still another unsocial child sometimes (and we must touch very tenderly upon his peculiarities), who, from

either physical or mental defect, is not quite as other children; and, worse than this (or is it better—who can say?), he realizes the fact. He knows that he does not hear as soon, does not understand as quickly, cannot carry out ideas as rapidly, as the rest; he is always stumbling along heavy-footed after them, not quite able to "catch up," and is often the butt of their thoughtless gibes. Who can wonder if by and by he steals away from his play-mates now and then, or at last isolates himself entirely, shut in with the self that is so sore a burden.

Yet such an unfortunate, and all the other little erring mortals we have touched upon, are in most dire need of the society they seem anxious to reject. The dreamy, fanciful child would be the better now and then for the company of a good, prosaic, ordinary little mortal, such as he will meet and perhaps be housed with all along life's journey; the exceptionally bright child needs to come in contact with those equally gifted, and even more gifted than he, that he may more justly estimate his own qualities; the selfish child must learn through love to give up to others; the tyrant must find out early in life that he cannot always rule, and that disaster will come if he attempts to do so; and the small sufferer who is not quite normal will make wonderful improvement if he can mingle with companions of his own age who will be kind and gentle and considerate and allow him to forget his defects now and then.

A child who is determinately unsocial can sometimes be led to break the outer shell at least of his reserve and shyness—for the trouble sometimes lies in these defects also—through the company of pet animals. If he is given whatever living things his heart most longs for, whether rabbits or pigeons or guinea-pigs or white mice or kittens or canaries or puppies; if they are understood to be his own and he is taught what they need in the way of care and food and shelter; if he is made entirely responsible for their welfare, the new duties and interests will often take him quite out of himself. He will be busy, happy, and absorbed; he will learn to forget himself somewhat in the needs of others, and that is the first essential of living; and he will have no time to think of the immense ME who has blocked the

way to his knowing his companions. He will meet another child in community of distress over the ailments of a pet rat, when he would be consumed with shyness if there were no subject of mutual interest, and thus he learns unconsciously how to get on with his fellows.

Akin to this resource which may be given to an unsocial child is the persuading him to take up some interesting and suitable occupation. If he be of a scientific turn, cultivate his taste for collecting plants or stones or shells; if he has a mechanical bias, give him a turning-lathe or a printing-press; if he is artistic, let him study wood-carving, drawing, or clay modeling: it does not matter which one of these things he takes up, so long as it interests him; but let him do something which will employ physical as well as mental activity, that so he may be delivered from moping and brooding.

It is essential that this want of sociability should be cured in children if it comes from any such defects as have been described, and the cure must begin early or it will be altogether useless. Let us study the reasons for the peculiarity evinced by the special child in question, and then see what may be done to remove them. The trouble may be only a temporary one. Perhaps the little one has been too much with older people and is embarrassed at first with those of his own age; perhaps he is morbidly self-conscious, and perhaps he is not well. Let us study to provide suitable companions for him, suitable in age, in tastes, and in

temperament, remembering that his whole future destiny may perhaps be colored by this small sunbonneted maiden or this lad in brief trousers whom we bring to his side. And let us beware of setting him down in a throng of children and expecting him to gambol at once. Do you remember, in that piece of child-study, "Great Expectations," how Miss Havisham took the frightened Pip by the shoulder and fiercely said, "Play, boy; play! Why don't you play?"

Such an admonition chills the blood like sitting down to a dinner shadowed by the hostess's prayer that you will be brilliant.

If you have a child who shows a tendency to alienate himself from his fellows, who has never learned how to combine his plays and occupations with others, and is thus not only missing all the benefits of fellowship and communion, but is setting himself altogether wrong for the practical business of living, then I do believe, and therefore I must speak, that if such a child were early sent to a good kindergarten these evils would be corrected in the bud. If anything can be recommended as a cure for selfishness, tyrannical spirit, morbidity, shyness, listlessness, and too great precocity in a little child; if anything will prove a help to sluggishness and inertness of mind, it is the kindergarten atmosphere, the Froebelian theories carried out in work and play and every-day religion, under an earnest, intelligent, spiritual-minded woman.

Responsive

By Ada Foster Murray

No rare creative inspirations throng
 My quiet spirit, silent, sad, and lone;
 No Sapphic flame hath on its altar shone;
 No music to my nature doth belong.
 Thou art the sunlight, I am Memnon's stone;
 Thou art the zephyr, I give back its song;
 The harp Æolian can do no wrong
 To the soft airs which wake an answering tone.
 Upon my soul, oh, then, breathe tenderly;
 Subdue the discord, still the jarring strain;
 So may the harp-strings yield but melody.
 If notes discordant give thy keen ear pain,
 Set the fine chords again to harmony;
 Let but sweet echoes of thyself remain.

The Philadelphia Negro¹

NO one of the valuable social studies made by scientific investigators during the last few years equals in interest the study of "The Philadelphia Negro" just published by the University of Pennsylvania. The author is Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta University—the negro who, a few years ago, graduated from Harvard with high honors, and, after studying in Germany, published in 1896 "The History of the African Slave Trade" as the first volume of the Harvard Historical Series. About this time he became assistant in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, and was enabled by Miss Wharton, of the College Settlement Association, to make the investigation whose results are here presented. It deals only with the negro in a single city, but the intensive cultivation of a narrow field has developed more truths of social importance than any attempt to cover a wider area could have done.

Philadelphia from the beginning has been the Northern center of negro life. Slavery was already planted on the Delaware when Penn and the Quakers arrived in 1682, and the Quaker sentiment against slavery did not succeed in overthrowing it until a century later, when the zeal for manhood rights generated by the Revolutionary War quickened and supported the religious feeling of human brotherhood. After the passage of the gradual emancipation act during the war, liberated negroes flocked rapidly to Philadelphia, and in 1800 the county contained nearly seven thousand negroes, against little more than seventy thousand whites. For a generation thereafter the negro population increased almost as rapidly as the white, and in 1840 had reached nearly twenty thousand. By this time, however, the increased competition of immigrants from Europe and the growth of pro-slavery sentiment begot race antagonisms which made it difficult for negro men to get employment. In the rural portions of the county this was not so greatly felt, but in the city proper the number of negro

males was but six thousand, while the number of negro females was eleven thousand. This fearful disproportion of women—which in some measure still continues—is justly held by Dr. Du Bois to be the cause of some of the sexual immorality that has disgraced negro life in Philadelphia. Under these unnatural conditions the negro population came to a standstill, and did not again increase until after the close of the Civil War. Since 1870, however, the colored population has again increased more rapidly than the white, and now numbers over forty thousand.

The wealth of material which Dr. Du Bois has placed under contribution in writing his review of the growth of this negro city would of itself give his volume exceptional value, but this historical work is merely the introduction to the first-hand economic work which the author has done in examining present conditions. In one largely negro ward every negro family has been visited, and the inquiries made have been answered with rare frankness and reported with still rarer insight into what is true and what is significant. In no respect does Dr. Du Bois attempt to bend the facts so as to plead for his race. When he writes of negro pauperism, vice, and crime, he does flinch in stating the ugliest truths. All that his negro sympathies insure is that redeeming facts as well as damning ones shall be brought out. For the latter he is less apologetic than a generous-minded white writer might be. He publishes, for instance, the statistics showing that Philadelphia negroes furnish nearly three times their proportion of paupers and criminals, without pointing out, as Miss Caroline Pemberton—the niece of a Confederate general—has recently done, that white people in the same industrial ranks as the bulk of the negroes, and with a more hopeful environment, are not able to boast any marked superiority. Professor Du Bois's aim is always to keep well within the field where his generalizations cannot be disputed.

For this restraint he is well repaid in the greater effectiveness it gives to his chapter on the discriminations still in force against the employment of negroes. It is

¹ *The Philadelphia Negro: A Social Study.* By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Professor of Economics and History in Atlanta University. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Ginn & Co., Boston, Selling Agents.

this chapter that especially appeals to the conscience of the Nation, and it is from this chapter that we especially desire to make citations, in the hope of securing for it a wider audience. Citation, however, is difficult, because the evidence is cumulative, and several pages even could only hint at the oppressive weight it finally obtains. The following instances of discrimination, nevertheless, will serve to illustrate the character of the mass:

A girl who graduated from a Pennsylvania high school and from a business college sought work in this city as a stenographer and typewriter. A prominent lawyer undertook to find her a position; he went to his friends and said: "Here is a girl that does excellent work and is of good character; can you not give her work?" Several immediately answered Yes. "But," said the lawyer, "I will be perfectly frank, and tell you that she is colored," and not in the whole city could she find a man willing to employ her. It happened, however, that the girl was so light in complexion that few not knowing would have suspected her descent. The lawyer, therefore, gave her temporary work in his own office until she found a position outside of the city. "But," said he, "to this day I have not dared to tell my clerks that they worked beside a negress."

Several graduates in pharmacy have sought to get their three years' required apprenticeship in the city, and in only one case did one succeed, although they offered to work for nothing.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in mechanical engineering, well recommended, obtained work in the city through an advertisement, on account of his excellent record. He worked a few hours, and then was discharged because he was found to be colored. He is now a waiter at the University Club where his white fellow-graduates dine.

Even in the world of skilled labor the negro is largely excluded. . . . A—, who works at a bookbinding establishment on Front Street, has learned to bind books, and often does so for his friends. He is not allowed to work at the trade in the shop, however, but must remain a porter at porter's wages. . . . C— has been a porter and assistant shipping clerk in an Arch Street store for five years. He receives \$6 a week, while whites get \$8 for the same work. . . . D— was a bricklayer, but experienced so much trouble getting work that he is now a messenger. . . . E— is a painter, but has found it impossible to get work because he is colored. . . . G— is an iron-puddler who belonged to a Pittsburg union. Here he was not recognized as a union man, and could not get work except as a stevedore.

And so the succession goes on through almost the whole range of skilled employ-

ment. Even when the negro does obtain a good position, it is always more precarious or less well paid than the position of the white workman of the same grade. Still worse, there is rarely the chance to rise. "The humblest white employee knows that the better he does his work the more chance there is for him to rise in business. The black employee knows that the better he does his work the longer he may do it; he cannot hope for promotion."

That in spite of these discouragements some negroes have fought their way to success in business and professional life is certainly cause for hope, but it is not cause for complacency with present conditions. The wrong done to the negro is a moral wrong, which reacts upon the community as well as upon the manhood and womanhood of the victim. No one who reads Dr. Du Bois's calm recital of the facts will censure the one expression of race feeling which he cannot restrain when writing his conclusion: "How long," he asks, "can a city say to a part of its citizens, 'It is useless to work; it is fruitless to deserve well of men; education will gain you nothing but disappointment and humiliation'? How long can a city teach its black children that the road to success is to have a white face? How long can a city do this and escape the inevitable penalty? For thirty years and more Philadelphia has said to its black children: 'Honesty, efficiency, and talent have little to do with your success; if you work hard, spend little, and are good, you may earn your bread and butter at those sorts of work which we frankly confess we despise; if you are dishonest or lazy, the State will furnish your bread free.' Thus the class of negroes which the prejudices of the city have distinctly encouraged is that of the criminal, the lazy, and the shiftless; for them there is succor and sympathy; for them Philadelphians are thinking and planning; but for the educated and industrious young colored man who wants work and not platitudes, wages and not alms, just rewards and not sermons—for such colored men Philadelphia apparently has no use."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alice in Wonderland, and Through the Looking-Glass. By Lewis Carroll. Drawings in Color by Blanche McManus. M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, New York. 2 vols. Quarto. \$3.

An edition of these famous children's books which any child would be delighted to own. The colored prints are somewhat startlingly bright for an adult taste, and suffer from the natural difficulties of presenting to the eye what can be conceived only by the most whimsical imagination. The type, page, and general form are all that can be desired.

American and British Authors, First Steps with. By Albert F. Blaisdell. American Book Co., New York. 8vo. 442 pages. 90c.

Andersen, Hans Christian, The Fairy Tales of. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. Introduction by Edward E. Hale, D.D. Truslove & Combs, New York. Square 8vo. 320 pages. \$3.

A volume of pleasing form with a large number of pen-and-ink pictures varying greatly in quality and character. There is an introduction by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, which, like all his introductions, is eminently well worth reading. The love of Andersen's fairy stories is inherent in most children of healthful minds, and therefore this book has a permanent value such as is by no means invariably attached to Christmas literature for children.

Art and Morality. By Ferdinand Brunetière. Translated by Arthur Beatty. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 37 pages. 35c.

Artistic Ordering of Life, The. By Albert S. Cook. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 31 pages. 35c.

At-One-Ment Between God and Man, The. (Millennial Dawn Series.) Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa. Vol. V. 537 pages. Paper bound. 25c.

Augustan Ages, The. By Oliver Elton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 427 pages. \$1.50.

Bee Culture. The A B C of. By A. I. Root. The A. I. Root Co., Medina, O. 437 pages. \$1.20.

Betty Leicester's Christmas. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 68 pages.

Will easily take its place among the best children's stories of the year. It gives a charming picture of the Christmas festivities which fell to the lot of two American children in a great English house, and the lesson of unselfishness which issues from it, rather than is enforced by it, is easily learned, because it is unfolded with such purity of spirit and in a style so winning and free from exaggeration.

Bible, The. By Rev. Hiram Vrooman. (A Lecture.) Massachusetts New-Church Union, Boston. 47 pages. 25c.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, A Study of. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 184 pages. \$1.25.

Browning's Shorter Poems. Edited by Franklin T. Baker, A.M. (Macmillan's Pocket English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 250 pages. 25c.

Cæsar, Shortest Road to. By E. T. Jeffers. Hinds & Noble, New York. 12mo. 96 pages. 75c.

Captain Tom, the Privateersman. Edited by James Otis. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 163 pages. \$1.25.

Character the Grandest Thing in the World. By Orison Swett Marden. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 55 pages. 35c.

Chatterbox. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Square 8vo. 412 pages. \$1.25.
The usual volume of stories, sketches, bits of travel, and description of inventions, profusely illustrated.

Cheerfulness as a Life Power. By Orison Swett Marden. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 79 pages. 35c.

Chimney Corners, In. By Seumas MacManus. (Illustrated.) Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 281 pages. \$1.50.

Irish folk-lore tales and fairy legends told with genuine charm by a master of Irish dialect and a born story-teller. We do not think the colored pictures altogether a success.

Christian Ethics. By William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 146 pages. 75c.

This is but a small book on a great subject. It is to be commended for the blending of conciseness and clearness in well-proportioned brevity.

Christian Faith, The Foundations of. Vol. IX. (Library of Biblical and Theological Literature.) Edited by George R. Crooks, D.D., and John P. Hurst, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 616 pages. \$3.50.

The fact that the volumes of this series are "pledged to be in harmony with the accepted standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church," while at the same time unsectarian, imposes certain recognizable limits on the liberty required by modern scholarship. There is, however, a manifest breadth of view at various points of Professor Rishell's work, particularly in regard to the present vexed questions concerning the Bible. The greater freedom which is often exercised in philosophy than in theology is illustrated by his remark that "it is perfectly conceivable that God's self-consciousness might need awakening." But he passes a sentence on monism which will surprise many Christian thinkers, that it is "scarcely distinguishable from materialism," and strongly antagonizes the evolutionary account of the origin of sin. In the exposition of the Scripture the influence of dogmatic standards is most marked. But the work is characterized by great ability, and is as well adapted to the end in view as the conditions will permit. For a still abler defense of "the strategic frontier posts" of Christian doctrine a profounder conception of the divine immanence would have availed much.

Confident To-Morrow, A. By Brander Matthews. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 300 pages. \$1.50.

Contemporaries. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 379 pages. \$2.

Crown of Life, The. By George Gissing. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12mo. 360 pages. \$1.50.

Slow and dull, but studiously truthful in its presentation of English middle class life.

Court of Boyville, The. By William Allen White. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 188 pages. \$1.50.

A joyous, truthful, and lively transcript of boy nature, written chiefly, not for boys, but for those who can afford to remember that they once were boys. Piggy Penning-

ton and Jimmy Sears and Mealy Jones are just enough "limbs" to be genuine. Not all sides of boy life are here, but Mr. White brings out boy-combativeness, boy-traditions, boy-irresponsibility, boy-shyness combined with roughness to hide it, boy-superstitions—all with infinite relish.

Cupid and the Footlights. By James L. Ford. Illustrated by Archie Gunn. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Square 8vo. 38 pages. \$1.50. Unique as a piece of book-making, in that the love story is told by cleverly lithographed letters on genuine letter-paper and by equally clever reproductions of newspaper clippings and telegrams.

Dionysos and Immortality. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 67 pages. \$1.

In this monograph, the third in the series of Ingersoll lectures at Harvard on Immortality, President Wheeler has made a fresh and valuable contribution to popular knowledge concerning Greek thought on that fundamental theme. This is especially illuminating in the connection he exhibits between the philosophy of Plato and the previously introduced faith in immortality belonging to the cult of the god Dionysos. This cult marked "a period of genuine religious revival" in the sixth century B.C., which ensued upon the change in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. from the tribal life of old Greece into the individualistic life of a new Greece, expanding in commerce and colonization East and West.

Dorsey, The Young Inventor. By Edward S. Ellis. A.M. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 8vo. 297 pages. \$1.25.

This is a good, informative story-book for boys, especially for those having an inventive turn of mind.

Elvira Hopkins of Tompkins Corner. By Izora Chandler. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. 12mo. 195 pages. 75c.

A woman's letters, written in the New England dialect, on church affairs; an argument for "free seats."

Education, History of. By Levi Seeley, Ph.D. American Book Co., New York. 8vo. 343 pages. \$1.25.

Dr. Seeley's "History of Education" covers the development of education, both as regards principles and teachers, in a compact way, and is based upon the general plan of Karl Schmidt, with important modifications. These modifications are mainly in the direction of a study of the history and environment, and of the spiritual, social, and political conditions, of the different races. The expositions of educational theories are extremely condensed, and the book must serve mainly as an outline sketch to be supplemented by a reading of first-hand works.

Emerson as a Poet. By Joel Benton. M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, New York. 8vo. 168 pages. \$1.25.

England, A History of. By Katharine Coman and Elizabeth Kimball Kendall. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 507 pages. \$1.25.

The two Wellesley professors who have prepared this volume have kept in mind not only the history requirements made by leading colleges, but also the requirements of information regarding industrial conditions made by the outside world from those who would help in its thinking. The authors propose to follow this history with the publication of a series of illustrative texts, showing how past events looked to contemporaries. The importance of this latter project is not easily overrated.

Fighting Decks in 1812, On. By F. H. Costello. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 355 pages. \$1.50.

Fisherman's Luck. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 247 pages. \$2.

Fjord, Feats on the. By Harriet Martineau. Illustrated by A. Rackham. The Macmillan Co., New York. 237 pages. 50c.

The Temple Classics for young people, of which three volumes have appeared, promises to rival in beauty and

usefulness the Temple Series for older readers. These little books are well made, clearly printed, and bound in two forms, those in leather being quite ideal in their simple beauty. The series begins with a story of Miss Martineau's which has somewhat drifted out of sight but which is full of charm, "Feats of the Fjord." The two other classics are Kingsley's "The Heroes" and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare."

For Thee Alone. Selected by Grace Hartshorne. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 8vo. 294 pages. \$1.50.

A charming collection of love poems. The authors selected to contribute to this collection are those who have sung most sweetly and deeply on the theme that moves all.

Gladness, The Secret of. By Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 60c.

God and the People. By David James Burrell, D.D. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. 12mo. 350 pages. \$1.50.

These sermons exhibit both the strength and the weakness of the orthodoxy of the seventeenth century.

Gospels, the Four, From a Lawyer's Standpoint. By Edmund H. Bennett, LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 58 pages. \$1.

This is a searching and interesting scrutiny of the internal evidence which satisfies a mind habituated to judicial methods of investigation of the historical truth and harmony of the Gospels.

Hawaii, Two American Boys in. By G. Waldo Brown. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 8vo. 260 pages. \$1.50.

Heroes, The. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 177 pages. 50c.

Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 163 pages. Paper bound. 50c.

In Primo. By Eniled. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 368 pages. \$1.25.

In spite of its often too "preachy" tone, this evidently personal biography may do good in helping young people to begin life with higher religious ideals.

Into His Likeness. By Rev. G. H. C. MacGregor, M.A. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 158 pages. 50c.

Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë. Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Illustrated.) (The Haworth Edition.) Harper & Bros., New York. Vol. I. 8vo. 855 pages. \$1.75.

The Haworth edition is to present the life and works of the sisters Brontë in seven volumes. The prefaces for the different novels have been prepared by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the annotations to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* are from the hand of Mr. C. K. Shorter. The volumes are of good size, are handsomely made, printed from large type, and are to be illustrated by reproductions of photographs from localities, and by portraits. The set of books promises to meet all the requirements of a handsome library and reading edition of the Brontë sisters.

Jesus, The Revelation of. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 375 pages. \$1.25.

This is the most noteworthy historical study of the New Testament sources of Christian doctrine that has appeared in English since the publication of Professor McGiffert's work on the "Apostolic Age." Until now, with the exception of a translation of Wendt's "Die Lehre Jesu," we have had no scientific historical discussion of the whole subject of Jesus's teaching. Professor Gilbert evidently anticipates that objections to his conclusions will be made on theological grounds. But he pointedly observes that "a theological test for a historical work is no test at all." His conclusions will be challenged from both sides: e.g., he regards Jesus as teaching that the final state of souls is irrevocably fixed at death. He also regards the affirmations of Jesus concerning his pre

existence (John vi., 62; viii., 58; xvii., 5) as affirming it in a sense not personal and real, but purely ideal, and his descent from heaven (John iii., 13) as meant to be taken figuratively. A less condensed treatment at certain points might have saved the reader from occasional suspicions of arbitrary judgment; *e.g.*, in the acceptance of Matthew xii., 40, as genuine words of Jesus concerning the "sign of Jonah," while doubting the genuineness of his words in Matthew xxvi., 28, concerning his blood as shed "unto remission of sins." There can be no question, however, either of the large freedom from preconceptions in which Professor Gilbert has wrought, or of the loving conscientiousness of his labor to present the real thought of Jesus with the utmost fidelity. His results are certain to command attentive examination.

Kipling Birthday Book, The. Compiled by Joseph Finn. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 277 pages. \$1.

Kingship of Self-Control, The. By William George Jordan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 59 pages. 30c.

Land of the Long Night, The. By Paul du Chaillu. Illustrated by M. J. Burns. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 266 pages. \$2.

Young people always find Paul du Chaillu a most agreeable traveling companion, whether he takes them to the home of the gorilla or the land of the midnight sun. Here are information, stories, and incidents of adventure in Arctic regions strung together by a personal narrative of travel—all readable, unconventional, entertaining.

Last of the Mohicans, The. By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by W. K. Wickes, M.A. (Macmillan's Pocket English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 18mo. 450 pages. 25c.

Last Rebel, The. By Joseph A. Altsheler. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 219 pages. \$1.25.

A young man, hunting in the wilds of Kentucky, loses his way. Chance leads him to "Fort Defence." Here, during the years which have elapsed since the Civil War, a little knot of devoted seceders who had never acknowledged defeat are supposed to have lived. The hero is tried as a spy, and his ultimate fate is graphically told.

Liberty in the Nineteenth Century. By Frederick May Holland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 257 pages. \$1.75.

Little Indian Folk. By Edwin Willard Deming and Therese O. Deming. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Square 8vo. 56 pages. \$1.25.

Short sketches of Indian children and of wild animals. The illustrations in color are extremely poor; the illustrations in black and white are attractive.

Little Tong's Mission. By Etheldred Breeze Barry. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 89 pages. 50c.

About a little lame boy's work for sailors. Pathetic and tender.

Little Soldiers and Sailors. By Maud Humphrey. Illustrations by Mabel Humphrey. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 37 pages. \$1.25.

The text is written to justify publishing some exquisitely dainty drawings by Maud Humphrey. It is a mistake to publish a book of this character in which the baby characters, intended to represent cultured homes, have acquired the grammatical errors of ignorant nurses. The book is for children too young to read, and the adult reader can edit as she reads.

Listening Child, The. By Lucy W. Thacher. Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 408 pages. \$1.25.

There are numerous selections of poetry for children, but Mrs. Thacher's anthology will easily take rank with the best of them. Her principle of selection is not a novel one; it is simply to collect the best short poems in the English language with reference to their attractiveness for young readers. In the skill with which she has applied this principle lies the value of her book. It has

two admirable qualities: it aims to contain nothing but the very best poetry—the kind of poetry which ought to drop into the memory and imagination of a child, and to lie there for future germination and growth; and, in the second place, it is admirably adapted for reading aloud. The volume may be opened at any point and the eye will rest upon a poem which seems to be wonderfully adapted to the ear of the child as well as to its imagination. Children should make their acquaintance with poetry through the ear rather than through the eye; and this volume will be of great service to those who have learned this fact.

Love Letters of a Musician. By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 170 pages. \$1.75.

Madonna, The. By Elizabeth C. Vincent. Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, S.T.D. (Illustrated.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 104 pages. \$1.50.

This slender volume is the sequel to another little book by the same author, entitled "Mary, the Mother of Jesus." Any work on the subject is sure to be compared with Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna," and few books will stand such comparison favorably; the present is not an exception to that rule.

Middlemarch. By George Eliot. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 2vols. 12mo. 752 pages. \$2.50.

This edition of one of the most interesting of George Eliot's stories is published in two substantial volumes, in a style which the publishers have already made familiar, and it is illustrated by Miss Alice Barber Stephens in a series of eighteen drawings which show careful study of the dress and habit of the time of the story, and a good deal of sympathetic insight into its spirit.

Minute Boys of Bunker Hill, The. By Edward Stratmeyer. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 308 pages. \$1.25.

Missions, Nineteen Centuries of. By Mrs. William W. Scudder. Introduction by Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 250 pages.

Mrs. Scudder has concisely outlined a history which can be indefinitely amplified by any well-informed person. With the questions annexed to the successive chapters it is a convenient manual for study in classes.

Missions, The Miracles of. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 265 pages. \$1.

These graphic sketches (illustrated) of striking events in many parts of the world should be in every Sunday-school library.

Monopolies and the People. By Charles Whiting Baker, C.E. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 368 pages. \$1.50.

This work, which we welcomed ten years ago, has been revised and enlarged in the edition before us. The author may justly take pride in the extent to which subsequent events have justified his earlier conclusions; and for this reason, perhaps, he kept many chapters in their original form. The new chapters, however, bring the discussion down to date, and only occasionally does the reader feel the want of statistics showing how combinations have kept up prices during the entire fifteen years in which they have so largely controlled important industries. The author's attitude toward trusts is singularly dispassionate. He is their defender so far as the production of goods is concerned, and brings out strongly the economies they make possible, especially in putting goods on the market, without showing as clearly the wastes they make possible through the security given to careless superintendence, indifference to improvements, etc. When, however, he turns to the relations of the trust toward the public, he makes remarkably clear the dependence of the latter upon State interference. This he urges not only in the form of National legislation restricting capitalization to the cost of duplicating plants and requiring publicity of accounts, but also in the form of legislation

giving the public representation on the directing boards of the various combinations.

Mr. Jack Hamlin's Meditation, and Other Stories. By Brete Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 289 pages. \$1.25.

Several of the eight short stories here collected have decidedly more spontaneity and raciness, more of the old-time Californian flavor, than anything Mr. Harte has given us for years. And it is always refreshing to read an author whose use of English is so lucid and euphonious.

Nancy Hanks. By Caroline Hanks Hitchcock. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 105 pages. 50c.

Nancy Hanks was the mother of Abraham Lincoln. In Mrs. Hitchcock's book the great statesman's ancestry is traced back to 1550. The book is written primarily to refute the claim made by some that both Lincoln and his mother were of dubious birth. The Lincoln family seems always to have been one of inventive mind and aggressive spirit, and in every way worthy to be associated with the name and fame of the great-souled President than is generally supposed. Any side-lights on Lincoln's life are valuable, and Mrs. Hitchcock is to be congratulated on the thorough investigation apparent in her book.

Nutshell Musings. By Amos R. Wells. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 18mo. 71 pages. 25c.

Peggy. By Laura E. Richards. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 16mo. 308 pages. \$1.25. A schoolgirl's story with one prank that became almost a tragedy. It is out of the usual order of stories by this writer.

Poe's Poetry, The Mind and Art of. By John Phelps Fruit. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 8vo. 144 pages. \$1.25.

Political Economy of Natural Law, The. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 12mo. 305 pages. 50c.

Queen's Rangers, The. By Charles Ledyard Norton. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 12mo. 351 pages. \$1.50.

Washington's Life Guard and the Queen's Rangers were two now almost forgotten corps on the opposing sides of the American Revolution; the personal adventures of young members of these corps are skillfully used to make the plot for a patriotic and spirited boys' story.

Railway Co-Operation. By Charles S. Langstroth and Wilson Stilz. (University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 218 pages. \$1.

Resurrection: Sermons by Various Authors. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 127 pages. 30c.

A remarkable compound of reason and unreason.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 353 pages. 60c.

Roman Festivals, The. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 373 pages. \$1.25.

This book is at once a good introduction to the study of the religion of the Romans in the days of the Republic and a good reference-book for anthropologists and students both of Roman history and of Roman literature. The author follows the calendar throughout the year, and treats each festival separately. The work is distinguished by sound and exact scholarship.

Roses. By Amy Le Feuvre. Wilbur B. Ketcham New York. 12mo. 266 pages. 75c.

The story of a precocious small girl written to meet the demand for so-called religious stories for young readers.

Sampson at Santiago, With. By James Otis. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 12mo. 109 pages. 75c.

Tells of a stowaway on the Merrimac, who, in the confusion of transferring her crew to other ships before she

was handed over to Hobson, got safely aboard the Texas, and did his share in destroying the Spanish fleet.

Selwyn, Bishop John. By F. D. How. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 268 pages. \$2.50.

This memoir will be of interest to all who want to know more about missionary activity in general and the work of the Selwyns in particular. Of course that of the younger Selwyn is particularly set forth. The constant eulogy becomes at times almost monotonous.

Ship of Stars, The. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 372 pages. \$1.50.

Sibylline Oracles, The. Translated by Milton S. Terry. Eaton & Mains, New York. 12mo. 292 pages. \$2.

These twelve books in Greek hexameter verse, which Dr. Terry has translated into English pentameters, embody the work of numerous unknown authors before and especially after the Christian era, to whom the oracles of the Jewish Sibyl in the second century B.C. served as a model. The book of Enoch, referred to in the Epistle of Jude, is of this class. Some importance attaches to them in Biblical criticism and theology from the fact that the early Christian fathers often cite them as Holy Scripture. Recent numerous emendations of the Greek text required Dr. Terry to make a recast of his translation published in 1890. In its rhythmic form, which best preserves the spirit of the original, he keeps as closely as possible to the order and sentiment of the Greek verse.

Songs and Hymns, Favorite. Edited by J. P. McCaskey. Harper & Bros., New York. 400 pages.

Sons of Strength. By William R. Lighton. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 242 pages. \$1.25.

This is a fine and stirring tale of the Free Soilers of 1854. Incidentally it gives an interesting portrait of that "heaven-born" and "heaven-directed madman," John Brown. The characters in this story of the Kansas border wars have that charm always found where strength and purity meet and are effectively delineated.

Strawberry Hill. By Mrs. C. F. Fraser. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 54 pages. 50c.

The story of a small boy who tried to put into practice "Blessed are the merciful."

Suffering Savior, The. By Rev. Daniel Shephardson, Jr., Ph.D. (Second Edition.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 222 pages.

These discourses by one who has evidently himself been disciplined in suffering are warm, earnest, and strictly orthodox.

Swiss Family Robinson, The. By Johann David Wyss. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 399 pages. 60c.

Teachings of the Books, The. By Herbert L. Willett and James M. Campbell. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 337 pages. \$1.25.

Such a book as this is specially valuable as exhibiting the congeniality of the higher criticism with an intelligent Christian faith. The critical part of the work is in line with the best modern learning; the theological-spiritual part is in the best sense evangelical. The author's treatment of the Apocalypse is remarkably brief, and as sane as brief.

Velasquez. By R. A. M. Stevenson. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 160 pages. \$1.75.

The reader of biography will not care for this volume, which aims to be chiefly critical; but the art student and amateur will value the bibliography and catalogue which it contains as well as the comment. It is embellished with about forty fine photo-engraved reproductions of some of the representative works of the great portrait-painters.

Wheat and Huckleberries. By Charlotte M. Vaile. (Illustrated.) W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 8vo. 386 pages. \$1.50.

A New England love story without love passages.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Marjorie

By Eva E. Rowland

I have a proper little maid,
Who often goes with me
To visit in the afternoon
And stay to early tea.

She is a perfect little saint,
So winsome and so mild,
My pleased friends nod, and whispering
say,
"Why, what a lovely child!"

At home I have a little rogue
Who does such naughtiness
From morn till night as keeps me
In a turmoil, I confess.

She won't say "please," she runs away;
She slaps her brother Ted;
She tears her frocks and breaks her dolls:
Wants cake, and won't eat bread.

But should you ask me by what names
The two are known to me,
'Twill p'r'aps seem odd to you to learn
They're both called Marjorie.

The Squirrel's Delight

By Harriette Rhea

Two college girls started for a walk up Mount Tom one lovely September afternoon. When they came to the foot of the mountain, where the road winds through the woods, Ruth took out of her bag three apples. Two were large enough, but one was immense in size—one of the prize apples from an agricultural fair. Smooth, round, and red, it was a beauty to behold.

"Now, we'll each take one, but we'll keep this monster until we come down, and then divide it, for a half will be all we can eat."

"Don't carry it all the way up, then," said Dorothy. "Why not hide it behind this great tree? Nobody will see it."

So they found a little nook under the leaves, tucked the apple into it, and then went on, eating the other two.

The long shadows had fallen into the

valley, when they came down laughing and talking, without a care in the world.

Suddenly Ruth exclaimed, "Our apple! It must be right here. Oh, Dorothy! hush, but look, look!"

There, right on the top of the apple, sat a red squirrel. He had evidently just found his prize, and the most supreme delight had taken possession of his whole being. He smelt of it, then glanced around to see if anybody else was coming to rob him, took a quick bite or nibble, and, finding it genuine, actually lifted up his two front paws in ecstasy, as if life was too full of happiness.

Down went the two girls on the ground, holding each other's hands and watching the quick movements of the squirrel.

By and by he stopped and seemed to meditate. He had evidently eaten his fill, but the apple was by no means exhausted. What should he do? He took another feeble bite, but his stomach was too full.

He whisked around, sat still again, and then got slowly down. The girls had always supposed a squirrel couldn't be slow. He looked back once at the tempting fruit, and then leaped away.

"Had he gone to invite a company?" was the question the two spectators asked each other. "Oh! let us just wait and see."

And it wasn't long before Bushy Tail came in sight again, bringing two other squirrels with him. The two visitors leaped upon the apple, but Bushy politely held back, and there the girls left them, to enjoy a feast alone.

The Sunbeam and the People

It was a tiny sunbeam far above the clouds. Sometimes it could not see the world down below with all the little children playing on the sand back of the board walk, for this little sunbeam was high above the ocean that kissed the sand when it was peaceful, and beat the rocks, the shore, and the ship when fretted by the wind. On this day the wind must have been singing a lullaby, for the big waves

with their white plumes in their caps played tag with the little waves and kissed them as they touched the shore. This little sunbeam watched the waves playing whenever the heavy clouds parted so that it could peep through. The waves, big and little, laughed the louder when the sunbeam touched them, but it was so far away that it could not hear. Down in a little cottage close to the shore was a little girl who could not walk far, and as the clouds seemed to grow thicker this little girl's frowns grew deeper, and it looked far more like a storm indoors than out.

The little sunbeam saw this the moment when the break in the clouds made it possible for it to send its loving gleam right into this room in the cottage.

"Dear me! I must shine," glittered the sunbeam, and then the gray cloud shut it in.

How deep the frowns grew on the little girl's face! how troubled the look in her mother's eyes! And her big sister and brother, just starting for the golf-field, dragged their bags as though half inclined to stay home and drive the indoor clouds away.

The little girl had turned her face to the window. "Gold! gold!" she exclaimed. They all looked out of the window. What a beautiful sight! The waves were all dappled with gold. Every little ripple, every dimple, every little wrinkle in the face of the ocean, was touched with gold. The waves seemed to go higher, and rushed up further on the shore.

The little girl was clapping her hands; the people on the beach stood still with shining faces; all the tired and sick people forgot their worries and pains, because a little sunbeam was trying to shine through the clouds.

For Ships at Sea

Fogs, as you know, are unpleasant on land. On water fogs are dangerous. It is difficult and sometimes impossible for the officers on the ships to see where they are going. Sometimes vessels run into each other and are damaged, passengers and cargoes are lost, because they could not see each other. All governments try by various devices to prevent losses through fogs. We have lighthouses, searchlights,

fog-horns; but none of these have proved perfect, while all have at times prevented disaster. Fog-horns, it has been discovered, do not always convey sound to all persons the same ways; as though you and your friend, standing on a hill, should hear a horn, and you should say, "It is coming over the hill," and your friend should say, "No; it is coming up the road." Now, if the safety of a great ship depended on you and your friend agreeing from just what point that sound came, it would be a very important matter, would it not? No sound has yet been heard in a fog that is absolutely safe for the guidance of ships, because sound is affected by the condition of the atmosphere. Try singing out-of-doors on a clear day, and then sing the same song out-of-doors in a fog, and you discover two things: that sound goes further in a clear than in a foggy day, and that it is easier to sing in a clear than in a foggy day. So it is with the fog-horn, as the sailor discovers.

The megaphone is an instrument for conveying sound, turning it in a certain direction, as the searchlight directs rays of light in a certain direction. The Government has permitted the largest megaphone in the world to be erected on Falkner's Island near the lighthouse.

This megaphone is seventeen feet long and seven feet in diameter. In shape all megaphones are like funnels. This megaphone stands on a revolving platform—that is, a platform that permits of its being turned in any direction. A whistle will speak instead of a man through this megaphone. This whistle will be used to tell vessels in the fog just where the fog-station is—whether east, west, north, or south. It will do this by using different sounds for each point of the compass. The difference will be made by using short and long blasts in different ways. When sending a message to the vessels in the north, the sailors will hear a short, a long, and a short blast; at eight points of the compass different combinations will be used. It takes two minutes for the megaphone to go round the circle, and the machinery is so regulated that the sounds are given on time in the right place. This is only an experiment, but it may be a great discovery that will save life and property.

The Outlook

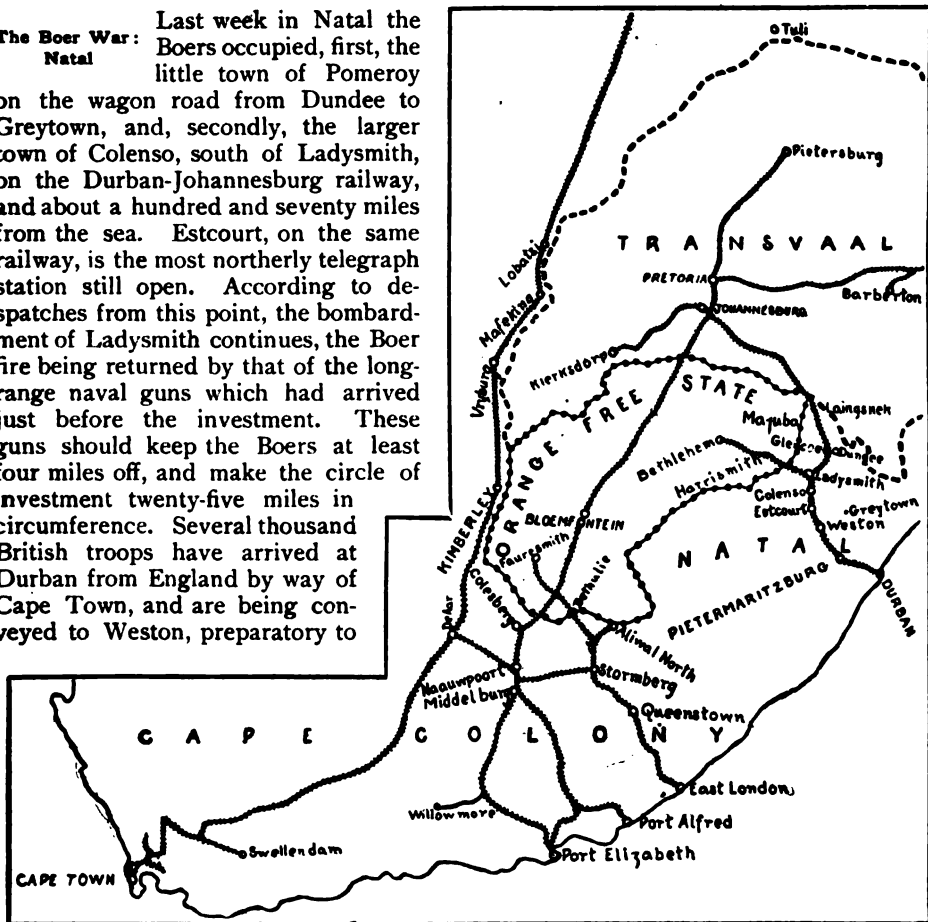
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The Boer War: Last week in Natal the Boers occupied, first, the little town of Pomeroy on the wagon road from Dundee to Greytown, and, secondly, the larger town of Colenso, south of Ladysmith, on the Durban-Johannesburg railway, and about a hundred and seventy miles from the sea. Estcourt, on the same railway, is the most northerly telegraph station still open. According to despatches from this point, the bombardment of Ladysmith continues, the Boer fire being returned by that of the long-range naval guns which had arrived just before the investment. These guns should keep the Boers at least four miles off, and make the circle of investment twenty-five miles in circumference. Several thousand British troops have arrived at Durban from England by way of Cape Town, and are being conveyed to Weston, preparatory to



an advance to relieve Sir George White, Commander of the Natal forces at Ladysmith. General White is expected simultaneously to make a sortie in the direction of Colenso. As an old Indian fighter, Afridi tactics may have prevailed in his orders to the British regiments at Glencoe and Dundee, and at the first engagements near Ladysmith. The Boers, however, are not Afridis, as is sufficiently proved by the series of British

reverses in northern Natal, which have culminated in the investment of Ladysmith. If there is a continuance of fighting, there is also persistence in the notably humane treatment of wounded and prisoners on both sides. The British Government has received letters from Colonel Schiel, the German officer captured at Elands-laagte, in behalf of his brother prisoners, expressing gratitude for their kind treatment. The Boers and British,

he says, are put upon the same footing. Colonel Schiel further expresses his appreciation of the civility and humanity of the British authorities at Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg. On the Boer side, at Pretoria, the captured British Hussars are rounded up and allowed to practice football on the race-track. Those who recall the horrors of the Kaffir and Hottentot wars will agree that in fifty years civilization has made some progress in South Africa.



The Boer War: Many Boers have now crossed the Orange Free State border at Bethulie and Aliwal North into Cape Colony. Following the capture of Colesberg, the British evacuated both Naauwport and Stromberg, falling back on Middelburg and Queenstown. The British are finding increasing trouble in protecting the long line of Cape Colony railway and telegraph communications through disaffected districts from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, and East London. From De Aar northwards, the Cape-to-Cairo railway is apparently completely wrecked. Though Vryburg, Lobatsi, and other towns along the line have fallen, the last tidings from Kimberley, Mafeking, and even from Tuli reported those places still holding out against the Boers. Despite an apparently stout resistance, much anxiety is felt regarding these places. Troopships are arriving daily at Cape Town, but the first, conveying a large proportion of the entire contingent, were sent on to Durban. Lying in an undulating field-country, Kimberley has no natural defenses. In addition, it is dependent for water supply upon the Vaal River, now in the control of the Boers. The British force is said to consist of four thousand men; they are besieged by an army numerically at least twice as large. Kimberley is six hundred and fifty miles away from the British reinforcements at Cape Town; Mafeking is two hundred, and Tuli four hundred miles further north. The whole situation is thus summarized in the London "Naval and Military Record:"

Considering the nature of the country, the lamentable unpreparedness of England, and the unwillingness of the opposition to allow a British regiment to go to South Africa until President Kruger's ultimatum was received, it

is almost surprising that we have been able to hold our own so far. Not only have the Boers proved themselves determined fighters and splendid sharpshooters, as we knew them to be, but they have developed surprising military and strategic qualities. They have nearly surrounded every garrison we hold, and have invariably occupied almost unassailable positions, fighting with great courage. Against such fighters our little force, left isolated far from our base and without hope of relief for days to come, has not only done splendid work but has gained successes which we venture to believe no other soldiers in the world, placed in similar positions and in similar unfortunate conditions, could have achieved.



Hospital Ships for South Africa The tangible evidence of an Anglo-American friendship of the peoples as well as the Governments is given in the generous offer by Mr. B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, of the steamship *Maine*, of the Atlantic Transport Line, to the English Government, free of every expense. This means a gift of from \$4,000 to \$5,000 per month, without counting the earning capacity of the ship. It will be remembered that the *Missouri*, offered by Mr. Baker, was accepted by the United States Government under like conditions during the Spanish-American war. The English Government has accepted the *Maine*, and she is now being equipped as a hospital ship in England with money raised by American women in London. Lady Randolph Churchill has taken charge of the American women's movement in London, and will go as their representative in the *Maine* to South Africa. The money already contributed by Americans towards meeting the expenses of the *Maine's* hospital service amounts to nearly \$100,000. Only American nurses will serve on this ship. Twelve men from the Mills Training-School for Male Nurses of New York, and thirty women from the several women's schools for nurses, have sailed for England for service on the *Maine*. Tradesmen have been extremely generous in supplying stores. Two ships have been offered to the Red Cross: one, the *Princess of Wales*, is offered by the Duke of Newcastle; the other, tendered by an unknown donor, will have a complete Roentgen apparatus. The *Princess of Wales* is throwing her influence and energy into the work of the Red Cross. Money and stores to equip these vessels and supply nurses is pouring in. The

Mansion House Fund for the care of the soldiers' families is rapidly increasing. The women in England have been stimulated to follow the example of the American women in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in our own war.



The Capture of Tarlac

It is not too much to say that there has been more substantial gain in the military operations of the past two weeks in the Philippines than was made in months last spring. The occupation of Tarlac (entered on Monday morning without opposition by Colonel Bell's advance party) is not of enormous consequence in itself, but as evidence of the success of a concerted movement it is significant. To understand this movement it must be remembered that Tarlac is midway on the railway that runs north from Manila to Dagupan—a port on the Gulf of Lingayen; that Dagupan was successfully occupied last week, after some fighting, by General Wheaton, with a brigade carried by our war-ships and transports from Manila to San Fabian, a town a few miles northeast of Dagupan; and that thus an advance became possible from both north and south upon the temporary Filipino capital, Tarlac. From Angeles, on the railroad, which had been our advance post, General MacArthur has been leading his division northward, capturing small towns and driving back the enemy after trifling engagements; meanwhile General Lawton has led a column in a northeasterly direction, moving slowly because of floods and bad roads, until he occupied Cabanatuan, a town perhaps twelve miles east of the railroad and nearly as far north as Tarlac. It is evident that Aguinaldo's position was fast becoming untenable. General Wheaton, by moving toward the east from Dagupan and then coming south, might cut off the retreat to the range of mountains which divides the northernmost part of the island from the scene of recent operations; General Lawton might easily co-operate in this, and could block any attempt on Aguinaldo's part to escape around our right flank (the east) and to join the insurgents in the southern part of the island; retreat to the west would leave the insurgents shut in between the coast and our army; while MacArthur's advance threat-

ened to force Aguinaldo's forces into a place where they would have to "fight to a finish," which is exactly what they do not desire. Precisely what has now become of Aguinaldo, his soldiers, and the Filipino Congress, appears to be in doubt. Last week it was rumored that, upon the news of General Wheaton's occupation of Dagupan, Aguinaldo had moved many miles into the mountains of the northeast to a place called Boombang, and this general course seems the most probable. From this point he might descend into the rich tobacco region in the north end of Luzon and make his way toward the north coast, or he might remain in the mountains, carry on a game of hide-and-seek with any forces sent to oppose him, and in general imitate the tactics used by the Cubans in their eastern province against Spain. His difficulty in getting supplies would be great, and some of the mountain tribes are said to be hostile to him. The latest reports, however, declare that Aguinaldo did not escape to the northeast, and is in great danger of being surrounded. However this may be, our army has now practically cleared a fairly wide strip of territory in the western part of Luzon from Manila to Dagupan, and it is probable that the policy will be adopted of holding all this permanently, establishing peaceable and good government, showing the natives that the United States means to act for the ultimate good of the Filipino people, and later taking up one by one the problems of further extension of the territory controlled by our forces as circumstances indicate.



The Sultan of Sulu

An article on another page gives an interesting account of the Moros of the Sulu Archipelago and their chief. This article will throw some light on the supposed arrangement entered into by General Bates and the Sultan of Sulu, recently referred to in our columns. There are those who will hold that the United States ought not to suffer either polygamy or slavery to exist under its flag, and that if it cannot immediately abolish polygamy and slavery in the Sulu Archipelago, it ought not to allow its flag to be raised there. To the objection that the attempt to abolish polygamy and slavery by force instantly would lead to a

long, costly, and perhaps futile war, the answer will readily be made that this war may be avoided by simply not assuming any governmental responsibility for the Sulu group. To those who believe that the Government is responsible for every evil continued under its flag, and that instant and immediate abolition of wrong, at least so far as the law can operate, is demanded by the interests of morality, the objection to even a silent acquiescence in polygamy and slavery will be absolute and unanswerable. In our opinion the way in which Providence, as interpreted by the Mosaic dispensation, dealt with both these evils in the early history of Judaism indicates a better solution of the problem than that afforded by instant and immediate abolition. The truth is that the vice of polygamy is not chiefly in the multiplicity of wives, but in the unbridled licentiousness which leads to a multiplicity of wives, and the evil of slavery is not primarily in the absolute control of one man by another man, but in the selfishness and the despotic spirit which lead to such absolute control. The question for the moralist, therefore, is how to get rid of licentiousness and selfishness; the question of legal reform is how to get rid of the special forms which licentiousness and selfishness take on, in the speediest practicable manner and with the most practicable direction. The Mosaic method was to surround both polygamy and slavery with such restrictions, and to accompany this legislative action with such ethical education, as would on the one hand make the maintenance of the evil organization difficult, and would on the other hand remove the motive which led to it. So efficacious was this method that at the time of Christ it is doubtful whether any orthodox Jew had more than one wife or owned a single slave, and to-day there is probably no chaster race on the face of the globe than the Hebrew race, nor one more industrious and self-reliant. Whether America should assume responsibility for the Sulu Archipelago or not is a difficult question; but if it does so, statecraft and morality combine to recommend a course of gradual abolition and emancipation, accompanied by educative influences, rather than instant and immediate abolition enforced by the sword.

**Lord Salisbury's
Guildhall Speech**

No living statesman commands such an audience as does the Marquis of Salisbury, the British Premier. One reason is that no living statesman has had his experience. Another and a greater is the fact that, repudiating the jingoism, at once aggressive and mysterious, which characterized him when, two decades ago, he helped make the Treaty of Berlin, he has long since come into that calm, quiet, assured, forceful frame of mind and of speech which accomplishes such a triumph as that of Fashoda last year almost as a matter of course. All of Lord Salisbury's speeches command instant attention, not only among his own followers in the Conservative party, but also and equally among Liberals and Radicals. They not only command attention in England, but are read with keenest interest in every European capital, and, indeed, throughout the world. While any of the Premier's utterances finds this world audience, his annual addresses at the London Guildhall Banquet, following the induction of a new Lord Mayor, have come to have almost the authority of the Sovereign's speeches in the opening or closing of Parliament. Last week, at the Guildhall, Lord Salisbury's speech was a good example, not only of that lucidity of which he is a master, but also of a notable frankness and directness of utterance; he often pays his auditors the compliment of apparently taking them into his confidence. His remarks were naturally in the main devoted to a discussion of the war in South Africa. To the criticism that the want of troops there during the past five weeks has been due to a lack of action on the part of the home Government, Lord Salisbury said that it would have been nothing to the purpose to have issued calls for reserves some weeks earlier. What was the cause of the war? "It was because we had taken measures to increase the amount of our forces in South Africa. If that had been done a few months sooner, exactly the same result would have taken place. The moment you had shown signs of raising your force to an equality with the force opposed to it, that moment the ultimatum would have been issued and war would have begun." According to Lord Salisbury, the root of the whole South African imbroglio is found

in the arrangements of 1881 and 1884, by which a community, obviously hostile, was permitted to enjoy the unlimited right of accumulating munitions of war which could be directed only against Great Britain. The Prime Minister repudiated the charge that, as one of the members of a recent French Cabinet had asserted, the war had for its object "the gratification of the lusts of greedy lords who desired a partition among themselves of the gold and diamonds of the Transvaal." He declared that England as a whole would have no advantage from the possession of the gold-mines, except as her Government conferred the blessings of good administration upon those engaged in the industry. "All successful industry breeds commerce," added he, "and all commerce has produced it to the advantage of England." He believed that all industries and commerce flourished better under her government than under any other régime in the world. The history of the British colonies, colonies unoppressed industrially, financially, politically, religiously, amply justified the concluding sentence on South Africa:

Whenever we are victorious, we shall consult the vast interests committed to our care. Vast duties lie upon us to perform, and, taking counsel of the uniform traditions of our colonial government and of the moderation and equal justice to all races of men which it has been our uniform practice to observe, I do not doubt we shall so arrange that the issue of this conflict will confer good government upon the area where it rages and give the security, sorely needed, against the recurrence of any such dangers and the necessity of any such future exertion, and for the restoration of peace and civilization to that portion of the world.



Anglo-American-German Friendship

Lord Salisbury's remarks on the Samoan settlement are referred to elsewhere. Lord Salisbury emphatically declared that Germany was one of the great Continental States with which "for many years we have entertained relations of sympathy and friendship beyond others." Later he remarked: "Our relations with the German people are all that we could desire." We in the United States may be tolerably sure of one thing, namely, that the Anglo-American friendship hastened the Anglo-German, and in its turn the latter only

strengthens the former, as may be seen from Lord Salisbury's happy reference:

For several years our relations with and cordial feeling toward our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic have been constantly growing, and, though neither we interfere in the affairs of their continent nor they interfere in the affairs of ours, we feel we can now always look for sympathy and a fair hearing among those who share with us so vast a mission for the advancement of mankind. . . . I have noted as one of the cheering symptoms of the present time the happy relations existing between the United States and ourselves, and the sympathy with which we watch their approach toward the same great problems that we ourselves have had to solve.

On the following night Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to Great Britain, was the chief guest at the annual banquet of the Walter Scott Club at Edinburgh, and thus replied to Lord Salisbury's words of the previous evening. Sir Herbert Maxwell, who presided, made a cordial reference to "the friendship that seals England and America." In the course of a speech proposing the toast to literature, Mr. Choate said:

Truly your country and mine are connected by bonds of sympathy that were never stronger and closer than they are at this very hour. I can assure you that Lord Salisbury's generous and cordial words at the Lord Mayor's banquet yesterday will meet with a quick and hearty response beyond the Atlantic. It has been said by a great thinker that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," and this ironclad friendship which now prevails between these two kindred nations is her latest and greatest victory. It means peace not merely between your country and mine, but among all the great nations of the earth, and it tends, by advancing civilization, to promote the welfare of the whole human race.

Something of such an Anglo-American friendship may one day characterize the now budding Anglo-German understanding. It is likely to change our own relations with Germany. Unpleasant Manila memories will be forgotten in the discussion of mutually profitable interests, whether in partitioning Samoa or in drawing up a much-needed trade-treaty. For the development of the world's commerce and the world's civilization in the twentieth century, the most cheering sign of this end of the nineteenth is the accord now existing between the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. Almost everything that could be said for an Anglo-American union may also be said for that larger race-generalization.

The sturdy force which snatched civil liberty at Runnymede and at Lexington is now joined by a force, perhaps inferior to it in such strivings, even if we remember the heroic days of 1813, but one that has done the grandest deeds ever accomplished in the intellectual world by providing for an unparalleled freedom of teaching and opportunity of being taught. This is what constitutes Germany's real strength, from the days of Luther to those of Harnack, and the effect is felt in an enlightened commerce as it is wherever science and religion and law and philosophy are taught. Beyond all colonial or commercial or intellectual profit, however, there lies the relationship of blood. The Teutonic races must not, dare not, resist that primal force. Fortunately, it is a force making in the long run for the world's peace and progress.



The Division of Samoa The Governments of Great Britain and Germany appear to be not merely satisfied but elated over the agreement reached by them for the partition of the Samoan islands, while our own Government apparently regards it as at least acceptable. Under this agreement the United States takes Tutuila with its harbor of Pago Pago—already ours; Great Britain withdraws altogether. Germany takes Upolu (the central island and far the most important of the group), Savaii (the largest island, but of little value), and all the islets except those closely adjacent to Tutuila, which go with it. In compensation to Great Britain for its waiver of claims, Germany gives up its claims on the Tonga and Savage Islands (near the Fiji group already belonging to Great Britain), and cedes two large islands in the Solomon group (San Isabel and Choiseul), also near to other British possessions. In addition Germany promises to join other nations concerned in abandoning extra-territorial rights in Zanzibar, and to join in a mixed commission to draw a line of division between the British Gold Coast possessions in Africa and German Togoland—this being practically a division of a neutral zone or undetermined territory. Probably the whole agreement is part of a larger understanding between Germany and England elsewhere referred to. Lord

Salisbury in his speech already summarized laid great stress on the fact that England had little use for islands unless they furnished good harbors, and that she was exchanging the very bad harbor in Upolu for an "inimitable" harbor in Tonga. Germany, on the other hand, has built up a considerable commerce in Samoa, and of course her industrial policy as to colonies is totally different from that of England. Lord Salisbury declared that the arrangement afforded "a very remarkable phenomenon, an agreement which is agreeably pleasant and advantageous to both Powers."



American Interests The interest of the United States in the Samoan question is twofold: first, with reference to our own future development and advantage; second, for the general progress of civilization and the protection of the Samoans themselves from unfair treatment. As to the first interest, although the United States gets very little in the way of new concession, as Tutuila, apart from the coaling station of Pago Pago, is of little consequence, yet the full recognition of our right to that station and its neighborhood is of real value. What is of use to us from the military and commercial points of view is the establishing of coaling and naval stations from San Francisco to China; and Honolulu and Pago Pago divide the distance from San Francisco to Australia into three not very unequal distances. Our commerce with Samoa is slight, the number of our citizens resident there very small; much as Americans might prefer to see Great Britain rather than Germany dominant in Samoa, we certainly cannot force our view in this respect against the united desire of the two other nations concerned. In short, the United States, as the third party to the present treaty, has all the disadvantage of a one-third minority against a two-thirds majority, and should be content if its main interest is not attacked, even if it cannot have all things as it might wish. The tripartite protectorate has been a failure from the start—foreordained to be a failure in the nature of things. Independence of the Samoans, whatever may once have been the possibility, is hardly conceivable after the tripartite experi-

ment. It is true that Secretary Bayard said in 1885 :

It is thought that we have a moral right to expect that no change of native rule shall extinguish the independence of the islands, and if such a change should be brought about by foreign interference and with the ulterior purpose or result of transferring the domination over the Samoan group to a single foreign flag, we should feel bound to dissent from such a proceeding.

It is also true that in 1889 Secretary Whitney said : "A harbor at Samoa will become of national consequence to us in the future as a naval power, but if the islands are to go under German dominion it would cease to be of use to us." The events of the last year in Samoa, however, made it imperative that some solution should be found. The change in international relations between the United States, England, and Germany has been great. Unless we are prepared to dispute with Germany for absolute control, no other course than acceptance of German rule in Samoa appears feasible. It is to be hoped that Germany will exercise a wiser system of colonial development in Samoa than she has used in some other of her colonial experiments. The education, protection, and advancement of this interesting people ought not to be lost sight of or extinguished by ruthless absolutism.



Chino-American Commerce

The Department of State is now carrying on particularly important negotiations with the representatives of foreign governments regarding the protection of our commercial relations with the Chinese Empire. The Department is endeavoring, to the best of its ability, to maintain all existing commercial relations and to avoid any possible diminution of them. Our treaties with China must be respected in the regions over which new "spheres of influence" are being extended. With this in view, welcome statements have been made by the representatives of England, Germany, and Russia. England, of course, adheres to her time-honored "open-door" policy. In agreeing to give to our citizens the same commercial privileges in Kiaochau Bay and the adjoining district as are enjoyed by her own subjects, Germany has now officially intimated a willingness to follow England's lead in this matter, and

we thus have an additional proof of the new Anglo-German understanding. While, unfortunately, France has not yet spoken, Russia, that other and more redoubtable protectionist power, declares that the United States enjoys the advantages of the widest open door for trade at Russo-Chinese ports that has ever existed between nations. Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, declares that the port of Taliawan is open by Imperial ukase to all the world, but especially to the manufactures of the United States, because Russian agents are now engaged in placing large contracts for steel rails and rolling stock for the Trans-Siberian Railroad. No discriminations are made against the commerce of any nation. Count Cassini adds :

There might reasonably be some complaint that Russia has endeavored to foster trade with the United States in every manner possible. Not only is the Imperial Government a strong buyer of American products, but, so far as possible, private contracts are influenced in that direction, for the obvious purpose of facilitating the transportation of these vital necessities of the Government. If the United States desires a sphere of influence in China, there it is in Manchuria ready and waiting.

We hope that the Ambassador may be no less explicit in a special statement as to Niuchang, another Manchurian seaport, where there is a larger proportion of American trade than at any other port on the Chinese coast. The important fact in all these negotiations is that, though the United States remains protectionist in home policy, in foreign it stands for the "open door"—that is, that territories coming under the control of the so-called Christian Powers shall all be open to the trade of all. The treaty with Spain, by which we guaranteed to that country the same trade facilities with the Philippines that we enjoy ourselves, was our first step in following England's admirable example in colonial policy ; a second step is now being taken in the praiseworthy attempts of our State Department. Will not these steps have an inevitable reaction on our home policy ? We believe and hope that they will.



The Election Returns In reporting the results of the elections last week, it is natural to compare them with those of a year ago. In doing this, how-

ever, it is necessary to bear in mind that in 1898 the Republicans secured a majority of fifteen in the House of Representatives and carried twenty-seven States, controlling 293 electoral votes out of 447. In the New England States the only important election last week was that in Massachusetts. Here the campaign was fought upon National issues. The Democratic State Convention strongly indorsed the Chicago platform, and as strongly condemned the policy of the Administration in the Philippines. The Republican Convention strongly indorsed the gold standard, and on the Philippine question adopted a plank as satisfactory to Senator Hoar as to Senator Lodge. The Republican majority was reduced by eighteen thousand, but sixty-five thousand still remained. In the Franklin-Hampshire district the anti-imperialist Senator Parsons ran for re-election as an Independent, uniting Democratic and anti-Administration Republican votes, and he was defeated by only six hundred votes in a district which gave the Republican candidate for Governor a majority of three thousand. How far this indicates personal popularity of the candidate, how far approval of his anti-Administration views, it is not easy to tell. In the old Middle States the campaigns this year were not, as a rule, fought upon National issues. In New York and New Jersey there were no State tickets or State platforms, while in Pennsylvania and Maryland the Democrats insisted that only State issues were directly involved. In New York and New Jersey the Republicans made material gains, and in Pennsylvania and Maryland suffered losses, Maryland passing under Democratic control. West of the Alleghanies National issues were to the front except in Kentucky, where enough Silver Democrats refused to vote for the machine candidate, Mr. Goebel, to give an apparent majority to the Republican candidate for Governor. The Democrats, however, carried the Legislature by a substantial majority, and secured the United States Senatorship, which was at stake. In Ohio the Administration was indorsed by a Republican plurality of nearly fifty thousand for the head of the ticket and about twenty thousand for most of his associates. Comparisons with previous years are difficult because of the Independ-

ent vote of more than one hundred thousand for Mayor Jones, and personal and factional controversies in both the Democratic and the Republican parties. In Iowa the Republicans nearly reached their high-water mark of last year, when they had over sixty thousand plurality. The Democratic appeals to the German voters on the issue of imperialism distinctly failed. Whatever the attitude of these Germans toward expansion, they were generally unwilling to indorse the free coinage of silver. In Nebraska Mr. Bryan gained a brilliant victory. The Fusionists made slight gains in the towns and unprecedented gains in the farming districts. The Fusion plurality is over fourteen thousand, as against three thousand last year and thirteen thousand in 1896. How far this indicated the personal popularity of the "favorite son," how far an anti-expansion sentiment, is not clear. In South Dakota and Kansas so light a vote was polled, especially in the rural districts, that the Republican gains in the former and possible losses in the latter cannot be treated as significant. In Kansas only county offices were at stake. In Virginia the Republicans this year made practically no contest, and in Mississippi had no ticket in the field. The pluralities in the contested States were as follows:

	1898.	1899.
Massachusetts.....	83,000 R.	65,000 R.
New York.....	18,000 R.	35,000 R.
New Jersey.....	5,000 R.	15,000 R.
Pennsylvania.....	152,000 R.	107,000 R.
Maryland.....	6,000 R.	12,000 D.
Kentucky.....	12,000 D.	1,000 R.
Ohio.....	61,000 R.	49,000 R.
Iowa.....	63,000 R.	56,000 R.
Nebraska.....	3,000 Fusion	14,000 F.
South Dakota.....	400 "	5,000 R.



The Non-Partisan Campaign The campaigns against bossism in the various States met with varying success. In this city the fusion of the Independent Labor party with the Republicans failed at the polls, but has to its credit the forcing of Tammany to nominate better candidates than usual and to pledge itself as never before to the immediate construction of a municipal rapid-transit system. The Democratic Committees, State as well as local, supported the amendment authorizing the increase in the debt limit of this city, to provide

the funds. In this city the vote for it was nearly unanimous, while up the State—probably because of the Democratic Committee's action—about half of the voters supported it. The result only proves again that "machines" are implements which democracy must learn to use, and not hope to destroy. In Pennsylvania the fight against the Quay machine and in behalf of ballot reform was the predominant cause of the Democratic gains. Judge Brown, the Republican candidate acceptable to the reformers, had a majority nearly thirty thousand greater than the head of the ticket. In Kentucky the Democratic revolt against Goebel retained more life than was feared when Mr. Bryan's tour of the State forced National issues to the front. Eight thousand votes were polled for ex-Governor Brown, the free-silver anti-imperialist Democrat, who ran as an Independent, and the stay-at-home vote among Democratic farmers was even greater. Unfortunately, an error in the printing of the ballots in one of the Republican counties may throw the contest into the Legislature, where the Democratic majority of nearly two to one may be used to seat the party candidate. The strongest expression of popular hostility to bossism, however, was in Ohio, where Mayor Jones actually carried the cities of Cleveland and Toledo, and polled an unprecedented vote in all the manufacturing centers. In Cleveland, where Mr. Hanna's unpopularity reduced the Republican vote and the refusal of the Democratic organ to support McLean reduced the Democratic vote, the official returns for the county were as follows: Jones, 36,000; Nash, 21,000; McLean, 7,000. In his own home, Toledo, and in Cincinnati—where independent Republicans fused with the Democrats against Boss Cox—a little more than half of Mayor Jones's vote seems to have come from Republicans, but elsewhere the bulk of it seems to have come from the Democrats and the Populists. In the rural districts the old Populists supported him almost *en masse*, because he put direct legislation and direct nomination to the front as the remedies for partisanship and bossism. The popularity of the man and the platform upon which he carried on his vigorous campaign were the astonishing political development of the year.

Meaning of the Elections

It is not easy to interpret the National significance of such local elections, partly because the people are coming more and more to learn that State and local elections should be determined by State and local, not by National, considerations; partly because personal issues come in to affect such elections, which are lost sight of when a National election takes place; partly because the majorities in Nebraska or Ohio fail to demonstrate and hardly even indicate what might be the majority in an election in which the whole Nation participates. On the whole, however, it appears to us that the New York "Evening Post," which has been a vigorous anti-Administration newspaper, fairly interprets the net result of Tuesday's somewhat confused indications. That paper finds in them an indorsement of the Administration on the question of expansion, and explains the majority in Nebraska as a personal tribute to Mr. Bryan. At the same time it justly, as it appears to us, interprets the vote as rather a disapproval of the opposition to expansion than as an enthusiastic approval of it. In general, when a democracy has to choose between a definite policy proposed and a no-policy in opposition, it is pretty sure to approve the former. The following is the "Evening Post's" interpretation:

Votes by the tens of thousands have been given to Republican candidates, with the knowledge that they would be interpreted as an indorsement of expansion, by men who have had grave doubts as to the wisdom of that policy, but who saw no way of escape by supporting a heterogeneous opposition which has no principles. . . . It is not, therefore, an enthusiastic approval by the country of all that it has done in the Philippines which the McKinley administration has received. It is, rather, the conclusion of the people that Bryanism cannot be accepted as a safe way out of a perplexing situation, in which there is wide regret that we have become involved.



Romish Temporal Power

It is interesting to note that in Italy, Spain, and France many, perhaps most, Roman Catholic prelates remain uncompromising temporalists. To gain the desired end, in Italy the founding of a federal republic is recommended, by which a system of nominal sovereignty could be created for the Pope in Rome, thus insuring his effective independence without

infringing on the principle of national integrity. It must be admitted, however, that, while Italian Republicans are no longer so imbued with traditional anti-clericalism as formerly, on the other hand, the Roman prelaty, enlightened by the liberality of the Pope, are no longer so prejudiced against republican institutions. Failing the establishment of such a republic in Italy as might restore some semblance of power to the Papacy, the Italians of the New World think that such a republic might possibly be established in South America. The present titular Primate of South America is the Archbishop of Toledo in Spain, who is still called "Patriarch of the Indies." He would be a natural leader in any restoration of temporal power; he certainly is in his own country, where, to insure a return of papal temporal power, he and his brother prelates have been coquetting with Carlism as much as have certain other Roman Catholics in France with a restoration of Orleansism.



The Brick Church

The course pursued by the Brick Presbyterian Church of this city in relation to the retirement of Dr. van Dyke and the selection of a successor might be studied with profit by other churches as a model of a Christian and rational method of dealing with a situation which often provokes unrest, dissatisfaction, and sometimes division for lack of foresight and good sense. When Dr. van Dyke announced his acceptance of the chair of English Literature at Princeton University, he announced also that he should remain in the pulpit of the Brick Church until a successor had been selected. His resignation was placed in the hands of the congregation, but it was not acted upon, and it will not be acted upon until his successor has accepted the call which has now been extended. At a meeting of the session of the church a series of resolutions was agreed upon to be presented to the congregation, and this was done on Wednesday night of last week. At a meeting of the congregation held on that evening the Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, of Baltimore, was presented as the unanimous choice of Dr. van Dyke, the sessions, the deacons, and the board of trustees. This

recommendation was thereupon unanimously adopted by the congregation, and a committee appointed to wait upon Dr. Babcock and invite him to the ministry of the Brick Church. Until he is able to come to New York, or, in the event of his refusing to come, until the pulpit is filled, Dr. van Dyke will continue to minister to his old congregation. Among the resolutions presented on behalf of the session and unanimously adopted by the congregation was one approving of Dr. van Dyke's plan "for carrying forward the work and worship of this church without a break in its energy and without a vacancy in its pastorate. We believe that the Christian wisdom and practical simplicity of this plan will commend it to every member of a congregation absolutely united as ours is in spirit and purpose." It is to be hoped that this resolution will also commend itself to other congregations similarly situated. The manner of Dr. van Dyke's withdrawal from his pastoral relations with his church has been on a level with the dignity, the directness, and the Christian spirit of his entire ministry—a ministry sustained on a very high intellectual level, penetrated with an almost passionate earnestness, and wisely directed to ends which were both high and attainable.



Dr. Sweetser on Unitarian and Universalist Union

Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, in the Universalist "Leader" for October 7, presents with great frankness and great vigor the objection entertained by a portion of the Universalist body to the proposed union of the Universalists and Unitarians in one denomination. His statement of the difference between the two denominations, as he understands it, is put clearly and concisely in the following paragraph:

Agreeing as they do in some respects, they nevertheless differ in that vital respect so widely as to make it impossible for them to promote the interests of Christianity by uniting their forces. Not till the Unitarians accept Jesus Christ as the Universalists do will it be advisable for the two bodies to adopt such a plan as the Unitarians have suggested. Nothing but injury could come from it to the Universalist Church or to the cause of pure Christianity. For the Universalist Church is avowedly and unequivocally and positively Christian. It has been so from the beginning. Not accepting the Trinitarian belief in his

Deity, it stands firmly on the ground that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and the rightful Lord of all mankind. Its first authoritative creed expressed its belief in "one God, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ;" and its latest declaration of principles affirms "the spiritual leadership and authority of His Son, Jesus Christ;" whereas the Unitarian Church expressly disavows belief in either the Lordship, the Christhood, or the Divine Sonship of Jesus. It refuses to call him the Lord, or the Christ, or the Son of God. Some of its members are willing to call him so—especially some of its older members, and of its devout women not a few—but the Unitarian body as a whole has put itself on record in the most positive manner as not believing in this fundamental postulate of Christianity.

It is not for us to determine whether Dr. Sweetser correctly interprets either the Unitarian or the Universalist position, but it appears to us certain that the question which his article raises ought to be frankly met and fully considered before any union between the two denominations is effected. The disadvantages of attempting an organic union where there is no spiritual unity as a basis have been often illustrated. If it is true that the Universalist Church centers its religion about Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the rightful Lord of all mankind, and seeks the secret of its power in the revelation and provision of divine mercy made through him, and further true that the Unitarian Church does not do this, whatever individual Unitarians may do, but regards agreement in ethical law as a sufficient basis for church unity, the difference between the two denominations is real and vital, and any organic union attempted would be unreal and would not add to the real efficiency of either body.



Citizen Sunday We are glad to record the fact that this year "Citizen Sunday" in London was observed with appropriate discourses by over three hundred clergymen. Such a custom might well be established in this country. Particularly impressive sermons were preached by Canon Barnett, Drs. Horton and Clifford. Canon Barnett urged upon his hearers that the great want of present-day citizenship was religion. "Those who commune with God find themselves at once in communion with their fellow-men. Perhaps they go to God with a consciousness of their own rights and wrongs, but

they discover a society in which they have not only rights, but duties. Men and women who visit the kingdom of heaven are sure to return to the kingdom of earth, for duty is born in the kingdom of heaven." "If people only met together in the city of God," added Canon Barnett, "their treatment of each other in the city of London would be different." The main topic of most of the discourses was the "No room to live" problem. The statement has been made that there are no less than four hundred thousand persons in London who occupy single rooms; there are reports of houses in which children are born to certain death, and where health to any one is impossible. In discussing measures of reform, Canon Barnett declared that if Londoners were only religious enough the solution would be speedily found. "Even a few citizens with a knowledge of God, and therefore familiar with the streets of the city of God, could drive out of London that indolence which hates to be troubled, that ignorance which sells the future for drink, and that selfishness which makes a few houses surpassingly luxurious and leaves many houses unfit for human habitation. A deeper religion is the one necessity of social reform." England is now at war to right the wrongs of the Outlanders in the Transvaal, said Dr. Horton, but those wrongs do not at all approach the injustice of the overcrowded poor under our eyes. Dwellings in suburbs and means of communication could be made at a cost not one-tenth that of the Transvaal war. After declaring that the rent of land should go in all its advantage to the whole of the people, Dr. Clifford urged that, meanwhile, there was the way of the Incarnation, and that was not to say to the slum people, "Come and live with us," but to go ourselves and live in the slums. "If Christians had only kept to the way of the Incarnation, then they would have fought slumdom where slumdom was; they would have prevented it from getting to its present pitch of evil."



Mission Schools in Japan

Last week representatives of the mission societies of the Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Reformed, Baptist, and Methodist Churches met in

New York City to consider the recent action of the Japanese Government prohibiting religious teaching in the schools of Japan. The general belief expressed at the meeting was that when that Government is petitioned by all the missionary societies in union, schools founded on private funds will be permitted to conduct religious exercises; if not, then the missionary boards of America and Europe must abandon their educational work in Japan. Article XXVII. of the Constitution of Japan reads: "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." Despite this, by a stroke of the pen and without warning, Count Kabayama, Minister of Education, recently issued regulations concerning private schools which, with his accompanying "instruction," have precipitated a crisis. Article VIII. of these regulations is as follows:

Excepting private common schools used as substitutes for public institutions of the kind, no private school may admit a child of school age who has not yet undergone the obligation of schooling. However, the foregoing provision shall not apply to cases where children, with the permission of the chief of a *shi*, *sko*, or *son* [local officials], in accordance with Articles XXI. and XXII. of the common-school regulations, are admitted.

The Articles last named refer to poor schools and to children under private tutors. To Article VIII. Count Kabayama appends the following "instruction":

It being essential, from the standpoint of educational policy, to make the work of general education entirely separate from religion, in government and communal institutions, and in others whose curriculum is determined by law, it shall not be allowed even at extra hours to give religious teaching or to perform religious ceremonies.

Not only are private schools compelled to become public schools in order to receive students, but all schools are compelled to abandon religious instruction even outside of regular hours. The Government thus withholds its sanction and privileges from schools in which religion is taught. The Minister's orders went into force immediately. Many newspapers, both Japanese and English, took ground against the Government's action. Public meetings were held at which resolutions were

passed pointing out that the order contravened the spirit of the Japanese Constitution, which had granted religious liberty. The first of the mission schools to declare that it would surrender its privileges enjoyed from the Government and become a private school was the "Meiji Gakuyn," the Presbyterian school at Tokyo. Other schools felt that it was their duty rather to accord with the governmental regulations until the end of the school year in April next, and then, if there was no change in the Government's policy, to give up their privileges. Some schools were closed. The attendance at all has fallen off. There are about a hundred and twenty-five mission schools of all denominations in Japan, with nearly ten thousand students. Perhaps the crisis is not so great a one to the mission schools themselves as it is to the Japanese Government.



President Wheeler's Inauguration

The inauguration of President Wheeler was not only very picturesque, but, as it should have been, highly characteristic of California. The procession, headed by Presidents Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, and Dr. Wheeler, made its way through the grove from Stiles Hall to the gayly decorated stand which had been erected on the Berkeley Oval. There were probably ten thousand people present, the University cadets acting as ushers for the occasion. A member of the Board of Regents presented Dr. Wheeler with a large golden key, symbolical of the government and custody of the University. President Jordan gave voice to the welcome and pledged the co-operation of the Leland Stanford Junior in the work of the new President. Dr. Gilman, as a former and very successful President of the University of California, and as a prophet who came back to find on every hand evidences of the fulfillment of his own predictions, was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. After congratulating the University on the call and acceptance of Dr. Wheeler, he gave a summary in broad outline of the recent progress of American universities, and then pointed out in detail some lines along which, in his judgment, the University of California should concentrate its

strength in order to excel. When President Wheeler faced the great assemblage, he was received with contagious enthusiasm. His address touched briefly and pointedly on the present condition of university education, and with great emphasis and frankness brought into clear light the urgent needs of the University, laying particular stress on the need of a library.



State Industrial Schools The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs at its annual meeting in 1898 appointed a committee to draft a bill and to urge the Legislature to establish a State Industrial School for girls. This bill when presented to the Legislature was opposed by the State Board of Charities, because the State already made liberal provision for institutions for children, in all of which provision was made for the industrial training of girls. The failure to secure the passage of the bill brought the matter for discussion before the Federation meeting just closed at Rochester, N. Y. At this meeting, after the fullest discussion, resolutions were passed declaring that the Federation gave cordial support to the idea of trade schools or schools for girls in which domestic science in all its branches should be taught; that it pledged itself to petition the Legislature to make annual appropriations for five years to establish such schools under the State Department of Public Instruction. The resolutions pledged the Federation to establish such a school in a crowded section of the city of New York. This proposition should receive the enthusiastic support of the women of New York. It will be the first step toward securing manual and domestic science high schools as a part of the public-school system of the city. Certainly these schools are as greatly needed to increase the wage-earning capacity of girls as the Commercial High School is needed to increase the wage-earning capacity of boys. Such a school would dignify manual labor for girls, would give to it the intellectual quality of which it is deprived by the failure of the educational authorities to recognize that there is a higher education in domestic science. The women of the State should endeavor to secure a separate in-

stitution for the girls now in the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y. A commission has been appointed by the Legislature to secure a site for the State Industrial School, now in the city of Rochester, in the country. When this change is made, it will be feasible to separate the boys and girls, and to put the girls on a farm, where, in addition to industrial training, training can be given in the care of the dairy and its products, horticulture, and the care of poultry. The desirability of separating the sexes in our reform schools has been demonstrated; providing out-of-door employment for girls as well as boys will be a long step in advance, not only in education, but also in penology. It is to be hoped that the sentiment of the women of the State will be felt at Albany strongly enough to compel separate provision for the girls in the State Industrial School at Rochester. The membership of the Federation is thirty thousand. United sentiment would make the Federation a power to be reckoned with even by a Legislature.



**A Common-Sense
Law Decision**

It is gratifying to the popular desire that legal rulings should conform with plain common sense to learn that the English Court of Appeal has reversed the copyright decision in the Times-Rosebery case. The lower court held, in brief, that a newspaper acquired such an ownership in its reporter's version of a public speech that the author of the speech himself could not thereafter publish those speeches in that form without the consent of the paper; that Lord Rosebery, for instance, in this case, *might* have copyrighted his speeches before delivering them, but, as he did not, he lost all power of restraining their publication by others from notes taken when they were made. The decision did not go so far, of course, as to prevent Lord Rosebery from publishing his own version of the speeches. The Court of Appeal now holds that the lower court had gone to an absurd extreme. "I think," said the Master of the Rolls to counsel, "that you are asking us to turn this Copyright Act, which was for the benefit of authors, into an act for the benefit of reporters. That a reporter is an author within the meaning of the act is to

my mind subversive of the true idea of copyright." And Mr. Augustine Birrell, in a witty and forcible argument, said:

In the present case there was not the originality or the skill necessary to constitute the reporter an "author." The originality, the humor, were Lord Rosebery's; it would be absurd to attribute those qualities to the reporter; he had only endeavored to present the speeches to the public as they were delivered. He was no more the author than Milton's daughter was the author of the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," though it needed great skill to take it down from the lips of the composer. Transcription, even intelligent, could not confer copyright.

The Master of the Rolls, in response to a suggestion that it would be a great loss if the reports of the decisions of courts made by stenographic reporters were not protected, said grimly, "I do not agree that the 'Times' reporter is the author of my judgments!" It is said that the "Times" will still maintain the contest by a new appeal.



The Way Out

It is hardly necessary to say that The Outlook disagrees in material points from the positions taken by Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon in his article "A Flaw in the Title?" printed on another page. It is apparently true that the Spanish Government agreed in 1897 to the expulsion of the monastic orders from the Philippine Islands, although no official copy of the agreement has been made public, and our knowledge of it is derived from American reports of Filipino reports of what that agreement contained. But it is not true that the United States stipulated "that the most oppressive of all the Spanish abuses, which Spain had promised to abate, shall be upheld and maintained forever by the arms of America." The Article to which Dr. Bacon refers ceded from Spain to the United States all the buildings and other property which "belong to the public domain, and as such belong to the Crown of Spain," and accompanied this cession with the declaration that "the relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities,

public or private establishments, ecclesiastic or civic bodies, or any other associations having legal capacity to acquire and possess territory in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded, or of private individuals, of whatsoever nationality such individual may be." The effect of this Article is to leave the United States in possession of all the powers of sovereignty, whatever they may be, in the Philippine Islands; Spain does not, however, undertake to cede or transfer to the United States property rights vested by law in individuals or corporations. The United States will have over such property whatever authority a sovereign nation possesses over private property within its domain. That power would doubtless be exercised in the United States subject to the general principle, ratified and confirmed by Anglo-Saxon conscience and custom, that private property cannot be taken for public use without compensation. But the United States does not promise to uphold or maintain the abuses inflicted by the friars on the people of the Philippine Islands; it does promise not to take property legally and of right belonging to the Philippine friars, or to any one else, except by its right of eminent domain, and in accordance with law and justice. This is not a serious restriction. It may be assumed that the United States would not take such property in any other way, whether it had made any such pledge as this or not.

If we understand Dr. Bacon aright, he would meet the grievances of the Filipinos against the friars by the rough-and-ready method of confiscating the friars' property and expelling the friars from the island. We do not believe that the United States would pursue this course even if the treaty contained no clause whatever bearing on this subject. It is not the American method to condemn a class wholesale to confiscation and exile because of wrongs which some of the class have perpetrated in the past or are perpetrating in the present. There is a better way out, one more in accordance with the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice and with the spirit of the American citizen.

The title of the friars to the lands which they occupy is by no means indisputable. Some of these lands they have acquired by purchase; some, it is credibly

believed, by seizure without law.¹ So soon as the sovereignty of the United States is established, a land court should be appointed whose business it should be to investigate the title of all lands held by corporations, religious or secular, certainly of all lands held by foreign corporations, in the islands of the archipelago. Where these lands are so held without any lawful title, they should be by legal procedure escheated to the State. Where they are held by just and lawful title, they should be purchased by the State at an appraised valuation. All such lands would then become like the crown lands in Canada or the public lands in the United States. The advance of civilization under an American protectorate, with a reasonable taxation and an industry free and encouraged, is certain to give an increased value to all such lands. In a comparatively short time the United States could sell or lease such public lands and repay itself all the cost of the original purchase plus the cost of the condemnation proceedings. By some such method as this the evils which Dr. Bacon forecasts would be avoided, the benefits to the people which he seeks to secure would be obtained. No injustice would be perpetrated; the spirit of revenge and of contempt for law would not be inspired in the Filipinos; hostility between Protestant and Catholic would not be excited in the United States; and, what is most important of all, the conscience and the reason of the Nation would not be shocked by a method of procedure wholly contrary to its spirit and its precedents.

We hope and trust that the Philippine Commissioners will consider the difficulty presented by this question of the friars, and will formulate some plan to meet those difficulties. In acknowledging its indebtedness to Dr. Schurman for the suggestion of this method, *The Outlook* does not in the least commit either him or the Commission to the plan here proposed.

¹ "Dr. Rizal challenged the priests to bring forward their titles. He said, 'If you will exhibit your title-deeds, it will be satisfactory for you and for us; I shall be satisfied, my agitation will end, the people interested round about will be satisfied, and you certainly will insure to yourselves tranquillity by settling this matter on the exhibition of your title-deeds,' and they could not do it. They would go to the length of intriguing for three or four years to bring about the execution of this Dr. Rizal rather than show their title-deeds, and we can only surmise that the title-deeds did not exist." *John Foreman's testimony before the United States Peace Commission at Paris.*

The Case of Mr. Roberts

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts has been elected a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Utah. Shall he be admitted? This question will confront the House on its organization. It involves two questions: (1) Has the House any constitutional authority to exclude him? (2) If so, are there adequate grounds for his exclusion? We propose to consider these questions separately.

I. Article I., Section 5, of the Constitution of the United States provides that "each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Article I., Section 2, declares that "no person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen." These are the only clauses of the Constitution which bear directly on the question. It is admitted that Mr. Roberts is over twenty-five years of age, has been more than seven years a citizen of the United States,¹ and was an inhabitant of the State of Utah when elected. Is he therefore entitled to a seat in the House of Representatives independent of all other considerations? or, to speak more accurately, is the State of Utah entitled to have him as its Representative? This question is answered affirmatively by those who contend that the power of the House to judge of the qualifications of its members is limited by the provisions requiring certain qualifications. According to this interpretation, all that the House has a constitutional authority to do is to determine whether the Representative is twenty-five years of age, has been a citizen of the United States for seven years, is a resident of the State which he claims to represent, and has been duly elected by that State.

In our judgment, this interpretation of the Constitution is not tenable.

The United States Constitution is not to be interpreted as though there were no precedent history. The Constitutional Convention had before it, as a kind

¹ This is generally admitted, though the claim has been made that he has forfeited his citizenship by being convicted of polygamy and so made ineligible to office, as explained further on in this article.

of model, the unwritten constitution of Great Britain, from which country a majority of the colonists had come, bringing with them their religious faith, their common law, and their political institutions. These were radically modified in the light of the past experience of Great Britain and in view of the present needs of the new country. But the new instrument is to be read in the light of this antecedent history. In Great Britain the House of Commons was the absolute judge of the qualifications of its own members. Upon its authority so to judge there was no limitation whatever. If it decided unjustly, there was no remedy but to re-elect the same member, who might be again refused admission. This was historically established in the famous case of John Wilkes, who was four times elected and four times refused admission, before finally the House of Commons yielded to public sentiment and granted him his seat. The House of Commons could, if it chose, admit as a member a man under twenty-one, a man not a citizen of Great Britain, and not only could but habitually did admit men not residing in the district which they claimed to represent.

The Constitution of the United States, by making the House judge of the qualifications of its own members, conferred upon it all the power which the British unwritten constitution conferred on the House of Commons—except that it had not the power to admit any man unless he was under twenty-five years of age, had been for seven years a citizen of the United States, and was at the time of his election a resident of the State. This view of the Constitution appears to us to be confirmed by the peculiar language of Article I., Section 2. This section follows immediately after the one stating how Representatives shall be elected. It does not say that any man may be a Representative who is twenty-five years of age, etc.; it says that no man shall be a Representative unless he is twenty-five years of age, etc. Neither House can admit men who do not possess these qualifications; it does not follow that it cannot exclude men who are, in its judgment, otherwise disqualified. Suppose admission should be claimed by a Representative afflicted with an incurable, loathsome, and infectious disease, as leprosy for example; must he be admitted?

Suppose a State or States should attempt to break up the Union of States, and for this purpose should elect Representatives who should come to Washington for the avowed purpose of aiding in this attempt; must they be admitted to a share in the councils of the Nation? Suppose the State of Missouri should send up Jesse James, a convicted felon, as a Representative, must the House admit him, notwithstanding the conceded fact that he was still directing the operations of his gang of train robbers? Must the House admit such a Representative and trust to the ability afterward to expel him by a two-thirds vote?

We do not so read the Constitution. We believe that the House has absolute authority, as the House of Commons has, as, in general, the popular body in all representative governments has, finally to determine whether any man sent up by any constituency is a fit man to represent the Nation—for he is a Representative of the entire Nation as well as of the local constituency. From partisan and otherwise unjust decisions there are two appeals and only two: one to the reason and the conscience of the House; the other to the reason and the conscience of the Nation, to which the House is always amenable.

II. Granting that the House of Representatives has constitutional authority to determine whether Mr. Roberts ought to represent his State in the House, are there adequate reasons for exercising it by his exclusion?

The fact that he is a Mormon constitutes no such reason. The religious faith of any man respecting God and the future world does not in America constitute any ground for his exclusion from any office. He may be atheist, agnostic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Parsee, Mormon—what he will: the State officially knows nothing of the difference. The objection to Mr. Roberts is quite different. The facts on which that objection is based are as follows:

In 1862 the United States had forbidden bigamy; the first section of the law of 1882 amended the above and forbade, not only future polygamous marriages, but continued living in marriage with more than one woman. Violation of either portion of this law rendered the person committing the offense ineligible for election to any office in the United States. At that

time Utah was a Territory, not a State, and the law applied to Utah. Mr. Roberts, in violation of that law, and subsequent to it, married three wives and lived with them; he was convicted of the offense in 1889 and served a term of imprisonment for the offense; and he was thereby made ineligible for election to any office in the United States. But in January, 1893, full amnesty was granted to all persons liable to prosecution under this statute, provided they had not continued in such unlawful marriage since November, 1890, and did in the future faithfully obey the law; and this amnesty was made absolute in 1894. If Mr. Roberts had complied with the conditions of this amnesty, his previous conviction would not make him ineligible to office. But he has not; on the contrary, he has continued to live in polygamy with his three wives. In 1896 Utah was admitted as a State. The law of the United States against polygamy then ceased to be operative, for that law was applicable only to the Territories, since only the Territories were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government; but the admission of Utah was based upon a provision in the Constitution of the State forever prohibiting polygamy, and the laws of Utah are almost a literal re-enactment of the United States statutes, excepting the disqualification clause.

On this state of facts there are three objections to Mr. Roberts's admission to the House of Representatives: (1) That he has rendered himself legally ineligible to office under the United States by his violation of the law of 1882, and that ineligibility has not been removed by the subsequent amnesty because he has not complied with its conditions. (2) He has again rendered himself ineligible by living in polygamous relations subsequent to the amnesty and prior to the admission of the State. (3) He is now living in open violation of the statutes of the State which he claims to represent—statutes passed to carry into effect a clause in the Constitution which was made a condition precedent to the admission of Utah as a State.

In view of these facts, it seems to us clear that, under the Constitution, the responsibility for determining whether Mr. Roberts is eligible to represent his State rests with Congress, and that it

cannot avoid that responsibility; that it has a clear moral duty, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, to refuse him admission; and that it is even doubtful whether it has the legal, and certain that it has not the moral, right to overrule an Act of Congress, adopted by both Houses and approved by the President, as it will have to do if it admits to a seat a convicted criminal still continuing in the perpetration of a crime which Congress by solemn Act has declared makes him ineligible to any office in the United States.

If the reader of this article is of the same opinion, he can, perhaps, make that opinion felt by writing to his Representative in Congress, giving expression to it, and either giving his reasons therefor or inclosing this article as a statement of those reasons, if he thinks it adequate.



Some American Novels

Reports of the sales of books which are now collected and published in "The Bookman" and other literary journals are not always significant from the standpoint of art, but they are always interesting as disclosing public taste. A study of these lists brings to light a striking change which may or may not be significant. Three or four years ago nearly every novel which attained a great sale was from an English hand; at present all the novels which have attained wide popularity in this country are from American hands. The recent popular successes in fiction—Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible," Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," Mr. Churchill's "Richard Carvel," Mr. Westcott's "David Harum," Mr. Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling," Mr. Page's "Red Rock," and Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope"—all bear American names on their title-pages, and deal with American subjects. In "Richard Carvel" Mr. Churchill takes his readers for a time to London, and some of the most interesting chapters in his story are those which describe English social and political life at the outbreak of the Revolution. But the London residence of Richard is an episode; the events which set the story in motion happen in America, and the events in which it finds its culmination happen in America; so that "Richard

Carvel" is essentially a tale of American life.

These stories, moreover, deserve their popularity. Several of them promise to take permanent place in our literature; others may not live long, but in dignity, force, and quality they deserve the attention which they have received. The range of their character-portraiture is notable. Mr. Churchill and Dr. Mitchell recall some of the historical figures of the Revolutionary period, and create other figures which are still more lifelike and interesting. Mr. Page, in his careful study of the Reconstruction period in Virginia, brings into view the charming type of gentleman and gentlewoman which gave Virginian social life dignity and distinction in the old days. Mr. Allen, in a thoroughly romantic spirit, but with almost realistic precision and vividness, recalls the pioneer days in Kentucky, and against a semi-savage background brings into striking relief the personal refinement and dignity of his leading characters. Mr. Westcott has probably been read by a greater number of men than any American novelist in recent times, for the reason that he has succeeded in depicting with wonderful clearness a type of man in whom all men are interested, but for whom most women care very little. "David Harum" was a distinct addition to the living persons who move in American fiction; a homely, uncultivated man, with great natural shrewdness, native integrity, genuine kindness, inexhaustible humor, and that passionate love of a horse and a horse-trade which every man understands who has ever known the country. "David Harum" is a genuine American type, shrewd to the very edge of sharpness; a man who loves to make a bargain with a large credit on his own side, but whose natural hardness is redeemed by a natural sense of justice and by unfailing humor.

"The Honorable Peter Stirling" is by no means so fine a piece of work as some of the other stories which have shared great popularity in recent times, but it is the work of an able man, a very conscientious student, and a forcible writer. As a study of practical politics it is a distinct success. It brings into clear view political methods which are constantly touched by allusion in the columns of the newspapers, but are rarely explained to the

uninitiated. "Peter Stirling" is another American type; a man of great natural force of character, who makes his way by sheer persistency, energy, integrity, and sympathy; who is a reformer without making a profession of reform, and who becomes a man of culture without losing for a moment his grip on the realities of life.

It will be seen from this rapid survey of a group of novels which have been read and enjoyed over the whole breadth of the continent that the American novelist is producing, for the time being at least, fiction which almost all men are reading, and that he is dealing very largely with themes of fresh and vital interest. The range of characters and the diversity of backgrounds which appear in these novels suggest the enormous territory occupied by the American people, and the wide differences of social ideals which exist between different parts of a country in which a common, mutual knowledge of different sections is essential to national unity, and especially to that imaginative unity which must precede a national art. These novelists are therefore serving the purpose, not only of interesting and refreshing their readers, but of making one section acquainted with another, and of bringing back to the consciousness of the men of to-day the character and services of the men and women of a century ago.



Pastoral Letters

Child-Training

Dear Outlook: I greatly appreciated "A Letter to Any Mother" in one of the summer numbers of *The Outlook*. But I have not seen any article throwing light on the questions which I ventured to send about a year ago. When a child says, "Oh! that's a picture of God," or "Christmas is God's birthday," meaning, of course, Christ's, how would you explain the right use of the names without making her feel that God and Jesus are two distinct beings? Then the idea of God's being everywhere is so hard for a child to comprehend. One of my children asked, "Is God in Hartford?" "Yes." "Is he in Wethersfield?" (the next town). "Yes." "Then he must be a very long God." Another said, "If God is everywhere, he must be 'way down in my stomach; how can he get out?" Is it best to keep to the New Testament stories with young children? How would you explain the story

of the ax floating on the water to older boys? Is it best to banish the old legends connected with Santa Claus and Christmas, which must deceive or at least misrepresent the truth to a child, and yet are so dear to us all? How better can the mystery and the sacredness of the Christmas time be impressed on the minds of young children? D.

Every mother ought to have a course in psychology as a preparation for motherhood. She should learn the difference between truth and fact, and that fiction is sometimes the very best vehicle for the conveyance of truth. She should understand the use of the imagination, and that it is a faculty to be trained and developed, not condemned and suppressed. She should learn the difference between theology and religion, and that the conceptions of the child, as of the race in its childhood, concerning God are necessarily crude, and that crude conceptions are not necessarily inconsistent with fine moral character. She should learn something concerning the limitations of the finite mind, and be quite willing to leave some things mysterious to-day that will be explained to-morrow, and some things mysterious always, never to be explained till the Great To-morrow dawns.

And yet—I am not sure that the mother would be much better for such a course in practical psychology. Mothers seem to know by instinct the best part of what is taught with labor in the class-room, and psychology, I sometimes think, only formulates the lessons which the mothers have learned of their children in the nursery. One thing is very certain—the mother should study the child and see how Nature, that is, God, has made the child, and adapt her training to the child nature. Education is not making the child over; it is helping the child to grow.

This mother asks more questions than I can answer, at least in a single letter like this. I can only suggest two principles, learned myself from other mothers, the application of which may throw light on her problems.

I. Never try to explain what you do not understand yourself. You tell your child that God is everywhere. What do you mean? Do you know exactly what you mean? Are you quite sure that you mean anything? or is this but a conventional phrase which you have taught your child because you think that it is proper

to do so? What I mean, what I think most Christians really mean, is expressed by Whittier's verse:

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

What I mean is that, wherever I am, I can speak to Him and He can hear and answer me; that, wherever I go, I cannot get beyond the sphere of His influence; whatever I do, I cannot conceal my doing from Him.

If this is what you mean, illustrations are at hand to explain your meaning. For instance: "To-night you will go to bed in your little crib; I shall not be in the room with you; you cannot see me; you will not know exactly where I am; but I shall be within call; and if you call me, I shall hear and come to you. So, I believe that somehow, I do not know how, God is within my call: I cannot see him; I do not know exactly where he is; but if I call on him he will hear me." So, again: Do you understand the relations between God the Father and Christ his Son? If you do, by all means explain them, if you can, to your child; but if you do not understand them yourself, do not try to explain them to your child. I do not understand them, so I should not try to explain them. If my child spoke of Christmas as God's birthday, I should let it pass without explanation. If he asked me how Christ could be God's Son, I should tell him, perhaps, something of the story of Christ's birth, and then I should say to him, "God is so great that we cannot understand him. So he sent Christ into the world, and told us that he was like Christ." Perhaps I would say to him, "How would you like to have me come to school some day, and be a little boy like you, and study and play as you do, and show you just how I should like to have you study and play?" And his eyes would sparkle, and he would say, "Wouldn't that be great fun?" "Yes," I would say, "it would be great fun; and I wish I could do it; but I cannot; but this is just what God has done; he has come to our earth to live with us to show us how he wants us to live; and that is why we study his life and why we love him so."

These are but illustrations, and it would be easy for a critic to find fault with them, and, what is more important, for the mother

to improve on them ; for it is audacious for a man to try to teach a mother how to teach her children. But they may serve to illustrate the first principle I want to make clear : Never attempt to explain what you do not understand yourself. Be entirely willing to leave as a mystery to your child what is a mystery to yourself.

II. The second principle is, Do not take life too seriously with your child. He is living in the play-time of life ; live in the play-time of life with him.

You are passing through the sitting-room ; he has two chairs harnessed together, a bit of string for reins, a chair and a sofa for a stage-coach, and is driving his high-spirited horses, and having a glorious time. You do not stop him and say, "My child, these are not horses, these are chairs ; and this is not a pair of reins, it is only a bit of string which could not hold a pair of horses for a minute ; and this is not a stage, it is only an old sofa." You hold up your hand and say, "Hold on, stage-driver ! where you are going ?" and when he says "To Wethersfield," you reply, "Just where I am going ; will you take me ?" And you get in, and he cracks his whip and starts his team, and you fall into conversation with him. If he whips his horses too much, you quote the example of the stage-driver who is his especial admiration ; perhaps you even contrive a little socket for his whip. You enter into his child life and share it with him.

Why not share all his child illusions, including his Santa Claus ? He will learn the serious side of life soon enough. Let him live in the world his imagination makes, and live with him there, and so prepare him to live in the other and real world when he gets older. The boy who drives a team of chairs is learning to drive a pair of horses ; the girl who nurses a doll through scarlet fever is taking a first lesson in the more serious nursing of future life. Imagining life is God's way of preparing us for real life : take advantage of it. And in doing so do not be too didactic ; first be yourself a child ; live with your child ; share your child's life ; and let the influence of your presence do its own teaching.

These two principles would answer your questions as to the Bible. You must teach it according to your understanding of it, not according to mine. But

my understanding of it is that in it God makes use of fiction and fancy as well as of fact and philosophy ; and if any one asks, How can we tell what is fiction and what is fact ? I answer, We often cannot, and it does not matter. Many of the Old Testament stories I believe are to be regarded as Hebrew folk-lore, the sort of stories which mothers told their children in the long ago ; stories whose value consists, not in their adherence to fact, but in their illustration of truth. The Samson stories are of this kind ; so are the Daniel stories ; so are the Elisha stories. They are the Jack and the Beanstalk and the Cinderella of the ancient Hebrews. They differ from Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk in probably having some more historical foundation, and certainly in having an explicit religious moral inwrought into them. I should tell the stories exactly as I found them in the Bible, without even considering the question whether they are fact or fiction, history or imagination. It would be time enough to consider that question when the child raised it. When he did, I should in answer give him my conviction, whatever that conviction might be. My conviction being what it is, my answer to him would be something like this : "There was certainly a man named Elisha ; a good man ; a great preacher ; a great statesman"—and I would stop and explain a little what the word statesman means—"and he did great things for his nation ; and a great many stories came afterwards to be told about him, as a great many stories have been told about Abraham Lincoln. But it was so very long ago that we cannot now tell what of these stories are fiction and what are fact. Some people think that they are all fact ; some think that they are all fiction ; and I do not know. But I rather think that this story of the ax-head is fiction." And I think the child would be satisfied to know all that I knew, and rather pleased to learn that I did not know everything, and would run off to his play satisfied as to the present, and with the moral lesson of the life quite as effectively impressed upon him as if I had assured him that the story was all fact, and with that lesson a great deal more effectively impressed upon him than if I had assured him that it was all fact when I was not quite sure myself.

L. A.



Our Mohammedan Wards in Sulu

by *Anna Northend
Benjamin*

ON August 9, 1899, I was fortunate enough to be one of five American women who were the first to visit the island of Sulu. The average American who first arrives in the Philippines is ignorant of their history, for little accurate information has been compiled, and, on account of the novelty, books have little meaning for the traveler until he has visited the various islands. During the three days of our stay in Sulu we wandered about, inside the town and out, with little realization of the fierce character of the people among whom we were. During the winter, after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, the Spanish garrison had been relieved by some of our own troops—the Twenty-third Infantry; and these were very prudently observing much the same regulations as were enforced by General Arolas concerning the admittance of the Moros inside the gates. General Bates and his aides were at Jolo for the purpose of treating with the young Sultan, who still dwelt on the other side of the island at his rebuilt capital of Maybun. The day after we left, the articles were signed by his royal highness. They are said to be practically the same as those drawn up by the Spaniards some years ago and agreed to by the Moros.

The warlike instincts of the Moros of the Sulu Archipelago are as strong and perhaps more fierce than those of the American Indian. "Moro" is a misnomer, as the only point of resemblance to the Moors lies in their religion, Mohammedanism. The term was applied to them by the Spaniards, and probably will never be changed. The island of Sulu is their stronghold, but there are large numbers of them in Mindanao, along the coast, and on the shores of inland lakes and streams. These people have never been very willing to acknowledge any foreign sovereignty, and the position of the Spaniards on their territory was always precarious.

The ancestors of the Moros came into the archipelago from Borneo about the time of the discovery of the Philippine Islands by Spain. Soon afterwards they came in conflict with the Spaniards, and for over two centuries and a half there was hostility and intermittent warfare between the two. The Moros turned pirates, and during the favorable monsoon, embarking in their "praus"—long boats, not unlike those of their predecessors in the pirate line of business, the Norsemen—they sallied forth from their villages on the coast to plunder and pillage in much the same way, if under a warmer sun. During these many years no village within the radius of their murderous grasp was without its watch-tower of stone, from which anxious eyes peered forth day and night until the monsoon changed and the dreaded Moros returned to their own homes to await the coming again of the season most propitious for their favorite pastime.

The loss of lives, of money, crops, and live stock, was less dreaded than being captured alive and carried away as slaves. The women and children were often taken in this way, and the former added to the harems of the native "Dattos," or chiefs. The Moslems did not confine their attentions to the natives alone; they killed or captured Spanish officials and priests whenever they could lay their hands upon them, and they

always evinced a most active hatred for the representatives of the Christian Church. Many were the expeditions sent against these fierce people by the Spaniards. Millions of dollars were spent and thousands of lives lost in the attempt to subdue them. Beyond holding them from further conquest and possession, nothing was accomplished. The Moros understood too well the art of making arms with keen edges, and were too much skilled in their use, to be easily subdued. It was not till the recent inventions in gunboats of small draught and in ordnance were applied to their conquest that they were in any sense conquered or their piracy suppressed.

On the northern coast of the island of Sulu was the capital city of the Sultan of Sulu, the stronghold of the Moros. In 1876 this was entirely destroyed by the Spaniards, and the Sultan was obliged to select some other place of abode. As the site of the destroyed city was in every way favorable, a garrison town was built there, and troops sent to hold it; it was given the name of Jolo. Life at Jolo was always full of surprises during the Spanish occupation. At various times the entire garrison was massacred; but reinforcements were always promptly sent, and the place was held. Besides being continually harassed by the Moros, it became unhealthy and fever-stricken, so that if the unfortunate soldiers who were quartered there escaped being carved with the native "barongs," their lives were in danger of being terminated by a method as sure, if not quite so abrupt. To be sent to Sulu was a sort of death sentence inflicted by the Spanish Government, and the Governors who were appointed looked at it in that way. The day came, however, when, inadvertently, the right man was found for the place—General Arolas, a martinet and a genius. When he arrived at Jolo, he found everything to contend with; nothing was favorable, but he was not daunted. In order to build effective fortifications he took a number of Moro prisoners, and set them at work till a fine wall was built around the entire town, and so well built that it is practically impregnable against a people who have no siege guns, and whose most effective work is done with knives. He next turned his attention to the town itself, made the streets all of an equal width, and arranged a perfect

system of sanitation, built water works, established public schools and a hospital, and made Jolo a place which was beautiful as well as healthy. General Arolas not only brought Jolo to this state of perfection, but kept it so, and the history of his administration is full of amusing features. He was as just as he was stern, and this attribute won the respect of the Moros, for there is no quality which, next to might, appeals more strongly to the savage mind. In the enforcement of his regulations he was inexorable, and never hesitated to punish by inflicting the death sentence. The natives called him "Papa," and they knew that whatever "Papa" said he meant, and whatever he planned to do he always did.

During the time of General Arolas's stay at Jolo, there were two claimants to the throne of the Sultan. One—the rightful heir—was not recognized by the Spaniards because he refused to go to Manila to be invested with authority. As a former potentate who had gone there for this purpose had been made a prisoner, the young Sultan refused to go, and there was justice in his position. But as the Government could not get hold of the real Sultan to commission, they chose one of the powerful chiefs and set him up in opposition. He was called the Paduca Majasari Malauna Amiril Mauini Sultan Harun Narrasid, commonly known as Harun. The real Sultan, who was a mere boy, lived on the other side of the island, at his capital of Maybun—a city of nipa huts built over the water. The Sultan's mother, who also lived there, is one of the most interesting of Moro characters. She is a Visayan—the Visayans inhabit the middle group of islands and are of a different race from the Moros—and was brought to Sulu as a captive, destined to be a slave. The reigning Sultan, in an unfortunate moment, became infatuated with her beauty and made her his Sultana, or first wife. It did not take the young Visayan long to appreciate the privileges of Oriental royalty; she developed a fondness for the use of corrosive sublimate on other people, and her husband was the first victim of this unfortunate habit. She then married his successor, but it was not very long before he too succumbed to an overdose of his spouse's favorite chemical, and she was left to be practically the

regent, as her son, the present Sultan, was very young. At the same time, when the rival Sultan was proclaimed by the Spanish Government, the dowager wished to be on the safe side. She was secure in being the mother of one claimant; it would be a stroke of state to be the wife of the other; accordingly she notified Harun that she was willing to marry him. Harun, with civilized sarcasm, responded that "he wished to die a natural death." The Sultana's hopes were thus crushed in that direction. Her name, by the way, is Inchi Jamela, and she is still the power behind the throne at Maybun.

Before Arolas had finally succeeded in getting things at Jolo into proper shape, he had found it necessary to march upon Maybun and destroy it, for the time being, and to otherwise castigate the Moros by inflicting defeat after defeat upon them, till they were brought to such a state of submission as they had never known before. In 1892 General Arolas left the Philippines for Spain, and, as might be expected, there was trouble, and of a most serious character. The new Governor had evidently little appreciation of Moro character, and this ignorance cost him his life. As soon as he had established himself at Jolo, it seemed to him a good thing that the Moros should pay taxes, and so he issued a decree to the effect that they should be forthcoming on a certain date. The Sultan Harun called together his chief advisers and laid the matter before them, saying that he would abide by their decision. They were not long in making one. The next day the Moros communicated it to the Governor in their own original manner. Harun, with a large number of his countrymen behind him, came to the city gates and asked for admission in order to pay their taxes as requested. During the day of Arolas no Moro was ever allowed inside the gates with his arms, and during that time only one man succeeded in thus entering. The new Governor, however, concluded that they were acting in good faith and ordered that they be admitted. He first drew up his own forces in line and then opened the gates. Harun, with his men behind him, approached the Governor, who stood at the head of his troops—it may be mentioned incidentally that the Moros were fully armed—and presented to him a bag

of pearls; the next instant he split the Governor's skull with his "barong." This was a signal for a general onslaught, and after the Moros had finished there was hardly a Spaniard left to tell the tale. The only survivors were two or three men who had managed to creep into an underground passage which connected with one of the forts. The Moros then proceeded to complete the job by razing the town. This was in 1892, only seven years ago.

The island of Sulu is one of the most beautiful which was ever projected above the surface of any waters by volcanic action. It is only thirty-four miles in length and twelve broad, and consists of a series of gently sloping green hills with unmistakable crater summits. As the sea surrounding it is always calm, the verdure extends to the water's edge, so that the coast, though irregular, is not rugged, and the huts of the natives are erected on piles over the water, here and there, and the soft brown of the nipa and bamboo blend with the green surroundings. Jolo is built on a little indentation of the coast, and as you come to anchor half a mile off it, you see merely a native village to the left and the gleam of two or three red roofs, a long pier, and a watch-tower to the right. Behind is a mass of thick verdure, and most of the town is hidden in it. The landing is made at the end of the long pier of masonry, and as you walk along it towards the town the houses with their red-tiled roofs become visible to you one by one. There is a large white gate at the end, and after that is passed you enter a broad street, beautifully macadamized, on either side rows of magnificent shade-trees which form an arch above and render it cool beneath. The houses are of the best style of Spanish architecture, and display a combination rare in the Philippines, that of freshness and picturesqueness. Jolo is, in short, a model of what every town here might be. After the disaster in 1892 it was rebuilt on the Arolas plan, for the fortifications and streets and trees were uninjured. The sidewalks are wide and well kept and edged with neat gutters of cement which carry away the water when it rains—a rare arrangement in this country. Before we reached the city, the wild-looking Moros had rowed out to the ship in their native

canoes, with bananas and pineapples and a few "barongs" to sell, and we had begun to realize that the inhabitants of Sulu were not only entirely different but more picturesque than the other Filipino races, most of which look and dress like the Tagals of Luzon.

A number of unarmed Moros were wandering about the town. These were all dressed in gaudy colors—trousers of so skin-tight a pattern that we concluded that they must be sewed on, not every morning, but at the expiration of the term of life of the previous pair; and a small jacket low at the neck and sometimes embroidered. The usual head-dress was a turban of some bright-colored cloth, tied, according to rank, in a different style. A few of the men, instead of the tight trousers just described, went to the opposite extreme and wore trousers so loose as to resemble divided skirts, and, instead of the turbans, displayed head-coverings of marvelous construction, of cloth or colored straw, resembling in their architecture a Chinese pagoda.

We were intensely interested in the Moros, and watched them with fascinated curiosity, trying to get snap-shots at them in the sunlight, but we soon saw that the interest which we felt in them was not half so intense as their curiosity concerning us. They followed us about in droves and were speechless. They had become accustomed to the male species of the genus American, but we were the first females from that enterprising land, perhaps the first white women, that they had ever seen. We visited the house of the "Chino Capitan" (the captain of the Chinese, of whom there are a large number in Sulu), and found him a genial and intelligent old fellow, who lived in a spacious dwelling near the pier. That evening he gave an elaborate dinner to the General, the Captain of the Charleston—which was lying there—and a number of men from our ship. The first number on the bill of fare consisted of "bird's-nest soup;" all had the temerity to try it, and the report was favorable. Even in face of the soup, we regretted that it was a "stag party."

The soldiers at Jolo are all comfortably quartered. Besides the town itself and its wall of effective masonry, there are several heavily fortified buildings without the city limits. Two of these, the "Re-

ducto de Princesa de las Etrurias," and a block-house built on rather unusual lines, we visited. The first is a small and very attractive "cuartel," with a moat and a drawbridge, the other a small house of octagonal shape and three stories. The entrance is on the second floor, and the steps which lead up to it are partly of granite, and the rest of wood which are pulled up at night by an iron chain, so as to make the place as secure as possible against attack. A squad of our soldiers are stationed there, and find it rather close quarters. A rickety balcony which runs around the top is used for a lookout, and from here there is a good view of the surrounding country.

Just without the principal sally-port in the wall at the rear of Jolo stands a small pavilion known as the "spear market." This looks something like a bandstand, but it was built during the administration of Arolas for a far different purpose. With the exception of an aperture used as a door on the side towards the city, lines of barbed wire were strung around the sides, and a little distance beyond, by the side of the path, a white slab marks the spot where, in the day of the alert Spanish general, no Moro was allowed to pass by with his arms. When the native reached this spot, the guard called out, "Moro armado," and if the man took another step he was shot down instantly. If he halted, the guard advanced, covering him with their guns while the sergeant searched him for arms, which were deposited in the pavilion and given to him when he came out again. With all these precautions, a Moro one day managed to kill three of the guard before the sergeant could despatch him. It was to this "spear market" that we went after visiting the block-house. It was filled with Moros armed to the teeth, and there were no American soldiers nearer than the city walls. There were but four or five of us, unarmed; but if there was any danger, we were unconscious of it. We were in search of native arms, of which the natives of Sulu have several beautiful varieties; the "barong" is the most common, the "kris" comes next. There are two kinds of krises—the serpent kris, with a waving blade, and the straight one. The first inflicts a terrible wound. Besides the knives there

is a long sword (which is, however, more common in Mindanao), called a "campilan." It is larger at the end than at the hilt, and ends in two prongs, in one of which is punched the number of men that the sword has killed. The perforations of some are rather ghastly. The Moros have no facilities for making arms, but by some laborious process they turn out blades which are smooth, keen as a razor, and well tempered. The handles are almost all carved and ornamented with silver. Some of them are extremely handsome. The men are fond of their arms, but fonder still of American dollars; besides, they have found it possible to increase the output in proportion to the demand. A short time ago it was possible to buy the handsomest of the knives for a few pesos, but the American here, as ever, has raised the prices, and when a new transport or war-ship drops anchor off the town, the arms are worth five times what they are on ordinary occasions. In the spear market we were instantly surrounded by several score of Moros, who flourished every variety of barong and kris in our faces, and the bargaining became fierce at once. Besides the arms just described, we purchased spears ornamented at the top by colored tassels, large wooden shields, and chain armor said to be a relic of the days of the Crusaders, when there was a small migration from Arabia to the Sulu Archipelago.

There were some Moro women at the spear market, who gathered together in a corner to make mutual observations—which were duly discussed—on these strange individuals in the long robes who had suddenly appeared among them. The Moro women wore their black locks flowing down their backs unrestrained. Their dress consists of a tight jacket and loose trousers which have the effect of a skirt. The only other addition to their regular costume consists of a long piece

of cotton or silk fastened together at the ends, which is called a "jabul," and is used to drape around the skirt or throw over the head. The horses at Sulu are of a better breed than those further north, and the Moro women ride them just as the men do.

In dealing with the Moros the feature most to be dreaded is the "juramentado." He is a religious fanatic who has tired of life and wishes to make a quick exit from it, but, as the chances of happiness in the next world are largely dependent on the number of Christians that he has turned out of this, he makes it his business to kill as many as possible before he himself is put to death. The number of murders which one of these sometimes commits is almost incredible. As they are utterly reckless concerning their own lives, they are a class of people to be most vigilantly guarded against. The name which has been applied to them is derived from the fact that they go to a native "pandita" or priest, and, after shaving their eyebrows, swear a sacred oath, after which they clothe themselves in white and go forth on their murderous Christian quest.

It is evident to the American who travels through the various islands of the Philippines that the Philippine question, aside from its political aspect, is a many-sided one. This is impressed upon him most strongly when he comes in contact for the first time with the Moros. It is only seven years since the entire Spanish garrison at Jolo was ruthlessly murdered. A race of men do not undergo a radical change in seven years, and if any of our soldiers should, by some rude or thoughtless act, arouse the fierce passions of the natives, it is not likely that they would stop to consider whether we were Spaniards or the representatives of a mighty and vast republic, which means no more to their simple minds than the island of Sulu does to the people at home.



Bill's Bluff for the Church'

By Ralph Connor

[This story, which is in all essential points complete in itself, forms part of a book soon to be issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company under the title "The Sky Pilot: A Tale of the Foot-hills." The story is here printed from advance sheets by special arrangement with the publishers. The author who writes under the pseudonym given above is—so the "British Weekly" states in an interesting personal sketch—the Rev. C. W. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg. "Mr. Gordon," says the "British Weekly," "spent several years as a missionary among the Rocky Mountains, where he came to know the life of the miners at close range, and gathered in the harvest of a keen observer, which he has utilized." His former book, "Black Rock," was an unconventional far-Western story, really extraordinary in the freshness and genuineness of its humor, pathos, and closeness to human experience and sympathy. "The Sky Pilot" can hardly fail to confirm the impression made by "Ralph Connor" in his first book.—THE EDITORS.]

THE Pilot had set his heart upon the building of a church in the Swan Creek district, partly because he was human and wished to set a mark of remembrance upon the country, but more because he held the sensible opinion that a congregation, as a man, must have a home if it is to stay.

All through the summer he kept setting this as an object at once desirable and possible to achieve. But few were found to agree with him.

Little Mrs. Muir was of the few, and she was not to be despised, but her influence was neutralized by the solid immobility of her husband. He had never done anything sudden in his life. Every resolve was the result of a long process of mind, and every act of importance had to be previewed from all possible points. An honest man, strongly religious, and a great admirer of The Pilot, but slow-moving as a glacier, although with plenty of fire in him deep down.

"He's soond at the hairt, ma man Robbie," his wife said to The Pilot, who was fuming and fretting at the blocking of his plans, "but he's terrible deleeberate. Bide ye a bit, laddie. He'll come tae."

"But meantime the summer's going and nothing will be done," was The Pilot's distressed and impatient answer.

So a meeting was called to discuss the question of building a church, with the result that the five men and three women present decided that for the present nothing could be done. This was really Robbie's opinion, though he refused to do or say anything but grunt, as The Pilot

said to me afterwards, in a rage. It is true, Williams, the storekeeper just come from "across the line," did all the talking, but no one paid much attention to his fluent fatuities except as they represented the unexpressed mind of the dour, exasperating little Scotchman, who sat silent but for an "ay" now and then, so expressive and conclusive that every one knew what he meant, and that discussion was at an end. The school-house was quite sufficient for the present; the people were too few and too poor, and they were getting on well under the leadership of their present minister. These were the arguments which Robbie's "ay" stamped as quite unanswerable.

It was a sore blow to The Pilot, who had set his heart upon a church, and neither Mrs. Muir's "hoots" at her husband's slowness nor her promises that she "wad mak him hear it" could bring comfort or relieve his gloom.

In this state of mind he rode up with me to pay our weekly visit to the little girl shut up in her lonely house among the hills.

It had become The Pilot's custom during these weeks to turn for cheer to that little room, and seldom was he disappointed. She was so bright, so brave, so cheery, and so full of fun that gloom faded from her presence as mist before the sun, and impatience was shamed into content.

Gwen's bright face—it was almost always bright now—and her bright welcome did something for The Pilot, but the feeling of failure was upon him, and failure to his enthusiastic nature was worse than pain. Not that he confessed

either to failure or gloom; he was far too true a man for that; but Gwen felt his depression in spite of all his brave attempts at brightness, and insisted that he was ill, appealing to me.

"Oh, it's only his church," I said, proceeding to give her an account of Robbie Muir's silent, solid inertness, and how he had blocked The Pilot's scheme.

"What a shame!" cried Gwen, indignantly. "What a bad man he must be!"

The Pilot smiled. "No, indeed," he answered; "why, he's the best man in the place; but I wish he would say or do something. If he would only get mad and swear, I think I should feel happier."

Gwen looked quite mystified.

"You see, he sits there in solemn silence looking so tremendously wise that most men feel foolish if they speak; while as for doing anything, the idea appears preposterous, in the face of his immovableness."

"I can't bear him!" cried Gwen. "I should like to stick pins in him."

"I wish some one would," answered The Pilot. "It would make him seem more human if he could be made to jump."

"Try again," said Gwen, "and get some one to make him jump."

"It would be easier to build the church," said The Pilot, gloomily.

"I could make him jump," said Gwen, viciously, "and I *will*," she added, after a pause.

"You!" answered The Pilot, opening his eyes. "How?"

"I'll find some way," she replied, resolutely.

And so she did, for when the next meeting was called to consult as to the building of a church, the congregation, chiefly of farmers and their wives, with Williams, the storekeeper, were greatly surprised to see Bronco Bill, Hi, and half a dozen ranchers and cowboys walk in at intervals and solemnly seat themselves. Robbie looked at them with surprise and a little suspicion. In church matters he had no dealings with the Samaritans from the hills, and while, in their unregenerate condition, they might be regarded as suitable objects of missionary effort, as to their having any part in the direction, much less control, of the church policy—from such a notion Robbie was delivered by his loyal adherence to the Scriptural

injunction that he should not cast pearls before swine.

The Pilot, though surprised to see Bill and the cattlemen, was none the less delighted, and faced the meeting with more confidence. He stated the question for discussion: Should a church building be erected this summer in Swan Creek? and he put his case well. He showed the need of a church for the sake of the congregation, for the sake of the men in the district, the families growing up, the incoming settlers, and for the sake of the country and its future. He called upon all who loved their church and their country to unite in this effort. It was an enthusiastic appeal, and all the women and some of the men were at once upon his side.

Then followed dead, solemn silence. Robbie was content to wait till the effect of the speech should be dissipated in smaller talk. Then he gravely said:

"The kirk wad be a gran' thing, nae doot, an' they wad a' dootless"—with a suspicious glance toward Bill—"rejoice in its erection. But we maun be cautious, an' I wad like to enquire hoo much money a kirk cud be built for, and whaur the money wad come frae?"

The Pilot was ready with his answer. The cost would be \$1,200. The Church Building Fund would contribute \$200, the people could give \$300 in labor, and the remaining \$700 he thought could be raised in the district in two years' time.

"Ay," said Robbie, and the tone and manner were sufficient to drench any enthusiasm with the chilliest of water. So much was this the case that the chairman, Williams, seemed quite justified in saying:

"It is quite evident that the opinion of the meeting is adverse to any attempt to load the community with a debt of one thousand dollars," and he proceeded with a very complete statement of the many and various objections to any attempt at building a church this year. The people were very few, they were dispersed over a large area, they were not interested sufficiently, they were all spending money and making little in return; he supposed, therefore, that the meeting might adjourn.

Robbie sat silent and expressionless in spite of his little wife's anxious whispers and nudges. The Pilot looked the picture

of woe, and was on the point of bursting forth, when the meeting was startled by Bill.

"Say, boys! they hain't much stuck on their shop, heh?" The low, drawling voice was perfectly distinct and arresting.

"Hain't got no use for it, seemingly," was the answer from the dark corner.

"Old Scotchie takes his religion out in prayin', I guess," drawled in Bill, "but wants to sponge for his plant."

This reference to Robbie's proposal to use the school moved the youngsters to tittering and made the little Scotchman squirm, for he prided himself upon his independence.

"There ain't \$700 in the hull blanked outfit." This was a stranger's voice, and again Robbie squirmed, for he rather prided himself also on his ability to pay his way.

"No good!" said another emphatic voice. "A blanked lot o' psalm-singing snipes."

"Order, order!" cried the chairman.

"Old Windbag there don't see any show for swipin' the collection, with Scotchie round," said Hi, with a following ripple of quiet laughter, for Williams's reputation was none too secure.

Robbie was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. So unusually stirred was he that for the first time in his history he made a motion.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," he said, in a voice which actually vibrated with emotion.

"Different here! eh, boys?" drawled Bill.

"You bet," said Hi, in huge delight. "The meetin' ain't out yit."

"Ye can bide till mor-r-nin'," said Robbie, angrily. "'Am gaen hame," beginning to put on his coat.

"Seems as if he orter give the password," drawled Bill.

"Right you are, pardner," said Hi, springing to the door, and waiting in delighted expectation for his friend's lead.

Robbie looked at the door, then at his wife, hesitated a moment, I have no doubt wishing her home. Then Bill stood up and began to speak.

"Mr. Chairman, I hain't been called on for any remarks—"

"Go on!" yelled his friends from the dark corner. "Hear! hear!"

"An' I didn't feel as if this war hardly my game, though The Pilot ain't mean about invitin' a feller on Sunday afternoons. But them as runs the shop don't seem to want us fellers round too much."

Robbie was gazing keenly at Bill, and here he shook his head, muttering angrily: "Hoots, nonsense! ye're welcome eneuch."

"But," went on Bill, slowly, "I guess I've been on the wrong track. I've been a-cherishin' the opinion" ["Hear! hear!" yelled his admirers], "cherishin' the opinion," repeated Bill, "that these fellers," pointing to Robbie, "was stuck on religion, which I ain't much myself, and reely consarned about the blocking of the devil, which The Pilot says can't be did without a regular Gospel factory. O' course it tain't any biznis of mine, but if us fellers was reely only sot on anything condooцин' ["Hear! hear!" yelled Hi, in ecstasy], "condooцин'," repeated Bill slowly and with relish, "to the good of the Order" (Bill was a brotherhood man), "I b'lieve I know whar five hundred dollars mebbe cud per'aps be got."

"You bet your sox," yelled the strange voice, in chorus with other shouts of approval.

"O' course I ain't no bettin' man," went on Bill, insinuatingly, "as a regular thing, but I'd gamble a few jist here on this p'int: if the boys was stuck on anythin' costin' about seven hundred dollars, it seems to me likely they'd git it in about two days, per'aps."

Here Robbie grunted out an "ay" of such fullness of contemptuous unbelief that Bill paused, and, looking over Robbie's head, he drawled out, even more slowly and mildly:

"I ain't much given to bettin', as I remarked before, but if a man shakes money at me on that proposition, I'd accommodate him to a limited extent." ["Hear! hear! Bully boy!" yelled Hi again, from the door.] "Not bein' too bold, I cherish the opinion" [again yells of approval from the corner] "that even for this here Gospel plant, seein' The Pilot's rather sot onto it, I b'lieve the boys could find five hundred dollars inside of a month, if perhaps these fellers cud wiggle the rest out of their pants."

Then Robbie was in great wrath, and, stung by the taunting, drawling voice

beyond all self-command, he broke out suddenly:

"Ye'll no can mak that guid, I doot."

"D'ye mean I ain't prepared to back it up?"

"Ay," said Robbie, grimly.

"Tain't likely I'll be called on; I guess five hundred dollars is safe enough," drawled Lill, cunningly drawing him on. Then Robbie bit.

"Oo ay!" said he, in a voice of quiet contempt, "the twa hunner will be here, and 'twull wait ye long eneuch, I'se warrant ye."

Then Bill nailed him.

"I hain't got my card-case on my person," he said, with a slight grin.

"Left it on the pianner," suggested Hi, who was in a state of great hilarity at Bill's success in drawing the Scottie.

"But," Bill proceeded, recovering himself, and with increasing suavity, "if some gentleman would mark down the date of the almanac, I cherish the opinion [cheers from the corner] that in one month from to-day there will be five hundred dollars lookin' round for two hundred on that there desk mebbe, or p'raps you would incline to two-fifty," he drawled in his most winning tone to Robbie, who was growing more impatient every moment.

"Nae matter tae me. Ye're haverin' like a daft loon, anyway."

"You will make a memento of this slight transaction, boys, and per'aps the schoolmaster will write it down," said Bill.

It was all carefully taken down, and, amid much enthusiastic confusion, the ranchers and their gang carried Bill off to Old Latour's to "licker up," while Robbie, in deep wrath but in dour silence, went off through the dark, with his little wife following some paces behind him. His chief grievance, however, was against the chairman for "allooin' sic a disorderly pack o' loons tae disturb respectable fowk," for he could not hide the fact that he had been made to break through his accustomed defense-line of immovable silence. I suggested, conversing with him next day upon the matter, that Bill was probably only chaffing.

"Ay," said Robbie, in great disgust, "the daft eejut, he wad mak a fule o' anything or onybuddie."

That was the sorest point with poor Robbie. Bill had not only cast doubts

upon his religious sincerity, which the little man could not endure, but he had also held him up to the ridicule of the community, which was painful to his pride. But when he understood, some days later, that Bill was taking steps to back up his offer and had been heard to declare that "he'd make them pious ducks take water, if he had to put up a year's pay," Robbie went quietly to work to make good his part of the bargain. For his Scotch pride would not suffer him to refuse a challenge from such a quarter.

The next day every one was talking of Bill's bluffing the church people, and there was much quiet chuckling over the discomfiture of Robbie Muir and his party.

The Pilot was equally distressed and bewildered, for Bill's conduct, so very unusual, had only one explanation—the usual one for any folly in that country.

"I wish he had waited till after the meeting to go to Latour's. He spoiled the last chance I had. There's no use now," he said, sadly.

"But he may do something," I suggested.

"Oh, fiddle!" said The Pilot, contemptuously. "He was only giving Muir 'a song and dance,' as he would say. The whole thing is off."

But when I told Gwen the story of the night's proceedings, she went into raptures over Bill's grave speech, and his success in drawing the canny Scotchman.

"Oh, lovely! Dear old Bill and his 'cherished opinion.' Isn't he just lovely? Now he'll do something."

"Who—Bill?"

"No, that stupid Scottie." This was her name for the immovable Robbie.

"Not he, I'm afraid. Of course Bill was just bluffing him. But it was good sport."

"Oh, lovely! I knew he'd do something."

"Who—Scottie?" I asked, for her pronouns were perplexing.

"No," she cried, "Bill! He promised he would, you know," she added.

"So you were at the bottom of it?" I said, amazed.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she kept crying, shrieking with laughter over Bill's cherishing opinions and desires. "I shall be ill. Dear old Bill! He said he'd 'try to get a move on to him.'"

Before I left that day Bill himself

came to the Old Timer's ranch, inquiring in a casual way "if the 'boss' was in."

"Oh, Bill!" called out Gwen, "come in here at once; I want you."

After some delay and some shuffling with hat and spurs, Bill lounged in and set his lank form upon the extreme end of a bench at the door, trying to look unconcerned as he remarked: "Gittin' cold. Shouldn't wonder if we'd have a little snow."

"Oh, come here," cried Gwen, impatiently, holding out her hand. "Come here and shake hands."

Bill hesitated, spat out into the other room his quid of tobacco, and swayed awkwardly across the room toward the bed, and, taking Gwen's hand, he shook it up and down, and hurriedly said:

"Fine day, ma'am; hope I see you quite well."

"No, you don't," cried Gwen, laughing immoderately, but keeping hold of Bill's hand, to his great confusion. "I'm not well a bit, but I'm a great deal better since hearing of your meeting, Bill."

To this Bill made no reply, being entirely engrossed in getting his hard, bony, brown hand out of the grasp of the white, clinging fingers.

"Oh, Bill," went on Gwen, "it was delightful! How did you do it?"

But Bill, who had by this time got back to his seat at the door, pretended ignorance of any achievement calling for remark. He "hadn't done nothin' more out of the way than usual."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" cried Gwen, impatiently. "Tell me how you got Scottie to lay you two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, that!" said Bill, in great surprise; "that ain't nuthin' much. Scottie riz slick enough."

"But how did you get him?" persisted Gwen. "Tell me, Bill," she added, in her most coaxing voice.

"Well," said Bill, "it was easy as rollin' off a log. I made the remark as how the boys generally put up for what they wanted without no fuss, and that if they was sot on havin' a Gospel shack I cherished the opinion"—here Gwen went off into a smothered shriek, which made Bill pause and look at her in alarm.

"Go on," she gasped.

"I cherished the opinion," drawled on Bill, while Gwen stuck her handkerchief

into her mouth, "that mebbe they'd put up for it the seven hundred dollars, and, even as it was, seein' as The Pilot appeared to be sot on to it, if them fellers would find two hundred and fifty I cher——" Another shriek from Gwen cut him suddenly short.

"It's the rheumaticks, mebbe," said Bill, anxiously. "Terrible bad weather for 'em. I get 'em myself."

"No, no," said Gwen, wiping away her tears and subduing her laughter. "Go on, Bill."

"There ain't no more," said Bill. "He bit, and the master here put it down."

"Yes, it's here right enough," I said, "but I don't suppose you mean to follow it up, do you?"

"You don't, eh? Well, I am not responsible for your supposin', but them that is familiar with Bronco Bill generally expects him to back up his undertakin's."

"But how in the world can you get five hundred dollars from the cowboys for a church?"

"I hain't done the arithmetic yet, but it's safe enough. You see, it ain't the church altogether; it's the reputation of the boys."

"I'll help, Bill," said Gwen.

Bill nodded his head slowly and said, "Proud to have you," trying hard to look enthusiastic.

"You don't think I can," said Gwen. Bill protested against such an imputation. "But I can. I'll get daddy and The Duke, too."

"Good line!" said Bill, slapping his knee.

"And I'll give all my money, too, but it isn't very much," she added, sadly.

"Much!" said Bill; "if the rest of the fellows play up to that lead, there won't be any trouble about that five hundred."

Gwen was silent for some time, then said with an air of resolve:

"I'll give my pinto!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, while Bill declared "there warn't no call."

"Yes, I'll give the pinto!" said Gwen, decidedly. "I'll not need him any more"—her lips quivered, and Bill coughed and spat into the next room—"and, besides, I want to give something I like. And Bill will sell him for me!"

"Well," said Bill, slowly, "now, come to think, it'll be purty hard to sell that

there pinto." Gwen began to exclaim indignantly, and Bill hurried on to say, "Not but what he ain't a good leetle horse for his weight, good leetle horse, but for cattle—"

"Why, Bill, there isn't a better cattle horse anywhere!"

"Yes, that's so," assented Bill. "That's so, if you've got the rider; but put one of them rangers on to him and it wouldn't be no fair show." Bill was growing more convinced every moment that the pinto wouldn't sell to any advantage. "Ye see," he explained carefully and cunningly, "he ain't a horse you could yank round and slam into a bunch of steers regardless."

Gwen shuddered. "Oh, I wouldn't think of selling him to any of those cowboys." Bill crossed his legs and hitched round uncomfortably on his bench. "I mean one of those rough fellows that don't know how to treat a horse." Bill nodded, looking relieved. "I thought that some one like you, Bill, who knew how to handle a horse—"

Gwen paused, and then added: "I'll ask The Duke."

"No call for that," said Bill, hastily; "not but what 'The Dook' ain't all right as a jedge of a horse, but The Dook ain't got the connection; it ain't his line." Bill hesitated. "But, if you are real sot on to sellin' that pinto, come to think, I guess I could find a sale for him, though, of course, I think perhaps the figger won't be high."

And so it was arranged that the pinto should be sold and that Bill should have the selling of it.

It was characteristic of Gwen that she would not take farewell of the pony on whose back she had spent so many hours of freedom and delight. When once she gave him up she refused to allow her heart to cling to him any more.

It was characteristic, too, of Bill that he led off the pinto after night had fallen, so that "his pardner" might be saved the pain of the parting.

"This here's rather a new game for me, but when my pardner," here he jerked his head towards Gwen's window, "calls for trumps, I'm blowed if I don't throw my highest, if it costs a leg."

Bill's method of conducting the sale of the pinto was eminently successful as a financial operation, but there are those in

the Swan Creek country who have never been able to fathom the mystery attaching to the affair. It was at the fall round-up, the beef round-up, as it is called, which this year ended at the Ashley Ranch. There were representatives from all the ranches, and some cattlemen from across the line. The hospitality of the Ashley Ranch was up to its own lofty standard, and after supper the men were in a state of high exhilaration. The Hon. Fred and his wife, Lady Charlotte, gave themselves to the duties of their position as hosts for the day with a heartiness and grace beyond praise. After supper the men gathered round the big fire, which was piled up before the long, low shed, which stood open in front. It was a scene of such wild and picturesque interest as can only be witnessed in the Western ranching country. About the fire, most of them wearing "shaps" and all of them wide, hard-brimmed cowboy hats, the men grouped themselves, some reclining upon skins thrown upon the ground, some standing, some sitting, smoking, laughing, chatting, all in highest spirits and humor. They had just got through with their season of arduous and at times dangerous toil. Their minds were full of their long, hard rides, their wild and varying experiences with mad cattle and bucking broncos, their anxious watchings through hot nights, when a breath of wind or a coyote's howl might set the herd off in a frantic stampede, their wolf hunts and badger fights and all the marvelous adventures that fill up a cowboy's summer. Now these were all behind them. Tonight they were free men and of independent means, for their season's pay was in their pockets. The day's excitement, too, was still in their blood, and they were ready for anything.

Bill, as king of the bronco-busters, moved about with the slow, careless indifference of a man sure of his position and sure of his ability to maintain it.

He spoke seldom and slowly, was not as ready-witted as his partner, Hi Kendal, but in act he was swift and sure, and "in trouble" he could be counted on. He was, as they said, "a white man; white to the back," which was understood to sum up the true cattleman's virtues.

"Hello, Bill," said a friend, "where's Hi? Hain't seen him around!"

"Well, don't jest know. He was going to bring up my pinto."

"Your pinto? What pinto's that? You hain't got no pinto!"

"Mebbe not," said Bill, slowly, "but I had the idee before you spoke that I had."

"That so? Whar'd ye git him? Good for cattle?" The crowd began to gather.

Bill grew mysterious, and even more than usually reserved.

"Good fer cattle! Well, I ain't much on gamblin', but I've got a leetle in my pants that says that there pinto kin out-work any blamed bronco in this outfit, givin' him a fair show after the cattle."

The men became interested.

"Whar was he raised?"

"Dunno."

"Whar'd ye git him? Across the line?"

"No," said Bill, stoutly, "right in this here country. The Dook there knows him."

This at once raised the pinto several points. To be known, and, as Bill's tone indicated, favorably known, by The Duke, was a testimonial to which any horse might aspire.

"Whar'd ye git him, Bill? Don't be so blamed oncommunicatin'!" said an impatient voice.

Bill hesitated; then, with an apparent burst of confidence, he assumed his frankest manner and voice, and told his tale.

"Well," he said, taking a fresh chew and offering his plug to his neighbor, who passed it on after helping himself, "ye see, it was like this. Ye know that little Meredith gel?"

Chorus of answers: "Yes! The red-headed one. I know! She's a daisy!—reg'lar blizzard!—lightnin' conductor!"

Bill paused, stiffened himself a little, dropped his frank air, and drawled out in cool, hard tones: "I might remark that that young lady is, I might persoom to say, a friend of mine, which I'm prepared to back up in my best style, and if any street-sweeper has any remark to make, here's his time now!"

In the pause that followed murmurs were heard extolling the many excellencies of the young lady in question, and Bill, appeased, yielded to the requests for the continuance of his story, and, as he described Gwen and her pinto and her work the ranch, the men, many of whom had glimpses of her, gave emphatic

approval in their own way. But as he told of her rescue of Joe and of the sudden calamity that had befallen her, a great stillness fell upon the simple, tender-hearted fellows, and they listened with their eyes shining in the firelight with growing intentness. Then Bill spoke of The Pilot and how he stood by her and helped her and cheered her, till they began to swear he was "all right." "And now," concluded Bill, "when The Pilot is in a hole she wants to help him out."

"O' course," said one. "Right enough. How's she going to work it?" said another. "Well, he's dead set on to buildin' a meetin'-house, and them fellows down at the Creek that does the prayin' and such don't seem to back him up!"

"Whar's the kick, Bill?"

"Oh, they don't want to go down into their clothes and put up for it."

"How much?"

"Why, he only asked 'em for seven hundred the hull outfit, and would give 'em two years, but they bucked—wouldn't look at it."

[Chorus of expletives descriptive of the characters and personal appearance and belongings of the congregation of Swan Creek.]

"Were you there, Bill? What did you do?"

"Oh," said Bill, modestly, "I didn't do much. Gave 'em a little bluff."

"No! How? What? Go on, Bill."

But Bill remained silent, till, under strong pressure, and as if making a clean breast of everything, he said:

"Well, I jest told 'em that if you boys made such a fuss about anythin' like they did about their Gospel outfit, an' I ain't sayin' anythin' agin it, you'd put up seven hundred without turnin' a hair."

"You're the stuff, Bill! Good man! You're talkin' now! What did they say to that, eh Bill?"

"Well," said Bill, slowly, "they *called* me!"

"No! That so? An' what did you do, Bill?"

"Gave 'em a dead straight bluff!"

[Yells of enthusiastic approval.]

"Did they take you, Bill?"

"Well, I reckon they did. The master, here, put it down."

Whereupon I read the terms of Bill's bluff.

There was a chorus of very hearty approvals of Bill's course in "not taking any water" from that variously characterized "outfit." But the responsibility of the situation began to dawn upon them when some one asked:

"How are you going about it, Bill?"

"Well," drawled Bill, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "there's that pinto."

"Pinto be blowed!" said young Hill.

"Say, boys, is that little girl going to lose that one pony of hers to help out her friend The Pilot? Good fellow, too, he is! We know he's the right sort."

[Chorus of "Not by a long sight; not much; we'll put up the stuff! Pinto!"]

"Then," went on Bill, even more slowly, "there's The Pilot; he's going for to ante up a month's pay; 'taint much, o' course—twenty-eight a month and grub himself. He might make it two," he added, thoughtfully. But Bill's proposal was scorned with contemptuous groans. "Twenty-eight a month and grub himself o' course ain't much for a man to save money out of to eddicate himself." Bill continued, as if thinking aloud, "O' course he's got his mother at home, but she can't make much more than her own livin', but she might help him some."

This was altogether too much for the crowd. They consigned Bill and his plans to unutterable depths of woe.

"O' course," Bill explained, "it's jest as you boys fell about it. Mebbe I was, bein' hot, a little swift in givin' 'em the bluff."

"Not much you wasn't! We'll see you out! That's the talk! There's between twenty and thirty of us here."

"I should be glad to contribute thirty or forty if need be," said The Duke, who was standing not far off, "to assist in the building of a church. It would be a good thing, and I think the parson should be encouraged. He's the right sort."

"I'll cover your thirty," said young Hill; and so it went from one to another, in tens and fifteens and twenties, till within half an hour I had entered three hundred and fifty dollars in my book, with Ashley yet to hear from, which meant fifty more. It was Bill's hour of triumph.

"Boys," he said, with solemn emphasis, "ye're all white. But that leetle pale-faced gel, that's what I'm thinkin' on. Won't she open them big eyes of hers!

I cherish the opinion that this'll tickle her some."

The men were greatly pleased with Bill, and even more pleased with themselves. Bill's picture of the "leetle gel" and her pathetically tragic lot had gone right to their hearts, and with men of that stamp it was one of their few luxuries to yield to their generous impulses. The most of them had few opportunities of lavishing love and sympathy upon worthy objects, and, when the opportunity came, all that was best in them clamored for expression.

The glow of virtuous feeling following the performance of their generous act prepared the men for a keener enjoyment than usual of a night's sport. They had just begun to dispose themselves in groups about the fire for poker and other games when Hi rode up into the light, and with him a stranger on Gwen's beautiful pinto pony.

Hi was evidently half drunk, and as he swung himself off his bronco he saluted the company with a wave of the hand and hoped he saw them "kickin'."

Bill, looking curiously at Hi, went up to the pinto, and, taking him by the head, led him up into the light, saying:

"See here, boys, there's that pinto of mine I was telling you about; no flies on him, eh?"

"Hold on there! Excuse me!" said the stranger; "this here hoss belongs to me, if paid-down money means anything in this country."

"The country's all right," said Bill, in an ominously quiet voice, "but this here pinto's another transaction, I reckon."

"The hoss is mine, I say, and, what's more, I'm goin' to hold him," said the stranger, in a loud voice.

The men began to crowd around with faces growing hard. It was dangerous in that country to play fast and loose with horses.

"Look a-hyar, mates," said the stranger, with a Yankee drawl, "I ain't no hoss thief, and if I hain't bought this hoss reg'lar and paid down good money, then it ain't mine—if I have, it is. That's fair, ain't it?"

At this Hi pulled himself together, and in a half-drunken tone declared that the stranger was all right, and that he had bought the horse fair and square, and "There's your dust," said Hi, handing a

roll to Bill. But with a quick movement Bill caught the stranger by the leg, and, before a word could be said, he was lying flat on the ground.

"You git off that pony," said Bill, "till this thing is settled."

There was something so terrible in Bill's manner that the man contented himself with blustering and swearing, while Bill, turning to Hi, said :

"Did you sell this pinto to him?"

Hi was able to acknowledge that, being offered a good price, and knowing that his partner was always ready for a deal, he had transferred the pinto to the stranger for forty dollars.

Bill was in distress, deep and poignant. "Tain't the horse, but the leetle gel," he explained; but his partner's bargain was his, and, wrathful as he was, he refused to attempt to break the bargain.

At this moment the Hon. Fred, noting the unusual excitement about the fire, came up, followed at a little distance by his wife and The Duke.

"Perhaps he'll sell," he suggested.

"No," said Bill, sullenly; "he's a mean cuss."

"I know him," said the Hon. Fred; "let me try him." But the stranger declared the pinto suited him down to the ground and he wouldn't take twice his money for him.

"Why," he protested, "that there's what I call an unusual hoss, and down in Montana for a lady he'd fetch up to a hundred and fifty dollars." In vain they haggled and bargained; the man was immovable. Eighty dollars he wouldn't look at, a hundred hardly made him hesitate. At this point Lady Charlotte came down into the light and stood by her husband, who explained the circumstances to her. She had already heard Bill's description of Gwen's accident and of her part in the church-building schemes. There was silence for a few moments as she stood looking at the beautiful pony.

"What a shame the poor child should have to part with the dear little creature!" she said in a low tone to her husband. Then, turning to the stranger, she said, in clear, sweet tones :

"What do you ask for him?" He hesitated, and then said, lifting his hat awkwardly in salute : "I was just remarking how that pinto would fetch one hun-

dred and fifty dollars down into Montana. But, seein' as a lady is enquirin', I'll put him down to one hundred and twenty-five."

"Too much," she said, promptly; "far too much, is it not, Bill?"

"Well," drawled Bill, "if 'twere a fellar as was used to ladies, he'd offer you the pinto, but he's too pizen mean even to come down to the even hundred."

The Yankee took him up quickly. "Wall, if I were so used to ladies as some folks would like to think themselves, I'd buy that there pinto and make a present of it to this here lady as stands before me." Bill twisted uneasily.

"But I ain't goin' to be mean; I'll put that pinto in for the even money for the lady if any man cares to put up the stuff."

"Well, my dear," said the Hon. Fred, with a bow, "we cannot well let that gage lie." She turned and smiled at him, and the pinto was transferred to the Ashley stables, to Bill's outspoken delight, who declared he "couldn't have faced the music if that there pinto had gone across the line." I confess, however, I was somewhat surprised at the ease with which Hi escaped his wrath, and my surprise was in no way lessened when I saw, later in the evening, the two partners with the stranger taking a quiet drink out of the same bottle, with evident mutual admiration and delight.

"You're an A1 corker, you are! I'll be blowed if you ain't a bird—a singin' bird—a reg'lar canary," I heard Hi say to Bill.

But Bill's only reply was a long, slow wink which passed into a frown as he caught my eye. My suspicion was aroused that the sale of the pinto might bear investigation, and this suspicion was deepened when Gwen next week gave me a rapturous account of how splendidly Bill had disposed of the pinto, showing me bills for one hundred and fifty dollars! To my look of amazement, Gwen replied :

"You see, he must have got them bidding against each other; and besides, Bill says pintos are going up."

Light began to dawn upon me, but I only answered that I knew they had risen very considerably in value within a month. The extra fifty was Bill's.

I was not present to witness the finishing of Bill's bluff, but was told that when Bill made his way through the crowded

aisle and laid his five hundred and fifty dollars on the school-house desk, the look of disgust, surprise, and, finally, of pleasure on Robbie's face was worth a hundred more. But Robbie was ready, and put down his two hundred with the single remark:

"Ayl ye're no as daft as ye look," 'mid roars of laughter from all.

Then The Pilot, with eyes and face shining, rose and thanked them all; but when he told of how the little girl in her lonely shack in the hills thought so much of the church that she gave up for it her beloved pony—her one possession—the light from his eyes glowed in the eyes of all.

But the men from the ranches who could understand the full meaning of her sacrifice, and who also could realize the full measure of her calamity, were stirred to their hearts' depths, so that when Bill remarked, in a very distinct undertone, "I cherish the opinion that this here Gospel

shop wouldn't be materializin' into its present shape but for that leetle gel," there rose growls of approval in a variety of tones and expletives that left no doubt that his opinion was that of all.

But though The Pilot never could quite get at the true inwardness of Bill's measures and methods, and was doubtless all the more comfortable in mind for that, he had no doubt that while Gwen's influence was the moving spring of action, Bill's bluff had a good deal to do with the "materializin'" of the first church in Swan Creek, and in this conviction I share.

Whether the Hon. Fred ever understood the peculiar style of Bill's financing I do not quite know. But if he ever did come to know, he was far too much of a man to make a fuss. Besides, I fancy the smile on his lady's face was worth some large amount to him. At least, so the look of proud and fond love in his eyes seemed to say as he turned away with her from the fire the night of the pinto's sale.

A Flaw in the Title?'

By Leonard Woolsey Bacon

THERE is no gain in going back three hundred years to inquire into the righteousness of the original subjugation and occupation of the Philippine Islands by Spain. It might be of more use to raise the question whether the title of Spain to the islands had not been vitiated by three hundred years of corrupt and tyrannical government. This is a point on which the United States is so far committed by its course for one hundred and twenty-five years, and especially by its formal acts respecting Cuba, as to be estopped from making any claims in the court of conscience and of honor by virtue of the Spanish title.

Waiving both these points, we come to an obligation with which only two years ago the Spanish Government, by a distinct and solemn stipulation, encumbered its title to the islands, receiving therefor good and weighty consideration. When we

assumed to take the islands as a purchase under the Spanish title, we took them with the encumbrance. The fact that the Spanish Government, having received the consideration, showed no alacrity in fulfilling its part of the covenant, but rather an intention of repudiating it, does not affect our duty when the title to the islands is transferred to us. We could not bind ourselves to execute the perfidies of Spain. Could not, I say, for even a pledge to do that, if one has been exacted from us, cannot be binding. What Spain has herself no right to do she cannot bind us to do as her assigns.

When, in December, 1897, the Spanish Government had lost hope of subduing the insurrection led by young Aguinaldo, proposals of peace were made by the Governor-General, Primo de Rivera, which were considered in the council of the revolutionary government, with the result that on the 14th of that month a formal treaty was concluded between Aguinaldo in behalf of the Philippine insurgents, and

¹ See editorial comment on this article, in this issue, entitled "The Way Out."

Governor-General de Rivera in behalf of Spain. In this treaty it was conceded by Spain that the chief of the abuses on account of which the insurgents had taken up arms should be abated, foremost of which was that intolerable tyranny of the monastic orders which has ever been the gravamen of the constant discontent and rebellion of the Philippine Islanders. The expulsion of the monastic orders was promised. It was further promised that there should be a general amnesty to all persons charged with rebellion or sedition, and that an indemnity of \$800,000 should be paid, half of it at once, the other half in successive installments. On the other hand, it was promised on the part of the insurgents that their army should lay down its arms, and that their principal leaders should leave the islands during the pleasure of the Spanish Crown. The insurgents fulfilled their part of the treaty. They surrendered their arms to the Spanish Government, by inventory, and Aguinaldo and those who shared with him the leadership of this successful rebellion retired to Hong-Kong with a letter of credit for \$400,000 from the Spanish Philippine bank. The payment of that sum was the only part of the stipulated concession that the Spanish Government has paid, or has shown any intention of paying.

It is not wholly aside from our present argument to refer to the reasons alleged for the expulsion of the monastic orders from the islands. According to the mutually corroborative testimony of a multitude of witnesses—Spanish, Philippine, Belgian, English, American, Protestant, and Catholic—the tyranny of these corporations has been shocking and intolerable. It would require a volume to contain the details of it. Let any man consult Senate Document No. 62, 55th Congress, 3d Session, especially at pages 320–328, 374–378, 406, 445–463, 556, 574, 589–590, 603. If the friars in the Philippines are not guilty of shamelessly corrupt living and of atrocious and inhuman tyranny, then the United States Senate has joined with officials of other countries, including leading statesmen of Spain, and with distinguished travelers both Catholic and Protestant, in giving currency to the most injurious and outrageous calumnies ever inflicted on inno-

cent men. The alleged tyranny has been exercised by these corporations, not by any civil authority or jurisdiction, but by virtue of their alleged ownership of the soil and of whatever grows from it or is built on it. Over whole provinces, the habitable and cultivable lands, with the farm-houses, sugar-mills, and villages standing on them, are claimed and held as the property of corporations of aliens having their headquarters at Rome. Thus the despotism wielded by the friars is absolute; in the nature of the case it must continue to be so, as long as the ownership is maintained; it is tantamount to slavery from which the victim can escape only by banishment from home and livelihood. Against less intolerable abuses of a like sort every country in Europe has revolted, in one way or another extinguishing the great mortmain tenures in the hands of monastic fraternities, as being irreconcilable with the public welfare. It is against this tyranny, with aggravations such as Europe never knew, that the Philippine people took up arms, and laid them down on the solemn pledge of Spain that the abuse should be abated.

And now comes in the great American Republic, with loud promises of civil and religious liberty, and buys for cash the vicious title of Spain, with a distinct stipulation that the most oppressive of all the Spanish abuses, which Spain had promised to abate, shall be upheld and maintained forever by the arms of America. (See Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris.) Archbishop Chapelle has started for the islands, with a commission from the Pope and much advice from the President, to attend to "the settlement of questions of church property." He "has come out for the permanent retention of the Philippines. He is in favor of expansion unqualifiedly." The Archbishop "will soon become a powerful ally of the Government." Nothing could be more natural. The Government of the United States has already become the powerful ally of the Archbishop and of the Papal See, and of the Augustinian and other Orders, and will co-operate with these Orders in maintaining unimpaired their rights of ownership, which involve the total suppression of civil and religious liberty throughout their immense domains.

The limits of this article have not per-

mitted me to add verifying references from point to point, as I would gladly have done. Let me refer to Senate Doc. 62,

above mentioned, *passim*; corroborative references might be furnished in abundance.

The Prospect Union at Harvard

By the Rev. Louis F. Berry

THE record of the University Extension work done at Harvard by the Prospect Union is of universal interest because it is typical of what should be emulated elsewhere.

With the opening of the present college year at Harvard "The Prospect Union" began its tenth season. This work was started with the purpose of bringing the men of the University into closer touch with the workingmen of Cambridge and of putting within their reach the opportunities of the higher education. The history of the Union is, in brief, as follows: A young Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Robert E. Ely, who had charge of a mission chapel in lower Cambridgeport, was at the same time taking courses in ethics and sociology at the University. As he went to and fro between his parish and the College, he was constantly being reminded of the gulf that seemed to separate these two elements of Cambridge life—the large manufacturing population and the high social and intellectual life of which Harvard University was the center. The two sections seemed to be living independently of and indifferent to each other, and often a spirit of hostility between them was manifested. Mr. Ely's courses of study at the University and his practical experience with the workingmen and their needs suggested to him the idea of organizing a University Extension work connected with Harvard, but centered in a building located conveniently to the homes of the men he desired to interest. This idea met at once with the cordial approval and indorsement of Professor Peabody, whose courses Mr. Ely was taking, and a little group of college men known to be interested in such work was called to meet Professor Peabody at Mr. Ely's rooms in the "Prospect House," Cambridgeport. These all pledged themselves to the project, and a small sum of money was raised for necessary expenses.

Rooms were engaged in the Prospect House—an unused hotel building—and the Prospect Union was launched January 27, 1891. Some earnest workingmen had been spoken to regarding the project, and on that evening they and the college men, the professor and the young minister, formally organized with forty-four members, and officers were chosen. The name "Prospect Progressive Union" was chosen, but it was soon changed to the shorter one that it has since borne. It designates mainly the place of meeting, but also has a forward-moving significance. The Union has purposely avoided elaborate by-laws and constitution, leaving itself free and unhampered and ready to take any steps that its members desire. Its only creed is its motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." By "Liberty" the Union means to stand and does stand for absolute freedom of opinion and utterance. It commits itself to no platform or creed except its motto. "Equality" means that no differences of color, race, belief, politics, intellectual or material standing, are recognized. The members meet on the basis of common manhood for mutual helpfulness. "Fraternity" means that it is the aim of the Union to bring men, however they may apparently differ from one another, into sympathetic contact, to the advantage of all. The members seek to recognize and fulfill the claims of human brotherhood, and their motto, which at first seemed to some to be vague and high-sounding, and to others to have too much of a revolutionary ring, is now believed by all to be not only sensible and practicable, but also helpful and inspiring. The government of the Union rests entirely with the members, every proposed measure being submitted to the whole body at a regular meeting and decided according to their pleasure. The executive committee is merely advisory, and to it the Union commits only the details

of the work. The composition of the original executive committee (and it was a typical one) illustrates the democratic character of the Union: two of the seven members were Harvard undergraduates, one a professor; the others were a printer, a painter, a postman, and a parson.

Two rooms in the Prospect House were at first engaged, and these, with the President's private rooms in the same building, were at once available for lecture and class rooms. When not in use for these purposes, the Union's two rooms were used, the one for smoking, the other for a reading-room. Weekly meetings were held Tuesday evenings, at which informal lectures were delivered by members of the Harvard Faculty and others. After these lectures opportunity for questions was always given, and a free discussion of every subject presented indulged in by the members present. Sometimes the discussion and argument would become very heated, but after a reasonable time had been so spent and every phase of the subject presented, an hour or two of social intercourse followed, over coffee and crackers, and the heat and even sting of sharp debate quickly passed away. There has never been a dissension in the history of the Union, nor even the faintest suspicion of unfairness of any kind to any member. Socialists and philosophic anarchists who at first had some distrust of its professions of absolute liberty of opinion and utterance have found that their fears were groundless and have become some of its most devoted members. Two examples will illustrate this spirit of harmony between diverse elements. Through the heat and bitterness of the so-called "A. P. A." movement, the Union had both Catholics and Protestants in its membership, as always, and some of the latter were even connected with the "A. P. A.;" but no sign of unpleasantness or feeling was ever shown between such members in the Union. Again, in the heat of the silver agitation both gold and silver men were plentiful in the Union, but they dwelt at peace with one another, and all turned out one week to listen to Mr. Eugene V. Debs and to argue with him, and the following week Mr. Edward Atkinson was heard in the same hall and in the same spirit. The two served as antidotes for each other, and the Union

sailed peacefully on. It is this spirit that has made it possible for Russians, Armenians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Americans all to be members of the same Union and to stand all on an equal footing.

Immediately after the Union was formed it got down to practical work in the classroom—for here the personal touch between the University man and the workingman is most felt. Classes taught by Harvard undergraduates were started in the elements of English, English composition, Rhetoric, French, German, History, Political Economy, and Mathematics. From the first the supply of men willing to do this teaching has been more than equal to the demand. A head or dean of this corps of teachers was appointed, and it is his work to find what studies any man wishes to take, and then to supply a teacher for him for as many evenings as he wishes to study. In many cases the work is equivalent to the relation of private tutor and pupil—for even in class-work the number in each class is kept so small that the teacher helps each student individually. Thus the Union has put within reach of every workingman of Cambridge the advantage of a healthful social club and the opportunity of almost private tutoring in any elementary or college course for the small sum of twenty-five cents per month—a university course for three dollars per year. There are no other dues or assessments of any kind whatever. And the same college men who do much of the private tutoring at the University (when a fellow-student gets behind in his courses before examination), and who receive for that work from one to three dollars per hour, are found at the Union spending evening after evening with their little classes or groups of workingmen, doing for them gladly, without compensation, exactly the same quality of work that they do for their more favored but often no more deserving fellow-students. No financial compensation has ever been given to a lecturer or teacher of the Prospect Union, the men from the University counting it as much of a help to themselves to be members of the Union and to come into friendly contact with the workingmen as it is to those who come to receive their help.

As the aim and work of the Union

became known, its membership increased very rapidly. In June, at the end of its first season, there were over one hundred and fifty members, representing almost every race and nationality. At the close of its fourth season, in 1894, there were between four and five hundred members, and the classes could no longer be accommodated in the Prospect House, and a permanent home for the Union was sought. The old Cambridge City Hall was not then in use, and as it was centrally located, spacious, and well built, the Union coveted it for its home. But how to get it? Although the city valued it at only \$26,000, yet that was more than the Union could raise. Friends, hearing of their needs, came forward and subscribed \$10,000, and the building was bought, with a mortgage of \$16,000 upon it. By a piece of rare good fortune it was soon reduced to \$6,000 by a gift from the estate of Miss Belinda L. Randall amounting to \$20,000, half of which went to reduce the mortgage and half to form the nucleus of a permanent endowment. So the Union stands on a firm and permanent footing to-day, possessed of a building valued now at \$35,000, with only a \$6,000 mortgage on it, and an endowment fund of \$10,000. It is hoped that the mortgage may all be cleared this year, and that the endowment may be enlarged. When this property was purchased, it became necessary to have an incorporated body, legally to hold it, so a corporation called "The Prospect Union Association" was formed. It is composed of twenty-five persons, among them President Eliot, Professors Peabody and Norton, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other business and professional men, and several workingmen from the membership of the Union. This body is self-perpetuating, and has no other control over or connection with the Union than simply to stand as legal trustee for its buildings and endowments.

As the Union looks forward to the opening year and the future, it confidently purposes and expects to make this and each new year better than the last. About five hundred workingmen were members last year, and about seventy-five Harvard men took an active part in the work—most of them as teachers. Ninety different courses were offered, ranging from

classes in advanced Greek, political economy, and calculus to elementary reading and spelling and lessons on the banjo. In all probability these figures will be equaled, if not increased, in the coming year—for a man has but to signify his desire to study some particular branch to have his wishes at once fulfilled. Theoretically the Union promises to give a course only when three members agree to take it, but practically this rule is seldom, if ever, enforced.

The spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship that marks the relations of the college and working men in the Union may or may not be "religious," but it surely has in it the essence of true religion. No questions of a man's religious preferences are ever allowed to arise; no sectarian remarks are ever permitted at any meeting; no attempts at proselytizing are ever made. So far as known, no complaint has ever been made, by Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, that, either intentionally or unintentionally, his religious faith had been spoken of slightly or unkindly. The only President the Union has ever had is a Congregational clergyman; his strongest helper from the University faculty is a Unitarian clergyman; the four undergraduates who helped to form the Union were active Christian workers, one of whom is now in the Congregational ministry. But these facts, though perfectly known and understood, have never kept faithful Catholics and Jews from joining the Union, and from taking an active part in its affairs. Men from the Harvard Y. M. C. A. have always been prominent in the work, but men of every faith and religious belief, and men of no religious belief, have been equally welcome to the work if they showed a willingness to do it. More than once the words of James Russell Lowell (who, at the time of his death, was a sustaining member of the Union) have come into the minds of the members as expressing the spirit in which the work is done:

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever
wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the
all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are
slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not
for all their race.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Abbé Constantin. By Ludovic Halévy. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 166 pages. \$1.

About the Weather. By Mark W. Harrington. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 246 pages. 60c.

Anglomaniacs, The. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (Illustrated.) The Century Co., New York. 16mo. 216 pages. \$1.25.

Backlog Studies. By Charles Dudley Warner. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 257 pages. \$2.

It is a good many years since "Backlog Studies" first revealed to the country the charming humor, the delicate insight, and the nice sense of manners, form, and morals with which American readers have since become familiar in the books of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. He has done in later years better work than that which appears in "Backlog Studies," but nothing which has more obvious charm for the great mass of readers. These studies are now presented in a new and well-made edition, with illustrations by Edward H. Garrett.

Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 253 pages. \$1.

This volume is one of a group of nine, published in the same style and containing such well-known pieces of literature as "L'Abbé Constantin," "Cranford," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The House of Seven Gables," "Prue and I," and "Lucile." The publishers have endeavored to make a book which should be at the same time readable by reason of the subject-matter which it presents, attractive to the eye, and low-priced; and they have succeeded in making a very effective set of books, not too heavy in the hand, printed from type of good size, on paper with wide margins, and with cover designs in gilt.

Blue and White, In. By Elbridge S. Brooks. (Illustrated.) Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 12mo. 348 pages. \$1.50.

Alexander Hamilton is the first hero. The story opens at King's College (Columbia) at the time when the Sons of Liberty began their activities in New York. The part played by some of the students of King's College gives special interest to a boy's story written in this author's best vein.

Bohemian Paris of To-Day. By W. C. Morrow. Illustrated by Édouard Cucuel. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 322 pages. \$3.50.

M. Cucuel's daring illustrations well supplement Mr. Morrow's daring text. The book is hardly one to give to very young people, as Bohemian life in the world's gayest capital is set forth without any effort at concealment. The unconventional side of Paris life, however, is a distinct feature, and the present work gives much interesting information concerning it.

Brahmin's Treasure, The. By George A. Henty. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Large 12mo. 366 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Henty is well known as a prolific putter-forth of boys' books. In "The Brahmin's Treasure" he appeals to somewhat older readers, but with all his accustomed power of story-telling.

Brick Moon and Other Stories, The. By Edward Everett Hale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 369 pages. \$1.50.

Bruno. By Byrd Spilman Dewey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 116 pages. 75c.

Calvinism. (The L. P. Stone Lectures for 1898-99.) By Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 275 pages. \$1.25.

This is a book to be reckoned with by those who say that Calvinism is dead. No abler exponent of it lives than the veteran professor who here exhibits it as indispensable to restore unity to Protestant thought and energy to Protestant practical life. But Dr. Kuyper distinguishes between "its worn-out form" and its essential principles. These he opposes to what he calls "modernism" and "modern life" (or what some term secularism), as holding a view of the world and ideals of thought and life which alone can save Christianity and political freedom from decay and overthrow. Taking the term "Calvinism," therefore, in no sectarian or confessional or denominational sense, but in a scientific view, which may be either historical, political, or philosophical, these lectures exhibit it as a life-system, and as related to religion, politics, science, art, and the general outlook for the future. The hand of a master is manifest throughout, with something also of the rigoristic strain, and especially of the over-emphasis on the transcendence of God, which is at the heart of Calvinism.

Captain Kodak. By Alexander Black. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. (Illustrated.) 8vo. 288 pages. \$2.

Young people interested in photography will enjoy the doings and adventures of "Captain Kodak," a "camera story" written by Mr. Alexander Black, and illustrated by photographs from the author. The text is particularly well printed.

Cicero, Eleven Orations of. By Robert W. Tunstall. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 585 pages. \$1.20.

Circle of a Century, The. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 225 pages. \$1.25.

A love story of New York depicting the social life of the city just after the Revolution. It moves very slowly, and is not equal to Mrs. Harrison's best work.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 290 pages. \$1.

Cross, The Attraction of. By John Angell James. Introduction by the Rev. Cornelius Woelke. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 64 pages. 30c.

A reprint of a great missionary sermon, in 1819, by the distinguished preacher who preceded the late Dr. Dale at Birmingham, England.

Dear Irish Girl, The. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 312 pages. \$1.50.

The author stands high in the new school of Irish fiction writers; much of her work is equal to that of Jane Barlow. This book is written with delicate literary taste, and at the same time it presents Irish characters of rough vigor and hearty vitality.

Dorothy and Her Friends. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 351 pages. \$1.25.

An amusing story of a sweet little girl, written for other little girls.

Education of Mr. Pipp, The. Drawings by C. D. Gibson. R. H. Russell, New York. \$5.

Technically speaking, Mr. Gibson has never done better work than is shown in this series of drawings illustrating the adventures of Mr. Pipp, his wife and daughters, during their trip abroad. The general conception of the

series is also a good one; but it must be admitted that there is a very great difference in merit between the best and the poorest of these pictures, looking at them as humorous conceptions.

English Hedgecrows, Among. By Clifton Johnson. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Macmillan Co., New York. 347 pages. \$2.25.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone, Chicago. 18mo. 201 pages. \$1.

Mr. Ade is a past-master in slang, and these fables have shrewdness in a marked degree. Mr. Ade and Mr. Dooley are kindred spirits. The woodcuts are too "comical" to be humorous.

Fife and Drum at Louisbourg. By J. MacDonald Oxley. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 307 pages. \$1.

This is a real boy's real book. The language is simple and direct, the characters clearly drawn, and the plot a logical one. The reproduction of old Colonial days is so perfect that we find ourselves quite taken out of this end of the nineteenth century into the middle of the eighteenth.

File No. 113. By Émile Gaboriau. Translated by George Burnham Ives. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 551 pages. \$1.50.

Fishes, The Story of the. By James Newton Baskett, M.A. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 297 pages. 65c.

An addition to the Appleton Home Reading Books, with an introduction by the Hon. William T. Harris, containing an essay on the scope and function of supplementary reading of special value. "The Story of the Fishes" is so graphically told that the interest of the writer is transferred to the reader. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Flower of the Wilderness, A. By A. G. Plympton. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 260 pages. \$1.25.

The heroine is a little girl adrift in the colonies, the hero an old man, a Cavalier, driven out of the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts colony under penalty. The story is dainty and tender, and must arouse the young reader's interest in those early times.

Freshman, The Adventures of a. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 201 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Williams has written many stories of college life for older readers; these are intended for boys ready to begin their college career. There is a good deal of slang and rough-and-tumble in the book, but in spirit and intention it is free from objection.

Half-Back, The. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 267 pages. \$1.50.

Spirited and readable in its accounts of school and college games. The description of football and golf matches is detailed and exciting.

Hostess of To-Day, The. By Linda Hull Larned. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 303 pages. \$1.50.

A book of recipes and directions for housekeepers, intended for those of moderate means.

House of the Seven Gables, The. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 369 pages. \$1.

Human Interest, The. By Violet Hunt. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 279 pages. \$1.25.

Island, The. By Richard Whiteing. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 223 pages. \$1.50. In this new edition the original story has been revised and chapters have been added for the purpose, Mr. Whiteing tells us, of making it more truly of its time. It may be suspected also that the success of "No. 5 John Street" has suggested new possibilities of popular interest in this very clever satire.

Island Impossible, The. By Harriet Morgan. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 207 pages. \$1.50.

It lies beyond the poppy-fields. Away to this island sail a group of children. Here they live, making journeys to far-away lands, where there are many strange experiences, many opportunities for helpfulness of which these children avail themselves. Though human, like good fairies they defeat evil and strengthen the good.

Laos Folk-Lore of Farther India. By Katharine Neville Flessen. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 153 pages. 75c.

A collection of folk-tales from the Laos country, which is a part of the Kingdom of Siam, is a welcome addition to the already large literature of this interesting subject. These stories, the translator tells us, were, with a single exception, unwritten when they came into her hands. They have been preserved orally, like many other similar traditions and stories, and passed on from generation to generation, a literary inheritance of great value, but entirely without record. The translator, as a missionary among the Laos, had an unusual opportunity of studying their history, customs, ideas, and language, and of collecting the material which appears in this volume.

Little Fig-Tree Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 183 pages. \$1.

Of the nine short stories which make up this volume the majority are laid in the Sierra Nevada country which Mrs. Foote knows so well, and which she has described from many points of view so many times with delight to her readers. These stories are marked by her freshness of feeling, her nice sense of the nice things of life, and that touch of vividness which she imparts to all her descriptions. It is, in its contents and its form, one of the dainty books of the season.

Madam Mary of the Zoo. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 248 pages. \$1.25.

A delightful story of animals in and outside of the Zoo, and of a little girl who is their friend.

Max and Maurice. By William Busch. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 56 pages. 75c.

These extremely funny German drawings have in Germany become almost a children's comic classic. The translation is fairly adequate, and really the pictures need little elucidation.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 320 pages. 8vo. \$1.75.

It is a pity to associate the rhymes of Mother Goose with such absurdities as the illustrations here presented.

My Father and I. By the Countess Puliga. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 279 pages. \$1.25.

Might well have been called "A Book for Fathers." The identity of the author is not established in the book, but this is not important, for its purpose is to depict the ideal relation of a father and daughter from infancy till death separated them.

My Lady Frivol. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 301 pages. \$1.25.

Is a charming, headstrong young person who wins everybody's love. The plot is a mere thread on which to hang incidents.

Nabob, The. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by George Burnham Ives. Introduction by Brander Matthews. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 2 vols. 8vo. \$3.

This edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet has already been described as one of exceptional attractiveness to the eye and the hand, and promises to make a very tasteful set of volumes for reading or for the library. The two volumes which contain "The Nabob" are translated by Mr. George Burnham Ives, with an introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews.

One of Those Coincidences, and Other Stories.

By Julian Hawthorne and Others. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 315 pages. \$1.

'One of Those Coincidences,' by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, gives the title to a volume comprising eleven stories, some of them being by writers more famous than Mr. Hawthorne—Count Tolstoi, for instance. Perhaps the most satisfactory tale in the book is that by Professor Roberts. Several of the stories lean toward the uncanny and the unexplained, but the collection as a whole is pleasantly readable.

Other Fellow, The. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 218 pages. \$1.50.

Outside of Things: A Sky Book. By Alice

Ward Bailey. Pictures by Annita Lyman Paine. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 60 pages. \$2.

A delightful collection of rhymes with illustrated borders and quaint figures introduced on the page. The "Moon Boat," one of the rhymes, is so musical that it lingers in the memory. This would make a most acceptable Christmas gift for a child from four to eight.

Pacific, The New. By Hubert Howe Bancroft.

The Bancroft Co., New York. 738 pages. \$2.50.

Perils of Josephine, The. By Lord Ernest Hamilton.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 329 pages. \$1.50.

Philosophic Nuggets. Carlyle, Amiel, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley. Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 167 pages. 40c.

This little volume is one of a series of four; the other three being "Educational Nuggets," "Patriotic Nuggets," and "Don't Worry Nuggets." These bits of wisdom are drawn from the very best sources, "Philosophic Nuggets," gathered by Miss Jeanne G. Pennington, presenting to the readers characteristic and significant extracts from the works of Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel, and Charles Kingsley; while the volume with the familiar but descriptive title "Don't Worry Nuggets" draws from the stores of Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot, and Robert Browning. The little books are very convenient for pocket use, and furnish the sort of suggestive and condensed meditation and inspiration which are valuable when they are within reach in times of need.

Plish and Plum. By Wilhelm Busch. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 75c.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 67 pages.

A companion volume to "Max and Maurice," noted above.

Prue and I. By George William Curtis.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 234 pages. \$1.

Puritan Republic, The. By Daniel Wait

Howe. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 8vo. 422 pages. \$3.50.

Mr. Howe's work is a history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from its planting to its overthrow in 1686 under the tyranny of James II. It includes the domestic life as well as the public affairs, and the theocratic as well as the political administration, of the Puritans. The author seems to us to have fairly carried out his endeavor to portray the Puritans as they in their honesty would have wished, like Cromwell, who said to the painter, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." Mr. Howe is no ancestor-worshiper, but he is a vastly more intelligent and judicial critic than some recent writers, to whose partisan and intolerant judgments his work brings a timely corrective. The exaggerated clericalism which sprang up in Massachusetts has nowhere been more fairly treated than in the chapters on "The Rise and Fall of the Theocracy." In Mr. Howe's Table of Citations we do not find the name of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, acquaintance with whose writings would have prevented the mistake—a very common one—of calling the men of the "Mayflower" Puritans. The Pilgrims had separated from the Church of England before their emigration; the Puritans had

not. Deeper and characteristic differences continued afterwards to distinguish the Plymouth colony from that of Massachusetts.

Romances of Roguery. By Frank Wadleigh

Chandler. The Macmillan Co., New York. In Two Parts. Part I. 8vo. 483 pages. \$2.

Revolutionary Calendar, A. By Ernest C. Peix-

otto. R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson

Page. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 179 pages. \$1.50.

Scotland's Ruined Abbeys. By Howard

Crosby Butler, A.M. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 287 pages. \$3.50.

Sea-Waif, The Log of a. By Frank T. Bullen,

F.R.G.S. (Illustrated.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 370 pages. \$1.50.

Readers of "The Cruise of The Cachalot"—a book as remarkable for its spontaneous literary charm as for the adventures it records—will turn to the present volume by the same author with expectant interest. Mr. Bullen, who began life as a London street arab and has ended by becoming a literary personage, now describes his experiences as a cabin-boy and foremast hand on British merchantmen in the stage which preceded his life as a whaler recounted in his story of "The Cachalot."

Sketch Book. By E. W. Kemble. R. H. Rus-

sell, New York. 64 pages. \$1.25.

Splendid Porsenna, The. By Mrs. Hugh

Fraser. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 294 pages. \$1.25.

One cannot but feel sincere regret that the author of such altogether charming and natural books as Mrs. Fraser has written about Japan should descend to writing such an unnatural, blood-and-thunder, disagreeable novel as this.

Spurgeon, Charles H., The Autobiography of.

By his Wife and his Private Secretary. Vol. III. 1856-1878. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 372 pages. \$2.50.

Sunbeams and Moonbeams. By Louise R.

Baker. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 190 pages. 50c.

The history of a boys' club and a girls' club, organized to "do good." Sorrow awaits the young readers moved to "go and do likewise," as invading people's houses, even with the best intentions, in real life is followed usually by serious results.

Tent on the Beach, The. By John Greenleaf

Whittier. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 110 pages. \$1.50.

Trend of the Century, The. By Seth Low.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 31 pages. 35c.

Widower and Some Spinsters, A. By Maria

Louise Pool. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 326 pages. \$1.50.

This is a collection of short stories gathered since the death of Maria Louise Pool. A sympathetic sketch of the life of Miss Pool opens the book. The early influences and the environment of her early life were, it is evident, dominant factors in shaping and controlling her pen. This collection of stories possesses the simple story-telling qualities of Miss Pool. It deals with the tragedies and the comedies of New England village characters, lived daily.

Young Master of Hyson Hall, The. By

Frank R. Stockton. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 287 pages. \$1.50.

In the publication of this boys' story Mr. Stockton will hardly add to his reputation. In parts it almost seems as if the tale were written by a hack writer. There is not a little pleasant local color, however.

Zodiac Calendar. Pictures by Chester Loomis.

R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.25.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Wee One

By Martha Burr Banks

Down at our house is a wee one,
And nobody ever could see one
More sweet and complete from the tips of
his feet
To the soft fluffy down on the top of his
crown ;

Oh, the hue of his eyes is the blue of the
skies,
And the guile of his smile like the laugh
of the day,
Merry and winning and gladsome and gay,
While his cheeks are like clover, with pink
flushing over.
From the break of the dawn to the set of
the sun,
There is nothing you'll see that is fairer
than he,
Our own little, dear little wee one !

Two fat little fists has the wee one,
And he always can show you a free one
To tear at your hair and to make havoc
there,
And a dimple he'll find you still further
to bind you;
And he's two little teeth lately out from
their sheath
That will bite with delight on your finger
or knuckle,
Or make tiny dents on your watch or your
buckle,
While his feet growing bolder will drum
on your shoulder.
But who minds the scars when they're
every one done
By that mischievous m.te, that witching
young wight,
Our own little, dear little wee one ?

Ah, many a friend has the wee one,
And he knows if you happen to be one ;
He'll gurgle and coo and he'll frolic with
you,
Or stretch out his arms with his prettiest
charms,
And fret when you wake him to get you
to take him ;
He'll hoax you and coax you and cut up
his capers,

Toss over your treasures and tumble your
papers ;

You have to attend him, you have to
befriend him.

But who can help loving that bundle of fun,
That giver of joy, that bright little boy,
God bless him, our dear little wee one !

Some Animals in Cages

The man who for many years was superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens of London has written a book about animals that contains many interesting stories.

One of the stories is of father and mother and baby hippopotamus. The mother and baby had a den to themselves. One day the baby ventured to get out of the tank alone. She slipped back several times, when her mother came to her aid. It was evident the baby was frightened as well as tired. The mother swam to the baby and held its head up by her neck. Then the mother got out of the tank, as if to show the baby how. Again it failed, slipping back many times into the water. The mother went to it again, holding its head on her neck until it was rested. This time the baby made a desperate effort and got out on the platform. The baby was five months old before it entered the cage of its father. When the mother and baby passed through the gate, the father trumpeted. Whether the mother was afraid something would happen to her daughter, or for some reason, she flew at the father, rising on her hind legs, and drove him into the water. She slipped into the water after him, drove him into a corner and thoroughly whipped him, the baby watching the whole proceeding from her mother's back, and acting, naughty child ! as if she were having a good time.

Mr. Bartlett tells of Jumbo, the big elephant which Barnum, the great American showman, brought here from the Zoölogical Garden of London. Jumbo had a bad temper, sometimes becoming so furious as to injure himself. One day, in a rage, he broke off his tusks. An

elephant's tusks grow as long as he lives. For some reason, Jumbo's tusks did not come through as they should under the upper lip. They seemed to grow up inside his mouth and cause him great pain. It was decided to perform an operation. It was evident that Jumbo was relieved. The next day the keepers decided to operate on the other side, but, knowing Jumbo's memory and his temper, they approached him expecting trouble. To their surprise Jumbo was very patient, and seemed to know that the keepers were trying to help him.

When Alice, the tiny elephant—she was but four feet tall, while Jumbo was twelve—was brought to London, it was suggested that, to avoid the crowds and excitement, she be put into a cab. This was not done, however. She was driven through the streets, followed by three or four hundred people.

When she reached the Garden, she ate her supper of bread and apples as though she had grown up in the streets of London and played with the children.

Just a Pair of Shoes

Three hundred thousand dollars is a large sum of money, and when that amount of money is paid for shoes all at one time, it seems at first thought as if nobody would be barefoot for a long time. This money represented the purchase of shoes by a Western firm from a shoe manufacturer in the East. To make the number of shoes represented in this order required the sending of a large order for leather. As the order for shoes represented only a part of the work and material this shoe manufacturer would need, an order was sent for \$1,000,000 worth of leather. If the leather that this amount of money would buy were shipped at one time, it would have required a freight train of two hundred cars to carry it.

Now we see what business is. People wear shoes, and to supply the need butchers must kill the animals whose hides furnish leather; tanners must dress and prepare the hides until they are leather; then the shoemakers must make the leather into shoes. Then there is the cattleman who buys and cares for the cattle; the man who provides the tanneries, and pays the wages of the tanners; the man who buys the leather and sells it to the manufac-

turer, who must provide the building and machinery, and pay the wages of the shoemakers, clerks, and salesmen. After the manufacturer comes the wholesale dealer, who buys three hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoes, and who must in turn provide storage and pay clerks and salesmen to sell shoes by the dozen and by the hundred to the retail dealer who sells the single pairs. And then you, to stub your little toes and trot the little soles off, in order to make all this business, and pay the wages of hundreds of people. Even now we have not mentioned the shoe-peg man, nor the shoe-button nor shoe-lace men. Neither have we mentioned the box-makers.

Dear, dear! how many people it takes to get a pair of shoes on your feet!

One Fox

A red fox was sent to a gentleman in New York as a gift. The family were somewhat embarrassed by the gift, as the house was not adapted to the needs of a fox accustomed to a whole wood as a playground and a big cave for his home. Besides, when a fox has grown up with the idea of caring for himself, he does not wait for regular meal-times. This fox fed at any moment and on anything within reach that struck his fancy.

Mr. Fox found himself living in the cellar and tied by a rope—certainly not a comfortable place nor position for a fox who loved freedom and sunshine. The fox family have always been considered clever, and this fox was not stupid. He managed to free himself, and suddenly appeared in the kitchen, to the horror of the cook, who left it at once and refused to return. The whole family became an army to capture Mr. Fox. They began by throwing to him everything he would eat. This did not make him any more gentle, so a keeper at the menagerie was sent for. He entered the kitchen, and Mr. Fox ran to the cellar and up the coal-chute. Now he was captured and taken off to the menagerie.

How glad he must be to live out in the sunshine once more and see the trees in the park! If foxes have a language of their own, no doubt this fox has terrified all the others in the inclosure by telling them of those dreadful people, called human, who shut foxes up in dark holes.

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The Boer War: Natal

The Boers still besiege Ladysmith. They were repulsed last week in one specially severe engagement. Under cover of their guns they had advanced to positions on the ridges and kopjes (isolated hills) adjacent to those occupied by the British troops. British advices report Boer losses as amounting to the astonishing number of seven hundred in killed and wounded. The British losses are apparently unknown. The same advices say that before and since the Boers have not attempted more than a desultory shell fire. The return British fire of lyddite shells seems to have made much impression on them. The armored train, already such a prominent feature of warfare on the Cape-to-Cairo railway, has now made its appearance on the Durban-Ladysmith line. When the track is in good order, such a train is a fearful foe, but once derailed it becomes of little value. This was shown last week when the British walked into another Boer trap. A detachment of Dublin Fusiliers and Durban Light Infantry had left Estcourt (a hundred and fifty miles from the sea) to reconnoiter. As the detachment passed northwards the Boers did not show themselves, but, after the British were out of sight, destroyed the track and covered the spot with guns. As soon as the train left the track on the return, the Boers opened fire. The British replied with spirit, but were overwhelmed by numbers. The British acknowledge that their loss is from a hundred to a hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Of the last named, sixty arrived in due time at Pretoria, three hundred and fifty miles away. Among them was Lieutenant Winston Churchill, a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Lieutenant Churchill had shown signal gallantry during the engagement. Last week the Boers also captured the town of

Weenen, south of Colenso, and concentrated several commands on Estcourt. They made at least one attempt to capture the last-named place, but were repulsed with considerable loss. General Clery, a veteran of the Zulu war, has now assumed command of the British forces south of Ladysmith. General Hildyard commands the advance guard of the relief column. The latter has been in the army more than thirty years. In 1882 he was with Lord Wolseley in the Egyptian campaign, serving as Quartermaster-General.



The Boer War: Cape Colony

Having occupied a number of additional places in northern Cape Colony last week, the Boers followed their custom in eastern Bechuanaland and in northern Natal; they proclaimed a part of Cape Colony Republican territory. In reply Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner, issued a proclamation declaring that the Boer proclamations annexing territory, impressing men, or seizing goods, are null and void and should not be obeyed. He promises fair compensation for actual injury resulting from loyal adherence to British allegiance. A British column for the relief of Kimberley is assembling at Orange River Station, nearly six hundred miles from Cape Town, and about eighty miles south of Kimberley. It is commanded by General Lord Methuen, who has already seen much African service, having been in the Egyptian, Ashanti, and Bechuanaland campaigns. The famous Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and the Naval Brigade will form an important part of the expedition. The Naval Brigade carries searchlights from the cruiser Doris. These lights are to be worked under the direction of Colonel Ernest Rhodes, who expects to signal with them to his brother

Cecil in Kimberley and receive a reply, Kimberley having searchlights the rays of which are visible at a great distance. Thirty thousand men have now arrived in South Africa from England. Of these nearly half have been landed at Durban; a few have made port at East London, and the rest at Cape Town.



The German and Italian Parliaments

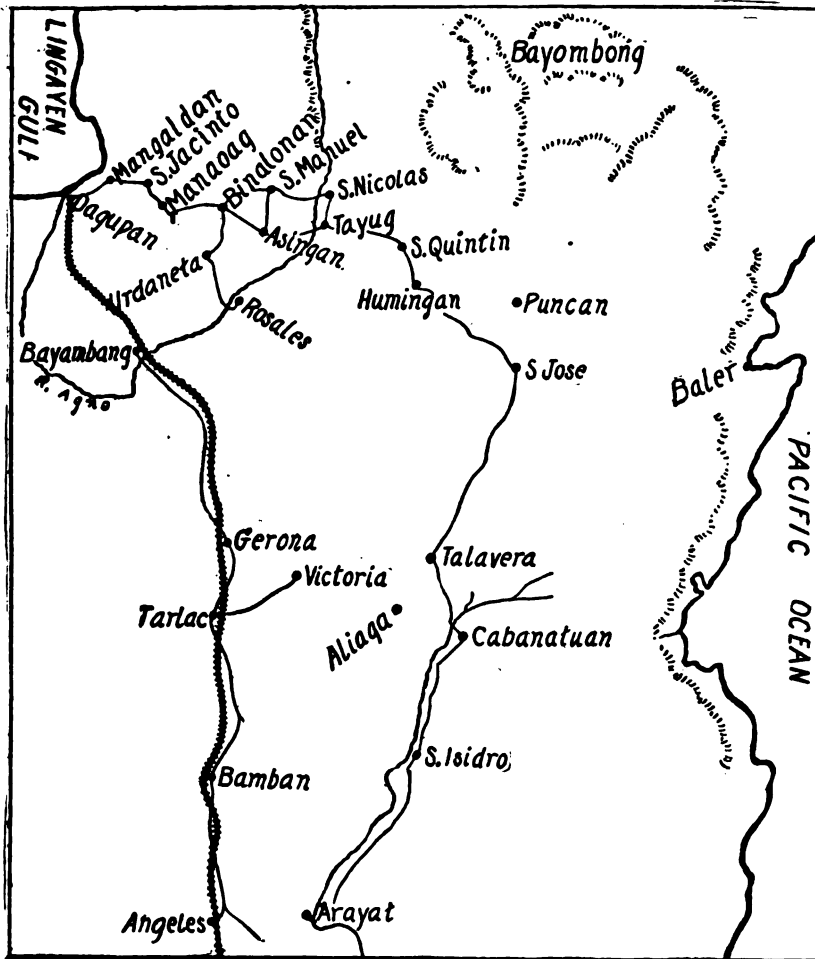
Last week was an eventful one for European legislative assemblies. The German, Italian, and French Parliaments opened their sessions of 1899-1900. In Germany the reassembling of the Reichstag apparently caused little ripple on the surface of political life. This was undoubtedly due to the feeling that, until the Emperor's return from England, there would be no pressure on Parliament to pass the penal servitude bill for the suppression of strikes [since rejected by an overwhelming majority], or a measure to double the navy or a resolution to ratify the Samoan agreement. Of greater importance to foreign nations, however, is the renewal of several commercial treaties. In this connection, as regards America, the Meat Inspection Bill, standing over from the Reichstag's last session, is in close relationship. The Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert in person, accompanied by the Queen and royal family. In announcing the projected bills, including much-needed measures for the mitigation of taxation, his Majesty dealt especially with notable economic improvements in the Kingdom. It is a pleasure to chronicle any betterment in Italy's economic condition. Everything leads to the hope, as the King said, that it will continue, "and that by sedulous work, by the utilization of all our productive energies, and by the intelligent and assured protection of our agriculture and industries, we will be able to lay solid and durable foundations for the reforms of which so much has been said, but which have never been realized."



The French Parliament

The French Senate has been sitting as a High Court for the judgment of prisoners in an alleged plot to overturn the Republic. Ten years have elapsed since the Procureur-Général of France rose in the Senate

to demand the punishment of like conspirators. They were Boulanger, Dillon, and Rochefort, and the Procureur was M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who has since played such a ridiculous part in connection with the Dreyfus affair. It must be admitted that the position of the present Government is somewhat embarrassing. While it is in possession of overwhelming presumptive proof that last spring the Duke of Orleans, in conjunction with MM. Guérin and Déroulède, the leaders of the anti-Semitic and so-called "Patriotic" League, expected to overthrow the Government of the Republic, there is now such a fear of including forged evidence in the charges that a number of those imprisoned on the suspicion of treason have been liberated. During his examination by the Court last week, M. Déroulède entered upon a violent tirade against President Loubet. M. Fallières, President of the Senate, refused to listen, and demanded the withdrawal of the allegations. M. Déroulède refused, whereupon the President announced that the prisoner should be prosecuted under the law of 1881, punishing persons who insult the President of the Republic. The verdict of the Court condemned the prisoner to three months' special detention for the offense. This resolute attitude has been in general favorably received. On the first day of the autumn legislative session of the French Parliament, begun last week, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, made a speech in which he rightly claimed that the Government's programme was inspired by the wish to constitute a society strong enough to insure respect for the opinion of every one, and to impose respect for republican institutions. "Our programme will be a rallying flag for all Republicans," said he. While the present Ministry truly constitutes "a Cabinet of Republican Defense," as its members style it, hard work will be necessary even temporarily to unite the several groups of Republicans among the six hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies. As one help towards the stability of republican institutions, we are glad that the Cabinet obtained from the Chamber a satisfactory vote of confidence. On Monday of this week the Chamber again sustained the Cabinet on two critical issues.



**The Philippine War:
an Active Campaign**

When told in full, the story of General Lawton's march through mud, woods, and swamps, cut off from telegraphic communication with his base, and subsisting on a hostile country, will doubtless be that of one of the most brilliant military movements of the war. The accompanying map of the scene of recent operations will give a general idea of the somewhat complicated combined advance of our columns. Angeles (near the southwestern corner of the map) may be taken as the starting point; it is about thirty-five miles northwest of Manila, on the Manila and Dagupan railroad. From Angeles General MacArthur's division has been moving north on the railroad, and on November 12 it entered Tarlac (the insurgent capital), as noted last week. By

Sunday of this week General MacArthur's main column had reached Gerona, and his advance on Monday pushed through to Dagupan. Meanwhile General Wheaton's forces (landed from war-ships and transports the week before near Dagupan) have been operating east of that place and San Jacinto. General Lawton's march above referred to has been a broad sweep first to the northeast from Angeles, then north, then west, passing through San Isidro, Cabanatuan, Huminan, San José, and San Nicolas, with General Young's cavalry division leading the way. It is obvious that if Wheaton, MacArthur, and Lawton moved on the lines just named swiftly enough, the insurgents would be cut off from a retreat to the northeast and would be inclosed in a semicircle, with the island coast to their

some of the most important state business of our time.

**Mr. Roberts's
Self-Defense**

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts contributes a letter three columns in length to the New York "Times," defending his right to a place in the House of Representatives. He passes over the suggestion that he should be refused a seat, without discussing it, because it "is a proceeding utterly without precedent, and altogether so absurd as to be out of the question." It is without precedent simply because no convicted criminal, declared by law ineligible to a seat, has before applied for one. It would be more proper to say that such an application is "altogether so absurd as to be out of the question." On the question of expulsion he insists, with more colorable argument, that the only disorderly behavior for which the House may expel a member is disorderly behavior in the House by which "its business is interrupted or its dignity or honor infringed." The rest of his paper is taken up in endeavoring to show that the Mormon Church entered into no compact with the United States Government, which is true, and therefore has not broken faith with it. If it had entered into such compact and had broken its faith, this, we may add, would be no reason for unseating Mr. Roberts. He asks, "What good would come to either morality or religion to turn those plural wives and their children adrift?" None. But surely he should know that it is possible for a man who has plural wives to live as other men in the community do, with one, while he gives support to the others with whom he does not live. He affirms, and we are glad to have the affirmation from such a source, that the Mormons have given up polygamous or plural marriages definitely and finally. We hope that this is true. He declares that "I do not go to Washington as a representative of polygamy." Probably not; but if he goes to Washington, he will be a representative of polygamy. He defends himself at some length from special charges which have been made against him, respecting which we say nothing here because those charges never have been reported in our columns. But he does not, from the beginning to the end of the letter, mention

the one crucial fact, that he has been convicted of crime under a statute of the United States, which declared that any one convicted under it should forever be ineligible to office, that he committed that crime after that statute was passed, that he refuses to comply with the conditions attached to the amnesty offered only to those who ceased the continuance of the relations which that Act declared criminal, and that by his application for a seat in the House he is asking the House by its own individual action to nullify a law enacted by the House of Representatives and the Senate and approved by the President. In short, he discusses the questions which are not involved in the present issue, and is absolutely silent respecting the one question which is involved in it.

City Debt Limits At the sessions of the National Municipal League at Columbus, Ohio, last week, one important measure, little discussed before, received apparently unanimous indorsement. Present State Constitutions, recognizing the danger of municipal extravagance, have nearly everywhere strictly limited the amount of debt that might be incurred. These limitations were heartily approved so far as they relate to debts incurred for current expenditures, or even permanent public improvements from which no direct public revenue is received. But, in addition to the debts incurred for these purposes, which the old constitution-makers wisely limited, there are an increasing number of bond issues to purchase water-works, electric-lighting plants, etc., from which the net income more than meets interest and sinking-fund charges. Such purchases are investments rather than expenditures, and a city, like an individual, ought often to invest more than its yearly income while it ought not to spend more. Comptroller Coler, of New York, who first brought this matter before the Convention, said that several States already exempt water-supply bonds from the limitations on city indebtedness, and he urged that good sense as well as good logic required that other bond issues should be exempted, when the income from the purchased works promised to require

ments. The same suggestion, fortunately, was embodied in the report made a little later by the committee appointed at the conference a year ago to present suggestions for better city charters. Its wisdom is strikingly manifest from the experience of New York City—which has not the reputation of being especially well governed. Our water-works system cost \$75,000,000. Despite the low rates, the gross revenues are \$4,000,000 a year, and the operating expenses only \$650,000, making a net income of over \$3,300,000—or a surplus of a million dollars after paying the three per cent. interest on the cost of the plant. The public burdens were lessened when the water-works bonds were issued. To build our street railways, which likewise cost approximately \$75,000,000, the city did not issue its own bonds, and we are now paying nearly six per cent. interest on a capitalization of \$150,000,000. To prevent the public issue of bonds for revenue-yielding public works is to increase instead of diminish the public debt.



The Bond Purchases In spite of the great increase in the currency during the past three years, there is less idle money now than there was three years ago. The reason is that the amount of business has increased as well as prices, and the exchange of a larger quantity of goods at higher prices has called into use the idle money in the banks as well as the new gold taken from the mines or imported from Europe. A few weeks ago the reserve in the banks of this city fell below the amount required by law, while in London the suspension of gold imports from the Transvaal and the inception of gold purchases to establish a reserve in India have caused an alarming stringency in the money market. The only place from which immediate relief could be secured was the United States Treasury, whose n t balance—because of the heavy bond sales at the beginning of the Cuban war—is now nearly \$300,000,000. Already the present Administration had carried further than President Cleveland the policy of depositing public money with selected banks without interest. Over \$80,000,000 had been deposited in this way on the security of Government bonds, but over \$200,-

000,000 remained in the Treasury—or twice as much as the traditional gold reserve. The depositary banks naturally wished the Treasury to increase its deposits with themselves, but Secretary Gage offered instead to buy \$25,000,000 worth of bonds, and thus save the interest they bore. Thus far only about \$3,000,000 worth have been sold to the Treasury; but the money secured, and the knowledge that more can be secured in case of need, has lessened the stringency not only in New York but also in London.



Progress in City Politics The inaugural address of Mayor Hayes, of Baltimore, who was elected last spring, met the fullest expectations of the reformers who urged his election. In spite of the recent victory of his party in city and State, he pledged himself to a non-partisan administration as but few public officials have done. "The use of a municipal position by a subordinate," he said, "to advance the interests of any politician or party will be at once proper reason for the removal of such subordinate; and if the head of the department does not remove such subordinate, I will remove the head of the department." With regard to the police force, also, he thoroughly indorsed the legislative measures of the Reform League, requiring a civil service examination of all appointees. In Syracuse, N. Y., also, the municipal election just held demonstrated the advance of the principle of non-partisanship in city government. The present Mayor, Mr. McGuire, was first elected as a Democrat because of a division in the Republican party. He was re-elected through a similar division. This year the Republican factions were apparently united against him, and had as their candidate a man of fine character and ability. The city is strongly Republican, and, had party ties determined the votes of the citizens, Mayor McGuire would have been defeated. He and his friends, however, conducted a campaign on municipal issues, with tracts and lantern slides showing what had been done in matters of city housekeeping during the four years he had been in office. No National question was touched upon, and Mayor McGuire was re-elected by a substantial majority.

In San Francisco, California, a similar success was achieved. Mayor Phelan, who made himself the leader of the anti-machine Democrats of the city by his fearless and uncompromising fight against Boss Bulkeley a few years ago, was the Democratic candidate for re-election. The Republicans had carried the city last November, and attempted to carry it again by urging the supreme importance of National issues. Mayor Phelan conducted his campaign strictly upon municipal issues, risking on that account an organized revolt within his own party, and won the election by a plurality of more than seven thousand. He will administer San Francisco under the new and admirable charter which he helped to secure, and men of all parties are expecting a pure and progressive government. If this practice of selecting municipal officials on municipal issues shall go on making headway until voters no longer feel that their ballots for or against city candidates will be interpreted as ballots for or against expansion or silver or tariff, the gain will be immeasurable. On this matter, however, the chief obligation rests upon the press not to misinterpret the significance of local elections in order to make party capital out of municipal overturns.



A Significant Ordination The Rev. William J. Long, whom, our readers may remember, a Congregational Council declined to ordain and install over the North Avenue Congregational Church at Cambridge in June, 1898, was last week ordained and installed over the Congregational church of Stamford, Conn. The Council was composed of all the churches in the vicinity, with some leading ministers from New York City, and the action of the Council was unanimous. The impression made upon the Council by the paper of Mr. Long and by his spirit was such that a motion was made to dispense with all questioning, and although this motion was subsequently withdrawn lest it should appear to shut off debate, there were in fact no questions asked in the open session, and very few, and only on two or three points, in the secret session. Those who are not familiar with Congregational principles and methods should understand that the action of this

Council does not reverse or ignore the action of the previous one. A Congregational Council is simply a body of men representing churches of the vicinity called to advise a particular church upon the questions submitted to it. When that advice is given, its existence and its authority end. It is quite possible that the Council at Stamford might have refused ordination to Mr. Long upon the statement submitted to the Cambridge Council, and under the circumstances there existing; and there is very little doubt that the Cambridge Council would have advised the ordination of Mr. Long on the statement submitted by him to the Stamford Council, and under the circumstances there existing. Special interest is lent to this ordination by reason of the fact that Mr. Long was born and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, left it at eighteen years of age, and has spent the subsequent fourteen years of his life in studying to prepare himself for the ministry in that most Protestant of the Protestant denominations, the Congregational.



**Dr. R. S. Storrs's
Resignation**

The resignation of the Rev. S. H. Virgin as pastor of the Pilgrim Church, after a pastorate of twenty-eight years, is now followed by the resignation of Dr. R. S. Storrs as the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, after a pastorate of fifty-three years. These two are the oldest settled pastors in the Congregational denomination in this region, and among the oldest settled pastors of any denomination. There have been in recent years only two, so far as we know, one a Roman Catholic and one an Episcopalian, in the Greater New York, whose pastorate parallels in length that of Dr. Storrs. He is now in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and by his active life has surely earned the right to repose. A discriminating characterization of such a man and his work is not, in our judgment, fitting while he is still living. But it may at least be said that throughout the country he holds a well-deserved reputation of being, for polished eloquence, thoughtfulness, scholarship, and length of service, the primate of the Congregational Church. But his work and usefulness have not been confined within the limits of his par-

ish. His active service in the anti-slavery cause, his co-operation with Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson in the "Independent" for over twelve eventful years, his public work as a distinguished citizen of Brooklyn, whose Historical Library will perhaps be his noblest monument, and his labors as a mediator in the controversies in the American Board and his skill in leading it, though himself a conservative, on to a broader and more liberal platform, combine to give him a position in the Church and in the Nation larger even than that given to him by his long and successful pastorate. One sentence in his letter of resignation deserves to be remembered, recalled, and often repeated for the benefit of young men hesitating between differing professions, and it is all the more significant since Dr. Storrs began the study of the law and subsequently abandoned it for the ministry: "If to-day were offered me the choice of a pathway in life, the most alluring and rewarding, I should choose none other than that which has been given me—the pathway of a Christian pastor, joyfully trying to bring to men the grace and glory of the Lord's Gospel."



**Professor Herron's
Resignation**

Professor Herron's letter to the Trustees of Iowa College resigning his professorship is likely to win for him more disciples than years of lecturing in that institution. He held, it will be recalled, the chair of "Applied Christianity," which Mrs. Rand had endowed on condition that he should fill it. When friends of the College protested that Professor Herron's presence kept endowments away, Mrs. Rand offered to transfer the endowment of Professor Herron's chair to some other institution whenever its amount should be made good by those whose gifts his teaching kept away. By this offer Mrs. Rand showed her determination to support Professor Herron's teachings. Now, however, Professor Herron has come to the aid of the College by resigning from the chair, after first obtaining Mrs. Rand's consent that her endowment should remain with the institution. The letter which Professor Herron has written to the Trustees is as generous in its spirit as letter of resignation ever was.

He recognizes to the full that, although the attendance at the College and in his lecture-room has increased during the years he has been connected with it, his radical teachings were obnoxious to the class from which alone college endowments could come, and he cordially thanks the Trustees for refusing to restrict his liberty of teaching, when the financial interests of the College might have seemed to justify such action. To President Gates and his colleagues in the faculty Professor Herron's tribute is even warmer, and he thanks them for urging him to remain though his remaining subjected them to criticism and to limitations in the support of their work. So far as personal relationships go, he would be glad to remain; but he is unwilling that his College and his associates should suffer because of their generosity to him. He even questions whether colleges ever can or should be places where ideas antagonistic to the present order are taught. The gentleness of spirit that pervades the letter is little short of a revelation to those who have known Professor Herron only as a social iconoclast. The sword which he wields so fiercely against what he considers public wrongs he has refused to unsheathe in his own defense.



**Bishop Potter and
Bishop Willis**

In the opinion of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the fact that Hawaii is now American territory makes the longer continuance of an English prelate there unnecessary and unwise. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Alfred Willis, Bishop of Honolulu, holds his commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is believed that Dr. Temple, the Archbishop, sympathizes with the opinion expressed by our House of Bishops, and has intimated to his Honolulu diocesan that a resignation would be favorably received. The particular prelate does not look upon the matter in that light. With MacMahon, he says in effect, "J'y suis; j'y reste"—where I am, there I stay. He calls attention to the fact that the diocese of Honolulu is practically an independent one, its only connection with the Church of England being in the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to nominate to the bishopric. In one sense this

right has nothing to do with the English Establishment; it is because of a law that any part of the earth otherwise not specially covered is under the episcopal supervision of the Primate of all England. The question now arises: If the Bishop does not resign, will the Archbishop compel him to do so? As a member of the "Committee on the Increased Responsibilities of the Church," Bishop Potter has now undertaken a long voyage in the Pacific. He has already visited Honolulu, and, with his accustomed tact, has probably contributed something towards adjusting the ecclesiastical difficulties there.



Mediævalism Spanish clericals belong to the Conservative party as a matter of course, but it must be added that Conservative clericals are by no means represented by Carlists entirely; the other Conservatives are known as "Integros," and accept the present monarchy. At the recent Catholic Congress at Burgos, the longing for a restoration of temporal power was unblushingly shown. The prelates there assembled drew up a pronunciamiento in which they demanded that no text-books but those approved by the bishops should be used in the universities, and that public instruction throughout the kingdom should be Catholic. They declared that no ecclesiastic should be punished by the ordinary civil courts of justice, and that none should pay taxes. Furthermore, they demanded exemption from military service for all seminarists under twenty-seven years of age, and for all priests; and, lastly, they had the assurance to ask that all associations not Catholic should be prohibited. The desire for temporal power is shown, not only by the Roman Catholic prelates and journals of Italy, Spain, and France, but even by that official journal of the whole Church, the "Osservatore Romano." This paper, publishing daily official notices from Leo XIII. and his secretaries, papal documents, and important communications on ecclesiastical affairs, has deservedly great weight with all Romanists. It declares that in the present conflict between two "heretical" powers there is to be no overthrow of Romanism in Manila; in South Africa it sees some chance for the Roman Church. It asks: "Can it be that this

war is providential? Will Protestantism be exhausted by it? Has the period of the great transformation of the world begun, when the Church will accomplish a new conversion of the Gentiles? Let us have courage, determination, and faith in God, who is ever the God of armies." Last week this journal angrily added that "the Italian Liberals had reason to be Anglophile, because it was England they had to thank for the triumph of Freemasonry and the fall of the Pope's temporal power; but England would find to her cost that she had assisted in the triumph of the devil in Italy and South Africa." So speak the Roman Congregations, a power apparently more powerful than the perhaps otherwise-minded Pope. The desire for temporal power on the part of these real heads of the Church has probably kept Leo XIII. from interfering in favor of Dreyfus. Apparently they believe that, in the end, militant Roman Catholicism would lose by any association with men more deeply tainted with Socialism than are their opponents. It was the same "Osservatore Romano" which expressed its satisfaction with the verdict of the Rennes court martial, and then complained because people found fault with Roman Catholics "for not espousing the cause of a Semite accused of treason." To this the London "Times" finely replied: "Who founded the Catholic Church but a Semite accused of treason?"



**Religious Awakening
in France**

There is a village in France called "Huguenot," but the name has been a memorial of the past, not a sign of the present. For a long time, perhaps for centuries, there has not been one Protestant Christian in the whole district. Lafayette was born near by, and the Castle of Chavagnac Lafayette, with a village of the same name, is still in the possession of the Lafayette family. A hundred monasteries and convents are also in the vicinity, and a statue of Mary, sixty feet high, stands on a hill overlooking the town of Le Puy. A year ago an evangelist was sent to this supposed Catholic stronghold, namely, to the village of Le Monteil, four miles from Chavagnac Lafayette. In the short space of a twelvemonth he had

gathered together a Protestant congregation of no less than a hundred and fifty persons. Besides being asked to remain among the people as their pastor, he has been besought by the people of twenty-two neighboring villages to come and tell them the story of the Gospel. In the manufacturing town, Langeac, near by, the same evangelist has built up a church of about two hundred members, many of whom were formerly atheistic Socialists. It is believed that the same startling success may attend Protestant ministrations in other parts of France which have hitherto known only the traditional rebound from superstition to atheism. The more rational reaction from ecclesiastical tyranny and ceremonialism, the turning to Protestantism, not atheism, is seen in the fact that the Reformed churches of France are quite unable to supply pastors for all the demands now made. These churches need aid from Protestants in other lands. In this country the Franco-American Committee of Evangelization has been sending the "sinews of war," to a certain extent. We should aid the Protestants of France, not only to give the Gospel to their countrymen, but also to establish churches with resident pastors, thus definitely occupying that place which only organized Christianity can satisfactorily fill. The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, is the President of the Franco-American Committee.



The Philippine Friars

Recent visitors to the Philippines, civil and military, have declared that the insurrection might be more quickly ended if Congress would only drive out the friars and confiscate Church property. Archbishop Chapelle, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, reminds us, however, that whatever the natives are they owe to the friars; by the friars they were lifted out of savagery and brought under the influences of Christianity; by the friars they were educated, not only in the schools, but, in the fields and workshops, were taught the very industries which are now the source of Filipino prosperity. Referring to the estates of the religious orders, Archbishop Chapelle claims that they have been acquired in the usual way by purchase,

and in the course of nearly four centuries have naturally grown large; but, large as they are, "all are used for the betterment and uplifting of the natives." On the other hand, in his lately published "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires," admitting that the friars have been the real power in the island, Mr. Shoemaker charges that they do not belong to the present age; they are of the Dark Ages; they have nothing in common with the enlightened Catholic Church of Europe and America. The account of their actions will astonish the members of that great Church in other lands than the Philippines. "Most friars make no pretense of leading chaste lives; it is a well-known fact that they have kept their mistresses openly, with no attempt at concealment." The memory of the affairs of the Convent of Santa Clara, which occurred ten years since, is still fresh in the minds of the English who reside at Manila. Mr. Shoemaker alleges that it was simply a decoy house into which girls were enticed by the friars. Turning from lechery to avarice, Mr. Shoemaker relates an incident which came under his personal observation:

Chaplain Pierce, of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, was requested by a delegation of Filipinos to perform certain services, such as the burial of the dead, etc., for them. They were all poor people, and the priests of their Church had refused to bury the dead unless paid for that service, and also to allow a grave, unless paid for it. Hence the application to the American chaplain. That the prayer was granted goes without saying. The dead were buried, and that service led to a request by many for religious instruction. A school-house was obtained, and a service was held, the service-book of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew being used. Promptly the priests began to oppose the measure, and the schoolmaster was ordered to refuse the use of his building. The following Sunday, however, another service was held by the American chaplain, whereupon an application was made to Aguinaldo to forbid it. To his credit be it said, Aguinaldo replied that "the patriots had decreed a separation at once and forever of Church and State, and so long as I hold command or can influence matters, this order shall be maintained." The archbishop was then appealed to, and he ordered the schoolmaster, upon pain of dismissal, to close his house, ordered his simple furniture removed, and the books of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to be burned. But service was held, no closing or burning was done, and our flag floats over the school-house.

Filipinos have claimed that the Spanish Government promised to expel, or at least

to "secularize," the friars, as one of the conditions of settling the 1897-8 insurrection. Writing to *The Outlook* on this subject, the Duke of Arcos, Spanish Minister at Washington, says: "I do not know anything about such an agreement and I do not remember having seen it published. It seems that if such a promise relating to the friars had been made, the Filipino leaders would certainly have published the text of the agreement." Our relations with the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines promise to become increasingly interesting.



Christian Chinese in California

In spite of California's treatment of the Chinese, Christianity is making progress among her Chinese population. The Rev. Jee Gam, who is now in the East in the interest of his mission in San Francisco, reports a resident membership of nearly four hundred Chinese Congregationalists, and perhaps twice as many more Chinese Christians in the churches of other denominations. The reason for these gains, he says, is that many Californians treat the Chinese with consideration. He himself lived in this country for six years before he thought of becoming a Christian. The change in his feeling came when he went to live in the family of the Rev. Dr. George Moor. Here he was treated with a respect and a kindness that convinced him that there was something real in the Christian religion and led to his conversion. The early work of the mission proceeded under great difficulties—the unwillingness of many Christians to concede to Chinese the rights of fellow-men being the chief. The old bitterness, however, has died down since the passage of laws preventing the further immigration of Chinese, and this summer, for the first time since the year following the opening of the gold-fields, the Chinese were invited to take part in the Fourth of July celebration. This they did with enthusiasm, and presented a pageant that won universal admiration. Fortunately, too, the provisions of the United States Constitution require that every person born on American territory shall have the full privileges of American citizenship, and the number of American-born Chinese men—though still small in

proportion to the population of 75,000 Chinese in California—is sufficient to make the attitude of the politicians more conciliatory. Mr. Jee Gam says that, while he himself cannot vote, because he is "not white and not black," he is bringing up three boys to be voters, and that one of them is already in the Oakland High School and well treated by his school-fellows. For the new mission house which he is trying to purchase, his Society has already raised over \$10,000, of which about one-quarter has come from Chinese Christians. About \$8,000 yet remains to be raised. The Treasurer of the Society is William Johnstone, 524 Bartlett Street, San Francisco. It is hoped that the money needed will be given, and that the legal discriminations against Chinese residents will be removed. To exclude Chinese immigrants on the ground that they cannot be Americanized, and then exclude those here from all the privileges that do Americanize, is as bad in logic as it is in morals.



The Order of St. Christopher

On Saturday of last week, at College Point, N. Y., occurred the reorganization of the non-sectarian Protestant Order of St. Christopher. A statement made at the Chapter-House of the hopes and plans of the work was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. As the first line ever published concerning the activities of this Order was published in *The Outlook* (then *The Christian Union*), this paper has a special title to chronicle the Order's reorganization. Following the plans of the Brethren of St. John in Germany, the Order of St. Christopher fits young men for service as officers and employees in prisons and hospitals, and in institutions for the reclamation of drunkards, for aiding discharged prisoners, and for providing proper industrial training for wayward boys. The Order also acts as an agency for individuals in their personal charities, investigating cases, bestowing alms and counsel, reporting and furnishing vouchers directly to the givers themselves. It is interesting to note that the Order receives both men and women as members, quite without regard either to race or nationality. The only requirements are that applicants be consecrated to the service of Christ, that they have a

decided vocation for institutional work, that they be free from debt, have no engagement to be married, and are not bound by parental obligation. Intending members sign an "Act of Faith and Resolution" expressing allegiance to Christ, and willingness to live lives of simple obedience and devotion to work as directed by the Order. Members must be in good physical health, free from serious deformity, must have had a good common-school education, and must be recommended by five people who have known them well for at least three years previously. All candidates enter upon a term of probation, at the termination of which they become novices. The novitiate lasts for six months, at the end of which period novices are free to leave the Order, or their relations to it may be terminated by the Brother Director. A full Brother enters upon an obligatory term of three years' training and services. At the conclusion of it he becomes a Free Brother, and, receiving a "Commendation" from the Order, may continue under its direction or enter upon an agreement with some organization working in harmony with the principles of the Order. Brothers and Sisters are furnished by the Order with their clothing, food, lodging, medical and dental attendance, and books, and are given five dollars a month for spending-money. The Brother Director is Mr. W. M. F. Round, O.S.C., and his town office is at 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York City. The Order is establishing an institution at College Point for boys who are restless under parental restraint; this institution and the Brotherhood are supported entirely by voluntary gifts.



Hideous Advertising The latest (October) issue of "A Beautiful World," the annual publication of Scapa, the English society for preserving scenery from advertising disfigurement, chronicles a gratifying record of progress. Among minor successes may be noted the discontinuance of the recent London innovation of employing young girls as advertising-placard bearers on the streets. This was effected by the quiet influence of some prominent ladies whose attention was called to the matter by the Society. The agitation against the hideous advertise-

ments on London omnibuses—in which little reform has been accomplished, although the chief Commissioner of Police promised to take the offense into consideration when issuing licenses—was brought to the notice of Mr. Muthesius, the technical attaché of the German Embassy. As a result of his official report, the Berlin President of Police has issued an ordinance "prohibiting advertisements on the outside or on the windows of public omnibuses." The Northeastern Railway, which "has for years done much to encourage station gardens," has recently "carried consistency and logic far enough to banish from some of the country stations the whole incubus of staring plaques and painted boards." The Society's contention that this kind of advertising is "as wasteful for trade as injurious to the public" has been vindicated "by many notorious bankruptcies." At an exhibition of posters and other advertising devices in London last summer "the critical compiler of the catalogue pointed out that spectacular advertising was not nearly so efficient as advertising in less aggressive forms." But the great triumph of the year is the passage by Parliament of a private act (in principle identical with the general act whose passage the Society demands) conferring upon the municipal authorities of Edinburgh power to control the places where advertisements are allowed. Power was asked on the ground that the request "had the unanimous support of the citizens;" that the corporation spent large sums every year on public parks and gardens to increase the city's attractiveness both for visitors and for residents, and that it was inequitable to nullify these adornments by unsightly advertisements. The strength of public protest dated from the attempt in 1897 to place an illuminated sign on property in James's Court, overlooking Princes Street and the Mound, an attempt abandoned under pressure of public opinion. As far back as 1896 Edinburgh obtained from Parliament power to regulate sky-signs, but at that time the House of Commons committee refused to extend this power to advertisements in general. The fact that this power has now been granted marks a noteworthy advance in public opinion. Of almost equal interest to American tourists with the case of Edinburgh is that of Richmond,

where, under pressure of public opinion, Glover Island has been saved from conversion into a huge "advertising station."



Latin Decadence and Slav Advance

Latin decadence is the subject of notable articles in the August and September numbers of the Rome "Nuova Antologia." While it is true that corruption, vice, and luxury were three causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, they were but secondary and concomitant; the real cause, according to the writer of the first article, was immobility.

Immobility is really retrogression, because, amidst a universal progression, to remain in primitive conditions is to remain behind the rest. This accounts for what the writer of the article considers the present decadence of the Latin nations—Spain, Portugal, Italy, even France.

One instance of such immobility cited is found in the restraining of thousands of students by scholastic ordinances. These, according to this observer, tend to perpetuate a supposed ancient Latin supremacy, through courses of classical study, which must be pursued not only as the sole means of obtaining culture, but also of obtaining social position and important governmental posts. The very teaching of history may be detrimental to any historic people, who, having keen consciousness of past greatness, and a desire to restore that greatness under old forms, are apt to shut out political and social innovations. Now, "while really progressive nations have advanced through Latin forms and usages to a civilization beyond and above them, the old forms and usages constitute to-day only a fatal anachronism, an arrest of the motion of modern life."

If, says the writer, a principle of new civil life appeared at the time of the Renaissance, it was because Latin civilization had been resurrected in a new form, and because the arts and sciences, almost for the first time, participated prominently in the movement. The nations of Central Europe were quick to profit by this transformed Latin civilization. On the other hand, the Latin na-

tions themselves did not take sufficient, if any, advantage, and are now running the risk of grave consequences. Those nations have become impoverished by a political and social paralysis which prevents them from competing with more progressive peoples. Insisting upon keeping up the appearance of power and wealth, the history of their colonies, for instance, clearly reveals both weakness and poverty. Their decadence is invading art and science as well as politics and national defense. However, peoples do not die even if nations pass away.

Replying to this view, a contributor to the "Nuova Antologia" of a month later declares that the Latins are not at liberty to move in these new directions. They are not at liberty even to speak, much less to move. Under pretext of protecting civic health, a Latin government is apt to muzzle its citizens as if they were mad dogs. As an instance of this prohibition of speech, the author cites the "Italia Irredenta," so dear to all Italians—namely, the inclusion of Italian-speaking Austria in the Kingdom of Italy. If such a subject is mentioned in any public meeting, however, the authorities immediately intervene. The very first necessity, then, toward moving in new directions is lacking. The course of the chariot of state compels the people to get out of the way and to remain immobile, so that they may not be crushed under the wheels. Then it is that, excluded from a natural participation in affairs, the serious Latin takes refuge in thought, and the trivial Latin consoles himself with mere pleasures. Both only accentuate the national inaction.

The author concedes the Latin fault of shallowness, although there are many and noble exceptions to the rule. The Latins, for the most part, forget quickly; in saying that they even dance on the grave of their hopes the author was perhaps thinking of Spain's crowded theaters and bull-rings during the days when she was losing her colonial empire. This shallowness is not altogether the fault of the Latins; they have not enjoyed that virile education which comes only through the exercise of political and civil liberty.

While perhaps one does not occasion the other, by a curious coincidence the Latin decline is co-existent with a Slav advance. The population of the Russian

Empire is now between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and forty million people. Finnish and Tartar elements are represented in it, but the majority of the population is Slav. Not alone in Russia, however, large as it is, is the majority element increasing; it has overflowed the bounds of that empire. Slav Bohemia is daily augmenting her numbers and influence, while in the Balkans the question between Greek and Slav as to future rulership has already been settled in favor of the latter. Magyar independence itself is menaced by Slavs, not only along the eastern and southern borders of Hungary, namely, from Rumania and Servia, but also along the Hungarian northern and western frontiers, namely, from the Austrian provinces of Galicia, Moravia, Styria, and Croatia. Even in Carinthia and Carniola, further west, the Slav population is rapidly and alarmingly increasing. It has thus come to the bounds of the "Italia Irredenta," and its huge bulk is slowly pushing the weaker Latins westward.

It seems as if the increase of the Slavs during the next decade might be as prodigious as it has been in recent years. In view of these further numbers, the question arises, What lands will they occupy?

At this psychological moment the immobility of Latin countries is apparently more pronounced than ever. Their surplus population comes to the Americas. The present Slav movement may become another northern incursion, and, like those of the Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, again bring into Italy and Spain an infusion of new blood.

Indeed, it is not impossible that the Slav element may one day preponderate on the Continent. Would Europe be the gainer? Granted that such a change would tend to efface the weaker elements in the Latins and so on the European Continent, is it worth the sacrifice of those higher Latin qualities—adaptability, receptivity, logic, heroism? We recognize that the Slav advance is already forcing upon Europe men of primitive, elemental enthusiasms, of almost barbaric benevolence, of remarkable self-control. We recognize none the less, however, that a Slav advance brings to the front men far more resigned than are the Latins in submission to autocratic authority, and—perhaps because of cen-

turies of such patience—disingenuous, secretive, mysterious in movement, lacking in hope. Civilization could ill afford to lose the genius of the Latin race.



Pastoral Letters

The Changeless in the Ever-Changing

It seems as though Dr. — had worked out a theology large enough to include everything, but I suppose that cannot be. There is always more. Shall we ever come to the end? If I live to be as old as Dr. —, and go on thinking, shall I ever come to a time when I can rest satisfied with my creed, or must there always be more or less mental conflict?

No! we shall never come to the end. There is no end. When we cease to think, we cease to live; and all thinking is a process of question and answer. Life is growth, and growth is conflict. Some questions you may answer, some conclusions you may reach; but every answer will only lead on to new questions, every conclusion will be only a turn in the road which will open before you a new vista. You may, indeed, never make a beginning. You may accept an authoritative and infallible Church. Its decrees may be present decrees, interpreted by a living hierarchy—a Pope, and a priesthood; or its decrees may be historical decrees, rendered by a body of divines in the sixteenth century. In either case you may accept them as final and authoritative. You may believe what they tell you because they tell it to you. Defense for such a course is not wanting. You may regard this hierarchy, whether past or present, as one of experts, and adopt their conclusions without questioning, as you accept the conclusions of an expert astronomer or chemist without going into the observatory of the one or the laboratory of the other. In that case you will have a finished theology; it will be finished because it is not the product of your thinking. You resign the responsibilities and the liberty of thinking, and accept the thoughts of other men. You have no theology but a borrowed theology. There are a great many good men and women who do this. They are not thinkers; but that does not prevent them from being truly devout.

But if you intend to do your own thinking, you will never come to the end.

Though you should live to be as old as Methuselah and go on thinking, you will never come to a time when you can rest satisfied with your creed. This is the penalty which men pay for the privilege of thinking. If they once begin, they cannot stop. Thinking creates the capacity to think, and imposes the necessity of more thinking.

It is always so; and for a very simple reason: all our thinking has to do with infinite topics; and the finite never can come to the end of the infinite; nor rest satisfied with what has been discovered concerning the infinite. All our thinking, I say—for it is not theology alone which deals with the infinite. There are infinite spaces in the stellar universe; infinite combinations possible to chemical constituents; infinite possibilities in the realm of pure mathematics; infinite varieties in the relations of man to man in complex and ever-changing society; infinite possibilities of charm and inspiration in literature, art, and music. In none, therefore, is there an end. Each new thinker traverses the path of previous thinkers, corrects his errors in the light of a larger knowledge, and goes on to add to the thoughts which his predecessor had added to those who had been his predecessors. Thus science and literature and art are ever changing. There is ever a new astronomy, a new chemistry, a new biology, a new psychology, a new moral philosophy. Herschel follows Newton, Faraday follows Lavoisier, Browning follows Shakespeare, Beethoven follows Bach, and Wagner Beethoven. Watts follows Rembrandt, as Rembrandt followed Raphael. And still the procession moves on—never-ending. There will be new astronomers, new chemists, new poets, new musicians, new painters. Some will be mere copyists, learning what their predecessors have to teach and repeating it; some will be interpreters, reading into the work of the past a new significance; some will add by discovery what they have found through the observatory, through the laboratory, through the ministry of their own imagination and their own creative taste. All science, art, imagination, are searching for divine truth, beauty, life; and the search is endless because the realm is endless. We are explorers of a boundless continent.

What is true in every department of

life is surely true in the spiritual department. Theology is the knowledge of God. Can we ever come to the end of the knowledge of the Infinite and the Eternal? A creed is at best only an attempt to tell what we have found. Every creed is imperfect, partly because language is an imperfect instrument of thought, partly because thought is an imperfect interpretation of God. We only know in part and prophesy in part; we see only as in a mirror, darkly.

Is there, then, nothing certain in religion, nothing changeless in this ever-changing world of thought? Is religion only what we make it by our thinking? The answer is as ready as it is simple. The stars are ever the same, though astronomy changes; the flowers ever the same, though botany changes; the chemical constituents ever the same, though chemistry changes; the essential laws of form and color and harmony are ever the same, though their interpreters are ever changing; the essential principles of human life are ever the same, though the poets and dramatists and novelists present ever-changing portrayals of human nature. So God and his truth and his law and his love are changeless, though our understanding of them is ever changing. And that life of God in the souls of men which constitutes religion is changeless, though the manifestations of that life are ever changing. The eye which sees the stars, the eager desire to see more than ever yet has been seen, the clear perception of the uniformity of law which makes that quest hopeful, remain ever unchanging, though every new generation brings a correction of old errors or a new discovery. So faith, the power which perceives the invisible, hope, the unquenchable aspiration for something nobler in the future than has been attained in the past, and love, the bond of perfectness which binds us each to his brother because all to God, remain ever unchanging, though there are new visions of the invisible, new hopes of its attainment, new developments of love, and new manifestations of its spirit in new conditions. And even when the veil of flesh is laid aside, and we see with clearer vision, there will be no end—for as long as we live we shall grow, and the change from glory to glory will be eternal. But we need not await that day to rest in the

changeless which is manifested through the ever-changing—that is, in the God who is ever the same in all these infinite manifestations of his presence.

A Wayside Gospel

Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones is a hard-working, warm-hearted Unitarian preacher of Chicago, who belongs to no school, but speaks his own mind in his own way with refreshing frankness; one of those men with whom it is not necessary to agree in order to enjoy his individuality, and from whom one may differ sharply without losing a sense of something liberalizing and inspiring in contact with his personality. He is now addressing a larger congregation in his "Bits of Wayside Gospel" (Macmillan), a volume of unconventional sermons; full of contagious freedom and joyousness; a book to be read by those who want to know how to be happy though good, and how to be attractive, broad-minded, and in sympathy with nature and art and men, and at the same time as devoutly religious as were the old saints and ascetics. This book is a specific for spiritual dullness, and a remedy for ecclesiastical narrowness. It is the gospel of St. Francis of Assisi in modern dress; it overflows with the love of animals and of nature as well as of men. It is also an antidote for too much indoor work and too little out-of-door life, which is the bane of many preachers and the secret of much pulpit failure. It has something to teach those who think that in order to be religious one must part with all his natural flavor, and in order to consecrate one's self to the service of God and man one must crystallize his faith into a rigid series of propositions and his manners into a formulated code of carefully supervised gestures and expressions. It is, in other words, a gospel of out-of-door freedom.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Jones to be presented on a certain occasion with a purse and a horse, and an imperative command to get on the horse and betake himself to the open country. In two days he was in the saddle and beginning one of those acquaintances with an animal from which a man has so much to learn. That acquaintance was deepened by hundreds of miles of travel and the most inti-

mate intercourse. Sometimes the man and the horse would fall into a reverie which would last for miles; again they would have the most intimate conversation. Jess preferred the roads that led to the haunts of human nature; the rider preferred those which led to wild nature. Jess preferred well-ordered highways; the rider had a passion for by-paths and by-ways of every kind. Jess was delighted when she saw a village; the rider was filled with joy when he saw a landscape without a house in sight: between the two the country was fairly well explored. The rider forgot the work in which he had begun to exhaust himself; the problems of the great city which were pressing too heavily on his heart; the perplexities of the State which had begun to press too heavily on his thought. He had penetrated into fellowship with a new order of beings, and he had an entirely different set of questions presented to him. Jess was indifferent to all his former occupations; she was intensely interested in the present excursion, and so, imperceptibly but effectively, she carried her rider away out of his old life into a new life of freedom and joy.

"Universal comradeship with all living things," writes Mr. Jones, "will make life heavenly with or without heaven." Traveling on horseback through a new country means not only getting away from one's old vocation and throwing off one's old cares, but forming the acquaintance of a new kind of life, which is in itself one of the deepest educational experiences. The rider of the horse entered into fellowship with men and women whose conditions were entirely different from any he had ever known before. He saw the labor problem at home, so to speak, and he found in the most remote, obscure, and elementary houses examples of devotion and patience, and even a love of the beautiful, which made him think better of his kind. He learned, above all, that a man may have a passion for the beautiful in his soul and put it into his work when he is dealing with the most common things. He recalled the enthusiasm of the Dutch farmer who talked to his cabbages, encouraged them when they grew as they ought to grow, caressed his melons and induced them, by warm expressions of approval, to make the most of

their opportunities of growing. "I quarrel often," writes Mr. Jones, "with the present distribution of wealth. There are many who do not play the game of life fairly, who get more than their share and act meanly about it. I long for the power to help my companions, the toilers of the world, the wage-workers in society; but I would like to go to them with a song and not with a groan; I would like to divert them from their woes rather than dilate upon them. Let the labor organizations send a minstrel through their shops rather than a walking delegate. Let him go with his pipes and play the tune of 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' and he will shorten their hours of labor and increase the bread-purchasing power of their wages. The hope of the artisan is art; the salt of toil is beauty. 'Give me a new thought, that I may refresh myself with it,' said the suffering Herder. 'Read me something, something that has meat in it, something from Paul,' said the dying Lute Taylor."

Those who are dealing with city problems should get away from cities in order to see things in true perspective and to keep their sanity. Traveling at large and at his own charges through the central West, captivated by the beauty of the rolling landscape and the friendliness and integrity of those unnumbered homes in which lie the safety and the promise of American society, Mr. Jones came to see the cities from a new point of view, and to catch a clearer glimpse of what their conditions mean and what they impose on those who are trying to deal with them. God made the cities as well as the country, and there is a spiritual education in the opportunities of the city which the country cannot furnish. "The city is a teacher of humanities as the country never can be. It is in the city that the greatest solitude overtakes the human soul. The altruistic heart is drawn to the city as the mother is drawn to the crying child. It is our spiritual blindness, the undeveloped condition of our souls, that locates sublimity on the mountaintop only, and finds poetry in forest depths alone. The city, however wretched, is a greater study and furnishes deeper impulse to the spiritual man than any seaside or water-side. It is for us to construct a celestial superstructure on terrestrial founda-

tations, making our earthly city so clean, wholesome, temperate, and beautiful that it will indeed be 'a new Jerusalem,' the city of God, the light of nations."

It is not so much a privilege as a duty to break away and roam; for it is the traveler alone who, by the opportunities of a larger contrast and comparison, arrives at the true value of things at home; and it is the man who from time to time walks away from his working life and looks at it from a distance who discerns clearly the remote ends for which he ought to work and adjusts wisely his time, his strength, and his means to his task.

Highway Robbery

Within the past few weeks newspapers in this city and its vicinity have abounded in such titles as "Streets Stolen," "Tracks Torn Up," "Roads Ruined." The cause is found in several unusually audacious and impudent attempts on the part of rival trolley corporations to violate the rights of the public and even to defy the law itself. The usefulness of the trolley roads between suburban towns is unquestioned, but their rapid extension has led to gross carelessness in the matter of protecting the roads. Thus, Westchester County, where the particular outrages above referred to took place, has been, at great cost and labor, provided with many fine macadamized roads, leading often through beautiful scenery; their use forms one of the most agreeable of country pleasures to be had near New York, to say nothing of their great and increasing practical utility. That such roads as these should be wantonly and repeatedly torn up without sanction of law and while litigation as to rival franchises is still pending—yes, even when injunctions are in force to prevent this very thing—justifies the epithet high-handed robbery. In one recent case the two rival companies put five hundred men (about evenly divided) at work simultaneously on a short section of road, laying their rival tracks side by side and absolutely ruining the road unless it be entirely rebuilt. Fights between the laborers of the two gangs were common, and something very like a pitched battle has been repeatedly threatened. In this case one of the companies had only

the most shadowy, second-hand, semi-defunct claim, and the residents along the road were striving to obtain an opportunity to be heard in the matter. At another place in the same county a city government was obliged to remove forcibly a line of rail and to protect its laborers by a platoon of police against a threatened armed attack by the corporation's employees.

Of the bribery of small city and village officials—men to whom a hundred dollars is a strong temptation—of the pulling of political wires for corporation ends, and of the incessant employment of legal trickery and subterfuge, there are constant accusations and clear moral evidence. But what we note here is the increasing tendency of these contending litigants, the rival trolley companies, to forestall the decisions of courts and grants of franchises by actual violence. This sort of thing grows with immunity. It is time that an example should be made of the more flagrant violators of the law. Confiscation of roads and road privileges has become altogether too common and too easy. The prize in these vicious rivalries is usually not immediate profit, but the rich future possibilities of gain. The people, too, should look to the future and fight vigorously for their parkways, beautiful residence streets, and costly high-roads.



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The Spectator

Among the Spectator's friends in college twenty years ago, more or less, was one who "worked his way through." Not being brilliant—indeed, he was only passably clever—this friend could not fall back upon "coaching" or private "tutoring," the great resource of "high-stand" men of limited means. So he was often hard put to it to find a way of earning needed dollars, and one summer he actually "carried a hod" for the best part of the long vacation. In short, he was ready to do any honest, manly work that came in his way. He won and kept the liking of his fellow-students, as well as their respect for his sturdiness of character. This, later, served him in good stead for brilliancy after he got out into life. Through it he has made his way to a responsible place in the community of his residence—the sort of ending to that kind of struggle which it is so satisfactory to find in the real world no less than in one type of Sunday-school book. There were two things, however, at which, in his college days, the Spectator's friend drew the line—borrowing, and serving as waiter at a summer hotel.



The Spectator has, rightly or wrongly, always shared his friend's feeling that hoddie-carrying was manly work, while waiting at a hotel table was unmanly work in its suggestion of servility. Last summer, however, he had occasion to revise this view, at least to the extent of acknowledging that a hotel waitress may be a lady, in the best sense of a much-abused and now almost tabooed word. She can be a lady not only—and here lies the emphasis—in the ordinary relations of life, but in her relations to the hotel guest whom she is serving, by a manner free from servility and equally free from disagreeable assertiveness of a disputed equality. Indeed, the restraint of manner was so perfect, in recognition of the work being done, that of itself it gave suggestion of breeding. The Spectator talked with the hotel doctor, who, to his amusement, seemed to play much the same part in chatting with the guests and making them "feel at home" as does the ship's doctor on an ocean liner. According to the doctor, the force

of waitresses included not a few women studying medicine as well as school-teachers, besides one young woman from California who wanted to see the East and could afford to travel only by some such expedient. To see this battalion of young women dressed in white—not black—moving through the great, brilliantly lighted dining-hall filled with seven hundred guests, where all appointments were fresh and dainty, and flowers added fragrance to every table, was an object-lesson in the æsthetic possibilities of fitness which can make of service a lady's work.



At more than one hotel where the Spectator stopped subsequently during his short summer trip, the remembrance of these "lady waitresses" was forced back upon him by way of contrast. At one leading Canadian hotel, for example, where the service was particularly bad, the Spectator found that the waiters were imported hundreds of miles from Boston and New York. Being, of course, those who, as a rule, lacked steady places at home, and proving largely inefficient, a number from each invoice were shipped back at the end of each week and their places supplied with fresh importations. Yet, so the Spectator was told, the number of people out of employment in that vicinity was depressingly large. At another resort, one possibly as well known by name as any in the States, the waiters were all colored, of a type, unfortunately, which explains why the colored brother has been so completely displaced as a hotel waiter in New York and many of the larger cities; the type that with open obviousness conforms service to the expected size of the fee, and in the person of the head waiter waves the ordinary guest to an obscure seat with an insolent condescension which means a preliminary payment of five dollars as the price of ordinary decency. This experience set the Spectator wondering whether the old type of colored waiter had completely passed away—the type of loquacious, though not familiar, waiter, sincerely interested in the guest's wants and amusingly anxious to supply them, sometimes a little over-zealous, but never offensive and always unaffectedly friendly; a warm-hearted type to which only the social

martinet could be unresponsive. The Spectator was glad later to discover the persistence of that type at Saratoga.



The Spectator was at Saratoga during the meetings of the Social Scientists, and witnessed a little incident bearing on the Southern attitude toward the race question which seemed to him typical of the old South and the new. A paper had been read by President Baldwin, of the Long Island Railroad—Mr. Baldwin is one of Mr. Booker T. Washington's trustees—in which the claim was made that the race question will be solved as soon as the colored man is ready to accept the opportunities of industrial education, and to ignore questions of politics and social equality until a new recognition has been earned on a readjustment of race relationship. In the audience was Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, the Radical race leader, who, being granted the privilege of the floor, entered an impassioned protest against any implied limitation on education for the black that did not apply equally to the white—a protest which sentimentally appealed to all as the natural feeling of one of Mr. Fortune's self-won position despite his color. Near the Spectator were seated two Southern lawyers from different States. The one could hardly restrain himself, so evidently indignant was he that a representative audience could thus permit itself to be harangued by one of the despised race. As he twisted nervously about in his seat, the Spectator was prepared for an outbreak—a "scene"—from him at any moment, and drew a sign of relief when Mr. Fortune finished. The other Southern lawyer sat as interested, but apparently as unconcerned, personally, as any Northerner in the audience. When the protest was finished, he rose and asked permission to make a reply. He began by complimenting Mr. Fortune on the strength of his appeal, conceding the theoretical injustice of much against which he protested. He then passed on to emphasize the fact that the race question in the South is a condition and not a theory, and made the same appeal as Mr. Baldwin, based on personal experience, for the elimination of the race question from politics and society, in the name of both races. What interested the

Spectator was the attitude of the first Southerner while the second Southerner was speaking. At the start he seemed even more indignant than during Mr. Fortune's protest—that a Southern white man should actually so far forget himself as to answer a colored man. But as the second Southerner went on, making his points with so much consideration, yet with evident certainty of conviction, the first Southerner gradually came to a state of rest, listening quietly and attentively, and in the end joined in the applause as heartily as any one present. It was a great triumph for the method of the new over the old South.

While at Saratoga the Spectator met a Charleston friend who, in discussing the race question, related a curious incident of the shooting of Captain Dawson, the well-known editor of the Charleston "News and Courier." Captain Dawson, it will be recalled, was pre-eminently a man of the new South. He was specially honored by the Pope for his services in bringing dueling into disrepute, and had also an honorable record for his strong protests against lynching. Captain Dawson, it may be remembered, called at the house of a neighbor to protest against the neighbor's offensive attentions, as he construed them, paid to a governess in his own family. In the altercation that ensued he was shot and killed. Indignation ran high that night in Charleston, Captain Dawson being universally popular, and the general belief being, then, at least, that the shooting was not in self-defense. The sheriff intimated to the employees of the "News and Courier" that if an attack were made on the jail there would be no resistance, and the employees actually headed a crowd that started, rope in hand, for the jail. Before they had gone a block one of the printers halted them, exclaiming passionately: "Boys, if the old man were alive, the first thing he would say would be—'Give the law a chance.' Can we do for him dead what he would stop us from doing if living?" The cry, "Give the law a chance," was taken up and heeded, the crowd slowly dispersing. "And," added the Spectator's friend, "the neighbor who shot Captain Dawson was legally tried

and acquitted. Captain Dawson's protests against lynching saved the neck of the man who killed him."

The telling of this story to a group of interested listeners led to the telling of quite a different story of the curious vagaries of the inebriated brain. It concerns another prominent editor, not a Southerner, now deceased, whose name, for obvious reasons, the Spectator withholds. This editor had but one failing, the conspicuous failing, it sometimes seems, of brilliant men, that of occasional inebriation. One evening, in this condition, when he was sure to be seized with some strange fancy, he came in after an evening at the theater, where he had seen Kean in Richard III., to dictate a notice. With ingenuity and genuine subtlety, he elaborated in apparently perfect good faith the absurd proposition that Kean was too great an actor to waste time on such trivialities as Shakespearean productions, and should find a play worthy of his powers. His managing editor, to whose attention the offender called the article, with an injunction to omit it if it would not do (being apparently sober enough to appreciate that he had done at least a *risqué* thing), decided to print it as an awful warning to the editor himself. The sensation it caused the next day, and the anger of the actor, who threatened a libel suit for what he took to be a sarcastic attack, actually had the sobering effect desired.

The inebriated editor's topsy-turvy view of Kean and Shakespeare recalled to the Spectator a delightful story with a delightful moral to it told by Professor Trent in a recent essay. A college student, being asked whether he thought Bacon could have written Shakespeare's plays, replied indignantly, being more in love with philosophy than with poetry, "Not much! He wouldn't have wasted his time on such wretched stuff!" That young man, adds Professor Trent, "was not joking, on the principle that a foolish question required a foolish answer; he was merely furnishing an unconscious example of the folly of untrained, impressionist criticism."

OPTIMISM



The Last *Thanksgiving* *Sermon* of PHILLIPS BROOKS

AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT
HE HAD MADE, AND, BEHOLD,
IT WAS VERY GOOD.—GEN. I, '31.

THE creation of the world is complete. The heavens above, the earth beneath, the water under the earth, are all there, and the multitude of living creatures; and God, the creator, declares they are very good. A man makes something. He has made it, and then passes judgment upon it. The artist looks upon his picture, the poet upon the song he has sung, the inventor upon his invention. It is of infinite importance to him whether it is good. These things are feeble pictures of the scene set before us in these closing verses of the first chapter of Genesis. God himself was brought forth in that world. It is a part of his own being. He is looking upon himself when he looks upon the world.

Behind all progress, behind all life any man is living at any moment, there always will sound a great undertone which must

beat through every conception man must have of himself and his fortunes—this first utterance of God when he looked upon the earth, “and, behold, it was very good.” I know not what words could come to us on Thanksgiving Day, on this day of rejoicing, so richly as these words of God himself when he looked forth on the new-made world, and “it was very good.”

There are two different facts to be noted with regard to man and his work and progress. One of them is the actual condition of the world, and the other is man's conception of it. They belong together. The one is the essential nature and character of the world, and the other is what man thinks with relation to the world. They are two different facts. The one is objective, the other subjective; that which exists in fact, and that which exists in thought. It is good for man to study these. He is studying the great conditions of life—how the hills were built,

¹ This sermon was preached in Trinity Church, Boston, on November 24, 1892. The notes from which this article were transcribed were furnished to The Outlook by the Rev. L. H. Waring.

how they are building. He is studying history, and economic and social life. Along with the actual facts it is well for man to see whether his thoughts and feelings concerning them are right. What does man think of the world? God proclaims it is good. He looks abroad and sees, as no human being ever began to see, all the possibilities of evil, all the issues involved, every sin that has been committed or is going to be, all the dangers and perils; and yet there remains the everlasting word of God that declares it is very good. Now, does man take that same view of it? As we listen to the chatter and musings of our fellow-men, we find there are two distinct conceptions on the part of men, one of which coincides with the voice of God, the other being directly opposed and contradictory to God's word. They come to us out of our homes and out of our streets—these two conceptions, one that it is a bad world, and one that it is a good world. One man calls himself a pessimist, and believes that this world is distinctly a bad one, and that it is moving on to more evil. He sees evil behind every hill, beating in every pulse, in every movement and in every development of human life. What a power the pessimist is in the world! In certain shapes this voice is louder in this time than any other times—when philosophers are declaring, as if it were an exhaustive statement, that the great evil of this world is the will of man to live; that man would escape from life by suicide, if suicide really were an escape from life; when these philosophers write books and have schools for pupils who teach after them; when, in the ordinary talk of man to man about the future, there is this cry, "The world is growing worse and worse, and man is moving on towards destruction;" when something like a wall meets the new-born babe, and when the old man is dismissed again and again as if he had escaped from the world. When that is current, I say it is time for us to beware of pessimism.

What right have we who are optimists to be optimists? One of these two great classes of men forever delightedly, enthusiastically repeats the words of God, and the other denies them every day. It is necessary that we should explain exactly what we mean by optimism. To some, to

many people, it is a silly sound. The pessimist says, "Yes, you have not been in the slum. You have not looked upon pinched faces. Therefore you say this world is a good world." Now our claim is, the more, the longer, a man lives, the more of an optimist he is. This is a time of definition. It is not so much a time when people believe this and disbelieve that as one when we dispute about our terms. The world is going down into profounder thought and understanding because it will believe or disbelieve with an intenser action on the soul. What do we mean, then, by optimism? It is not a thing of temperament. It is not that certain people are born with cheerful dispositions and other people with gloomy souls. There is that predisposition this way or that way; but natural temperament alone would make man no more than a brute. Nor is optimism the belief that this is a thoroughly good world in which we live; nor is it simply a careless passing over of the evils of life because we do not choose to look at them. On the contrary, a man is an optimist just because he thinks the world a good one, because he sees the whiteness in which God made it, because he sees its possibilities behind every accomplishment. The optimist is the one who feels most bitterly and fully the sin and degradation in the world. Nor is optimism a way of seeing how everything is going to come out for good. A man says, "Tell me what is going to happen; how is this evil to be eradicated." When I say, "I cannot tell," he turns to me and says, "What sort of optimism is that which does not know how the accomplishment is to be?" But the full, complete fulfillment of life would not be that. I know the time shall come when I shall enter into knowledge and truth and into communion with God. Optimism is not personal temperament, nor careless, idle desire, nor simply a broad, clear anticipation of every detail in which the world is going to work itself.

On the other hand, what is it? It is a great belief in a great purpose underlying the world for good, for human fulfillment, which is absolutely certain to fulfill itself somewhere, somehow. Where, how, I do not know. No man does know. There is this underlying purpose, in which there are perpetual hindrances, but more and

more asserting its own fulfillment. That is optimism. That is what God saw when he looked upon the world and knew. Do you think God was surprised or disappointed when, by and by, the creature he had created sinned? Did not God know beforehand the possibility, the power, of sin? The optimist hears underground, and sees every now and then breaking under the surface, in the Everlasting Presence, the hope that such a history of man has not been able to subdue and that the black and hateful devils of human life have not been able to crush. The hopes of man, the thoughts of man, are facts, as true as the mountain that stands, the battle that has been fought, the reformation that has been made; and this hope of the certainty, the fact that optimism exists, that man is able to conceive of it and keep it, is, in a certain sense, proof that optimism is true. A man who believes in it more and more, even with sin and misery turning up—a man may even, by the very capacity of sinfulness, by the accidents of misfortune and calamity, find some new opening into that great dream. There is the everlasting growth of man in those great things which must of necessity fulfill themselves. What are the things that are growing greater—greater in the world to-day than at any time before? The sense of responsibility and the consciousness of wrong. I defy a man to put his finger upon any page of history when it was clearer than it is to-day that man has something to do with his brethren and that they are his brethren. Yes, it belongs to nations, too. No nation dare act to-day in sublime selfishness. No man dare act to-day as if he didn't care for anybody behind himself.

The deepest life of every human creature, wherever it shows itself, is found in reaching forth in sympathy and acceptance, in the everlasting presence of optimism, the hope that justifies itself, and the growth of responsibility and human brotherhood. It is no trifter who believes in those things and reads their secrets. Let us get rid of the idea that optimism is a mere expedient for happiness, that it is a gay and cheerful way of looking at this world. That there is before man a certain end, that there is in him a prophecy of what a man may be, moves him as it can never move a man who thinks it is

all natural, and who knows no eagle soaring to the sun. The sadness and joy of life belong together. The gladder the world is, the sadder it is; and the sadder it is, the gladder it will be. May I read you the words of the greatest optimist of modern times:

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."¹

God is not one who sets the world running like a clock. He is the everlasting Life and Light.

Who are they who have been optimists? That is one way we judge of the deepest spiritual truths of any thought. Have they been men who simply dwelt upon the surface of things? I cannot call their names, for they are legion, but the poets are all optimists. Tennyson, sad as he is, sings it every day. It was the same with Browning, and with our own Lowell and his great strains; and it was the same with Whittier, too, who had a hope. They were men who were poets because their souls were full of the certainty of the fulfillment of our human life. Every man must take a hand to make the world better.

All religions are optimistic. A religion is religious just in proportion as it is optimistic. Our race is an optimistic race. Our land is an optimistic land, in spite of the dreamers' ugly dreams. Even in the generations not yet passed away is seen a great revulsion, a casting out of a vast iniquity, and colossal peace. Who is the optimist of all optimists? Who stands in the center of human history and sees everything, and in its inmost depths knows what it really is? Christ is the optimist, with his blessing and pitying hands. Nobody ever believed in the certain fulfillment of human life as he did. Oh! my friends, we are in grand company when we are optimists. If we may not soar with the highest of them, at least we will look up and rejoice in their soaring.

This, then, is what we claim as the justification of our optimism. Nay; go back to the beginning. It came forth from God, who in his first great utterance declared the world good. Our optimism, then, is no silly thing; and its justification is by its own hope. Oh, my friends, never be ashamed, in your college room or in

¹ Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

the club, of optimism. Take your book and go forth and get into the purest life and surest company. Only he who knows goodness sees badness with a genuine insight and energetic movement. With endless difficulties around us, let us not let our arms drop and be idle. We think that this end of the century is leading into something beyond. It is not that we see some bright light; but there is something in the air, in the souls of men, that makes us hope. In nearing the end of the tunnel, something in the sound of the train without a ray of light, something in

the rails under the train, tells us that we are nearing the end of the tunnel; so I think we are hearing a different sound and will see a new light; and when we shall have entered into full light, we shall know that God was not wrong and that we have not hoped in vain.

As Christ made the world better for those who were to come after him, we may not only enter into that salvation, but add something to the full development and manifestation of it ourselves. Let us go our way, saying to our own souls, "Christ has overcome."



Thanksgiving

By Jeanie Rogers Sherman

Dear Lord, on this thy day of days
 Forgive me, if to thee,
 In place of songs replete with praise,
 This prayer alone my heart essays,
 "Work thou thy will in me."

I cannot thank thee for the pain
 With which I wait to hear
 Familiar footsteps, or again
 Listen for songs whose blithe refrain
 Made glad our hearts last year.

I cannot praise. Beneath thy cross
 I bow, and silently,
 With eyes washed clear of much of dross,
 I strive to see, above my loss,
 The joy of those with thee.

George Henry Boughton

THE Puritan element in American life, coming so naturally and insistently to mind at this 'Thanksgiving season, has never been more accurately set forth than in the pictures of Mr. George Henry Boughton. On the following pages two reproductions of his work may be found.

There is always an answering thrill when we read, see, or hear a proper presentment of that old-time life. Books, family pictures, and family traditions have told us much, of course, but, with the best kind of history-telling, like Mr. Boughton's, for example, the Puritan epoch becomes almost a contemporary existence; it is an old force ever new; it re-enters the heart of our national life, a life inherited from our fathers, no matter how much the necessities of a new age compel its transformation.

Americans are apt to think of Mr. Boughton as an American-born genre painter. So large a number of his many pictures are so illustrative of New England history that we instinctively ascribe their source to a New England man. The early, educative, formative environment of their painter was, indeed, American, though not of New England. Mr. Boughton was born in 1834 near Ipswich, England, but when only three years old came with his parents to this country. They settled at Albany, where, with the exception of a sketching trip in the British Isles when he was nineteen, the boy played, studied, drew, and painted until 1858. He was self-taught, self-made.

When he was twenty-four, he went to New York and remained two years. He first exhibited at the National Academy of Design. Then he went to Paris for a year, and then to London, where he has been ever since. In 1871 he was elected into our National Academy; eight years later into the London Royal Academy, and again, eight years later, into the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors.

Mr. Boughton's works have always enjoyed an immense popularity, much of which was gained on account of their

historical rather than on account of their artistic appeal. The artist struck a true note at once, and has never since swerved from concert-pitch. From "Passing into the Shade" and "The Last of the Mayflower," painted in the sixties, to his "Winter Nightfall," exhibited the other day in London, the succession has been gratifying alike to the painter and his public.

Mr. Boughton's composition is both skillful and restful. His drawing, however, does not seem to have been done with much impulsive spontaneity. Perhaps this impression is unjust, but one fancies his lines somewhat thought-out felt-out, studied. We must acknowledge, nevertheless, that he succeeds well in the extremely difficult task of combining severity and daintiness in figure-drawing, a combination particularly noticeable, of course, in the figures of Puritan women.

Such an effect is doubled by Mr. Boughton's delicacy of color, especially in grays, pearl shades, and neutral tones, even if at times they verge on a seeming monotony. Some of his canvases were evidently painted with but half a dozen tints on his palette. However, any apparent color monotony is frequently atoned for by Mr. Boughton's luminous light and breathable atmosphere.

Though interesting in technique, these genre pictures are more interesting from the standpoint of human drama. Not only the serious student of art and history, but the veriest tyro is attracted by the appeal made to his heart as well as to his mind through the medium of Mr. Boughton's pictures. Hence we find their reproduction in engraving, etching, and photographic processes in all sorts of homes. So great has been the demand for these Puritan scenes that the men and women represented therein have become somewhat stereotyped. In general, however, it may be said that Mr. Boughton's are no puppet figures. Never descending to mawkish sentiment, they are at once simple and sincere. The best are not unworthy as incorporations of elemental forces, of the love of man for woman and of woman for man, of the devotion to country, of the reverence for religion.



DETAIL FROM "THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER "

Painted by George H. Boughton



DETAIL FROM "THE TWO FAREWELLS"
Painted by George H. Boughton

A DISH OF TEA



RUTH loved the ocean. She loved it when it was ruffled by bland spring breezes; when it dimpled beneath fervid summer suns; when it calmly reflected the pale autumnal moonlight; she loved it when winter winds shrieked, and there was no world save this Island of Nantucket shut in by a tempestuous watery motion which borrowed its hue from leaden skies and lashed itself to the fury of white surf. She could not tell in what mood she loved it best, for her happy heart made all environment beautiful. On this smooth beach she and her brother Nathaniel had played with wave-worn pebbles and delicately tinted shells; here she had kissed him good-by when he took boat for the ship which should carry him to China; here she had loitered time after time in the radiance of the sun's setting to look across the leagues of water and wish him home again; and here she was walking through the cloudy chill of a waning November day when she heard her father's voice:

"Little maid! little maid!"

His own most tender name for her! She turned and ran toward him, her fair curls flying from the hood of her scarlet cloak, her fair face dimpling in its curl halo like some rare sea-anemone. The keen eyes under Nathaniel Starbuck's cocked hat softened as she sped along the beach, for dearly did he love this only

remaining one of his daughters. Six graves in the island burial-place marked where the others lay—six little graves, for all had been chilled to early death by the sea winds on which this most fragile bud had bloomed to maidenhood. The softening in his eyes grew to an embracing fatherliness when she caught his arm, for Ruth had no fear of the stern magistrate before whom culprits trembled, and whom even her brother Nathaniel invariably addressed as "Sir." Now he smiled down at her, and lapsed into the Quaker speech which he never used save with his own.

"Thou lookdst like a gull winging alongshore, little maid."

At which she laughed aloud, shaking back her curls.

"A red sea-gull, father! Who ever heard tell of a red gull? But what have you in your hand? A letter, and in Nathaniel's writing! Oh, father, comes he home soon? And for how long?"

"What a maid! Can I answer two questions at once? But, yea—I have broke the seal, and read enough to know that he keeps Thanksgiving feast with us—God willing."

"Nathaniel home at Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving almost here!" she cried. "Hasten then, father, for I cannot wait to tell mother the good news—neither can I leave you behind. So hasten!"

At the kitchen window of a well-built house overlooking the ocean, Miss Esther Starbuck glanced from her spinning-wheel to see the scarlet-cloaked figure and the figure in dark small-clothes coming hand in hand.

"Nathaniel will spoil that child. I wonder, Content, that thee allows her to be so indulged. Look, pray, and see the two running like little ones at frolic!"

Dame Content swung into place on the crane over the open fire an iron pot of succotash which she had been stirring, and joined her sister-in-law at the window. Her calm face lighted more sweetly as she looked.

"They keep together excellently well."

"Keep together excellently well," mimicked Miss Esther. "Surely, Content, thy daughter Ruth is too old for such sport. At eighteen she should be of a woman's ways. As for Nathaniel, methinks he is over given to undignified demeanor for one whose father was a friend."

Miss Esther's fault-finding was interrupted by the opening of the outer door, which let in father and daughter—he panting, she with cheeks wild-rose red.

"The little maid drew me into it," he replied to his wife's questioning eyes.

"'Tis ever the woman who leads the man astray," sniffed Miss Esther.

"And thou hast escaped great evil in not having man to lead astray, eh, Esther?" Then, as his sister's pale face flushed, and she put her hand to her throat with pained motion, he said very gently: "We Starbucks are of hasty speech despite our Quaker blood. Forgive me, Esther! I forgot thy sailor who sleeps somewhere out at sea. As for our haste—we have good news. The little maid and I would tell it apace."

He held up the folded sheet with its broken seal of red wax, and his wife came toward him as drawn by a magnet.

"From our Nathaniel!"

Ruth added joyfully:

"And just think, mother, he keeps Thanksgiving feast with us!"

"God willing," said her father, reverently. "But we will read the letter. Fetch my eyes, little maid."

She brought his horn-rimmed spectacles and leaned upon his shoulder as he sat in his favorite chair beside the hearth.

Dame Content hovered near, like one who scarce could wait for tidings which her mother heart was spelling ere she listened; Miss Esther spun on beside the window that gave a view of the gray ocean.

"Most honored parents," wrote young Nathaniel, "my ship made port yesterday, and I shall be with you at Thanksgiving if no ill befalls. By the vessel which carries this I send to you a box of tea, also a coral necklace for Ruth. The trinket was got by Captain Morris, under whom I voyaged, and at whose home here in Boston city I am stopping. When I come, I bring the Captain with me. He says he fain would see a certain little girl of Nantucket with his necklace on. I am, most honored sir and madam, your ever affectionate and dutiful son."

"Dear boy!" murmured Dame Content. "I would I knew what day he comes. Then I could have fresh popovers awaiting him. When he was no higher than my knee he would beg for popovers."

Ruth pulled a stool to the fire and threw off her scarlet cloak.

"A coral necklace! How fine!" She leaned elbow on chimney-jamb and chin in palm. "I wonder," she added irrelevantly, "I wonder is the Captain young?"

Her father looked around, and something in the dreaminess of her face smote him to pain. Then he met her mother's eyes regarding him with such unalloyed happiness that the half-thought died before its birth. But Miss Esther could not let Ruth's girlish wondering pass unchidden.

"If this Captain be young or no, 'tis not thee he comes visiting, silly one! Thou hast only to drop him a curtsy and sit silent, as maiden should. See thy cloak! It hath fallen on the floor. 'Twere well if thee had less thought for trinkets and more for caring after thy garments." Then she looked out of the window, adding in milder tone: "Here is Cesar and a box. Thy necklace, no doubt."

Ruth was at the door before Cesar, the slave boy, could open it. Her flower face sparkled such radiant expectation that his white teeth showed sympathetically in his ebon countenance. He stood by, staring and grinning, as the box was opened. Ruth clasped the necklace about her throat, and turned to her father for approval, which was readily given. Dame

Content and Miss Esther were talking over the tea.

"I know not just how it should be prepared," said the dame, with the anxiety of a good cook. "'Tis a new dish to us here on Nantucket."

"Is it to be drunk, or eaten with a spoon?" asked Miss Esther. "Methinks our cousin Olivia Starbuck was telling but a while s nce of having drunk some in Boston city. She said it was served with cream and sugar, or with the one, or neither, as persons fancied. Yet it may be she eat it boiled tender."

"Before Nathaniel's letter was finished reading I had planned a party of our cousins to welcome him at Thanksgiving feast, and thought to give each one a dish of tea. But if 'tis to be eaten, and doth not swell greatly, this small boxful will scarce make the twenty of us a taste apiece," said Dame Content. "In sooth, though, 'tis the first tea known on Nantucket," she added, with pardonable pride. "Cesar, did the captain of the vessel that fetched this say nothing about it?"

Cesar ducked, with widening ivories.

"Yes, missus. He say, 'Here's a box ob tea fo' de Justice' folks,' he say. 'An' tell 'em not use it too free, 'kase it a shillin' a leaf.'"

"A shilling a leaf!" the two women echoed with such dismayed faces that Nathaniel Starbuck smiled and said the Captain spoke in jest, though, truth to tell, this Chinese herb was extravagantly dear. Ruth laughingly popped one of the precious leaves between her rosy lips, then made a wry mouth.

"'Tis sore puckery. I think Nathaniel might have sent something more palatable."

Her mother shook a reproving head.

"Nathaniel knew we should value it for its great rarity, my daughter. Think, Cesar—did Captain Nahut say nothing more about the tea?"

Cesar ducked and grinned again.

"Yes, missus; he say, when I ax him what it fo', he say, 'It ain't fo' de likes ob niggers to drink, yo' brack limb ob Satan! Go 'long wid yo' tongue an' de box ob tea,' he say."

Even Miss Esther smiled as Cesar shuffled out.

"It seems 'tis to be drunken, then, Content," she said.

Such scrubbing of oaken floors, such polishing of pewter and silverware, such brewing and baking as reigned in the Starbuck mansion during those days preceding Thanksgiving! Nathaniel Starbuck declared that his women folk were no respecters of persons through festival preparations, for even the island magistrate was pressed into service when the others were busy elsewhere. Dinah and Chloe snickered at Cesar, who rolled eyes prodigiously over seeing "master," with apron tied about his neck and chopping-knife in hand, beating lively rhythm in the bowl of mince-meat, all three getting their ears cuffed by their parents, Daniel and Sukey, who had grown up in the Starbuck family, and who, calling them "onregenerate chillens fo' mekin' master 'dickers-lous," set them at onion-peeling until they shed tears of repentance. Dame Content measured and weighed and tasted, Miss Esther beat and mixed and rolled, until the pantry shelves were loaded with such delicious eatables as only old-fashioned housewives could compound; Ruth flitted about like a bird, now brightening a silver tankard, again wiping a bit of rare china, and singing—ever singing some quaint English ditty which begot new graciousness from her linnet voice.

On the eve before Thanksgiving everything was ready for the morrow's feast and guests. The floor of the large state parlor was newly waxed, the furniture repolished, samplers worked by Dame Content herself had been pinned on either side of the high carved mantel above the tiled fireplace, and now the sacred apartment was closed against the festival. The servants were story-telling in the back kitchen, and in the front kitchen sat the family—with the light of the open fire dancing over the whitely scoured floor, throwing sparkles among the dishes in the dresser, and showing festoons of red peppers, sliced apples, and pumpkins hung to dry from the rafters. The spinning-wheel stood by the wall as on the Sabbath Day, but Dame Content and Miss Esther knitted long stockings like those Nathaniel Starbuck wore with knee-breeches and buckled shoes, the bright needles flashing through their fingers as the fire-glow struck the steel. All had looked for young Nathaniel during the day, and now, with that weariness which follows unrealized anticipation,

had set themselves to think of his coming the next morning.

"'Tis pity I made those popovers," sighed Dame Content. "They are only crisp when fresh done, and Nathaniel ever liked them crisp. Ruth, child, I wish thee would—"

But Ruth never knew what wish might have been spoken, for just then the outer door opened, and some one was kissing her mother as only a loving son who had been absent long could kiss her; some one warmly clasped Aunt Esther; shook her father's hand as never to let it go; then she herself was caught in a great embrace, was conscious that Nathaniel had grown mustaches, that he was saying, "This is the little sister to whom you sent the necklace," that a pleasantly modulated voice stammered, "Your servant, mistress," as a tall man with a fine heat over all his bronzed face bowed low to her fluttered curtsy, adding something about expecting to find the little sister a child—and Ruth knew that the Captain was not only young but handsome, and wished she wore other than this old linsey-woolsey frock, which Aunt Esther had darned in the front breadth!

But the Captain could hardly have noticed the darn, as he did not so much as glance at the linsey-woolsey frock; when he turned to her his eyes rested upon her flower face with a lingering surprise which brought an amused curl to the mustaches of young Nathaniel as he sat beside Aunt Esther, answering his father's questions and eating his mother's popovers, while with covert satisfaction he watched his little sister and the Captain talking together on the settle.

Nor was it her frock at which the Captain looked on the morrow, when, as the dinner hour drew near, Ruth, in her best finery, tripped down the stairs from her chamber and on to the parlor, where grouped her father, Nathaniel, and the Captain—three striking figures, displaying to advantage the dress suits of the period.

"'Tis whi-pered about Boston city and other large ports that a revolution will come to the colonies because of charter infringements," young Nathaniel was saying boldly. "Some think the seat of home government should be at home, and we should be a free people. Indeed, this is the talk with many, sir."

The elder Nathaniel frowned, and beat his foot upon the tiled hearth until the paste shoe-buckle flashed again.

"Tut, tut, boy! I harbor no treason to King George under this roof. Didst ever know a Starbuck traitor, though Quaker he might be?" Then the frown passed, as, following the Captain's glance to the doorway, he saw Ruth, half ready for flight at finding only the masculine element represented. "Come hither, little maid in fine feathers, and give us Thanks Day greeting."

Ruth's high-heeled slippers clicked across the waxed floor, and the men rose as she came. A pretty sight she was, truly, in white lace stomacher and blue silk frock which matched her eyes and set off dazzlingly the fairness of hair and complexion. Captain Morris could scarce be blamed for wishing that the kiss she dropped on the cheek of father and brother might extend to the stranger within their gates. Perhaps young Nathaniel's shrewd wit divined his friend's feelings, for, pulling the soft curls, he asked roguishly:

"Have you no thanks for the trinket, little sister?"

Whereupon the coral necklace above the lace stomacher was not pinker than Ruth's face. But she murmured, with charming naïveté and equally charming curtsy, "Your debtor, sir"—and straightway clicked from the room, while the also blushing Captain looked after her.

In the kitchen Dame Content, Miss Esther, and Sukey were holding solemn conclave over cooking the tea. Must it be a porringerful to each guest, or would a large spoonful apiece suffice? They compromised by dividing the difference, and a quart of the precious leaves went into the new bell-metal teakettle with a gallon of cold water. Then the brass knocker on the front door rapped announcement of first arrivals, and the women left Sukey to watch that the kettle did not boil dry.

The parlor soon held all who were bidden to dinner—Starbucks young and old and middle-aged, Starbucks married and single, Starbucks plain and pretty. Yet not one of the girl cousins surrounding young Nathaniel could compare with Ruth, thought the Captain, as he stood somewhat away from the chattering folk

and watched the fair curls moving from group to group.

The smell of roasted turkey and duck, of chicken pie and hot vegetables, began to reach the guests, together with a distinctly different odor, at the same time delicious and tantalizing. Cousin Olivia Starbuck, but lately returned from Boston city, sniffed delicately, whispered to the cousin next her, who in turn passed the whisper along, and before host and hostess led the way to the well-set kitchen table every woman in the room knew that the day's feast was to be crowned with the expensive new Chinese herb. Dame Content, serenely unconscious that the aroma of her surprise had betrayed it, proposed, when the meats were carried from the table and the cakes, puddings, and pies brought on, that all should pledge the occasion in a dish of tea; and Sukey, smiling, important, bore in a tray of small silver porringers, steaming fragrantly.

"We drink to Thanksgiving in the first tea ever brewed upon Nantucket Island," said young Nathaniel, lifting the handsomely chased porringer to his lips, only to remove it with a grimace. "Zounds, mother! This is no tea; this is poison bitter as death."

Consternation stared at him from eighteen pairs of eyes, only the Captain retaining composure. In the background Sukey's ebon countenance turned gray with terror, for had she not liberally tasted this strange decoction? Seeing what dismay his remark had wrought, Nathaniel laughed immoderately, and the Captain's drooping mustaches curled with a smile. But when frightened Dame Content would have risen to find an antidote for this poison she had cooked, he said with easy deference:

"Dearest madam, your son means not that a fatal draught has been set before us, but only that the herb was not drawn in the Chinese way. However, if you permit, we may drink to this Thanksgiving in nectar fit for King George, as I have learnt the art of preparing it, and this evening will brew for each one a dish of tea, asking naught save that Mistress Ruth be my cup-bearer."

Soothed by his courtesy, Dame Content's mortified face resumed its placid curves, and she gave gracious acceptance of the
"he others clamored should be

tested. So it was that, while fiddle-backed chairs yielded places of honor to those in the parlor, where charming Cousin Olivia strummed upon the spinet and young Nathaniel, trolling a sea ditty, bent over her to tell whether coquetry or candle-gleam danced most in her eyes, Ruth and the Captain again sat together upon the kitchen settle with no light but of the open fire, which made his dark face show to advantage above the snowy ruffled shirt and flowered red satin waistcoat, and turned to spun gold every hair of her little head.

The Captain felt at ease away from the other young people, whose unflagging gayety served to flout his bashfulness, and when he had filled the teakettle and hung it upon the crane he fell to talking of the land where teas grew; then his words wandered to other lands, and others still, for what mattered the land he storied about so Ruth, with eyes shining upon him, fringed gentian-like through long lashes, sat in charmed silence—another Desdemona listening to another Othello? But of a sudden the coral necklace fell from Ruth's throat at the Captain's feet. He picked it up, and in his look was that before which the gentians hid themselves between their fringes.

"If the clasp is unbroken, it can be worn the rest of the evening," he said. "Nay—'tis only loosed. May I not?"

Could he help it that his awkward fingers touched her white neck? Yet at the touch the poise of unstirred girlhood waked to consciousness which made Ruth a woman. She was standing at the opposite side of the hearth ere the Captain could curse himself for a clumsy fellow.

"Brew the tea now," she commanded, bewitchingly. "You said when the kettle boiled it would be time."

Never was lovelier Hebe than she who, starry-eyed, wild rose-cheeked, carried the tray of steaming silver porringers from guest to guest; and each drank to Thanksgiving Day, and young Nathaniel slyly drank also to Cousin Olivia, and all praised the Captain's skill in brewing. Yet the Captain stood aloof outside the doorway, like one ill pleased at his own success—seeing which, her brother called Ruth from chat with an eager beardless cousin twice removed.

"Little sister, where is the Captain's

tea? A poor cup-bearer, you, thus to requite his kindness to us!"

Ruth met with a sweeping curtsy the complaining of the Captain's eyes, which she knew had followed her every move.

"Magician of the tea-leaves, shall I pour for you, also, a dish of tea?"

Was it chance that a few moments later brought husband and wife together in the dim hall, where the door opened to the kitchen? Ruth, with firelight red upon her face, was offering the Captain a little silver porringer—then, having one in hand, took seat upon the settle. The Captain put himself beside her.

"And did you never have your fortune told, Mistress Ruth?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor I mine. Some there be who tell it by tea dregs. May I tell yours?"

So red shone the firelight on Ruth's face now! Yet new womanly prescience, which is ever full-grown at its birth, led her to answer laughingly:

"My dish holds no dregs, Sir Captain. See!"

She tipped the porringer, which showed empty. Perhaps the recollection of the beardless cousin twice removed gave the Captain courage to follow up his advantage.

"But my dish holds dregs enough for two! Listen to my fortune, then, since you will have none of your own. In these tea dregs I see a sweet maid wearing a coral necklace—and she has eyes like yours. I see myself returning from another voyage to take this maid to wife. Mistress Ruth, do you dislike me so much that my fortune can never come true? Mistress Ruth?"

"Nay." In her confusion she faltered the Quaker speech oft heard at home—and never had the Captain dreamed words could sound so sweet. "Nay, thou knowest I do not dislike thee."

Her porringer slid to the floor, and she stooped for it. He stooped also—and the eyes of man and of maid looked into each other. From the parlor came sudden spinet strum and laughter which covered Nathaniel Starbuck's angry whisper:

"What was son Nathaniel thinking on to fetch yon fellow here? The prating knave! He shall answer to me for stealing thus upon a maid whose father's salt he is eating."

Against his arm a hand that held him back.

"Husband, she let him kiss her."

He drew a long breath, in which was a world of jealous fatherly love.

"My own little maid! She hath known him but since yesterday."

"How long had we known each other when thou first spoke, Nathaniel?"

But the essence of courtship dies for a man when she whom he wooed is won. He lives in the present with the wife who is bound to him. It is women who are the sentimentalists of the world, and who treasure sweet looks and tender speeches of days unwed.

"Art so ready, then, Content, to let thy one daughter go?"

"Was my mother ready to let her one daughter go?"

"But I would so shelter her—my own dear little maid! How can she leave me for this stranger?"

Never did Dame Content's face so sweetly bear out its name as now, when her husband turned to her in the dim hall; and so he thought, although he understood not that he so thought.

"Thou knowest why I left my father for thee, Nathaniel."

The strum of the spinet rose louder, and above it young Nathaniel's rich tenor lifted in rare Ben Jonson's inimitable lines:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

"Such frolic and folly! I would I had bred myself a Quaker after my good father, and my children had patterned their songs in drab like their clothes! My father sang only psalms, while yonder boy is mouthing as a hired singer might upon the stage."

He paused, for in the music lull he heard Ruth speaking.

"See it from the window here, where Aunt Esther ever sits when she spins. She had a sailor, also, sir, but he was lost at sea! How beautiful it is with the moonlight on it now! But, ah! if your ship should not come back, I never could look at the ocean again. Poor Aunt Esther! Once she and father were young together like Nathaniel and me."

The fire had burned low, and the large kitchen was softly dusky. Ruth's face

held the pathos of coming separation as she lifted it in the moonbeams which fell whitely through the narrow-paned casement. But the Captain laughed as a lover can laugh at possible mischance with parting not yet at hand and arm about sweet heart's waist.

"The tea dregs told our fortune. My ship will come back."

"God willing," murmured Nathaniel Starbuck—and his wife knew he had

given their daughter to another. Then, as he moved away with that loving hand still upon his arm, he raised his heavy bass to swell a tune which, started in young Nathaniel's tenor and chorused by other voices, came to him from the parlor, a sweet surprise—a tune by which his father and his father before him had given thanks with love of psalmody:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits."



The Criticisms on Theological Seminaries

In reply to the recent editorial in *The Outlook* on Theological Seminaries (October 21, 1899) we have received several letters. One gives us an account of an attempt to establish the modern method of investigation in the study of theology, and its discontinuance under the requirement of the controlling authorities of the seminary. Another informs us, in reply to our question, "How often does any applicant to a theological seminary fail of admission?" that in the present year Andover declined more than twice as many men as she received; that this was not, probably, above the recent average, and that approximately the same ratio would hold good respecting Hartford Theological Seminary. We are glad to give this information to our readers, and to believe that it is an indication that in all the seminaries higher standards of admission are enforced than we had supposed. We have received also a letter from a theological student, which seems to us to confirm our criticism of the seminaries, though it is intended as a defense. It protests against "the cold and merciless method of treatment" in "a supposedly leading religious journal in the United States," and proceeds to plead for a different kind of treatment, as follows:

Many of us labor hard by prayer and fellowship to gain divine wisdom and Christian efficiency in our own lives, still harder to apply interpretation to this wonderful human beings with human needs—
er than those of law or of medi-

cal students, with deficiencies probably less (as I judge from an experience in two large universities and in two theological seminaries)—as human beings striving upward to God, we welcome attacks from within and without—we expect them regularly in the New York "Evening Post" (e.g. October 21); but we believe we have a right to ask that our distinctively religious journals, which are supposed to be engaged in a similar work with ourselves, give us the helping hand of Christian direction and of fair play. In the name of justice, we, then, ask you to cease glibly prating in unglittering generalities, in unreasonable impressions, about "indiscriminate eleemosynary aid," "the few obstacles that confront us at entrance," the "motives that lead us to the ministry," our "intellectual deficiencies." Nay, as searchers of the truth, may we not ask that you, in this age of scientific induction, furnish, not merely hard, cold facts and concrete statements of existing conditions of our work, but more of the spirit of Jesus Christ, and thus enlist our affections and get at the key to our wills? For we need, as never before, human as well as divine help to create here and now a better world for ourselves—a world whose deepest reality is that of spirit.

No, Mr. Editor, you misrepresent for the world, you harm for the home and for the church, the usefulness of our theological seminaries. If we have not your standards of knowledge and of righteousness, won't you help to lift us up by more and more of the divine and quenchless enthusiasm of Jesus Christ? One who cannot find the divine life in our theological seminaries will have to hunt pretty hard to find God in the Philippines or in South Africa. Nay, in all your relation to us and to the world, give us Christ—more of his spirit of sincerity and truth; the living Christ—more of his estimates on the worths of this life; Christ—more of his passion for righteousness and his intensity for uplifting human lives.

AUSTIN PHELPS DEAN.

Union Theological Seminary, New York City

The Outlook believes in sentiment, but not in the substitution of sentiment for scholarship, nor in such a sentimental appeal for exemption from criticism because the person criticised thinks that he is laboring "hard by prayer and fellowship to gain divine wisdom and Christian efficiency." The way to gain that divine wisdom and efficiency is to recognize the highest standards, laboriously endeavor to conform to them, and gladly to accept any criticism which indicates a failure and so may help to correct that failure in the future.

SEMINARY SCHOLARSHIP

A much better defense of seminaries is the following letter. We are glad to have brought this letter out, and we do not question that analogous methods are used in other seminaries; but the transition from the old method to the new is not yet complete:

I have just read with interest your editorial in the issue of October 21 on "The Theological Seminaries." In section II., concerning the standards maintained in the seminaries and those of the law and medical schools, you prove that the law and the medical student are in these days required "to think through what they are trying to learn," and close by saying that "it is not thus that theology is studied in our theological seminaries. If there are exceptions, we shall be glad to know and report them." I am glad to be able to inform you of such an exception, and shall be most happy to have it reported. It was my privilege to graduate from the Oberlin Theological Seminary with the class of '99, and to take my theology under Professor H. C. King. My memory of days and nights of hard work bears witness that in at least one class of theology in our country men are "required to think through what they are trying to learn." The man who goes through Professor King's course of instruction and comes out without a theology of his *own* has himself to blame and not his teacher. He has been required thoroughly to read and criticise such widely differing works as Fairbairn's "Place of Christ in Modern Theology," Pfeiderer's "Philosophy and Development of Religion," Orr's "Christian View of God and the World," Hermann's "Communion with God," and Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology," besides the great creeds of the Christian Church. These criticisms are submitted in writing *before* the Professor offers his. After these fields have been traversed thus independently the student must write an outline theology of his own. I can testify that he *feels* at least that he has "thought through what he has tried to learn" when the work is done. What is true of the department of theology is true of the work in exegesis

under Professor Bosworth, wherein each student submits in writing his own comment and thought before he comes into possession of his teacher's; and the other branches as well.

I suppose you are aware that the professors in Oberlin Seminary are not obliged to subscribe to any creed.

W. H. SPENCE.

First Congregational Church, Alpena, Mich.

We are afraid that the following letter indicates a feeling in other colleges than Oberlin, and that the cause suggested by our correspondent is not the only one for the feeling, which has some reason and which is in part an unreasonable prejudice:

A CONFESSION

I want to thank you for the outspoken courage of the editorial "The Theological Seminaries," in The Outlook of October 21. I have been greatly interested in President Hyde's remarks at the Council. I am glad he had courage to say what he did. I have lived in Oberlin thirty years, and while in no way connected with the academy, college, or seminary, I have known well a great many students (my husband was a physician here many years, and is now an army surgeon), we have been educating our own children here, and I know that the sentiment among students is to look down upon a bright man who, graduating from college with honor, goes into the theological seminary, unless it is that he may continue to play football with the Oberlin team. That is to their minds a sufficient reason, but otherwise a shrug of the shoulders and a perplexed expression show that they cannot understand any man throwing away his opportunity to make the most of himself. I have no doubt one reason for this is that so many theological students have been accustomed to perform the work of chaplain for board—a most unfortunate thing, I am sure; they had better saw wood, take care of furnaces, mind horses, anything else. I hope this discussion will not stop until the whole condition of things in this regard is changed.

ANNIE BROWN NOBLE.

Oberlin, O.

THE MENDICANT ELEMENT

Why do we go on paying young men to study for the ministry?

President Eliot is a pioneer in this as he is in so many other educational matters. In his annual report, 1888-9, he said (p. 19): "In the opinion of the President it is time that this distinction (a lower fee from theological students than from other students of the University) should be abolished. The Protestant ministry will never be put, in his opinion, on a thoroughly respectable footing in modern society until the friar or mendicant element is completely eliminated from it. There are no good reasons why Protestant students of theology should be taught, fed, and lodged gratuitously." Again, in 1890-91: "The Divin-

ity School is the only department of the University which gives to every acceptable applicant for aid money enough to meet the small tuition fee, \$50, and pay for board, lodging, fuel, light, and washing. So long as this is the case the school will not command the respect which the other professional schools of the University command. . . . The great need of the clerical profession in the modern world is to get placed on the same self-respecting footing, as regards education and compensation, as the medical profession or the profession of teaching." In 1894-95 he returns to the charge: "The school (divinity) continues to disparage its own instruction and discipline by charging a tuition fee which is only one-third of the tuition fee in the other Cambridge departments of the University. The President reiterates the opinion he has previously expressed, that this relic of the indiscriminate eleemosynary system in theological education should be done away with." In 1895-96 he announces: "The Divinity Faculty, after discussions which have gone on at intervals for at least twenty years, finally in 1895-96 recommended the Corporation to raise the tuition fee of the Divinity School to the level of the fees charged in other Cambridge departments of the University, namely, to \$150 a year."

I add the following from Bishop Brooks's first (and only) Convention address, 1892:

Not every good boy is a good candidate for the ministry. And it is hard to say whether the need is greater for faithful clergymen or faithful laymen in the Church of God. Another consideration which makes us anxious about our students for the ministry is the large proportion of them who are dependent upon pecuniary help. Such help given to students for the ministry has always seemed to be necessary and legitimate. Without it, it appears as if the Church would have lost many of her noblest servants. But the blindest eyes can see its dangers. Any of us, I think, would most cordially congratulate and honor a young man who should, by his own action, choose to lay such help aside, and earn for himself the money necessary for his support while he pursued his studies. The Church would probably have to wait a year or two more before it saw him in the pulpit, but it has waited long for him and can wait a little longer, and when he comes he will be better worth the having. It is desirable, at any rate, that pecuniary assistance, when it is necessary, as no doubt it often is, should be made to seem as exceptional and personal as possible, that it should not degenerate into an accepted and expected habit of the Church, and that it should be so watchfully and sympathetically administered that it should do as little harm as possible to the manliness of what ought to be the manliest profession in the world.

Christian people should know that while there are already more ordained ministers than can find employment in their calling, thousands of dollars are being expended every year to push young men into the ministry.

R. KIDNER.

Boston, Mass.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

As a preparation for the medical profession some hospital practice is required. The following suggestion that pastoral practice be required as a condition on the completed work of the ministry appears to us to be worthy of serious consideration:

Two questions which have lately been discussed in *The Outlook*, viz., that of the plethora of candidates for the ministry, and that of

methods in theological seminaries, would seem to run together.

The regular ministry to regularly constituted churches may be, and doubtless is, overcrowded. But while "the field is the world," the Lord's prayer for more laborers must remain both an appeal and obligation. The real problem becomes one of making the ministry less of a profession and more a self-sacrificing service.

Suppose, now, it were possible to say to every theological student:

"You will be required, upon graduation from the seminary, to place yourself at the disposal of your conference, council, bishop, or presbytery, for a period of three—or five—years of such mission work as may be assigned to you. During that time you will consider yourself in honor bound to go where you are sent to and do the work given you; and you may count on being sent into needy places where the work is hard and the pay (in money) small."

It might be well to add at least the kindly advice not to marry until this term of special service is concluded.

The frequently asserted analogy between the position of seminary students and West Point cadets would be made real by such a requirement, and it would go far toward justifying the aid given them—at least so far as free room-rent and tuition are concerned.

It would also discourage that undesirable class of students who look upon the ministry as an easy profession, yielding quick though moderate pecuniary returns.

Its tendency would be to set self-sacrifice in the foreground; and whenever self-sacrifice stands visibly and inevitably at the door of the ministry the choicest spirits will be attracted to it.

Such a requirement would certainly modify the methods of theological instruction. There is no reason why it should lower the standard of scholarship; but it would bring practical subjects to the front, and the teaching upon all subjects would be broadened if it were certain that all the students were going forth to grapple with the sins and sorrows of the great world in city or home or foreign mission work, in the new and hitherto untried enterprises which such a corps of inexpensive, enthusiastic, and qualified workers would make possible. One of the first effects of such rule would be at least partial relief from the scramble for vacant pulpits. Not only would all student candidating be cut off, but the men themselves, after three or five years' experience in such work as might and ought to be given them, would regard the regular pastorate with chastened spirit. Each year a few—more and more as new fields developed—would find their life-work in places hitherto neglected. Among these would be, in all probability, some of the ablest men. And those who went from such a novitiate into the pulpits of the older churches would carry with them a new and broader idea of the ministry of Christ's Church. It is even possible that the Satanic standard according to which the "important fields" are those where the flowers of culture and the

blossoms of high salaries grow might come to be discredited. We should cease to have any overcrowded, though we should have an enlarged, ministry.

But perhaps all this is an idle dream. Which of our churches knows enough of the work waiting to be done, and crying for workers in our cities and our neglected country neighborhoods, to employ usefully and efficiently such a corps of young men as the proposed rule would throw upon their hands?

AS TO THE PACIFIC SEMINARY

1. As to admission of students and the exclusion of the unworthy, Pacific Seminary has never been able to set up a definite literary standard for admission till the present year, when Senior standing in the University of California, or its equivalent, is the minimum accepted for admission to theological studies. The circumstances of a frontier seminary have been such, and the sentiment of the churches has been so low, that nearly every young man whom ministerial friends should recommend has been received to study upon probation. But even under these circumstances a considerable number have accepted the advice which has always been given where it was deemed proper, and have deferred entering the seminary till they had first pursued college or other preparatory studies. Of the eighty-eight students enrolled in the years of my professorship, 1892-99, seventeen have been dropped, or one in five. The true difficulty which our seminaries have had to meet in this matter has been the condition of sentiment in the churches and ministry. It always has been, and it still is, *the fact that some council or other will be found to ordain any man to the ministry whom they believe to possess true piety, however defective his attainments may be.* Until that fact ceases to be, the seminaries will labor under great disadvantages in attempting to maintain a high standard.

2. As to methods of instruction. These have been and are, among Congregational seminaries, far better than the criticisms imply. Oberlin Seminary, while I was a professor there, under the lead of Professor (afterwards President) Ballantine, adopted in 1885 a system incorporating nearly all the features recently recommended by President Harper, of Chicago, including electives (among which Hebrew was made entirely elective), alternating courses, seminars, etc. Out of the historical seminar came William E. Barton, to write the "Hero in Homespun," a historical study of the Cumberland Mountains in the Civil War, and President L. L. Doggett, to take a historical Doctorate of Philosophy in Leipzig. In Pacific, although the new course of study goes into operation next year, circumstances have enabled me to introduce in my own department a seminar for the study of precisely that doctrine selected by The Outlook as an example of what ought to be done—"Why it must needs be that the Messiah should suffer." We have already reviewed, in essays written by members of the class successively, and criticised by class and professor, the history of

the doctrine as illustrated in four types, Anselm's (from the *Cur Deus Homo*), the standard Calvinistic theory (from Charles Hodge's presentation), the governmental (from Caleb Burge), and the "Direct" (from W. N. Clarke). We are soon to begin the study of the fundamental dogmatic questions, What is the relation of God to man before and after sin? What the meaning of the divine law? What the office of punishment? etc., etc., and each student is to finish by writing an original essay embodying the results of his studies in a systematic view of the doctrine. The acceptability of the paper will depend, not on its conformity with my teaching, but upon its objective correctness where objective standards can be applied, and upon the evidence it gives of original thought. Such work will be done in every department when the course gets in full operation.

3. As to creeds. Oberlin has no creed and never had. Pacific has a simple Church creed to which a general assent is asked. It is reported that Professor MacKenzie at Chicago has refused to sign the seminary creed, but he continues to teach undisturbed. If Yale has a creed, it isn't much in evidence. Andover's creed at present seems to make little difference with the teaching of its professors. There is no creed-bound Congregational seminary, and no such professor.

4. Pacific Seminary is already, and will be more completely upon removal to Berkeley (which is expected to take place the coming summer), in close contact with one of the best of American universities, just entering upon a still greater career under President Wheeler. The Seminary requires a definite general standard for admission, and when special necessary preparatory studies have not been performed by a student otherwise prepared, she requires those studies to be made up without infringing upon the time of the theological study.

FRANK HUGH FOSTER.

Oakland, Cal.

A Reply

To the Editors of The Outlook :

My attention is drawn to a letter in The Outlook of October 28, signed Alleyne Ireland, in which that gentleman says that England has never demanded that the Transvaal accord the right of franchise to the Uitlanders without renouncing their allegiance to their native land. In this statement Mr. Ireland is utterly mistaken. If he were more fully informed, he would not have made it.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN.

[The point at issue between Mr. Van Siclen and Mr. Ireland is one of opinion and not of fact. Mr. Van Siclen sends us a large number of quotations from official papers, which, however, only show that Great Britain has officially demanded of

the Transvaal the right of franchise for the Uitlanders with a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal Government—that is, an oath similar to that exacted by the Orange Free State, which does not include a verbal renunciation of previous citizenship. Mr. Van Sicken interprets this as an evident implication that the English Government desires to reserve for the Uitlanders a secret allegiance to Queen Victoria. Mr. Ireland asserts that a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal makes it impossible for any honorable man

to make a secret reservation of allegiance to any other flag. Undoubtedly there are many Uitlanders who would be willing to twist their consciences into an approval of such a double and secret allegiance; but we agree with Mr. Ireland that no honorable man could or ought to take a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal flag which did not embrace an implied renunciation of any previous citizenship. Further discussion of this point would be speculative and therefore unnecessary. THE EDITORS.]

Robespierre and the Red Terror¹

THIS volume is graphic, is founded on late and careful investigations, and has the value of a scientific monograph and the interest of a rapidly moving drama. But it is not a biography; it lacks chronological continuity; and there is needed for its understanding a previous knowledge of the epoch with which it deals. It is not a life of Robespierre; it is a series of pictures of the Red Terror with Robespierre as the central figure in them all.

The devil is never as black and the angel is rarely as white as he is painted. To palliate the crimes of a wholesale assassinator is not a commendable undertaking; but to show that a great criminal is made of the stuff of which other mortals is made is a valuable service to humanity. So, to detract from the honors of a hero or a saint is not a thankworthy task; but to show that heroes and saints are men of common clay is of the first importance. Truth is safe; exaggerations are dangerous. The impression that Robespierre was a monster of cruelty, a "tiger-cat," as Barras calls him, leaves his life without a lesson to ordinary men or ordinary times. To show what he really was is to show the dangers, individual and social, of qualities characteristic of men in all ages and epochs, and perhaps rarely more common than in our own. The enemies of Robespierre had until very lately the ear of the public. To some extent his fame has suffered from, as his life was sacrificed to, a band of corrupt and implacable foes—implacable

because they were corrupt and he was incorruptible. The portrait which Barras has given in his *Memoirs* has not, indeed, been allowed to pass unquestioned, but, despite questioning, it has become current, though even Barras does not venture to assume personal responsibility for it:

It has been stated that, not content with having seen the victims pass his house, Robespierre had followed them to the place of execution; that he had contemplated them with ferocious satisfaction in the different phases of their agony; lastly, that the insatiable tiger, rendered more bloodthirsty by the sight, appeared to be licking his jaws and gargling his throat with the blood flowing in torrents from the scaffold into the Place de la Revolution.

Such an incarnate fiend as this does not exist in history; such an incarnate fiend as this Robespierre certainly was not. If the portrait by Dr. ten Brink appears to be too favorable, it is less because he overstates Robespierre's virtues than because he fails to recognize his moral defects. It is true that Robespierre "acted in good faith; he was admittedly a man of honesty and high principle, and lived a life of blameless morality." And this was a great deal in an age which produced a Mirabeau and a Danton, which dissolved all the restraints of law and religion, of personal conscience and of public opinion, an age in which not malice only but fraud and falsehood ran riot unheeded. It is true also that "it was by the strictness of his moral conduct that he distinguished himself amidst the gross immorality which was rife in Paris at the end of the eighteenth century," and that this Puritan integrity aroused against him the wrath of a corrupt

¹ *Robespierre and the Red Terror*. By Jen ten Brink. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

cabal. To the Puritan simplicity of his personal life even Barras in his graphic picture of Robespierre's home gives unconscious testimony:

We wended our way to the residence of Robespierre. It was a little house situated in the Rue Saint Honoré, almost opposite the Rue Saint Florentin. . . . The house was occupied by a carpenter by the name of Duplay. . . . It was necessary, in order to reach the eminent guest deigning to inhabit this humble little hole of a place, to pass through a long alley flanked with planks stacked there, the owner's stock in trade. This alley led to a little yard likewise full of planks. A little wooden staircase led to a room on the first floor. Prior to ascending it we perceived in the yard the daughter of the carpenter Duplay, the owner of the house. The girl allowed no one to take her place in ministering to Robespierre's needs. . . . Cornélie seemed to be spreading linen to-day in the yard. . . . Opposite her sat mother Duplay between a pail and a salad-basket, busily engaged in picking salad herbs.

In this humble home Robespierre, while he was the foremost man in France, occupied apparently a single room.

Robespierre was honest, was sincere, was truly patriotic, was absolutely incorruptible in a corrupt age, and was not inhuman; he deprecated the wholesale executions which were perpetrated with his apparent sanction and under the popular authority of his name. But he had no real courage. He had ideals, but no moral power to enforce them in an age which was drunk with passion. His moral vice was not cruelty; it was cowardice. His intellectual vice was his lack of practical sense; his idealism was unbalanced by any recognition of the character of the times in which he lived or of the men with whom he had to deal. His thoughts lived in one world, his actual life was spent in another. Truly says Dr. ten Brink: "Doubtless he was a great orator and a gifted lawyer, but he was largely wanting in practical common sense." He was also lacking in force of will.

He was a pupil of Rousseau; belonged to that school of thought which ignores or denies the reality of moral evil; believed that all that was necessary to govern mankind was to put splendid ideals before them, and they would embrace, adopt, realize them; was in theory an anarchist before anarchism was born; could he have had his way, would have ruled the world only by eloquence. But when he came

in contact with stronger natures, he was easily overborne. The law which made the Red Terror possible, if not of his originating, was fathered by him. The law which denied to Danton and Desmoulins a trial, and condemned them in violation of every principle of justice, he had not the courage to oppose. The long succession of massacres by the guillotine he did not resist; instead of withstanding them, he withdrew from the Committee which perpetrated them, while his name and authority were still used with the people to give them sanction. When his enemies closed around him, instead of instantly using his popular authority to give them battle, he stopped to discuss the phraseology of an appeal to the people, and to weigh the question in whose name it should be issued. While enemies without were closing around France and enemies within were plotting her destruction, he was devoting all his energies to contriving a new worship of the Supreme Being, with a new ceremonial for His worship, and a great celebration of the Era of Peace and Brotherhood which was never realized. On the eighth of June he was arousing the enthusiasm of the mob by such sentiments as: "Let us be generous to the good; kind towards the unfortunate; inexorable towards the wicked; and just to the whole world! Let us crush the tyrannical league of kings by the greatness of our character rather than by the force of our arms." Two months before he had suffered his colleague and supporter, Danton, to be led to the guillotine without any real effort to save him; six weeks later he was himself carried to the guillotine, accompanied by the execrations of the people.

It is a disputed question to this day whether he ineffectually attempted suicide or was wounded by a shot fired by a would-be assassin. Carlyle says suicide; so, of course, does Barras: Dr. ten Brink says shot; so does George Duruy. A man named Merda claimed to have inflicted the wound, and was afterward promoted for his meritorious endeavor at assassination. The external evidence sustains the opinion that he was shot; the internal evidence appears to us to sustain the opinion that he attempted suicide and lacked the nerve to accomplish his purpose. The lesson of his tragic life might

be summed up in the sentence, When courage is a duty, cowardice is a crime. A political ideal is worth nothing if there be not courage to realize it in peril and against enemies. The doctrinaire is always dangerous in politics if he is nothing but a doctrinaire; and he whose false esti-

mate of humanity leads him to imagine that mankind can be ruled by the eloquent expression of fine sentiments may easily end, if he be given a free rein, in sanctioning by his indolence and cowardice, if not by his direct support, the worst of despotisms.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Ambitious Boys, Helps for. By William Drysdale. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 439 pages. \$1.50.

The author is a well-known writer of stories and practical books for boys. This is a rather odd combination of chapters of sensible advice and information about various occupations, with chapters made up of brief extracts on current topics, education, art, electricity, agriculture, etc. If a boy can be persuaded to read the book, it will certainly do him good.

American History, Select Charters Illustrative of. (1606-1775.) Edited by William MacDonald. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 401 pages. \$2.

This volume, containing the public documents of the first importance during the entire Colonial period, supplements the author's previous work, entitled "Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776-1861." The same sound judgment has been shown in the selection and the editing of the state papers, and the work is essential to every good reference library.

Animal Stories, The Red Book of. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 8vo. 379 pages. \$2.

A charming collection gathered from many sources, some old and some new. The illustrations are delightful, bewildering in their strange combination of fabulous monsters and quaint human figures.

Bible, The. By Hiram Vrooman. (A Lecture.) Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston. 47 pages. 15c.

Brethren of the Tenements and the Ghetto, Our. By M. J. McKenna. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 8vo. 99 pages.

A plain, unvarnished statement of tenement-house life, written by a visitor employed by a Presbyterian church. Nothing new is stated and no conclusions are reached. The writer knows the physical side of tenement-house life, but not its throbs. She misses its comedies and does not feel its tragedies.

British Contemporary Artists. By Cosmo Monkhouse. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 267 pages. \$5.

"Buckra" Land. Two Weeks in Jamaica. By Allan Eric. (Second Edition.) Illustrated. 107 pages.

Character-Building Thought Power. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 30 pages.

Christian Science and Common Sense. By Oliver Huckel. John S. Bridges & Co., Baltimore. 12mo. 90 pages.

Colonial Homesteads, More. By Marion Harland. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 449 pages. \$3.

Mrs. Terhune's first book on this general subject was well received, and the second is equally acceptable. It

tells the stories of such famous colonial homes as the Johnson house, at Johnstown, N. Y., Morven, at Princeton, the Schuyler homesteads at Albany, and nearly a dozen others. The stories are related in that pleasant and cheerful vein in which the author is so proficient. The illustrations and general make-up of the book are well adapted for holiday purposes; the pictures are particularly interesting.

Chrysanthemum Calendar for 1900. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Culture, Opportunities for. By Jeannette M. Dougherty. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 37 pages. 35c.

Dana, James Dwight, Life of. By Daniel C. Gilman. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 409 pages. \$2.50.

Dracula. By Bram Stoker. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 378 pages. \$1.50. In another column we notice the appearance of Jókai's "Poor Plutocrats." Mr. Bram Stoker's is also a story of adventure, and is similarly placed as to scene, but there the comparison ends. "Dracula" is a good melodrama of the old-fashioned sort.

Education for Girls, Rational. By Elizabeth Hutchinson Murdock. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Encyclopedia Biblica: A Dictionary of the Bible. Rev. T. K. Cheyne, LL.D., and J. S. Black, LL.D., editors. Vol. I. \$5.

Enough to quote here from the accomplished editors who have dedicated this first volume of their eagerly expected work to the memory of the beloved and lamented scholar who originated it, the late Professor W. Robertson Smith. It is "a survey of the contents of the Bible as illuminated by criticism—a criticism which identifies the cause of religion with that of historical truth." In the briefest comparison with the "Dictionary of the Bible" now being edited by Dr. Hastings, it appears to give more space to articles of scholarly interest, while the latter, not neglecting these, is more ample on theological and ecclesiastical subjects.

England, Picturesque and Descriptive. By Joel Cook. (Illustrated.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. In 2 vols.

These volumes fill a distinct want. For many years, in the planning of English tours, we had to content ourselves with clumsy, impractical local and other guides. Then a German genius shed his illumination into the dark places of the British Isles. But even Baedeker is not enough. Economy of time, money, patience, is assured by a study of the Leipzig books, it is true, but if the traveler have what all travelers in England should have—a little leisure—he will want something which will reproduce the English atmosphere, which will do for all England what Mr. Hare has done for London. It is just here that Mr. Joel Cook steps in, a goodly volume under each arm. He is a guide, of course, but he is also

a philosopher and friend, as Karl Baedeker never could be within the limits of Leipsic space. Mr. Cook has more space. Part of it he uses in larger print and wide margins, and part in such reminiscences as well as descriptive matter that he appeals at once to the stayer-at-home and to the tourist abroad. The work has been arranged in ten tours, with Liverpool and London as starting-points.

Evangeline. By Henry W. Longfellow. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 181 pages. \$1.

Every Living Creature. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 40 pages. 35c.

Evolution by Atrophy. By Jean Demoor, Jean Massart, and Émile Vandervelde. Translated by Mrs. Chalmers Mitchell. (Illustrated.) (International Scientific Series.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 322 pages. \$1.50.

This book is much more scientific than most of those which attempt to develop analogies between biology and sociology. The collaboration of different writers has enabled its biological portions to be prepared by a biologist and its sociological portions by a sociologist, and there has been enough of saving common sense in the final editing to prevent the exaggerated forcing of parallelisms that has brought biological sociology into disrepute.

Faith, The Larger. By James W. Coulter, Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 283 pages. \$1. This is a homiletical novel, but it is abundantly winged with stirring incidents and startling experiences. The hero is a ranchman living temporarily under an *alias* among cowboys in New Mexico. The story of his vicissitudes describes his entrance, with that of several others whose life becomes singularly linked with his, into an effective realization of his sonship to God and brotherhood to man.

Foes at Home, Our. By Hugh H. Lusk. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 297 pages. \$1.

A readable and suggestive book treating American problems in the light of Australasian experience. The author was formerly a Liberal Member of Parliament in New Zealand, and has also lived long enough in this country to equip him for his task. He shows to the most conservative that our antipodes have not been going heels over head into their revolutionary experiments, but have kept their feet on the ground in making their steady advance.

For Eyes that Weep. By Samuel G. Smith. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Booklet. 18 pages.

Funny Folks. By F. M. Howarth. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. (Illustrated.) 84 pages. \$5.

Empire of the Invisibles, The. By H. E. Orcutt. The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. 80 pages. 75c.

Gillian the Dreamer. By Neil Munro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 353 pages. \$1.50.

Goethe's Poems. Selected and edited by Charles Harris. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. 286 pages. 90c.

Golden Age, The. By Kenneth Grahame. (Illustrated.) John Lane, New York. 8vo. 252 pages. \$2.50.

Among the books interpretative of childhood, this volume holds a first place, by reason not only of its intimate approach to the childhood of the imaginative child, but also because of its distinct charm as literature. It was predestined to appear in an illustrated edition, because no sensitive person ever read it without seeing a series of pictures on his mind's eye. It is now reproduced in a much larger and more substantial volume, from a type of beautiful clearness, and embellished with a series of unusually successful illustrations. These illustrations have caught both the literalism and the fancy of the narrator, and Mr. Maxfield Parrish is to be congratulated on hav-

ing successfully co-operated with Mr. Grahame's delightful prose. The volume is a treasure, not only for young readers, but for those older children who sometimes do not take time to play, but who have not forgotten what play means.

Havana, At the Siege of. By James Otis. A. L. Burt, New York. 12mo. 358 pages. \$1.50.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. By Annie Fields. (The Beacon Biographies.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 136 pages. 75c.

Mrs. Fields's brief biography of Hawthorne is in its way a model of what a brief biographic study should be. It conveys all the principal facts in Hawthorne's life, and yet it introduces so much autobiographical matter, so many interesting and significant letters, that the short study has all the interest which is usually secured only in a much more elaborate biography. Mrs. Fields stood very near to Hawthorne and had exceptional opportunities of understanding his temperament and his habits of work. She uses all her knowledge in this little book without obtruding it.

Herd-Boy and His Hermit, The. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Illustrated.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 258 pages. \$1.25.

The era of the War of the Roses is the time of this romance. The plot includes a tender love story through which flits the picture of the holy "Hermit," revealed later as the King. The romance is charmingly written, preserving the illusion to the last page.

Heroic Lives, True Stories of. By Various Authors. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 320 pages. \$1.

Admiral Dewey heads the list. The sketch of his life is followed by those of statesmen, soldiers, sailors, unnamed heroes, and sketches of several women who have come down in history for their moral and physical bravery. The writers are personal friends of the heroes and heroines or witnesses of the acts recorded.

Heronford. By S. R. Keightley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 344 pages. \$1.50.

There is no striking originality in the plot of "Heronford," but it is an interestingly told tale. It holds the reader's attention throughout, even if the climax of the story becomes rather disappointingly sensational.

Hiawatha. By Henry W. Longfellow. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 297 pages. \$1.

How Mr. Rhodda Broke the Spell. By Mark Guy Pearse. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 37 pages. 35c.

India, In. By G. W. Steevens. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 352 pages. \$1.50.

While we do not find so much of Mr. Steevens's peculiar brilliancy and color in this volume as in his books on the wars in Greece and Egypt, we do find what is perhaps of more lasting importance to the "general reader," namely, a breadth and detail of information necessary to any one who would become thoroughly acquainted with the subject in hand. Many and interesting books have been written about India, but we do not recall any one of them which gives in such small space so complete a view of present problems there as does Mr. Steevens's book. His chapters on the rupee and on the Babu are of special value.

Imperialism and Liberty. By Morrison I. Swift. The Ronbroke Press, Los Angeles, Cal. 8vo. 491 pages. \$1.50.

The author first attempts to show the seamy side of imperialism as practiced by Great Britain in India and Africa, giving by no means a fair view of the general effect of such policy. As to our "crime in the Philippines," he thinks that America is England's tool. He then considers "The Business Enterprise of our Generals" and "The Bandit Press;" so fearful are these things that liberty must fall before the military craze which they have brought about, aided by the "Washington Campaign of Lies." Mr. Swift believes that the present war is a war to enslave America, hence he would impeach and imprison that arch-imperialist and dictator, McKinley.

As to reasons for this war—a blessing to the people absorbed, our duty to the world, new markets—Mr. Swift claims that the first two are but philanthropic and moral apologies for the third. According to him plutocracy is now master. "Expansion will create the formerly dreaded standing army. Plutocracy foresees and desires it; universal monopoly will need an arm against the people." The author's citations from current history are always interesting though not always convincing. His manner in their interpretation, however, is so intemperate, not to say fanatical, that the cause of expansion will not suffer seriously by the publication of his book. Indeed, it may gain by it.

Jennie Baxter, Journalist. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12mo. 337 pages. \$1.25.

Jesus Christ, Historical Atlas and Chronology of the Life of. By Rev. Richard M. Hodge, M.A. D. A. St. Clair Press, Wytheville, Va. 39 pages. Compact and handy for Sunday-school use.

Jonah in Fact and Fancy. By Edgar James Banks, M.A., Ph.D. Introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., LL.D. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. 8vo. 194 pages. 75c.

Dr. Abbott, in his introduction, commends this book as helping to relieve Christian faith from burdens of superstition and credulity which tradition has laid upon it.

Kindergarten in a Nutshell, The. By Nora Archibald Smith. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 24mo. 134 pages. 50c.

A small book prepared by an expert, whose heart as well as head is placed at the service of the children. To get the kindergarten to the child who cannot get to the kindergarten is the aim of this book. The author has in mind the intelligent mother, anxious to train her child's senses, to develop its mind, to stimulate and direct its interests through the best channel for the growing intelligence of a little child. The book will be welcomed by mothers who have not the time nor the training to understand the books written for professionals.

Landseer Calendar for 1900. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Latin Composition. By Basil L. Gildersleeve and Gonzalez Lodge. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 188 pages. 75c.

Lay Sermons. By Howard W. Tilton. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 173 pages. \$1.

Not of the scientific sort that Professor Huxley wrote, but full of human sympathy and religious feeling, are these short talks from "a littered table in the editorial room of a great daily newspaper" to the average man or woman on matters of daily feeling and conduct. Some of the titles, as "The Biggest Piece of Pie," "Confidence, not Cheek," indicate their plain and popular character.

Lesser Destinies. By Samuel Gordon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 310 pages. \$1.25.

Life and Character. Drawings by W. T. Smedley, A.N.A. Text by A. V. S. Anthony. Harper & Bros., New York. 120 pages. \$5.

Life Problems. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 154 pages. 50c.

Six discourses, spiritually fervent, ethically vigorous.

Little Beasts of the Field and Wood. By William Everett Cram. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 261 pages. \$1.25.

Has a charm all its own. It is not written for small children; its style will appeal especially to boys of fifteen or more, interested in wild animals commonly found in the woods of farming regions in New England and the Middle States. The writer is a close observer as well as lover of the woods and its people. The page illustrations are those of the animals, presented without bewildering detail.

Little Girl in Old Philadelphia, A. By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 371 pages. \$1.50.

A charming love tale, as well as the story of a little girl's life in Philadelphia before and during the Revolution. The war is scarcely a cloud on the pictures presented of society in Philadelphia at that time. Primrose, the heroine, is a pleasing combination of the staid Quaker blood and that of the world's people. This is excellent as a story, and has the historic social background carefully preserved.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 497 pages. \$1.75.

In this volume Mr. Elbert Hubbard pursues the same method which was so pleasantly developed in previous volumes on the homes of American statesmen and American authors, and other people worth visiting in their haunts and places of work. This volume has to do with Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Titian, Van Dyck, among the older painters, and with Meissonier, Fortuny, Reynolds, Landseer, Doré, and Ary Scheffer among the later ones. The writer's approach to his subject is as direct and familiar as is his address to the reader. There is none of the formal manner which a good many writers are tempted to put on when they discuss great artists. Mr. Hubbard is on very easy terms both with the men about whom he writes and with his readers. He does not hesitate at times to joke with both classes, and therefore he manages to be very readable. He understands his subject thoroughly; and the easy way in which he deals with it does not conceal the fact that he knows well what he is talking about. This volume is interestingly illustrated.

Loyal Hearts and True. By Ruth Ogden. (Illustrated.) Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12mo. 352 pages. \$1.50.

A story of the war with Spain, containing many true incidents relating to both the navy and the army.

Lucile. By Owen Meredith. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 360 pages. \$1.

Lyrics of the West. By Elva Irene McMillan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 16mo. 225 pages. \$1.25.

Man, A: His Mark. By W. C. Morrow. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 249 pages. \$1.25.

Map of Life, The. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 353 pages. \$2.

Messenger No. 48. By James Otis. The Werner Co., New York. 12mo. 241 pages. 75c.

Meyer, F. B., Birthday Book, The. Compiled by Florence Witts. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 32mo. 268 pages. 75c.

Miriam. By Gustav Kobbé. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 54 pages. 35c.

Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville. By C. C. Converse. R. H. Russell, New York. 8vo. 140 pages. \$1.

Mother's Portrait, His. By Mark Guy Pearse. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 38 pages. 35c.

Mountain and Mesa, Tales of. By Edith M. Nicholl. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati. 262 pages. 75c.

My Lady and Allan Darke. By Charles Donnel Gibson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 371 pages. \$1.50.

This story of love and devotion without hope of return, of loyalty, of jealousy that makes a man a madman, is told so vividly and with such a touch of reality that the reader's mind is never roused to contradiction. This novel is not one to read in the late evening; its horrors are too many, are portrayed too realistically.

New England Primer, The. Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 78 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Ford has reproduced the earliest-known edition of this old-time text-book with many facsimiles and with an introduction which is full of the knowledge of the period and of the history of this famous primer. In Mr. Ford's hands the intellectual and social significance of the Primer is brought very clearly into view, and his little volume, with its interesting illustrations and facsimiles, is a serious introduction to the history of New England.

New Testament, A History of the Textual Criticism of the. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. (New Testament Handbooks.) Edited by Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 185 pages. 75c.

This and the volume next noticed are the forerunners of a promising series. In short chapters it makes a dry subject interesting. The object of textual criticism being to extract as nearly as possible from all attainable sources the original writing of an author, Professor Vincent describes the successive steps by which the processes and results of the best modern scholarship have advanced to its present reach. Ample space is given to recent topics of special interest. The volume is illustrated with facsimile plates.

New Testament Times in Palestine, A History of. By Shailer Mathews, A.M. (New Testament Handbooks.) Edited by Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 218 pages. 75c.

A clear and succinct sketch of Jewish politics, parties, and sects during the two and a half centuries preceding the destruction of Jerusalem. One chapter, admirably luminous in its conciseness, is devoted to "The Messianic Hope and Jesus."

New Testament with Notes and Instructions. (New Pocket Edition.) American Tract Society. New York. \$1.

This edition of the New Testament is in a very convenient and attractive form. Its special feature is the considerable space devoted to notes, instructions, and references which aim to give the results of critical investigation.

Omega et Alpha. By Greville d'Arville. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco, Cal. 8vo. 123 pages.

The writer of this volume of verse addresses his critic or critics on the first page as follows:

"I fain would ask of thee,
As critics true and brave,
If I a poet be,
And not a rhyming knave."

We would advise the author not to press the question.

Organic Evolution, A First Book of. By D. Kerfoot Shute, A.B., M.D. (Illustrated.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 12mo. 285 pages. \$2.

As an elementary treatise, this will be serviceable to the general reader who desires a good introduction to the subject. Some fundamental moral, religious, and social applications of scientific facts are appropriately made.

Ovid, Selections from. By James N. Anderson, M.A., Ph.D. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 258 pages. \$1.

Peaks and Pines. By J. A. Lees. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 8vo. 378 pages. \$1.50.

Designed for young folks' reading, this is founded on long experience in Norway travel, and touches on hunting, fishing, the peculiar customs of the people, travel adventures, and much else. It is a readable book. The illustrations from photographs by the author are not remarkable, but they are better than the original drawings, which might have been omitted to advantage.

Philosophy in France, History of Modern. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. (Illustrated.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 8vo. 500 pages. \$3.

A special interest belongs to this work because of the wide range it takes. Not restricting himself to those

who were philosophers by profession, the author includes with the system-makers, like Descartes and Comte, others whose philosophic minds effectively molded the course of thought in their day, such as Montesquieu and Voltaire, Kenan and Taine. Accordingly, under the title of a "History of Philosophy," we have here a series of lucid and instructive critiques upon the influential thinkers of France during the last three centuries, including those of the present day.

Poems of the Nineteenth Century, The Best Short. Compiled by William S. Lord. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 52 pages. 50c.

This volume contains twenty-five poems selected by the ballots of "two hundred representative literary people," the preface tells us, who were asked to furnish lists of "twenty-five of the best short poems written in the English language in the nineteenth century." The lists were then compared, and the twenty-five poems which received the highest number of votes appear in this slender anthology. Even a casual glance at the selection shows that not a single inferior poem has been included, but there will be wide diversity of opinion as to whether these twenty-five poems are the best which could be selected.

Poor Plutocrats, The. By Maurus Jókai. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 423 pages. \$1.25.

Both as an entirely original production and as a thoroughly artistic piece of work, "The Poor Plutocrats" may confidently be recommended, especially to those who have not yet read any of Maurus Jókai's novels. The plot of "The Poor Plutocrats" is as ingenious as it is extraordinary; the characters stand out vividly, and the style is masterfully terse and direct, reminding of Tolstoi's. Few books of adventure have more dramatic force; one is tempted to turn page after page to the end at one sitting; Jókai's hand has thus not lost its cunning. The scene is set in the heart of the Carpathians, with Transylvania on one side, Wallachia on the other. That part of the world is not known as well as it should be, hence the stage-setting in "The Poor Plutocrats" is novel and interesting.

Preacher's Life, A: An Autobiography and an Album. By Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 426 pages. \$2.

Predicaments. By Louis Evan Shipman. Illustrations by C. D. Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr. Life Publishing Co., New York. 16mo. 152 pages. \$1.

Light and in a way trivial but generally amusing brief stories of society and flirtation.

Prince's Story Book, The. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 392 pages. \$2.

This is the third of a series, and naturally follows "The King's Story Book" and "The Queen's Story Book," finding its material in English romantic literature, and having as its central idea the illustration of the reigns of English sovereigns to the time of Queen Victoria. It is a volume of selections from a great deal of good chronological and narrative writing, and it happily combines the interest of history with that of pure adventure.

Psalter, Songs from the. Richard Arnold Greene. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 111 pages. \$1.25.

Puritans in Captivity, The Young. By Mary P. Wells Smith. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 323 pages. \$1.25.

Wisely opens with a historical epitome of King Philip's war, which greatly adds to the interest of the story and the reader's enjoyment. The story is founded on the capture of the Ellis children and Submit Carter by the Indians, and the experiences of Jonathan Wells. This is the third book in the Young Puritan Series. These stories could well be used as supplementary reading for children beginning the study of history.

Queen of Atlantis, A. By Frank Aubrey. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 391 pages. \$1.50.

An extravagant sea tale abounding in sea monsters,

marvelous escapes, and situations bordering on the absurd. It may amuse but it certainly cannot instruct children.

Reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808-1897.

By John Sartain. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 297 pages. \$2.50.

This beautifully printed record of a long life devoted to art and literature makes very pleasant reading. Mr. Sartain throws new light on the temperament of Edgar Allan Poe, who was his personal friend and associate in the days of "Graham's Magazine," by telling some heretofore unpublished stories of the gifted but unfortunate poet.

Romance of Our Ancient Churches, The.

By Sarah Wilson. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 184 pages. \$2.

Miss Wilson has given a very readable, popular account of the English Cathedral in its various stages of development from the Saxon to the latest times with the aid of judicious and picturesque illustration. She has not attempted to follow rigidly any special order, although her book falls readily into chronological lines. She succeeds in setting forth in large outline, and with reference to many details of structure and ornament, the evolution of the English Cathedral, its significance, and, as the title of her book suggests, its romance. The volume is very readable.

Saragossa. By B. Pérez Galdós. Translated

by Minna Caroline Smith. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 353 pages. \$1.50.

To American readers the Galdós novels have been hitherto almost an unknown mine, rumors of the richness of which have come through the unfortunately too few who read Spanish. Señor Pérez Galdós is the Walter Scott of Spain. His twenty or more romances well repay the reading, not only, as literature, on account of their simplicity and charm of style, but also because, as history, they give to us a presentation, unparalleled in any language, of the dark days and years for Spain at the beginning of this century. Those unable to read Spanish have now an opportunity of becoming acquainted with "Saragossa," published under its English name "Saragossa." It is as good an example as any of the author's historical judgments, at once informed and sane. The translation is excellent. We trust that the Doubleday & McClure Company will continue to publish translations of Galdós, and we trust that succeeding novels will appear in as appropriate dress as that of "Saragossa."

Secret of Kyriels, The. By E. Nesbit. J. B.

Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 391 pages. \$1.25.

Leads to complications in the life of a young girl. Here are intrigue that defeats itself; love that knows no obstacle; friendship that is devotion; a large fortune, and two wills—elements enough to make a most exciting novel, which the author has cleverly used. The impossibilities of the plot become possibilities under his treatment.

Soldier Rigdale. By Beulah Marie Dix.

(Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 323 pages. \$1.50.

One of the best books for boys of recent years. It tells the story of the landing of the Mayflower and the first year's adventures and sufferings of the Pilgrims—all from the point of view of a Pilgrim boy—a somewhat mischievous, sturdy, and active lad. There is also a dainty and lovable little Pilgrim maiden, one of the most charming children of fiction. Brother and sister run away into the woods and are held a little while in captivity by the Indians. In every way the book is wholesome in tone; in story interest it is captivating.

Son of Man, The. By Gross Alexander,

S.T.D. Introduction by John J. Tigert, D.D., L.L.D. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn. 12mo. 380 pages. \$1.

As the first contribution to Biblical theology from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, this is both a noteworthy and a promising book. It is a series of studies of some of the more important teachings and experiences of Jesus. Their general tenor is conservative, with tinges of liberalism.

Son of the State, A. By W. Pett Ridge.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 314 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Ridge has the Dickens-like faculty of bringing before the reader's mental eye the humor and oddity of the London cockney of the lower classes. This book tells the story of a London street urchin left to the tender mercies of the thieves and swindlers of one of the lowest quarters of the city. He has, fortunately, spirit and sense of humor and a certain latent self-respect. In the end he becomes a soldier and even a hero. A pleasant account is included of the workings of the English Cottage Home system of caring for waifs who have come under the charge of the law. Americans who are interested in modern and sensible ideas of reforming boys by building up character will here find valuable suggestions of methods not, we think, as yet adopted in this country. The book, while decidedly slangy and of a rough and ready character, is also decidedly well worth reading.

Tennyson, Life and Works of. The Macmillan Co., New York. 10 vols. Crown 8vo. \$20.

The biography of Tennyson by his son was so largely made up of extracts from the poet's letters, reports of his conversations, and unpublished poems that it really constitutes a part of his work, and ought to be included in every complete edition. The publishers of this edition have taken this view and have included the "Life" with the other works in this set of ten volumes. The edition is satisfactory from every point of view. It is well printed on paper somewhat light in weight, but with the requisite opacity. The volumes are of convenient size both for the hand and the shelf, and are attractively bound in dark-green cloth which has something of the quality of silk, with gilt designs on the side and back. The books have the distinction of form with which the work of Tennyson ought always to be interpreted to the eye.

"They That Walk in Darkness." Ghetto

Tragedies. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 486 pages. \$1.50.

These are indeed Ghetto tragedies, and each bears the Zangwill hall-mark, than which, in depiction of Jewish life, none is better. Whether Mr. Zangwill's scenes are in the Whitechapel quarter of London, in the Judengasse of Frankfort, in the Judenstadt of Prague, in the villages of Poland or Bukowina or of our own country, their describer is always, and sometimes almost too insistently, a Jew, but he is much more. He is a citizen of the world. As a frontispiece to the volume the publishers have fitly put an impressive sketch drawn by Mr. Louis Loeb, which we have already admired in one of the magazines.

Ulric the Jarl. By William O. Stoddard.

Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 499 pages. \$1.50.

Miss Corelli took one of the Calvary thieves for her "Barabbas." Mr. Stoddard has taken the other for the hero of his story, "Ulric the Jarl." Christ himself appears in the tale. Mr. Stoddard has written more than one good book; the spirit of this is beyond any of his others both virile and reverent.

Via Crucis. By Francis Marion Crawford.

(Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 396 pages. \$1.50.

Watchers, The. By A. E. W. Mason. Fred-

erick A. Stokes Co., New York. 8vo. 288 pages. \$1.25.

An original and ingenious story, although somewhat sensational. In literary quality it is hardly equal to the author's "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" and "Parson Kelly." Mr. Mason makes very clever use of a supposed practice of modern hypnotic methods by a villain of the last century; the mystery that would attend such a use of mesmeric suggestion for evil purposes at that time may easily be imagined.

White King of Manoa, The. By Joseph

Hatton. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 8vo. 138 pages. \$1.25.

In this story Mr. Joseph Hatton quite surpasses his previous efforts. In local color, in clearly drawn pictures of Tudor times, in a swing of style carrying the reader

easily from line to line and from page to page, "The White King of Manoa" is to be recommended.

Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land. By Egerton R. Young. (Illustrated.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 377 pages. \$1.35.

The winter life of three boys in a mission connected with the Hudson Bay Company is entertainingly, if not too grammatically, told in these pages. The boys' experiences in training their sledge-dogs, in fighting wolves and bears, indeed all the novel life amidst snow and ice, cannot fail to appeal to young readers. Incidentally the

book emphasizes the good work done by devoted missionaries among the Indians.

Woman's Possibilities and Limitations. By Stephen W. Dana, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 10mo. 110 pages. 50c.

The mirror is held up to woman in such a way as to encourage her to accept the pointed criticism in a spirit of patience and even cheerfulness, so much that is beautiful and strong is shown. Let us hope that the author will be so stimulated by the success of this book that in the course of time "Man's Possibilities and Limitations" will follow.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Is not Abraham the first figure of human history who comes out in clear historic outline? If he is not the initial figure of trustworthy human story, what is the relation that he bears to history? 2. Where can I find Dean Stanley's essay, "The Blood of Christ"? 3. In what sense are we to understand that baptism saves a man? 4. What is the relation existing between Natal and England? 5. What is the nature of the "Orange Free State" as a State? Is it now, or has it ever been, a dependency of Great Britain's? 6. Did England, in the London Convention of 1880 or 1884, really release her sovereign control over the Transvaal? If she did, in what sense is our National relation with the Philippines a parallel case? 7. What book gives one the best view of the Transvaal crisis? I. S. B.

1. Abraham, whom we regard, notwithstanding certain critics, as a real historic character, is sketched with more of detail than any before him. But explorations in the East have brought to light others in equal clearness, as Sargon, the founder of the Semitic empire in Asia, 3800 B.C. Abraham's place in history is that of the first great ancestor of the Hebrews and the patriarch of their faith. 2. In his work on "Christian Institutions." 3. Only so far as it is a sign and symbol of the saving thing, as explained in 1 Peter iii., 21, the self-committal of a good conscience to God. 4. Natal has been a British colony since 1843. 5. It has been an independent republic since the treaty with England in 1854, which terminated British claims previously made. 6. Yes, in internal affairs; no, in foreign relations. England has always considered herself the paramount power in South Africa, with the same right of interference for sufficient cause that we claimed in Cuba. 7. We recommended lately the following: Theal's "The Story of South Africa," Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," Bigelow's "White Man's Africa," Younghusband's "South Africa of To-day," Knox-Little's "South Africa," and Hillegas's "Oom Paul's People." See also the last "Edinburgh Review."

In The Outlook for October 21 I note an article by the Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D., in which he speaks of the English Church as "older than the English Monarchy, older than the English Nation, older than English law or English literature. . . a thousand years of national history," etc. Kindly state on what ground such claims are made. I. M. C.

On the ground that the Church of England has had a continuous history at least since A.D. 597, when St. Augustine introduced Christianity among the Saxons in Kent.

Who publishes Dr. A. B. Davidson's "Book by Book," spoken of so highly by Dr. Sanday in his Bampton Lectures on Inspiration? What is the price? What is your estimate of the book? E. G. F.

The Lippincott Company, Philadelphia (\$2.50). The volume is a series of popular studies, originally written as introductions to the several books in the "New Illus-

trated Bible," and now collected and published separately. Dr. Davidson is one of the twelve contributors, and Dr. Sanday another. You may place entire confidence in Dr. Sanday's opinion.

1. What is the origin and significance of the Grecian Mundane Era, of which this is the year 7497? 2. Is it not true that Ignatius, who died in 115, taught and employed the dignity and Apostolic power of the episcopate? If the Apostolic government of the Church had been congregational, could this idea of Ignatius's have arisen so early? Is it not an indication of a belief which obtained from the first? W. P. E.

1. See article "Chronology" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume V., page 714. 2. Persecutions without and heresies within gradually developed the Episcopal polity out of the Congregational by the need of a centralized organization and authority. Between Ignatius and the formation of the first churches some eighty years intervened, during which these causes of change operated with gradually increasing force. The inference you suggest therefore lacks support.

Will you kindly give me the names and publishers of two or three of the best books on Art of the period of the Renaissance? W. A. N.

Mrs. Bell's "History of Art" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); Professor Goodyear's "History of Art" (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York); Symonds's "History of the Renaissance"—also in condensed edition (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); Hoppin's "The Early Renaissance" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

Kindly explain and discuss Dr. Abbott's understanding of the Immaculate Conception. W. O. S.

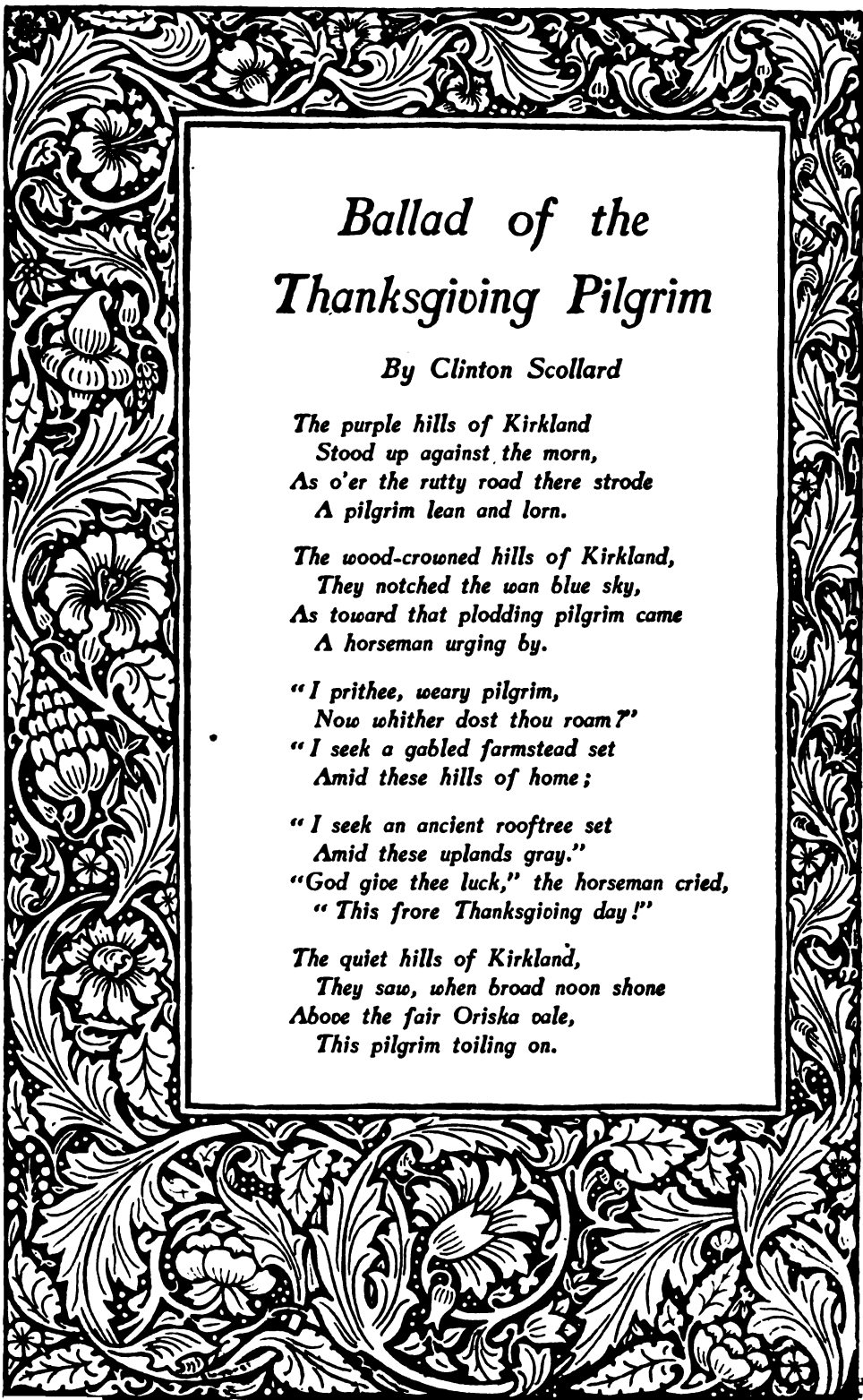
The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is the doctrine that the Virgin Mary was conceived without the stain of original sin—a doctrine not held by any Protestant.

1. Can you suggest three or four good books for a somewhat general and superficial study of the field of art from early Christian times to the present? 2. Do you think this is an advisable method of study for amateurs? F. W. K.

1. Read the histories of art by Goodyear, D'Anvers, Lübke, and Reber. 2. Yes.

"M." asks (October 14) for comprehensive but cheap books on "Religion of the World." Let me add to your list that of the "Guild Text Book" Series, "The Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity," by Principal Grant. Its price is something less than 50 cents, and it is an excellent work (A. & C. Black, or the Macmillan Company, New York). A. E. L.

Where can I find a story by Amelie Rives, "Arnon"? It is quoted by Mary E. Burt in "Literary Landmarks." E. H. R.



Ballad of the Thanksgiving Pilgrim

By Clinton Scollard

*The purple hills of Kirkland
Stood up against the morn,
As o'er the rutty road there strode
A pilgrim lean and lorn.*

*The wood-crowned hills of Kirkland,
They notched the wan blue sky,
As toward that plodding pilgrim came
A horseman urging by.*

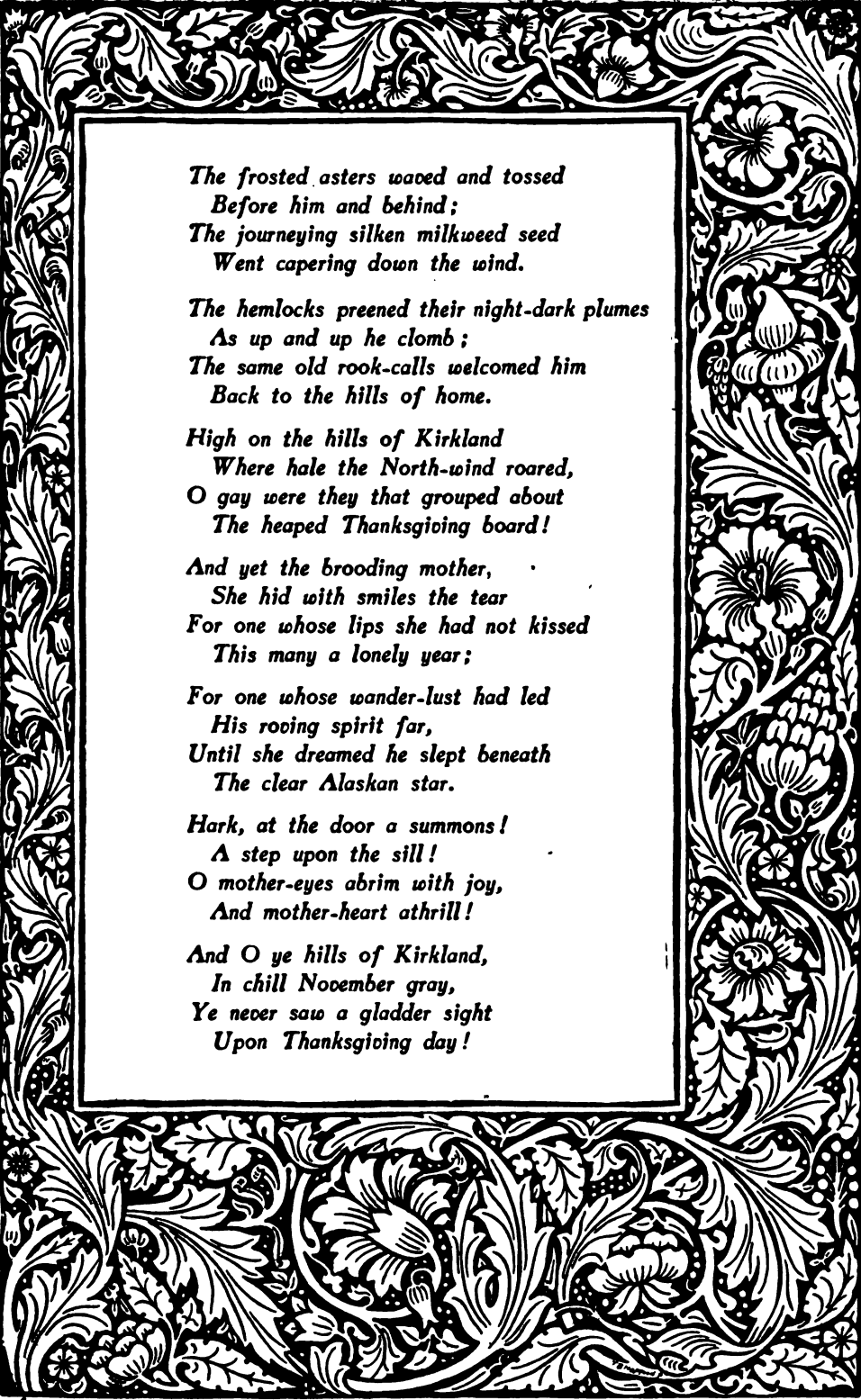
*"I prithee, weary pilgrim,
Now whither dost thou roam?"*

*"I seek a gabled farmstead set
Amid these hills of home ;*

*"I seek an ancient rooftree set
Amid these uplands gray."*

*"God give thee luck," the horseman cried,
"This froze Thanksgiving day!"*

*The quiet hills of Kirkland,
They saw, when broad noon shone
Above the fair Oriska vale,
This pilgrim toiling on.*



*The frosted asters waved and tossed
Before him and behind;
The journeying silken milkweed seed
Went capering down the wind.*

*The hemlocks preened their night-dark plumes
As up and up he clomb;
The same old rook-calls welcomed him
Back to the hills of home.*

*High on the hills of Kirkland
Where hale the North-wind roared,
O gay were they that grouped about
The heaped Thanksgiving board!*

*And yet the brooding mother,
She hid with smiles the tear
For one whose lips she had not kissed
This many a lonely year;*

*For one whose wander-lust had led
His roving spirit far,
Until she dreamed he slept beneath
The clear Alaskan star.*

*Hark, at the door a summons!
A step upon the sill!
O mother-eyes abrim with joy,
And mother-heart athrill!*

*And O ye hills of Kirkland,
In chill November gray,
Ye never saw a gladder sight
Upon Thanksgiving day!*

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



Thanksgiving in the Red Barn

By Lillian W. Betts

The animals in the barn were getting excited. For a week and over their friends and owners had been going up to the loft where the apples and nuts were stored, had been talking in the barnyard where the hens, turkeys, and ducks lived, and the moment a hen announced that she had laid an egg some one came running from the house as though he feared the egg would fly away.

The barnyard people had talked about it at night when the moon shone in the barn through the windows in the loft and down through the chinks in the floor. You have to be the very best of friends with animals, know them a long time, and love them dearly, to understand their language; even then you have to be very quick to read signs, for their language for humans is the sign language.

If you had been in the red barn that night, you would have seen Kit stretch her neck over the low stall wall and say:

"Nelly, it's Thanksgiving day after to-morrow."

Nelly was asleep, but Kit's voice could rouse her any time.

"How do you know?"

"The biggest turkey has gone from the yard, has not been there for a week. You know what that always means."

Nelly nodded her head.

"Sounds cheerful, sounds right, that word 'Thanksgiving,'" murmured Nelly, while Kit nodded approval, as she was apt to do, no matter what Nelly did or said. "Kit, we ought to be thankful—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Kit; "suppose you were some other horse, or I was some other horse, what would we do?"

Both necks were stretched high, and two brown noses were rubbed together. There was silence for a time. The very thought of either one being some other horse kept them silent. They would not have had each other, then!

"Nelly, we must have Thanksgiving

to-morrow. We—" The sentence was not finished, for Kit was asleep.

The next day they were harnessed early in the morning, and started for the village. Half-way to the village there is a drinking-trough, and of course Nelly and Kit wanted a drink. While they were drinking a man from the village over the hill came along, and Kit and Nelly's friend, who was driving, got out of the wagon to talk with the other farmer. "There! hear that! Thanksgiving," whispered Kit. Here a chipmunk came scurrying along the fence and stopped to look at the two horses. Kit winked, but Nell nodded politely. The chipmunk flirted his tail, which was his way of returning recognition.

"Thanksgiving to-morrow; come to the barn to-morrow night. Red barn in the meadow down by the chestnut woods."

The chipmunk looked puzzled, but gave them to understand that he would be at the barn. He did not mention Thanksgiving. He was afraid of the word. The farmer climbed in, and the conversation was interrupted. The horses trotted along comfortably for a mile, when the farmer met the minister. No one has ever attempted to explain it, but if a farmer and a minister meet on the road there is always a long rest for the horses.

Kit called attention to some lovely green grass a little further along the road, and the horses crept slowly toward it, leaving the farmer and minister talking.

Here a squirrel came, and a crow lighted on the limb of a tree. Kit tossed her head and winked, but Nell bowed again and extended an invitation to the crow and the squirrel to come to Thanksgiving at the red barn the next night.

"Well, well! you two are getting spry, leaving me to walk this morning with my rheumatiz worse than it's been for a week." Nell and Kit hung their heads, as their friend got in and sat down with a groan.

In a few minutes they were trotting over the road gayly as if they were in a hurry. When the brown parcels were all in the wagon under the seat, and their heads were turned toward home, they trotted as never before, and surprised the farmer's wife, who exclaimed as they went to the barn, "Why, father's back a half-hour sooner than I expected him!"

That night, when the doors were all closed, and the barn was so still that the mice were scampering gayly over the beams, Kit gave a neigh that frightened the mice and waked every creature in the barn. The cows moved restlessly, the poultry all changed their places in the hen-house. The door opening from the hen-house into the barn was open. Watch got up and looked into the stall, and then lay down at Kit's heels. They all listened, and then, as if to let Kit know they were awake, each one made a sound.

"You all heard me. I'm glad. You see, to-morrow is Thanksgiving. The folks at the house are getting ready, and all the children are coming home. Seems to me the people in this barn have as much to be thankful for as the people at the house." Here Kit was interrupted by every animal in his own language saying, "Indeed we have."

"Every creature is not so fortunate, I can tell you. In our travels"—here, I am sorry to say, Kit's voice had a superior tone—"in our travels we see much that makes us sorry that all the animals do not live on this farm. To-morrow night some are coming, and each one of us is expected to make his distant relatives happy."

Such cackling, quacking, gobbling, lowing, neighing, squeaking, cooing, you never heard—all talking at once. Kit was a born organizer, and made the barn family understand that all must work together. Toward morning all was still; even the mice went to sleep.

The stupid human people who came home for Thanksgiving, and brought their children into the barn to see the animals, did not understand why they all appeared so particularly happy.

They said, "Father, the stock look in fine condition. The poultry look full of life. Every one of them looks as though she would take a blue ribbon." At this

remark Watch stood up, as if to protest. He was the only one who had a right to a blue ribbon. His was in the mirror in the big parlor.

Night came over the hills. The lights gleamed from the house, and the stars came out one by one, while the moon shone brightly, as if it, too, would help. The lame duck from the little house by the lake came up the meadow path. The cow who had the big bell around her neck, and only had the roadside for her feeding-place, came through the big gate and up to the barn. The squirrels had come early, and were now on the beams, just above the crows, who looked solemnly down at the poultry, the cows, and the horses all standing and talking on the barn floor. The mice were huddled in corners. Kit and Nell were in the center.

At last Kit's voice could be heard even by the cow and duck outside the barn door.

"What we want to do is to be thankful for being on this farm." Here Kit looked up and saw the crows, the mice, and the pigeons, and in the highest peak of the barn the swallows. "Every one here knows we keep no cat"—here she paused impressively. When the barn people who dread cats had grown calm again, Kit said, "We use traps." Now all the mother mice looked at the young mice. "When chestnuts and hickory-nuts are gathered, plenty is left on the trees for those who prefer nuts to oats—for myself, I cannot understand the preference."

"Don't be impolite," whispered Nell.

Kit was embarrassed. "Nuts are delicious for those who like them." Kit looked at Nell, who nodded approval.

"The sweetest apples, and plenty of them, are left on the ground," resumed Kit. At once the pigs gave a cordial assent, while the cows whisked their tails.

"Corn!" At the mention of corn all became excited. "Corn," continued Kit when quiet was restored—"did ever one of us see the time when it was not plenty? Warm mash when the mornings are cold. Think of this morning!"

Such a sigh of gratitude went through the barn! "And oats; remember our feed this noon." Nell waved her tail and twitched her ears. "Bones with meat left on them." Here Watch's tail banged

the floor and he stretched out his fore paws.

"Was any one in this company ever thirsty, even in the coldest weather?" The crows flapped their wings; they remembered the holes cut in the ice in the trough.

"If ever there was a place for thanksgiving, this red barn is the place. Friends, what can we do to show our gratitude?" There was a stillness that was startling after the demonstrations that followed these expressions of approval of Kit's remarks, and she continued:

"What can we do to prove we know the difference between the red barn's family and that of other barn families?"

"Color not to be mentioned," whispered Nell, just in time.

"What can we do?" again demanded Kit.

"Stop gnawing bark off the trees," timidly said the smallest squirrel.

"Eat the oats on the floor, not in the bags or bins," said the oldest mouse, in a loud whisper, all the others squeaking assent.

"Eat more wild oats and less cultivated corn in the season," cawed the crows.

"Leave the food of the little feathered people alone, and pick up the corn the rest do not want," cooed the pigeons.

"We fly far," they added hurriedly, as if their last remark were a reflection on some present.

"Lay eggs when the price is highest; bring up the little chicks carefully; keep an eye to weasels, and roost high out of the reach of other dan—"

"Nothing disagreeable to-night," interrupted Nell, gently.

"Milk, plenty of it, and rich for the whole year; keep within the fences, and train all the calves to do likewise," moomed the cows.

"Very right. Precept and example," commented Nell.

In conclusion Kit said: "Humans celebrate Thanksgiving only by eating great dinners, as far as I can find out." Here some of the turkeys looked sad, and Nell cast a glance of rebuke toward Kit. "When I see how stupid and selfish humans are, I say we must teach them a lesson.

Here there was an unexpected interruption from outside the barn door.

"You had your breakfast and dinner

to-day," was moomed in a voice all could hear. Kit and Nell turned into their stalls without a word, and in a moment the barn floor and beams were empty. There was only one sound—that of a clanging bell, as the cow that wore it went out on the road, followed by the lame duck.

The next morning the two came wandering back, nibbling the frozen grass on the roadside. The farmer's wife saw them. She rushed out with some warm potatoes she had boiled for the hens, and some meal in a pan.

"Dear things!" she murmured, as she put the pan down in front of them. Back she came in a minute with some pumpkin.

When the cow with the bell and the lame duck had eaten all they wanted, the cow said, looking toward the barn, "They made a mistake. To-day is Thanksgiving!" And the duck quacked "Yes."

A Flying Postal Service

There are several small islands on the Pacific Ocean that belong to England. A vessel was wrecked during a storm on one of these islands, and it was necessary to get word to Auckland. Carrier pigeons were used. They carried the messages and brought return messages. This success led to the buying of a large flock of carrier pigeons, who were trained for the work on these islands. Each bird can carry four messages, each written on paper of a certain quality and size. When four messages are ready, a bird is sent off. Each message costs either one shilling or sixpence. These pigeons are private property.

Marjorie's Excuse

By Eva Eickemeyer Rowland

"Oh, Marjorie, if you would be good
For just one hour!" sighed mother.
"You tire me with your naughtiness;
I wish you would not bother."

"Mamma, I cannot help it;
I'm really not to blame;
And if you'll hark a minute,
I'll tell you how it came.

"Ted had a chicken wishbone—
He got it in the dish—
I wished I *could* be good; it broke—
And Teddy got the wish."

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The Boer War: Natal

The events of the last week in Natal showed the mobility of the Boers to be such that a comparatively small body of men, moving quickly from place to place, does the work of a larger body. The conflict has become one between British troops with bases and communications to guard, and Boer troops, mostly mounted infantry, with light artillery. Despite a British victory at Willow Grange near Estcourt last week (though at a loss of a hundred men), the Boers succeeded in isolating not only Estcourt, fifty miles south of Ladysmith, but also the British camp at Weston on the Mooi River, twenty miles below Estcourt, thus neutralizing sixteen thousand troops in the blockaded towns, including Ladysmith. There is thus a triple sandwich of opposing forces. As a brilliant feat this operation may rebound as much to General Joubert's credit as did his strategy at Majuba Hill nineteen years ago. However, it argues great confidence on his part in the capacity of the levies blockading Ladysmith to hold their own against Sir George White's sorties, that he should detach so considerable a force as he apparently did for the raids towards Pietermaritzburg, Natal's capital, a hundred and twenty miles southward and seventy from the sea. Fights occurred at Nottingham and Howick, but the Boers did not dare to attack Pietermaritzburg itself. From the country round about, however, they obtained fresh supplies for man and beast and many horses for remounts. General Buller, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, arrived at Pietermaritzburg on Saturday, and the relief column started northward. So far, the British have been outclassed by the Boers in field artillery and in mounted men requisite for effective scouting. It seems strange that, knowing the remarkable mobility of the Boers, the British

have not before this put into Natal a larger force of light cavalry, and also that, knowing of recent additions to Boer munitions, they have not introduced the new, quick-firing, long-range artillery. These two errors have hardly been atoned for by the successful mobilization of the reserves at home or the equally successful shipping of an army corps over six thousand miles. By Monday the efficient progress of the relief column had restored the telegraph and railway communication as far north as Estcourt. The Boers have apparently retired by way of Weenen to Colenso.



The British Victories

The rising of the Dutch in northern Cape Colony appears to be spreading, and Mr. Sauer, a member of the Cape Ministry, has gone to the disaffected district to urge loyalty to the Queen's Government. Sir Alfred Milner has issued a proclamation in which he says:

It is my duty to dispel false reports regarding the policy and intentions of the Imperial Government. Misleading manifestoes from beyond the border represent the Imperial authorities as desiring to oppress the Dutch, and the idea has spread abroad that the Dutch will be deprived of their constitutional rights. There is absolutely no truth in such allegations. The Imperial Government desires the greatest freedom of self-government for both Dutch and British, and the extension, not the curtailment, of the constitutional rights that are solely endangered by rebellion. The Imperial Government adheres firmly to the principle of equal freedom for all loyal colonists.

Last week the Boers occupied Ladygray, Barkly East (the center of disaffection), Dordrecht, Burghersdorp, Steynsburg, Middleburg, and isolated the British at Naauwport. Thus Cape Colony, half-way to the sea, has been quickly overrun by the Boers. Turning northward into Bechuanaland, however, the week is even more

important because of the first successful blows dealt by a British force acting purely on the offensive. That force was General Lord Methuen's column, marching to the relief of Kimberley. On Thursday the column fought a battle with the Boers at Belmont and gained a complete victory. The conditions at Elandslaagte were repeated, since the British had to take three ridges in succession. The position was carried by two battalions of the famous Coldstream Guards. The British report two hundred killed and wounded; the Boer loss is reported as but fifty. On Saturday the British gained a second battle at Graspan, ten miles north of Belmont and about fifty miles south of Kimberley. Following the work of the fire of shrapnel from the British naval guns and two batteries of horse artillery in clearing the heights, there was free use of the artillery to save the charge of the infantry after the Boer machine guns had been well hammered. The Boers fought long and stubbornly, but the British carried the heights with great gallantry. The desperate nature of the fight is shown by the firing of no less than five hundred rounds from one battery. The day should be marked in British annals as one on which the two services, the army and the navy, had a chance to display equal skill and bravery. Among the killed on the British side was Commander Ethelston, of the *Powerful*, and a large number of other officers, mostly naval, serving their guns—another evidence both of British daring and of Boer marksmanship. The other casualties are not yet known. There is an alarming lack of news concerning the Ninth Lancers, who pursued the Boers after the action. To the criticism of the soldiers that the Admiralty had arranged their transport by slow ships, naval men now reply that the situation, both at Ladysmith and on the Bechuanaland border, has been saved by their guns.



English Liberals Referring in a recent speech to the political capital which his party associates expect to make out of the Transvaal crisis, the Marquis of Northampton declared that the political pendulum is again swinging toward Liberalism. For the moment men must needs be united in de-

fense of the Empire. It is not too much to say, however, that they have accepted the situation without any deep enthusiasm. Many a "Nonconformist conscience" is convinced, first, that the war was inspired by speculators; secondly, that the difficulties could have been settled by a wise diplomacy; thirdly, that the Government has not only inexcusably underrated the Boer strength, but has entered upon a war without being fully prepared with scientific mechanism. Regarding the first point, the leader among the Liberal journals, the London "Speaker," declares that a group of speculative financiers have dragged England into the war, and that these financiers represent not only what is worst in England, but what is not even English at all. The "Speaker" adds: "If such peril be not removed from our politics, it will bring about disaster to the Empire." Of all the motives that have brought about the war, says the London "Christian Commonwealth," there is only one—the desire to right real wrongs—that deserves the consideration of Christian men.

*The desire of revenge and possession of the land, which is the paramount motive, is of the Devil. The gospel of lust and greed we have no use for. To right the wrong is Divine, but it largely depends on the spirit and method in which the wrong [endured by the Outlanders] is righted. In this difficulty there was no reason for the British Empire, with all its wealth and power, to crush a mere handful of farmers, who, with their women and children all told, do not equal the population of one English seaside town like Brighton. But what are we to do? Let the world believe that we are standing as one man in this fight? That would be dishonest and unpatriotic.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., referred to the second point in a speech the other day at Aberdeen, where his electors passed a vote of confidence in him. He declared that Mr. Chamberlain had justly inflamed suspicion by his methods of diplomacy. The talk of a Dutch conspiracy was unsupported by a shred of evidence. It was true that the Boers had armed themselves to the teeth, but so would any community after an attack on its independence.

Our new policy is a reversal of the traditions of our treatment of our colonies; it may end in the loss of South Africa, with the forfeiting of Dutch confidence and affection. We of the Liberal party have no responsibility for this war. Our leaders have expressly disclaimed it, and I believe that the immense majority of Liberals throughout the country condemn the diplomacy that has brought on the war.

The Political Future Not only Liberals, but a few Conservatives, have now come to the opinion that it was the duty of the British Government to have accepted the offer made by President Kruger at the conference with Sir Alfred Milner last May at Bloemfontein. Failing that, they think, the Government should have adopted the proposal of the Transvaal Government of a seven years' residence for the franchise, the adherence on both sides to the Convention of 1884, and a Joint Commission of Inquiry for all disputed questions. Great Britain had a last opportunity when President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, volunteered to mediate between the two Governments, and asked to be informed of the new proposals which the British Cabinet had formulated. Not only did Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Minister, allow three weeks to elapse without giving any information of what his counter-proposals would be; he actually increased the active preparations for war. It is probable that Lord Salisbury allowed Mr. Chamberlain too free a hand in thus goading President Kruger into a bellicose ultimatum. As to the arrogant ignorance of Boer numbers and strength in England, an illustration may be taken from the London "Morning Post," than which no paper is more identified with Tory prejudices and narrownesses. Six months ago it described the Boers as half savages; it then advanced to calling them "seedy old gentlemen in billycock hats and mufflers." Now it petulantly exclaims: "It is humiliating to find a nation of farmers beating soldiers at their own game." The Conservatives may think twice next time before they uphold a too aggressive Colonial Secretary in his ambitious schemes. He may not be a prime favorite even with Conservative mourners for the many and unexpected victims of an unnecessary war, or with the payers of taxes to provide extra "sinews" for that war, surprisingly long to the optimists of the War Department. Instead of being a "three weeks' campaign," as those optimists predicted, the war has already lasted twice that time. General Buller's hope to eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria will hardly be fulfilled, for, except the battles last week, no engagements have been of real advantage to the British. It is not improbable, there-

fore, that, actuated by the three causes above mentioned, English voters, irrespective of party, may, before long, vent their ire upon the Cabinet, no matter how sure an ultimate British victory may be. Many Liberals are prophesying that this will happen in the not distant future, and that, like the present, the next Cabinet will be a coalition—not a union of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, with the Conservatives on top, but a coalition under Liberal leadership. As a first turning in this direction, at the Wandsworth election to the London County Council on Saturday of last week, the previous Conservative plurality of 910 was converted into a Liberal plurality of 232, though the Conservatives made the war an issue and their candidate was a military officer.



The Military Successes in the Philippines Further reports from Luzon confirm the belief that the insurgents' forces in the part of the island north of Manila and south of Dagupan have been broken and scattered on both sides of the railway so that they cannot reunite in an army of any considerable size, although they may maintain a straggling fight in small bands in the mountains. Aguinaldo himself, it is believed, narrowly escaped capture as he was retreating northward at the head of about 1,000 men; General Young's advance twice came up with the rear guard, and is, as we write, still following up the pursuit. Buen-camino, Aguinaldo's Secretary of State, often called "the brains of the revolution," has given himself up, and is a prisoner at Manila; he is the author of the Filipino Constitution and of most of the appeals and proclamations published by his Government. The President of the Filipino Congress, Señor Bautista, is also in American hands, and most of the members of the Congress are fugitives or prisoners. Seven American prisoners of the Filipinos and three or four hundred Spanish prisoners have escaped. The last rumors as to Aguinaldo's whereabouts up to Monday of this week indicate that he is moving toward Bayombong, by way of Aringay, with a small force. There has been some fighting south of Manila, near Imus, but of no serious moment. Probably this activity.

of the insurgents was intended to create a diversion from our attack in the Dagupan region. In the island of Panay the fighting has been active; General Hughes has driven the insurgents twenty miles inland into the mountains; the American loss was five killed and thirty-eight wounded, while the insurgents left thirty-two dead on the field, and it is said, carried away nineteen cart-loads of wounded. From the island of Negros it is reported that the chief insurgent leader has surrendered, that planting is going on and sugar-mills are at work, and that the people are cheerful and hopeful under their new semi-autonomous government. We spoke last week of the hardships of General Lawton's forced march in the combined strategical campaign just carried out; it is worth while to quote a later description from the press despatches:

Many men, dropping out sick, were left at various towns without adequate supplies and attendance, some of them making their way back across the terrible roads. It was reported that a number of horses were dying, and many of the soldiers, and even some of the officers, were marching ahead half naked, their clothes having been torn to pieces in getting through the jungles. Hundreds were barefooted, their shoes being worn out, and all were living on any sort of provisions. General Lawton foresaw that the campaign would involve such hardships, but he considered it the quickest and cheapest way of ending the war.

The occupation of the town of Zamboango, in the island of Mindanao, has already been noted; now Admiral Watson cables that the entire province of the same name, including the southern half of Mindanao, has surrendered to Commander Very, of the Castine.



**The Junta's
Statement**

The statement of the President of the Filipino Junta given on another page is, we believe, the first authoritative declaration from the Filipino side presented to American readers by any American newspaper. It must be admitted that it appears a little late, coming as it does contemporaneously with the news that the Aguinaldo government is dissolved, that Aguinaldo himself is in hiding, and that Aguinaldo's army is broken up into mere guerrilla bands. But our correspondent has obtained and forwarded it at the earliest possible moment, and it does not throw much light on either

the past or the future, it has a value as well as an interest, because it states authoritatively the Filipino point of view of the issue in the Philippines. In studying this interview our readers will notice that the supposed promise to Aguinaldo of America's recognition is deduced wholly from acts which, even if they occurred exactly as here narrated, are capable of a different interpretation; that the statement that Aguinaldo was asked to go to the Philippines is confessedly without proof to substantiate it; that the statements regarding the character of the Tagalo Government where it was established are directly contradicted by the reports of the Philippine Commissioners, President Schurman, Professor Worcester, Colonel Denby, and Admiral Dewey; and that the confidence expressed in the ability of the Filipinos to carry on the war indefinitely seems to be already negated by the latest reports from the Archipelago. With this brief comment we leave this official Filipino statement of the problem in the Philippines to be compared by our readers with the official American statement of the same problem as contained in the report of the Philippine Commissioners printed in *The Outlook* for November 11. We think that a careful and unprejudiced comparison of the two statements will strengthen the conviction of most judiciously-minded men that the course of the American Government, whatever criticisms may be made in matters of detail, has been reasonable, necessary, just, and right.



**Professor
Worcester's View**

Professor Dean C. Worcester publishes in "Harper's Weekly" a review of the Philippine situation which confirms the account already given in our columns by President Jacob Gould Schurman, and also the official account given by the Philippine Commissioners. His paper furnishes some additional illustration of the facts thus already reported in our columns. A humorous incident illustrates one common source of misinformation. A local officer declared to Mr. Worcester that the Filipinos were very anxious for national independence.

A few moments later I happened to remark, "You speak Spanish, of course, Major?" "No, not a word," was the prompt reply.

"Who have you had here for interpreter?"
 "No one. The lack of an interpreter has been one of my greatest difficulties."

"Have you never talked with these people, then?"

"Never."

"But how did you learn that they were longing for national independence, and ready to sacrifice their lives to win it?"

"Why—well—why—that is the way I should feel about it, and I thought they must feel so too!"

Over against this interpretation of the Philippine desire, evolved out of the self-consciousness of the reporter, is the testimony of prominent Filipinos whose names are given by Mr. Worcester (who, by the way, is familiar with their language), one of whom declares, "Were an independent native government to be established in the Philippines, I would be the first to flee;" another of whom characterizes the attempt to establish an independent government, "Impossible;" and the third of whom says, "My people must choose between national independence and personal liberty, for only under American control is personal liberty attainable for them." That these opinions are prevalent in the islands is evident from other incidents given by Mr. Worcester. That there are good grounds for these opinions is evident by the kind of government which has been established and maintained where the present military oligarchy has had the power. For example:

The province of Batangas was overrun with robbers and cutthroats. No attempt was being made to bring criminals to justice. The schools were abandoned. . . . In several of the larger cities the individual houses were intrenched, so that their owners might defend themselves against their neighbors. . . . At Bacoor insurgent soldiers had fired into houses filled with defenseless women, and had then broken in and robbed them, searching their persons for concealed jewelry. . . . In some of the other islands conditions were even worse. Early in the revolt Tomas Aguinaldo, a cousin of Emilio Aguinaldo, and an insurgent official, had gone to the west coast of Mindoro, and had there organized a genuine piratical expedition. . . . The Tagalo General Luchan had extorted a "war contribution" of \$200,000 from the peaceable Visayans of Samar and Leyte, and had put it into his pocket. . . . The Visayans of North Panay, who a few months before had been ready to die for independence, had sent word that they would welcome the Americans, the Russians, the Turks, the Chinese, or *any one* who would rid them of the Tagalos.

These and kindred facts must be understood by the American people in deter-

mining what is their duty toward the Philippine Islands.



Governing Guam Extracts from the report of Captain Leary, Governor-General of Guam, have just been made public. They indicate a state of things in that far-off American island which is certainly picturesque, if not also humorous. Captain Leary declares that he does not want more marines, but he does want more tools, mills, ice-making machines, medical stores, doctors, and minor officers. He is trying, he says, to inculcate lessons of good citizenship and industry on the natives. To these ends he is using freely the somewhat absolute powers conferred upon him. His general order prohibits polygamy and concubinage, under penalty of fine and imprisonment; commands all persons living together out of wedlock forthwith to procure licenses and be married at the Government's expense; directs all inhabitants without trades to plant corn, rice, and other fruits and vegetables; prescribes that each such inhabitant shall maintain twelve hens, one cock, and a sow; and in general lays down the most minute directions as to their industrial and agricultural pursuits. As a result, the Governor reports that the natives are "progressing favorably," while, with a touch of semi-sentimental congratulation, he assures us that "the divorce court and hymeneal altar are popular resorts. The court crier and the merry wedding bells are constantly and harmoniously ringing out their decrees." This is paternal, almost grand-paternal, government, surely. The case, however, is not one for splitting straws as to methods; the essential thing is that these indolent, good-natured, and primitive people shall learn how to work, how to be decent, and how to march toward a better civilization.



The Death of the Khalifa Last week a battle took place between the Anglo-Egyptian army under General Wingate and the Dervishes under the Khalifa, in which the British won a decisive victory, sweeping through the Dervish position for two miles until the rebel camp was reached. The mounted troops

pursued and captured most of the fugitives. The Khalifa, with his body-guard of Emirs, made a gallant stand, but was killed. Among the Emirs slain were two brothers of the Khalifa and a son of the late Mahdi. That ruler, having successfully resisted the British for several years, was, in 1885, succeeded by the Khalifa Abdullah. The latter was named by the Mahdi as his successor, and subsequent events showed the wisdom of such a choice. The new ruler, as we are told in such recent accounts as those of Slatin Pasha and Mr. Neufeld, was a talented man. His character was both subtle and strong. Seeing that the success of the Mahdi lay before everything in his ability to make the people believe in him as a prophet and religious leader, Abdullah essayed the same rôle. His success in domestic rule was apparently complete; he suppressed religious as well as political and military revolts, largely by fostering religious prejudices and fanaticisms which would result in his favor, but also by making full use of an Oriental monarch's power of life and death. He prophesied that he would conquer, not only Abyssinia on the south, but also Egypt on the north. He harassed King John and the Abyssinians so successfully as to convince the Dervishes that the southern country would ultimately become the Khalifa's. He then proceeded down the Nile as far as Korosko, but General Grenfell stopped a further invasion by the victory of Toski in 1889. However, this was the only victory gained by the Anglo-Egyptians until their campaign of last year which culminated in the battle of Omdurman. With his death, though his principal Emir, Osman Digna, has escaped, the great country stretching from the Red Sea to Darfur, and from Abyssinia to Egypt, may be declared open to civilization.

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**Vice-President Hobart's
Death**

The testimony to Mr. Hobart's worth brought out by his death is something quite different from the ordinary perfunctory tributes and formal expressions of grief. By the country at large the late Vice-President had been recognized as an unusually effective presiding officer of the Senate, and as a

man fortunate in his friends and singularly free from enmities. Now, the broader opinion of his character and ability long held in his own State has become National in acceptance. It is seen that he was a man of immense activities, of widespread interests, of sound judgment—one who could handle large affairs easily and with a certain grasp, whose integrity had never been questioned, whose promise was as good as a written bond—a man, too, who had warm human sympathies and high ideals. In politics, in railroad management, in the conduct of legal and commercial affairs, he acted not merely with shrewdness and sagacity, but also with justice and fairness. It is not inaccurate to say that in the State of New Jersey no other man of recent years has made sincerer friends among people in widely different stations of life. The presence at his funeral of President, Cabinet members, and a crowd of distinguished men was really less significant of the esteem and affection in which he was held than the ragged and dirty flags which might be seen by scores at half-mast on scows in the North River and on laborers' houses in the Jersey towns. One who knew him well once wrote:

If a man gets into trouble and stops to think who can best help him out, the first name that suggests itself is that of Hobart. And he has at one time or other helped so many men that, no matter what happens, when others are in trouble he generally succeeds in his mission of relief, because he must ask the assistance of somebody whom he has helped himself in former times. For this reason his influence is boundless among his own people.

That he was wise in council is also now recognized in more than a formal way; it is understood that the President called upon him constantly for advice, and that no Vice-President for many administrations had exercised so strong an influence upon the conduct of public affairs. The career of Garret A. Hobart need not here be followed in detail. He was fifty-five years of age, was graduated from Rutgers when nineteen, and began to study law (it is said with a capital of one dollar and a half) in Paterson, N. J., the city with which much of his work and life was identified; from law he turned to politics, and served for several years in the House and the Senate, in both becoming the presiding officer. The State campaign of 1895, in which, by

the election of Governor Griggs, New Jersey was taken from the ranks of recognized Democratic States, was begun and carried out largely by Mr. Hobart, and his nomination as Vice-President was in a sense a recognition by the Republican party of this great political service. The office of Vice-President will now remain vacant until after the next Presidential election; Senator Frye, of Maine, will, as President *pro tempore* of the Senate, preside over its sessions.



Trusts: A Capitalist's View

During the past two weeks the Industrial Commission at Washington has elicited two particularly interesting testimonies. The first is that of Mr. J. W. Gates, Chairman of the American Steel and Wire Company, a concern controlling all the barbed-wire patents. In describing his effort to consolidate the industries of all wire-producing countries, he found Germany our principal competitor, England's work "not being sufficient to deserve serious consideration." With the Germans the one worst fear was competition with the United States, and bounties and subsidies were given on every hand to support the manufacturing interests of that country. In this connection Mr. Gates commends in high terms the German methods of encouraging producing and exporting interests, saying that, if the Federal Government of the United States would adopt the plans there pursued, we would soon be doing nine-tenths of the iron and steel business of the world. Hence, instead of protecting the trusts against the Federal Government, Mr. Gates would have the Government protect the trusts. He would have us give subsidies to steamship lines, and to national corporations of five million dollars capitalization and over. For such charters he would have corporations pay liberally, and then have them pay large sums annually for the continuation of the franchise, increasing the amount as the capitalization increased, until the fee should be no less than a million dollars for a company capitalized at a hundred millions. Furthermore, Mr. Gates advocates governmental supervision of all such corporations. He declares that the protective tariff had much to do with the

building up of the wire and steel industry, and he believes that a continuation of such a policy is necessary to the prosperity of the industry. Regarding the results of his own particular consolidation, he admits that a number of plants which could not be operated had been shut down. His company now employs thirty-six thousand men, and the average of wages had been increased two-fifths. His company does not recognize the trades-unions, but appeals to men as individuals. Referring to the advance in the prices of wire products, Mr. Gates declared that it was only proportionate to the increase in the prices of raw material and wages. He considered that all these advances had been due to demand and supply, and not to combinations. It was not true, he added, as people seemed to believe, that trusts control the iron and steel business of the country. As a matter of fact, they control only about two-fifths of that business. Mr. Gates's testimony seems the most extreme of any yet given from the capitalist's standpoint. While large combinations can undoubtedly build up an export trade better than small ones, it is also true that they do not need Government aid. And as yet American commerce is not an appendage of the American Government.



Trusts: A Labor Leader's View

The second important testimony was that of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. Singular as it may appear to some, Mr. Gompers opposes the attitude of the Knights of Labor and does not favor any legislation against the trusts. He was not sure whether the trust tendency benefited or injured labor: in some cases wages had been raised, in others not. He thought that labor organizations would be able to take care of them selves in any contest with the trusts. As has been pointed out, the fact that the trusts will have nowhere to look for a supply of skilled labor if they engage in a struggle with those they have employed will add immensely to the power of the labor unions. As to prices, Mr. Gompers does not attach much importance to the alleged tendency of trusts towards price increase. He declares that the general trend of prices is always downward, because,

as time goes on, wage-earners get a larger share of the wealth which they produce. The evident reason for the non-favoring of any legislation against the trusts by Mr. Gompers is his fear that whatever law might be enacted in that direction might quite as easily be turned against organized labor. Mr. Gompers declared that organized labor views trusts simply as its employers. He takes a position against co-operative schemes, saying that laborers had secured no greater advantages under them than under the wage system. As to the future of organized labor Mr. Gompers has no fear, believing that the condition of labor is better to-day than ever before, and this improvement he attributes to the influence of organized labor. The effect of these two testimonies, together with the others given before the Industrial Commission, will be to bring the question of trusts, in the first place, as a commercial issue before the country, to be judged by commercial standards, before it is considered in its political aspects. If great industrial combinations result, not only in economy, protection, and hence in wealth to the capitalist, but in a greater demand for skilled labor, and so in wealth to the workingman, the question will solve itself. Before we attempt to prohibit combination at home we should take off our prohibition of competition from abroad. The first duty of the Republican party, on this subject, is to pass a law removing unnecessary protection.

Mr. Vanderlip's
Statistics

In this connection Mr. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, contributes a timely article to last week's Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post" on "Our New Prosperity." Incidentally, perhaps unconsciously, he shows that protection, especially in the iron and steel industries, is unnecessary. The statistics of that trade present a comparison of both relative and absolute development such as has not been seen before. He thinks that the production of pig iron this year will reach thirteen and a half million gross tons, and that of steel more than ten million tons. As an evidence of the extension of the trade, he says that a decade ago we imported seventy-one million dollars' worth and exported fourteen million dollars'

worth of iron and steel manufactures. Since that time imports have fallen and exports risen, until, for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1899, we imported but twelve million dollars' worth and exported nearly ninety-four million dollars' worth. Despite this unparalleled production, the price of raw pig iron rose in eight months of the present year from eleven dollars to twenty-four dollars a ton, and at this advance nearly every mill in the country is so busy that practically no orders can be accepted for early delivery. As regards general trade, Mr. Vanderlip tells us that five years ago we imported almost double the value of manufactures that we exported. For the last fiscal year, however, we exported nearly eighty million dollars more manufactured goods than we imported. In 1897-98, for the first time, our exportations of manufactures exceeded the importations, the excess being about one-quarter. Where for many years we imported, on an average, one million dollars' worth of manufactured goods a day, and exported about half that amount, for the fiscal year just closed we exported considerably more than one million dollars' worth of manufactured goods every working day of the year.



American Shipping Last week Mr. Chamberlain, Commissioner of Navigation, presented his annual report. We like to think that America now stands close to the summit of commercial greatness, and so it does. Any expansiveness of pride, however, may be checked by the consideration that, when President Monroe issued his famous message, nine-tenths of our foreign commerce was under our flag; last year not one-tenth. There might be something to be said if other countries shared in this decline. But there has been no general decline; there has been a great general advance. The anomaly is presented of the most progressive nation in the world standing still in this respect. While, during the last quarter of a century, American seagoing sail tonnage has decreased at the average rate for the world, that is, by two-fifths, the world's seagoing steam tonnage has, in the same period, increased three and a third times. There has been an increase in ours of only seven-tenths, as against such prodig-

ious advances as sevenfold for Germany and fourteenfold for Norway. Again, during the past ten years German shipyards turned out nearly four times as much tonnage in ocean steamships as ours, and British yards over forty times as much. Mr. Chamberlain points out that last year European nations and Japan spent more than twenty-six million dollars for the promotion of their sea-borne mercantile marine, while we devoted less than a million dollars to the same purpose. In the Pacific Ocean, where America is now the paramount power, foreign nations spent about five million dollars last year in subsidies, and we less than fifty thousand. What shall we do to return to Monroe-time conditions? The argument that our shipping in the foreign trade is handicapped by tariff duties is met by the statement that for the past half-decade all materials for the construction of American vessels in that trade, and all supplies for such vessels, have been exempt from duties. Mr. Chamberlain rejects the propositions to repeal tonnage taxes, to impose discriminating cargo duties, to grant bounties on exports in American vessels, and to grant American registry to foreign-built vessels. He intimates that a proper stimulus to the development of our shipping might be found in the Frye bill introduced into the last Congress. The object of this bill was to give, outside of the sum paid for mail service, an allowance to American steamships capable of steaming fourteen knots an hour or upward. Mr. Chamberlain says that, of all the steamships in the world capable of fourteen or more knots, over four-fifths receive assistance in one form or another, and that this assistance aggregates over twenty million dollars a year. From the depressing conditions of our shipping to and from foreign ports, never so gloomy, it is some relief to turn to the gratifying conditions of our shipping between domestic ports, never so prosperous.

A Gospel Yacht For a year and a half, Adeline, Countess Schimmellmann, a Danish noblewoman, has been doing an interesting missionary work in this country. Her life-task is to travel around the world on her yacht, the Duen (Dove), which, dismantled, has just arrived

in New York from Chicago, by way of the Erie Canal. The yacht reached the Great Lakes by the St. Lawrence River. Last winter the Duen lay at the Chicago water-front, and Countess Schimmellmann says that she fed more than fifty thousand persons during her sojourn there. Her plan is to distribute alms and provisions to the poor and then hold Gospel services, free to all, on board her yacht. Her mission has been carried on for sixteen years. It was inspired by the late Empress Augusta of Germany, grandmother of the present Emperor, and the first cruises undertaken by Countess Schimmellmann were about the shores of the Baltic Sea. Her own home is near Copenhagen. Her most recent cruises have only confirmed her in her special mission to work among men. The meetings which she holds on deck are better suited to men than to women, and, as she says, "if the father is helped the whole family is helped."

Unitarian and Universalist Federation

In The Outlook for November 18 we called attention to the proposed union of the Universalists and Unitarians in one denomination, and to the objections to such a union expressed by Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, speaking for the Universalists. We did not express any opinion as to the wisdom of denominational unity between Unitarians and Universalists, simply saying that, if there were serious and fundamental differences between the two Churches, an attempt to bring about organic unity would be unwise, if not impracticable. We have now received a letter from the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, who, from his official position, speaks with authority; in this letter he takes issue with Dr. Sweetser and corrects a general misapprehension in which we shared. Mr. Eliot points out that no organic welding of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations into one has been proposed. He states the facts as follows:

On May 30, 1899, the American Unitarian Association, at its annual meeting, passed unanimously the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the interests of pure Christianity can be better served by a recognition of the intellectual agreements and the deep faiths of the heart which, beneath all diversity

of gifts, bind together the Unitarian and Universalist fellowships in bonds of peace and mutual good will.

"Resolved, That this Association presents its fraternal greetings to the Universalist General Convention, and invites the Convention to join with the Association in appointing a Conference Committee of five representatives from each body, which shall consider plans of closer co-operation, devise ways and means for more efficient usefulness, and report the results of its deliberations to the Association and the Convention at their next meetings."

These resolutions were duly submitted to the Universalist General Convention on October 23, the invitation was accepted, and the members of the Conference Committee have since been appointed by the Universalist Convention and the Unitarian Association. It will be the purpose of this Conference Committee to endeavor to upbuild sympathy and unity of spirit in the sister denominations, to prevent waste and duplication of missionary effort, and to provide means of more efficient co-operation in Christian work.

Certainly such co-operation and union as this is desirable. Mr. Eliot also takes issue with Dr. Sweetser's criticism of the belief of the Unitarian body. "His attempt," says Mr. Eliot, "to prove that the Unitarian body is non-Christian is a repetition of an ancient prejudice which is unworthy of intelligent observers in these days." We agree in this with Mr. Eliot, but the very decided difference of opinion and of feeling on these matters existing between him and Dr. Sweetser is an indication, as we said in our former paragraph, of a widespread difference in point of view between the two denominations, which would make organic union impracticable. But this does not, in our opinion, interfere with the closer co-operation and fellowship which, as Mr. Eliot points out, is the purpose of the leaders in the two denominations.



The Birthplace of Protestantism

Protestants from all lands and denominations are working to complete the memorial church at Spire, Germany, the place where Protestants were first called by that name. Following Luther's excommunication by the Pope in 1520, the next year the Emperor Charles V. also issued his ban against the reformer, and a like fate hung over the heads of all other radical leaders. The Emperor was not immediately able to give full rein to his desires, as he was drawn into a war with

France which lasted until 1526. Then, however, he proposed to make short work of the new teaching. For this purpose he summoned a Reichstag, or Parliament, at Spire. Hardly had the body convened when France and the Pope openly plotted against him; then he saw that he needed all his soldiers, even the hated Lutherans. Hence, for the time being, he consented to the Reichstag's assurance of religious liberty to all. By Protestant help, in 1529, he triumphed. He then entered into a compact against the Protestants with his former enemies. He summoned a new Reichstag at Spire. Most of its members voted to annihilate the Reformation. The reformers *protested* against these measures of the Reichstag, which were contrary to the Bible and their consciences. Those who now bear their name of Protestants wish to honor them by a memorial church. In its architecture the Roman Catholic cathedral at Spire is Romanesque, and is one of the best examples of that style. In contrast, the style of the Protestant church is pure Gothic. The main part of the edifice is already finished; it is hoped that the tower and spire may be completed so that the consecration may take place a year hence. The German Emperor and Empress, together with representatives of all Protestant denominations, have promised to be present at that ceremony. The spire will be three hundred feet high. Underneath there is a great vestibule, a memorial hall, in the middle of which is a colossal statue of the protesting Luther, and in mosaic on the floor one reads his words: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me." Against the six pillars are the statues of the six protesting princes and the arms of the fourteen protesting cities of Germany. The frescoed walls picture the delivery of the protest from the reformers. The church has a seating capacity of fourteen hundred persons. Most of the superb windows have come from European princes, and five were presented by William II. Europe has given two-thirds of the total required to complete the church; it is but fair that the remaining one-third should come from this side of the Atlantic. The Rev. Dr. Albert Beyschlag has been delegated to represent the cause in this country, and the Treasurer of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York

City, is empowered to receive subscriptions.

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Christian Unity From an unusual quarter comes an argument for Christian unity of notable comprehensiveness and liberality. Under the title "The Disappointment of Jesus Christ," the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, who has been identified with a rather extreme type of Anglo-Catholicism, has published his recent address at Toronto before the Canadian Society of Christian Unity. He thinks that the twentieth century will witness a great unification of Christendom, but not on the lines mistakenly followed since the fourth century. It will not be found in the form of organization, nor in the form of doctrine. It will be simply a unity in God, in humanity, and in Jesus Christ as the spiritual head of humanity. Equally true, but still more remarkable, is Mr. Crapsey's declaration that "the great need of the Church is not an Apostolic succession, but a succession of Apostles," and his insistence on "the pastoral rather than the priestly conception of the ministry." The only true basis of the Church's spiritual life he holds to be in her moral discipline, from which she turned in the fourth century to the discipline of intellect. That pristine zeal for moral purity must now be restored: only so will unity be restored. As for Christian doctrine, Dr. Crapsey demands its restatement, so as to accord both with the facts of the universe and with the primal instincts of the heart for justice, mercy, and truth. The entire content of Christian tradition must be subjected to the trained intelligence, and there must be absolute intellectual freedom within the Church. These views, not unfamiliar to the readers of *The Outlook*, it rejoices to welcome from one who presents them so forcibly and whose presentation of them is so full of significance.

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The Reconstruction of Religious Education

Dr. Clyde Votaw, of the University of Chicago, in a recent address on the decadence of religious belief, attributes this decadence largely to inefficient Sunday-school methods. While in

secular education new ideals have transformed our schools, religious instruction plods along in the old ways. Dr. Votaw avers that to-day religion is the worst taught of all great subjects of education; mere secular education goes its way quite indifferent to religion. Most of the graduates of our schools and colleges pass through a course of study in which religion is ignored. Its place is largely taken by philosophy and ethics. The result is that the student learns to know, think, and feel independently of any recognized religious element. Religion, which is at once the mainspring and interpretation of life, is suffering from a disaffection which arises (1) from the present isolation of religious instruction; (2) from the amateurish and trifling nature of such religious instruction as is commonly given; (3) from the unwillingness to keep the content of religious instruction up to the progress of historical, philosophical, and ethical research; (4) from the failure to introduce into religious instruction the new psychological and pedagogical ideas which have imbued our secular schools. Dr. Votaw is no less definite in his prescription of a remedy. It is that education in religion should be taken as seriously as is secular education. In order to bring about a better condition, use must be made of four main agencies: the ministry, lay study, the religious press, and the Sunday-school. With regard to the last named Dr. Votaw justly claims that it must correlate its work with that of the secular school in such manner that religion shall not be left an isolated factor of which only the few ecclesiastically connected take note. His address is a fine illustration of a growing protest in educational circles against the secularization of education.

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The Constabulary Bill It is difficult to discuss a piece of legislation before it is definitely formulated, but the Constabulary Bill proposed in New York State is properly made the subject of public discussion before it is in form presented to the New York Legislature. If the object of this bill is to create a State constabulary which will be under the control of the Governor of the State, one which can be used in any part of the

State to reinforce local police and quell public disorder, the measure might, and in our judgment probably would, be a wise one. More than a year ago the London "Spectator" suggested that America needed such a force in many of its States. It would take the place of the local posse called upon by the sheriff to aid him, often consisting of paid employees of a great corporation, never well drilled, always liable to partake of the passions of the locality and the hour, and too quick to use firearms when the policeman's club would be quite as efficacious. But if the object of the proposed Constabulary Bill is to take from the cities the control of their own police and the administration of their own criminal law, it would be, in our judgment, a triple blunder, injurious to the State, to the cities, and to the party which was responsible for it. It would be injurious to the State, because it would confer upon the State officials functions for which they are not adapted, and make them responsible for local administration in localities with whose conditions and needs they are not familiar. It would be injurious to the cities, because it would take from the citizens that sense of responsibility which is absolutely essential to good government in any community founded, as ours is, on local self-government. It would be injurious to the party which fathered it, because, whether justly or not, it would be regarded as an endeavor to create political patronage, and would be resented by that great body of citizens who always hold the balance of power in such a State as New York, and who easily transfer their suffrages from the party which has lost their confidence, even if the other party has done nothing to secure it.

Folly Defeats Itself

Under the law, the Superintendent of Schools in the city of New York is directed, in his annual report, to present "such plans and suggestions for the improvement of the schools in the school system and for the advancement of public instruction in the city of New York as he shall deem expedient." In meeting this requirement of the law, Superintendent Maxwell brought to the attention of the Board of Education various matters which, from his point

of view, were distinctly injurious to the efficiency and standing of the schools, and proposed methods of correction. It has been customary to publish the Superintendent's report; indeed, it is part of the public records; but, by a majority vote, the members of the Board of Education laid this report upon the table. In the absence of five members of the Board, eight voted for this practical suppression of the report, and six against it. The result has been what would have been foreseen by any body of men not utterly blind to the obvious bearings of things. No report in recent years promises to be so widely read and so generally discussed. The Board has seen a great light since its unwise action, and will probably publish the report; if it does not, the report will be published outside that Board, and will be put into the hands of every educator in the United States who cares to see it. The action of the Board, like that excluding the text-books of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., shows not only the absence of any sense of public duty, but also lack of elementary common sense. The Board is being laughed at from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Domestic Economy Domestic economy is becoming a recognized branch of scientific study in the curriculum of progressive institutions of learning. The degree of Bachelor of Science will be conferred by the Ohio State University in 1900 on the first class in this country to complete a four years' course in this branch. It includes English literature, rhetoric, history, political economy, modern languages, pedagogy, drawing, zoölogy, botany, physiology, bacteriology, chemistry, physics, physical training, hygiene, and floriculture. Under domestic science the care and preparation of foods, home nursing, and care of clothing are considered; under domestic art, art as applied to dress and home decoration, which includes the history of art, architecture, and textiles. The practical sides of domestic art and science are considered as laboratory work. The Lake Erie College for Women has a two years' course; the University of Nebraska, a similar group of studies, with a preparatory school for strict domestic science, study, and practice; the

Teachers' College of Columbia University, departments of domestic science and domestic art, with courses of lectures open to the public. The University of Chicago and several other educational institutions have also introduced domestic economy into their curricula. The schedule of work prescribed in these courses clearly proves that domestic economy does not mean learning how to cook. It means the application of science to the daily needs, requirements, and routine of the home, as well as the equipment of a graduate to earn the degree of Bachelor of Science by special work in the profession of teaching. In addition, there are several technical schools maintaining courses in domestic science and art, in which lectures are open to the public. That the need for specific training for home-makers is felt even by those who have had a college training is shown by the activity of alumnae associations in affiliating with others who are endeavoring to meet the new problem, especially those of domestic service.



Class Libraries. Among the many educational improvements introduced into the public schools of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx since the consolidation has been that of the class libraries. The purpose of introducing the class library was to put the supplementary reading of the pupils more immediately under the guidance and control of the class teacher, to provide the class teacher opportunity to study the taste of the child who selects books for reading out of school, and apart from school work; to bring the pupils and the class teacher into closer relation outside of the routine work of the class-room. The first class libraries were opened in September, 1897. The first books were a haphazard selection from the general library of the Board of Education, and were made up largely of sample copies sent by publishers. Naturally these books did not furnish the required supplementary reading for class work, but the use made of the books provided showed the interest of the pupils in reading. Since then the State library fund has been drawn upon to provide the class libraries. The books selected have been those that would meet the class requirements. The

lists for class libraries have been prepared by the Board of School Superintendents, and from these lists the class teacher makes her selections. In each class library there are a certain few books selected above the age of the children in the class. This is done with a view of stimulating interest. The teacher acts as librarian, or selects a pupil to perform the clerical work. The closest record is kept of the books and the readers. Much valuable educational data is being secured in this way. Last year 2,742 class libraries were established in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, containing 87,660 books, which had a circulation of 872,370 during a single term. The lack of room in many class-rooms prevents the introduction of the class library. Where the school is near a free circulating library, certain teachers have succeeded in doing this extra work through them with satisfactory results.



A National University

The report of the very capable committee of which President Harper, of Chicago University, is Chairman, appointed by the National Educational Association to consider the advisability of establishing a National University at the capital, has presented a unanimous report disapproving of the proposal. The conclusions of the report are so brief and so entirely to the point that we give them in full:

It has been, and is, one of the recognized functions of the Federal Government to encourage and aid, but not to control, the educational instrumentalities of the country. No one of the bills heretofore brought before Congress to provide for the incorporation of a National University in Washington commends itself to this committee as a practical measure. The Government is not called upon to maintain at the capital a university in the ordinary sense of that term. It is recommended by this committee that a sub-committee be requested to prepare for consideration by the full committee a detailed plan by which students who have taken a baccalaureate degree, or who have had an equivalent training, may take full and systematic advantage of the opportunities for advanced instruction and research which are now or may hereafter be afforded by the Government; such a plan to include the co-operation with the Smithsonian Institution of the universities willing to accept a share of the responsibility incident thereto. It is understood that the financial administration of this plan should be such that, whether or not Government aid be given, there shall be

no discouragement of private gifts or bequests. It is understood that the scope of this plan should be indicated by the governmental collections and establishments which are now available, or as they may hereafter be increased or developed by the Government for its own purposes. The Government, through the State Department, might wisely maintain in Washington a school for consuls, analogous to West Point and Annapolis, and make these schools lead to a life career in the Government service.



What is Needed

The reasons for the establishment of a National University at Washington were presented with vigor by Miss Suzanne Phelps Gage in *The Outlook* for November 26, 1898. Governor John W. Hoyt, the Chairman of the committee organized for the purpose of forwarding the interests of such a University, has recently declared that the creation of such an institution "would be the logical culmination of the American system of public education." There is, however, no system of education in this country such as obtains in Germany and especially in France, and no necessity, therefore, for laying the foundations of a new institution in order to supply a real need in the educational equipment of the country. On the other hand, there is sore need, not of new universities, but of larger endowments for universities already in existence. The higher education has become of necessity extremely expensive, and is likely to be more so. There are half a dozen universities in the country, all capable of meeting the most exact demands for special education, which need large increase of endowment and additional facilities of every kind. The first educational necessity is to build up what we have. In college-building, as in building of every kind, the tendency has been to consult opportunity rather than resources, and to build in advance of the power to sustain strongly and adequately. The suggestion of the committee to organize in some form the educational opportunities of Washington for post-graduate work deserves the most serious consideration. Such a plan would utilize the great resources of the Smithsonian Institution, which are largely unused for educational purposes. The proposal to maintain a school for consuls, analogous to that maintained at West Point for the army and at Annapolis for the navy, is

also in the line of legitimate and necessary educational growth.



New York as a University Town

The rapid growth of New York as an educational center is registered by the annual reports of the President of Columbia University and the Chancellor of New York University. Both these institutions have recently been removed to locations of extraordinary dignity and beauty; both are already handsomely housed, with large needs and larger expectations for the future. In the various schools connected with these institutions there are now about four thousand young men and women who have come from all parts of the country to secure academic, professional, technical, or artistic training in this city. In nine years, as President Low tells us, the membership of Columbia University has been increased by one hundred per cent.; and the New York University, Chancellor McCracken reminds us, instead of being three small schools very slightly connected, with an attendance of less than three hundred students, has become now seven thoroughly and organically connected schools, with an attendance of more than seventeen hundred students. Compared with the older University cities of the world, New York is not yet in numbers on a footing with the greatest of them. It is far behind Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other old-time centers of culture on the Continent and in England; but it has taken a great step forward, and is on the way to do the work which it ought to do in the educational field. Its two chief institutions and many of its professional schools are nobly housed; they symbolize to the eye by their very structure the elevation and greatness of their aims. But all these schools need a much more substantial basis of endowment. Columbia College is bearing a heavy debt, incurred in the large expenses attending its removal, and the New York University is hampered by the same burden. New York ought to pay all these debts; the metropolis owes it to its universities to give them the very largest opportunities to do their work with intelligence, comprehensiveness, and skill. A city is big by virtue of its size; it is great by virtue of the things it cares for and the interests

to which it devotes itself. New York is already big; there is every promise that it will become great.

Slavery in the Sulu Archipelago

In a recent editorial article in the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican" we find the following comment:

He who is in for a penny will soon find he is in for a pound—so ran an old proverb; and nothing can be less surprising than the appearance of The Outlook in defense of slavery and polygamy under the American flag. From apology for criminal aggression this follows as a matter of course, under that law of continuity by which the backslider goes bounding down from evil to evil in rapidly accelerated pace. . . . It is something that The Outlook admits slavery to be an evil. But, under the law we have mentioned, it must come to pass that soon The Outlook will be maintaining that slavery is a good thing in itself. That was the way of it in the South before the Civil War. Slavery was an evil which should be abolished clear up to 1830 or thereabouts. Then it began to appear from the Southern pulpits as a divine and beneficent institution. The Outlook is already well on the way to this contention. It speaks of the wisdom of the "Mosaic dispensation" in tolerating evil, and from this it is only a step to resolutions such as were adopted by godly men in St. Louis for use in driving Lovejoy and all other agitators of the kind out of the city in 1836:

Resolved, That the sacred writings furnish abundant evidence of the existence of slavery from the earliest periods. The patriarchs and prophets possessed slaves—our Saviour recognized the relation between master and slave, and deprecated it not; hence we know that he did not condemn that relation.

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we consider slavery as it now exists in the United States [*e. g.*, the Sulu islands] as sanctioned by the sacred Scriptures.

The Constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding.

Meantime, also resolved, that the Civil War was a failure, that its monuments should be razed, and that the 13th amendment was the work of the "unorthodox, irreverent, infidel agitators" of the slavery period, which ought to be stricken out that room may be made for writing God into the Constitution.

The Springfield "Republican" appears to us not so familiar as it should be with the history of the United States, or even with its own history. Prior to the Civil War there were two anti-slavery parties in the United States. One wished to deal with slavery in the States as apparently the Springfield "Republican" now wishes to deal with it in the Sulu Archipelago. This party demanded the "immediate and unconditional emancipation" of the slaves,

condemned all slaveholders as "on the same level of infamy and in the same fiendish category as kidnappers and men-stealers," and, because under the United States Constitution they could not accomplish by legal measures immediate and unconditional emancipation, denounced that Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Their motto was, "No union with slaveholders." At that time the Springfield "Republican" did not agree with this party. "The 'Republican,'" says George S Merriam in his life of Samuel Bowles, "like the great majority of Northern people, had no sympathy with the principles or methods of the Garrisonian Abolitionists."

The other party believed in gradual emancipation; would have been very willing to provide some compensation for the slaveholders; was content to put restraint upon slavery and a wall about it; believed that if this could be done slavery could and would be done away with in time, peacefully, under educational and economic laws; meanwhile, simply resisted its aggressions and extensions, its demand to enter new territories and to pursue its fleeing slaves into free States and recapture them by Federal marshals and at Federal expense. It proposed, in short, to treat slavery in the States as the Mosaic laws treated it in Palestine and as Great Britain treated it in her colonies. To this party belonged such preachers as Channing and Beecher, such editors as Samuel Bowles and Horace Greeley, such statesmen as Seward, Chase, and Lincoln. The principles and methods of the Garrisonian Abolitionists The Outlook does not believe in; it believes in the principles and methods of Seward, Chase, and Lincoln. The principle is that of moral evolution; the method is that of gradual and compensated emancipation.

Slavery and polygamy both exist among the Moros in the Sulu Archipelago, though Mr. Bass has shown in "Harper's Weekly" that the latter is rather a form of feudalism than strictly a form of slavery. Gradual emancipation is the remedy for this slavery; education is the remedy for this polygamy. The Americans are living in the nineteenth century after Christ; the Moros in the tenth century before Christ. We cannot transfer them from their age into ours by any instantaneous process. Moral

as well as scientific ideas must have time to grow. It is a principle of physics that any object can be transferred from one point to another point only by carrying it through all the intermediate points. It is a principle of morals that a people can be carried from one epoch in moral development to another epoch in moral development only by being carried through all the intermediate epochs. The process may be accelerated, but it cannot be dispensed with. The fact that the United States Constitution provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime . . . shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction," must be taken into account by Congress in determining what shall be the relation between the United States and the Sulu Archipelago. It may well require us to treat them as a dependent people, but not subject to our general jurisdiction. The problem is difficult of solution, but easy of statement. It is emphatically not, How shall we compel by force the Moros to accept instantly our industrial and domestic ideals? It is, How can we create among the Moros a public sentiment which will itself gradually ameliorate and eventually bring to an end these twin relics of barbarism?



What Should Congress Do?

It is evident that the campaign in Luzon is drawing to its close. The report of the Philippine Commission, the paper of President J. G. Schurman in *The Outlook* of November 4, and of Dean C. Worcester in "*Harper's Weekly*"—an abstract of which is given in another column—have also made it clear to the great body of unprejudiced Americans that no other issue could have been either desired or expected than the establishment of the supremacy of the United States in the Philippine Archipelago. There will still be some to whom the nominal independence of a community seems more important than the real liberty of the individual, and more who will fail to discriminate between the two; to such the overthrow of the Aguinaldo military régime will still

seem an act of political injustice. But they will be a diminishing number; and all those who see clearly, as we think most Americans do, that independence is only a means to an end, and that end the liberty, development, and welfare of the individuals who make up the community, will rejoice that the Philippines are to be for the present dependent on America for political guidance and some measure of political control, and will turn their thoughts from the question of the past, Shall the supremacy of America be maintained? to the question of the future, How shall it be so exercised as to secure justice, liberty, and the highest and most rapid development to the dependent community? On this question we wish to offer here some suggestions.

I. It would be, in our judgment, a mistake for Congress to pledge future independence to the Filipinos. When the war is over and the wounds are somewhat healed, when the factions to which it has given rise are dissolved, and some approximation to a national unity is secured in its heterogeneous populations, when business is established, property rights are guaranteed, and some measure of popular education is secured by means of a public-school system—then, if a majority of the intelligent and property-owning inhabitants of the islands desire independence, it certainly will be given to them. It is quite incredible that we should be willing to bear the expense involved in maintaining at such a distance an imperial sway over a reluctant people. Economic considerations would combine with moral considerations to prevent. When self-interest and altruism make the same demand, it is sure to be granted.

But it is quite time enough to cross that bridge when we come to it. The *Outlook* believed a year ago that it would be wise for Congress to make the same promise to the Filipinos which it had made to the Cubans. We still think that it would have been wise at that time. It would have eased the minds of many Americans who have been critical of, if not opposed to, the policy of establishing our supremacy in this distant archipelago; it might even have deprived Aguinaldo of the war-cry by which he has deceived others and perhaps even himself. But the time for such a promise has passed,

Now it would be without effect in the United States, and in the Archipelago might easily have the effect to strengthen rather than weaken the power of Aguinaldo and his adherents, by producing an impression of a vacillating policy if not of divided counsels in America, and a conviction that a little longer fighting on their part would give him the power he desires.

II. But Congress should explicitly declare to the Filipinos that they shall enjoy under the American flag those rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for which our Declaration of Independence truly declares that just governments are organized among men. Nor should it content itself with mere glittering generalities; it should promise to them that the Church and State shall be separated; that the people shall no longer bear the burden of religious institutions, Catholic or Protestant, any further than their own religious inclinations prompt; that the titles to land shall be judicially investigated and unlawful claimants disposed; that the Anglo-Saxon system of justice shall supplant the Spanish system of injustice, so that every man shall be made secure in his person and property, and every accused shall know what is the accusation, be confronted by his accuser, and have a speedy trial before an unprejudiced tribunal; that all taxes levied in the Philippines shall be expended in the Philippines in the maintenance of just government, the promotion of public improvements, and the establishment of a system of public education free from ecclesiastical control; and that all local government shall be reposed in the hands of the Filipinos as far as they are prepared to assume its responsibilities. We want no "wards of the Nation." We have had too much of that in our Indian administration. We want a free people enjoying the same rights which we ourselves enjoy, and protected in those rights as we are protected, without being received into the partnership of the States and allowed to help govern us.

III. But, for the present, Congress should satisfy itself with some such general declaration. It will make a mistake if it attempts to construct in a single session a system of government for this distant colony. The French in the eighteenth

century abolished all their old institutions and created a new constitution evolved out of their own *a priori* consideration of what justice and right demand. The English have modified their constitution from generation to generation; it has grown out of the events of history. In America, while we seemed to follow the French, we in fact followed the English, method. It is much the better method of the two. Sufficient for the day are the problems thereof. No man is wise enough to decide to-day what should be the future relations of this distant people to our own. They may become independent; they may become a colony; they may become a State in a future "federation of mankind." Who can tell? Do to-day whatever is necessary to secure to the Filipinos justice and liberty to-day, and leave to our children, who will be wiser than we are, the problems of to-morrow.

IV. Meanwhile, and as a first step to this process of developing a government of law and liberty in the Philippine Archipelago, the line should be drawn there, as it is in all civilized communities, between the civil and the military administration. The former should be recognized as superior and permanent, the latter as subordinate and temporary. Justice to General Otis demands that he should no longer be expected to exercise the double duties of civil administrator and military campaigner, either of which are quite enough for one man. How long an armed force may be maintained in the mountain districts it is impossible to foretell. Even when an organized army no longer exists, armed guerrillas and banditti will remain. It was many years before the Lowlanders in the borderland between England and Scotland were safe from the raids of the armed Highlanders. This history may repeat itself in Luzon. For some time to come the police powers in the Philippine Archipelago will have to be exercised, not by a local constabulary, but by a centrally directed military authority. But this military authority should not be the only nor the chief authority. A Civil Governor should be appointed, who at first may well be a military man armed with *quasi* autocratic powers, but who should certainly possess constitutional knowledge. To him should be intrusted the task of organizing civil governments in all the territory re-

deemed from misrule as fast as it is so redeemed.

The Filipinos rightfully look to Congress as the fountain-head of authority under our Constitution; they rightfully object to being left under a government which has no other basis than the military power of the President. Congress should, by appropriate resolution or legislation, ratify the pledges already made to the Filipinos by the President, possibly with additional specifications; it should provide courts of justice, or authorize the President to organize such courts; it should confer on him authority to appoint a Civil Governor with general authority to start the machinery of government, subject to such general principles as those indicated above; and it may then well await the further development of events, while it considers at its leisure what are to be the future relations of the Archipelago and its heterogeneous populations to the people of the United States in America.



An Outbreak of Hysteria

There is probably not more bad taste in this country than in any other country, but under American conditions everything comes to the surface; and the bad taste, to put it mildly, of some Americans and many newspapers was never thrown into more striking relief than on the announcement that Admiral Dewey had conveyed the house recently presented to him to his wife. Without waiting to verify the statement or to take serious thought upon it, a host of people deluged the Admiral with offensive letters which they had no business to write, and many newspapers printed criticisms which betrayed elementary knowledge of the customs of civilized society. Nothing could have been in more execrable taste. Even if the Admiral had presented the house to his wife, and had made a mistake in so doing, nothing could have been more shocking than any criticism of that action from the donors. To make a present to a man, and then dictate its uses to him, is to offend even a rudimentary sense of propriety. As a matter of fact, it now appears that the house was presented to Mrs. Dewey, and by her transferred to Admiral Dewey's son two days in advance of the preliminary

announcement of the transfer of the property, and that this was done for the sake of relinquishing formally any rights which Mrs. Dewey might possibly have in the house. Thus it appears that Admiral Dewey, with characteristic thoroughness, had made a final disposal of the whole matter in accordance with the wishes of the donors of the property. The sudden hurricane of criticism which blew upon him from some quarters would have been childish if it had not been so offensive. It gave needless pain to a man who is evidently as sensitive as he is brave and efficient. The simplicity with which he expressed to a reporter his grief and surprise will endear him to the American people, who, as a people, it is needless to say, had no share in the ridiculous attack upon him. To follow such an ovation, and, in many cases, such undignified forms of adulation, as awaited the Admiral on his return, with so sudden and irrational an outbreak of condemnation, is to give good ground for the comments in which the European press is now indulging on the ingratitude of democracies. The incident is, from every point of view, a mortifying one. The only consolation in connection with it is that the actors in it belong to the noisy few, and not to the silent and sensible many. With the American people Admiral Dewey stands precisely where he stood before the hysteria of last week had seized its victims.



Literature in the South

In the widening of literary activity which during the past two decades has been giving us something approaching a National literature, the South has borne a very notable part; indeed, it may be said that it has borne the chief part. At the close of the war American literature meant, to the vast majority of readers in this country and abroad, the New England writers, with Irving, Bryant, and Poe; and there are readers, and even writers of text-books on the subject, who are still at this point. But the country has gone far beyond it; the old reputations are safe, but we are living in a broader day, and the sections are lost in the Nation. Every part of the country has found some expression in literature, and the open minded student

of the spiritual progress of America hears a chorus of voices where he once heard only a few individual tones.

To this increasing volume of literary expression the South has made a contribution of the most original and significant kind. The genius of the old South went into the management of public affairs, and gave the country a group of statesmen who would have added dignity to the most illustrious periods of statesmanship. Such men as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall, to cite the earliest examples, do not suffer by comparison with the foremost public men of any country; and the traditions of ability, character, and devotion to the public service created by these eminent servants of the State were sustained to the very middle of the century. In no section of the country was there deeper interest in public affairs and more general and intelligent discussion of public questions than in the old South. It was the misfortune rather than the fault of the Southern people that slavery, being an anachronism in a cultivated modern society, diverted the vital forces of the section from their normal channel and interrupted natural development.

The South never lacked institutions, like the University of Virginia, which kept alive the best traditions of scholarship; it never lacked that fine old-fashioned culture which kept the delightful homes on the tide-waters of Virginia, on the South Carolina plantations, and in many other localities, in touch with the best of thought and art which the Old World could send to the New. Indeed, it may be questioned whether, within a much smaller circle, the love of letters for their own sake was not keener than in New England, where there was a much larger group of highly educated men, but where ethical and religious questions made literature as literature a matter of secondary importance.

Social, industrial, and political conditions in the old South did not, however, foster and stimulate literary expression. Plantation life produced a society which resembled in taste and interest the English county society of the last century; social intercourse became one of the finest arts of life; but the attrition of mind with mind in cities was largely lost. None of the elements of an active literary life was

present; writers were few; there were no publishers of means; and the circle of readers was too small to give an author of the first rank adequate support. The "Southern Literary Messenger," under Poe's editorship, seemed to promise definite encouragement to Southern writers and to offer a kind of leadership to Southern literary development; but Poe, although not lacking in editorial sagacity, was not fitted by temperament to do such a work.

Professor William M. Thornton, of the University of Virginia, not long ago reviewed the literary history of the South in an address full of affection for his section, but full also of sound literary judgment; an address which deserves careful reading at the hands of all Northern students of our literature. For, limited as was the literary expression of the old South, it has not, as a rule, had adequate attention; the great majority of our literary histories and text books have shown, in this respect, lamentable lack of perspective; a lack due, not to sectional prejudice, but to the prepossessions of a period when for most Northern readers New England literature and American literature were interchangeable terms.

Poe, Timrod, and Lanier must be seriously reckoned with in any adequate account of American literature, and Professor Thornton is quite within bounds in claiming for them poetic equality with Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow:

Surely it is not the blind partiality of a Southerner for men and things Southern that makes me discern in our own poets—in Poe and Timrod and Lanier—a truer poetic spirit, a deeper union with the divine potencies of beauty and goodness and love, than are to be found in their brother singers—even in Bryant and Whittier and Longfellow. When we reflect upon the shortness of their sorrowing lives, on the anxieties and sufferings which clouded their mortal days, on the noble courage with which they strove for opportunity to utter forth their heaven-inspired messages, on the rich possibilities of their fates had health and ease been given to them, our admiration for their genius is deepened, and all the fountains of our pity are unsealed.

The South of to-day has, however, no explanations to make; her quota of writers of original gift and genuine art is perhaps more important than that furnished by any other section of the country. Mr. Harr's is one of the first writers of the day by virtue of the freshness of his

materials and of his art; Mr. Page has given us those softly touched and deeply humanized pictures of an older society which, in their simplicity and sincerity, carry the assurance of long life with them; Mr. Allen has interpreted another phase of the same social life with an art of surpassing beauty; the memory of Richard Malcolm Johnston will long be kept green by his delightful humorous sketches of Middle Georgia; Mrs. Stuart knows how to set humor and pathos flowing, after the manner of nature, from the same springs; Miss King has shown the most sensitive and vital skill in her New Orleans studies; Mr. Cable's art long ago evidenced his right to a permanent place in American fiction; Miss Murfree has made the isolated plateau of the Tennessee country familiar ground to the whole country; and, latest of this variously gifted group, Miss Johnston has brought back with graphic skill the manner and spirit of the colonial times on the tide-waters of the James River.

These writers exhibit very distinctly certain qualities of the Southern temperament from which much may be expected in the literature of the future. That temperament is strong in the primal qualities of literature—passion, sentiment, emotion, and humor. It is not afraid of emotion, as the Northern temperament often is. It has a native bent towards certain high ideals, and has not been touched by the frost of the critical atmosphere. There is, perhaps, too little criticism in the South; but there is, on the other hand, that courage of emotion which all the great artists have had. The work of these writers shows the originaive impulses; it is not the product of ripe scholarship nor of a cosmopolitan culture; it comes from the heart rather than from the analytical faculties; it deals with the universal emotions, believes in them, exalts them, and idealizes them. It is made of flesh and blood; it is, therefore, simple, tender, humorous, and altogether human. And these qualities give assurance that it has long life before it.

It is a matter of minor importance from what section our literature comes, so long as we have it; our real books belong to the whole country, wherever they happen to be born; but the contribution of the South of to-day to American letters is so significant

and so characteristic that it ought to be studied more carefully as a whole.

Seeing God

In his glowing presentation of "Right Living as a Fine Art," Dr. Hillis says that "Greatness is vision." Too many people surrender vision entirely to greatness, and assume that it is the sole possession of those who are unusually gifted or fortunate. But vision lies within the reach of all who are willing to climb. The exceptionally vigorous may be able to get the great sweep of view from the summit of the Matterhorn; there are many who cannot climb so far; but the nearer hills are within reach. It is not a question of unusual privileges; it is simply a question of putting one's self in the way of seeing the right things. Everybody can see, but many look at the wrong things. Channing, with characteristic insight, advises people to "listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open hearts." The character of one's higher life depends upon what one chooses to see and those one chooses to hear. Vision applies to the many as much as to the few.

God never imposes duties without affording the possibility of vision; for duty without vision is drudgery, as work without inspiration is toil. It is the ability to see beyond the point at which one stands which makes the journey over the long, hard road stimulating instead of exhausting; and it is the ability to discern by vision the spiritual quality in every-day work, and the spiritual influences of the common relations, which lifts life out of the commonplace. There is a spiritual aristocracy, but it is not of God's making. Men elect whether or not they shall belong to the spiritually best by accepting or rejecting the gift of vision. Sainthood never came to one who could not see as well as bear and do. The saints are those who see God, not simply those who do his will; and to see God is as much the privilege of the untrained and ill-conditioned as of the few upon whom gifts of intellect, opportunity, and grace have been showered. Every one has eyes; the trouble is that many do not use them wisely. God is always within sight if one knows where to look.

IN THE FIELD OF FICTION

THE novels of the last six months show an extraordinary range of interests and a wide diversity of methods among writers of fiction. The recession from realism in its extreme forms becomes more marked as time goes on; so far as current American and English fiction is concerned, not a single novel of pronounced realistic method appears in the long list. On the contrary, one of the most marked tendencies of the hour is the return to the field of pure adventure which was made several years ago when "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "A Gentleman of France" were finding their earliest readers. Side by side with the story of incident are found the semi-historical story, the social study, and the problem novel. It does not follow, however, that the realistic movement has left no permanent trace of itself. The work of Zola contained, from the very beginning, elements which stamped it as provisional and foreshowed rigid limitations of its value and influence; but the conscience of the realist, manifested in his determination to get at the facts and set them forth without regard to moral or

artistic consequences, has borne fruit in a closer observation of social phenomena, a firmer structure of plot, and greater solidity and accuracy of style. The realist failed in many cases to discern the relative value of facts, but his devotion to the fact was his great contribution to the literary tendencies of the last quarter of a century.

Among recent social studies Mr. Warner's "That Fortune" deserves special attention. An essayist of delightful quality, with a gift of genuine humor, Mr. Warner has long been a keen student of men and manners. He is a traveler by instinct, and a born traveler is generally an intelligent observer. Bred in the best social conditions, sensitive to the finest things in life and art, and acquainted at first hand with the life of his time and his country, Mr. Warner was admirably equipped to trace the rise of a great fortune acquired by unscrupulous methods, its corrupting effect not only on the man who secures it but on those who spend it, and its final loss in one of those tremendous disasters which from time to time overtake speculative prosperity. This chapter of contemporary history Mr. Warner has written in three admirable stories, full of his discriminating observation, his large knowledge of life, his humor, and his charm of manner. Mr. Warner is a man of letters who stands by and for the best standards without a trace of didacticism. "That Fortune" is not a dramatic story; but it is high-minded, clean, sincere, fresh in feeling, and pervaded by an atmosphere of sound thinking and honorable living. Mr. Warner has long been one of the forces for higher civilization in this country.

In any list of living American writers of the first rank, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris must find a place. He is one of the very few Americans now writing books who is likely to be known in a somewhat remote future, because he is one of the few who is dealing at first hand with fresh material,

¹ *That Fortune*. By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann. By Joel Chandler Harris. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Henry Worthington, Idealist. By Margaret Sherwood. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. By Mark Ruth-erford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Little Novels of Italy. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mackinac and Lake Stories. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Young April. By Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Ship of Stars. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade. By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Janice Meredith: A Novel of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. Hough-
ton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

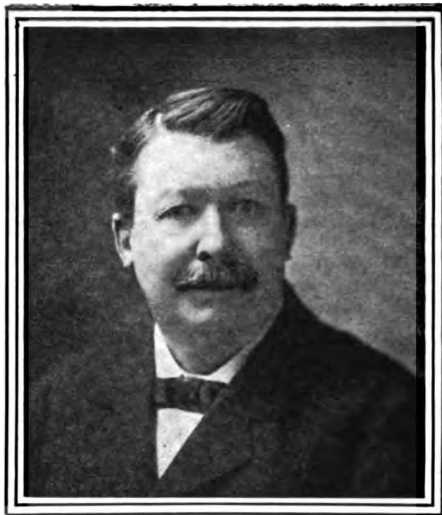
Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Confident To-Morrow. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers, New York.



ISRAEL ZANGWILL



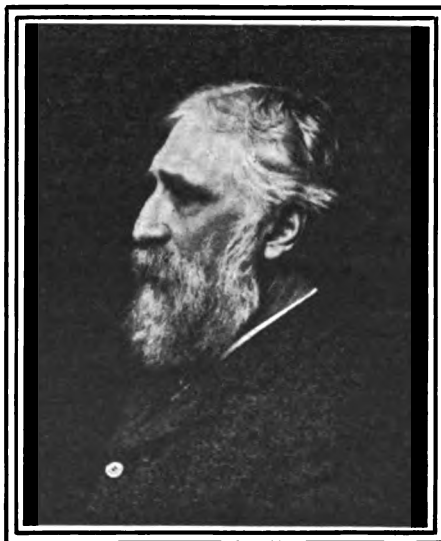
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

and dealing with it in a manner which is at once vital and artistic. The figure of "Uncle Remus" is not only sharply defined in the imagination of this generation, but will be present in the imagination of other generations; and the folk-lore which has gathered about him constitutes an important contribution to literary material and to the history of the human mind on this continent. The "Uncle Remus" stories, like the stories in the "Jungle Book," seem to have been produced by the soil or by the civilization, and not by a single writer. Mr. Harris could not have done what he has done so well if he had not had a genuine gift of humor. It is this quality of his mind which comes to the front in "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," a series of stories or character studies, eight in number, which are in their way quite irresistible. Aunt Minervy Ann belongs with the elect in the matter of racial distinctness, keenness of tongue, and the faculty of making herself interesting. In this volume Mr. Harris takes

his readers as close to the negro as he has taken his younger readers to the life of the Southern child of imagination, and to the characteristics of the fox, the coon, and the rabbit in his earlier tales.

The passionate interest which a multitude of people have in social problems finds expression in Miss Sherwood's "Henry Worthington, Idealist," a story of such uncommon quality of refinement, skill, and intensity that it can hardly fail to command wide attention. The name of the author has already appeared on two stories, looser in structure and lighter in

tone, but revealing an ardent nature bent on getting below the surface, and on a small volume of verse; but this story makes a decided advance on Miss Sherwood's earlier work. It is well put together; the contrasts of character are very skillfully managed; the intensity of the author and of the chief actors in her drama is relieved by many touches of humor and by a good deal of very keen character study. It is distinctly the work of a woman of great



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

refinement of mind and taste, combined with a determination to see the hardest facts and give them due weight. It was a master stroke to set against the background of an old university town, charmingly sketched, the full iniquity of the cheap department store with its sordid details of inadequate salaries, overworked and underfed girls, bad air, tyrannical and irrational fines. This contrast is made more striking by bringing out, on one side, the antagonism between the traditionally honest and pious owner of "Smith's" and his clear-eyed and high-spirited daughter, and, on the other, the pathetic drifting apart of the fine-grained old scholar to whom contact with the sordid side of things is repulsive, and his equally fine-grained son to whom knowledge brings tragic responsibilities, and who cannot keep his sociological conclusions within the safe atmosphere of the class-room. The questions of the right of a college to receive money which has been cruelly or corruptly secured, and of freedom of teaching, are presented in the most concrete fashion, and with unflinching directness. The story is so full of incident and observation that its large lines of construction are sometimes blurred; it might have been simpler and more objective, but it is a story to be reckoned with.

Mark Rutherford's "Revolution in Tanner's Lane" is also a social study, and a very powerful one. The conditions which it describes date back to the England of 1814, and the story was published in England several years ago; it deserves wider attention than it has had in this country, and although the time of its action is past, the drama which it presents is contemporary with every generation. The England of the Regency, with profligacy

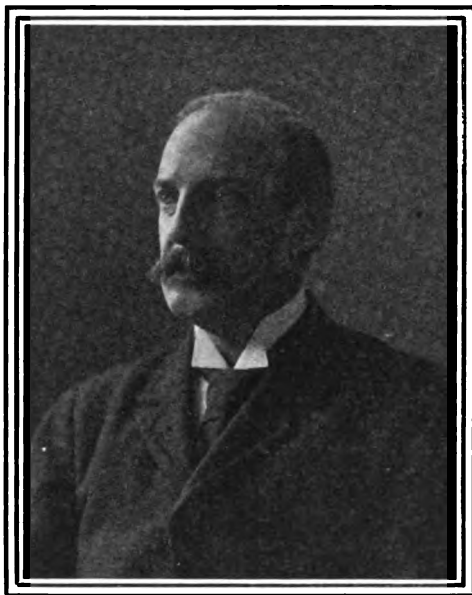
among the upper classes and suffering and discontent among the lower, is brought before the imagination in a manner of uncompromising directness. The style goes straight to the mark, as if the author cared for nothing but to set the facts before the reader. The book conveys a sense of deep indignation behind it, and this is so genuine and has such righteous sources in social and religious conditions that one is not inclined to dwell on the one-sided treatment of organized religion which pervades the story. In the most demoralized times the freethinkers are not all genuine and heroic and the religious people

are not all hypocrites and sneaks. Where there is so much honest indignation, however, much may be forgiven to partial observation or an exceptional personal experience.

The story is defective in its construction, the second half being almost distinct from the first half. But when all defects are enumerated, the novel remains one of unusual and somber power; a book which leaves a lasting impression on the memory.

In point of beauty of style and literary quality a first place

must be given to Mr. Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy," a collection of short stories of Renaissance life, manners, and morals in Italy. That Mr. Hewlett has made not only a careful but a very intelligent study of this fascinating and perplexing period, so full of psychological contradictions, was shown in his "Earthwork out of Tuscany," a study of Italian character and art of penetrating and illuminating intelligence. In that charming book certain elusive but formative influences are very subtly discerned and conveyed to the reader with skill of a very high and rare order. In this new venture the same power of reaching the imagination is shown—the quality which invested "The



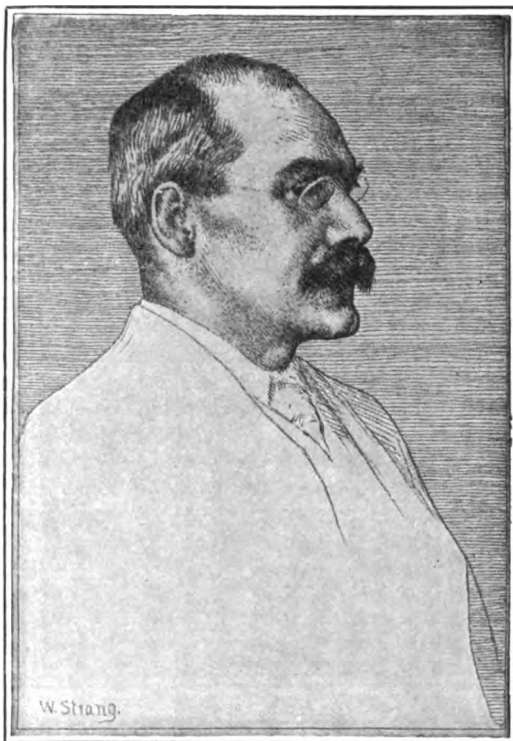
F MARION CRAWFORD

Forest Lovers" with so much charm. The age which is brought before the imagination in this volume was studied by Symonds and Pater with a kindred sympathy of the imagination; it has been studied by a host of scholars with reference to its historical facts. Its life was in its facts, but it can be found there only by the imagination. That life gave Webster and Cyril Tourneur material for the most appalling tragedies, as it gave Shakespeare material for some of his most brilliant comedies; it was a life in which morals were for the time entirely detached from intelligence and the mind absolutely divorced from the conscience. In these stories Mr. Hewlett makes us realize in the imagination this strange, abnormal type of character, this awful indifference to the laws of life combined with the highest skill in practical affairs, this devotion to religion hand in hand with cruelty and lust, this calm beauty behind which all manner of unnatural crime was hidden. Such material makes stories which belong entirely to older readers—those to whom the face of Mona Liza is a fascinating study rather than a temptation. The charm of the period, its beauty, gayety, vivacity, joy in life, have never been more skillfully interwoven in a work of deeper and truer art feeling.

Mrs. Catherwood has a natural affinity for the picturesque types of men and women who appear in the story of the exploration and settlement of the valley of the St. Lawrence and the wilderness to the lakes. In her latest volume, "Mackinac and Lake Stories," she is on familiar ground. The half-breed, the French

Canadian, the Indian trapper, the voyageur, half-civilized and half-savage, with their untamed passions, their primitive directness of speech and action, are clearly realized in the imagination of her readers. She has a warm style, full of color and entirely objective. Her stories are all romances, depending for their effects on simple, broad lines of characterization; with the habit of subjective analysis of many Americans she has nothing in common. Her men and women are manifestly of flesh and blood, with elemental passions, and standing in very direct relations with one another. She knows them thoroughly, and she describes them with sympathy and zest.

"The Pride of Jennico" was an admirable story of adventure, and "Young April" fully sustains Mr. Castle's growing reputation. It is an uncompromising romance, laid in the region to which one is always glad to resort for rest from the pressure of work and care. Like its predecessor and Stevenson's "Prince Otto," it deals with a small



The Century Co.

RUDYARD KIPLING

group of brilliant people whose lives are rich in incident and encircled with intrigue. The principal figure is an opera-singer of free manners and good heart; and about her are gathered three men of personal fascination and of royal good-fellowship. It is a chapter from a never-fading story of adventurous youth; full of color, emotion, and daring. The knowledge of evil is in it—too plainly in the foreground for younger readers; but the story is sound in its valuation of virtue and courage.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Ship of Stars" would be welcome if it were only for its del-

icate portrayal of boy life and child feeling. It is, besides this, a fresh and wholesome romance, with the salty sharpness of atmosphere keenly suggestive of the western coast of Cornwall. That the story ends indefinitely may be imputed as a fault or merit according to the reader's theory of fiction. There are several characters of vigorous reality—the patient, high-minded pastor, who labors with his own hands to rebuild the church destroyed by malignancy; the destroyer of the church, a mad old Squire, who in his drinking and cock-fighting maintains a resolution to be “saved” by force; the lovable and proud heroine; the fanatical and good-hearted “revivalist,” as he would be called to-day, and several of the minor people. Mr. Quiller-Couch writes with literary reserve and a keen sense of style. The story has distinction, and it inculcates without preachiness the beauty of high character and fine ideals.

The popularity of the historical romance is far from waning. Here are three books as unlike as three books well could be, having in common only the fact that they all belong under that special classification of fiction—Mr. Crawford's “Via Crucis,” Mr. Ford's “Janice Meredith,” and “Parson Kelly,” by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Mr. Crawford in his tale of the second Crusade enters a field quite new to him. As a romance “Via Crucis” is pure and strong; as an attempt to infuse life into the dry bones of historical relation it is fairly successful; as a tribute to knightly high-mindedness and religious chivalry there is

distinctly a spiritual element in the story. Queen Eleanor, Gilbert Warde, Bernard of Clairaux, and Anne of Auch are striking creations, while the situations invented or reproduced from history are strange and trying to the actors. The action lags at times and is unduly hurried at others, but, taking the novel as a whole, we find a note of freshness and of renewed enthusiasm which has not always been dominant in Mr. Crawford's recent fiction. Mr. Ford's “Janice Meredith” is, in style and method as well as in subject, far

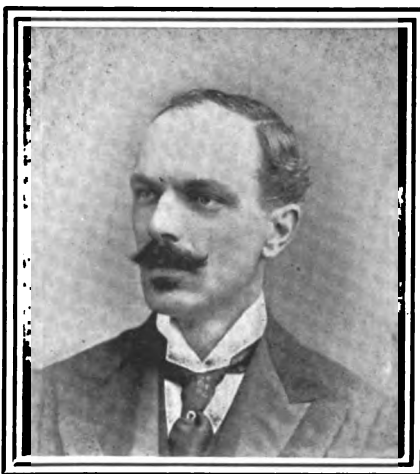
removed from the book just described. It is direct, positive, without great literary charm, but eminently successful as presenting with realistic accuracy the most dramatic episodes of the American Revolution. The heroine is, in the first pages, charming in her girlish sauciness and high spirits, but as the action advances the reader comes to feel that the love adventures of Janice are being extended and complicated merely to hold together the historical narration, and before the tale is

finished the interest in the fictitious characters wanes lamentably. On the other hand, the book is capital as a fair-minded picture of events and conditions—accurate in detail, amusing in its old-time flavor, faithful to the main spirit of the Revolution, dignified and strong in its sketch of Washington, not afraid to show the coarser side of life a hundred years ago, the mixed motives under which many men acted, and

the truth that there were scoundrels and heroes, vulgarians and gentlemen, on both sides. The book has deservedly obtained



MARGARET SHERWOOD



MAURICE HEWLETT



Photo by Hollinger.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

a wide reading, but its merit is rather that of a series of forcibly drawn and rapidly shifted scenes than of a well-constructed plot or of original character-creation. "Parson Kelly," on the other hand, is an admirably constructed story. The reader's interest is captured at the start, and his curiosity is held in suspense to the end. It is easy to guess that Mr. Lang has furnished the flavor of Stuart romance and the historical details of the political plotting, while to Mr. Mason is undoubtedly due the main work of story-telling and incident-weaving—a work in which his first book, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," showed him an adept. Lovers of Dumas and Weyman will find this a story eminently to their taste. It has spirit, dash, and excitement, and withal some serious study of motive and character.

Not far removed from the book just described in stirring qualities is Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," a romance of early Virginia. It tells of a London court beauty who fled disguised as a servant to Virginia to avoid a hateful marriage, of her nominal marriage to a true-hearted Virginian, of her pursuit by the hated courtier, and of many heartrending dangers that thereafter befell her on land and sea, ending happily, as such a story should. The whole smacks of romance rather than of reality, and the gentle author's pirates in particular are far from being as convincing as Stevenson's Long John Silver and Admiral Guinea. The tale is, however, impossible to lay down unfinished, and in the main confirms the favorable impression made by the author's "Prisoners of Hope." As a story pure and simple it is eminently engaging.

One of Mr. Kipling's greatest delights is to set the critics bickering. In "Stalky & Co." he has succeeded admirably in doing this, and is doubtless now chuckling over the fun, even as his Stalky might have chuckled over the discomfiture and puzzlement of his masters used to boys as classes rather than individuals. One English journal tells us that it has tried "Stalky" on a real boy, and he found it "spiffing." Another says that the boys he gave the book to found neither sense nor fun in it. The "Academy," comparing it with "Eric"—which to Mr. Kipling represents the incarnation of boy Philistinism—says: "The impression of boy life conveyed by 'Eric' is not more false than that given by 'Stalky & Co.,' but the two pictures are the poles asunder. Dean Farrar's

weakness for sentiment is quite equaled by Mr. Kipling's infatuation for might. One is as wrong as the other. The real boy comes somewhere between the two; you will find more of him in 'Tom Brown' and 'Tom Sawyer' than anywhere else." There is good sense in this remark, and in that of the same critic that the book needs humanizing relief, that it has throughout the same "unerring metallic smartness." But, after all, the fascination of the Kipling grim fun, the brilliant picture-making, the fast-beating life and action, the never-ceasing originality and pleasing perversity—all are here. There are also here a few things that will offend some tastes; and probably a majority of readers would agree that the first two and last two chapters are far superior to some of the intervening episodes, one or two of which, indeed, might have been omitted to the improvement of the book.

Mr. Brander Matthews knows his New York thoroughly and believes in it for artistic purposes. He makes no concessions whatever to what some novelists and many critics have called the lack of atmosphere in this country, nor does he concede anything to that absence of the picturesque which has been so often deplored by those who do not know how to recognize the picturesque. One likes Mr. Matthews because he finds interest in the things about him and discovers the beauty of his own surroundings. Thus "A Confident To-Morrow" is not only a story of New York life, but it is a story of New York; the city itself is a kind of protagonist, appearing and reappearing with a picturesque impressiveness and an artistic effectiveness which betray an intimate knowledge and a literary skill of a high order. Indeed, the workmanship of this story is in advance of anything which Mr. Matthews has yet done, and it is wholly admirable. There are no digressions, no surplusage of description, no uncertainty of style. Mr. Matthews knows precisely

what he wants to do, and does it. The story of the ambitious young editor bent on becoming a novelist is told with skill and freshness. If his career is a little more rapid in its unfolding and a little more successful at the start than most literary careers, the reader will overlook the improbability and rejoice in the worthy success of an able man rather than brood over its improbability. Mr. Matthews is less successful in dealing with his women than with his men. The successful novelist, the young aspirant, the artist, and the old engraver are capitally done; the women are a little tenuous and uncertain in outline.

Thomas Nelson Page has done a bold thing and done it successfully. He has brought back the old-fashioned Christmas story—the story which our fathers loved, and which we still love when we open the pages of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Mr. Page has taken the well-worn theme, which one can hardly avoid if he wants to tell a Christmas story at all, of the successful man whose life has been eaten into by care, work, and avarice; who arrives at Christmas Eve almost



MARY JOHNSTON

without a friend, although with an unlimited bank account, takes a little girl into partnership with him, turns Santa Claus, and recovers the lost world of his youth, his hope, and his heart. This seems almost commonplace in the outline, but there is nothing commonplace in the telling of the story; it is full of charm—the charm of perfect simplicity—of genuine sentiment, and of that refinement of feeling which is one of Mr. Page's truest gifts. It is a story which no one will read without an impulse to get his check-book out, look up his forgotten friends, renew his acquaintance with children, and make himself in all ways a better man. It is a lovely story, beautiful in conception and beautiful in execution; and the publishers have made a charming, old-fashioned book of it.

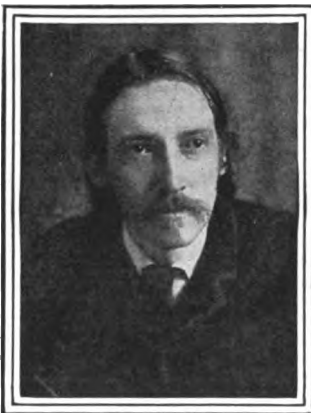
BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

By ALFRED HODDER

TO the majority of men who have handled Liddell's Greek Dictionary it will perhaps come as a surprise that the author was ever a boy. To a number of his readers there would seem an element of providential compensation in that Dean Liddell¹ was not only born a little boy, but was sent to school in the very Yorkshire district which Dickens has satirized. "I do not think that any sorrow of youth or manhood equals in intensity and duration the blank and hopeless misery which followed the wretched transference from a happy home to a school such as that which received us in the summer of 1819." It was a rough place, his biographer says, with little intelligent teaching, the frequent use of the cane, and the inevitable bullying. The smaller boys were made to sit at the long desks with their hands over their eyes, and certain big fellows having needles fixed in little balls of sealing-wax blew these missiles through pea-shooters so as to pin the small boys' ears to their heads. Later Liddell speaks of the application of the boot as an instrument to cure snoring. At the age of twelve he was transferred to the celebrated Charterhouse School, where the main brutalities he had to suffer were those of cold and of abusive epithets. There was a fire at the end of the long study, to which the smaller boys had a right of access which they found it not expedient to exercise; and the remarks of the tutors upon the pupils in recitation time were precisely such as Thackeray has recorded in "Pendennis." Liddell served as a *Præpositus*. "One of the masters, Andrew Irvine, a Scotsman," he testified, "used to go about the school roaring at the luckless *Præ-*

positi. I remember him shouting to me, 'Liddell, ye're as saft as butter.'" Even when Liddell had attained the dignity of the upper forms, he was told in full class that he was as lazy as he was long, and would bring down his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The truth is that he was fonder of drawing pictures than of his Greek grammar. He seems, however, to have been from the first dedicated to scholarship, and there is a singularly apt anecdote of his early boyhood. On his

sixth birthday he was promised for his diligence at his books "an exceedingly great honor and reward." The exceedingly great honor and reward was an introduction by his father into the mysteries of the Eton Latin Grammar. "I continued to make pretty good progress," he says, "under his kind teaching; but as I went on from day to day I did not regard the honor so great as I did on the first day."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The element of continuity in Liddell's life is the making of the Dictionary, the value of which Max Müller says, with unintentional humor, consists in its consummate sobriety. Liddell rose rapidly in his profession as a scholar, married, became Head Master of Westminster, Dean of Christ Church, and proved himself an active and able administrator; but for fifty-four years his principal occupation was the Dictionary. He was a man, Ruskin exclaimed, "sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek *ἀνάγκη*;" the Dictionary seems to have been altogether as hard to write as it is to read. "He resolutely gave up to the work all his long vacations, with the exception of that which followed his sister's death," his biographer says, speaking of the period which preceded the first edition; "and postponed his first visit to

¹ *Memoir of H. G. Liddell*. By the Rev. H. L. Thompson. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Switzerland till after the publication of the book in 1843." In spite of the devoted help of George Marshall, generously acknowledged in the Preface, the labor was severe. In July, 1842, he writes to Scott: "You will be glad to hear that I have all but finished π , that two-legged monster who must in ancient times have worn his legs astraddle, else he could never have strode over so enormous a space as he has occupied and will occupy in lexicons." He then draws a picture of the creature in human form, and adds: "Behold the monster as he has been marking my waking and sleeping visions for the last many months."

One of Dean Liddell's schoolfellows at the Charterhouse was Thackeray, a biography of whom has just been issued in two volumes by Mr. Louis Melville. "It was my lot," Liddell writes, speaking of a time before he rose to a place in the upper forms, "to sit next William Makepeace Thackeray; *he* never attempted to learn the lesson, never exerted himself to grapple with the Horace. We spent our time mostly in drawing, with such skill as we could command. His handiwork was very superior to mine, and his taste for comic scenes at that time exhibited itself in burlesque representations of incidents in Shakespeare. I remember one—Macbeth as a butcher, brandishing two bloody reeking knives, and Lady Macbeth as the butcher's wife clapping him on the shoulder to encourage him."

Mr. Melville writes in his Preface that no biography of Thackeray has been put forth with any pretensions to finality;¹ Mr. Melville's book would have more pretensions to finality if the author did not seem to have had a constitutional objection to writing well. It is as if he thought it would be unfair to his subject. He mentions on one page the slowness of Thackeray in getting a hold upon his public; the reason, he says, is "startling;" this same reason he characterizes very justly, one page later, as "this very simple explanation." He finds Thackeray's character at one minute of a bewildering complexity; he suggests a minute later, as a sufficient explanation of its complexity, that Thackeray was a simple-minded, honorable gentle-



MRS. OLIPHANT

man. Thackeray, like most of us who love him, was a Philistine; but he was a Philistine with intelligence and with a sense of humor in the place of the ordinary Philistine's moral indignation. In spite of his early penchant for parody, he was not at heart a satirist, least of all a cynic; he was only shy; he was possessed in a strong degree of most of the sensibilities that he ridiculed. Thackeray took refuge in ridicule, as Byron did, as a defense; he wished to be sure of the first laugh on himself. He says half the time what he means and does not mean, and means half the time what he says and does not say; it may be suspected that in this fact, and not in the fact that he was a simple-minded, honorable gentleman, lay the complexity which Mr. Melville finds bewildering.

The main value of Mr. Melville's book lies in his having brought together the scattered notices of the portion of Thackeray's life in which he was receiving his education as a novelist. He was not destined to be a lexicographer, and neither at school nor at college fitted himself to become one; he read tales and histories, and paid a clandestine visit to Paris. He acquired at the University the habits and sensibilities of the respectable British public, one of whose most authoritative

¹ *Life of Thackeray*. By Lewis Melville. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

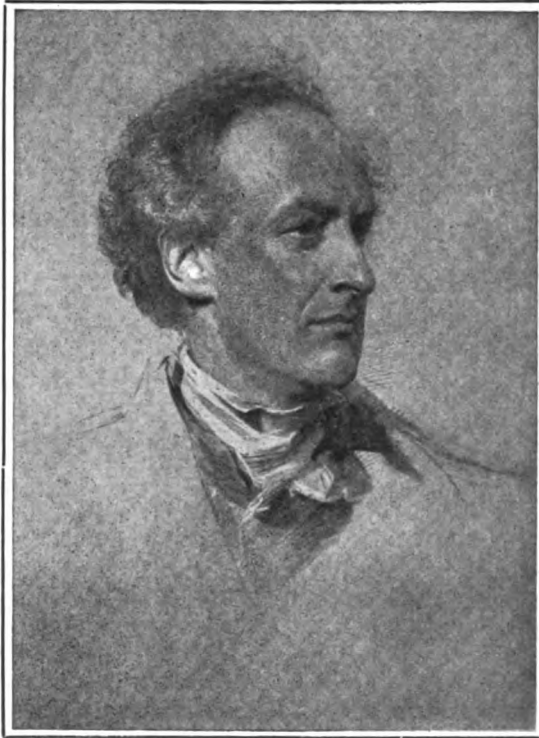
interpreters and prophets he was to become. He traveled on the Continent and in Bohemia, and passed on the inhabitants of both the judgment of an English university man, tempered by an immense personal kindness. He made an imprudent marriage and bad investments in business; he knew the menace of debt, and in Mrs. Thackeray's illness the grief of a broken home; he became a clubman and a universal diner-out and spectator; he learned his public, and lived its life and thought its thoughts. The Philistine has lived long in the world and learned its wisdom, and on the great questions Thackeray was of opinion that the Philistine is right; only he knew that the Philistine is sometimes comic and sometimes sordid.

What Mr. Melville's book throws almost no light upon is the intimate history of Thackeray's gift for words. There are moments when the reader of "Stevenson's Letters,"¹ now issued with many additions in book form, is tempted petulantly to exclaim that Mr.

Colvin has focused the light more strongly on Stevenson's gift for words than on anything else. Stevenson repeatedly writes of the slowness with which a man finds and learns to use his tools. "I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author of 'Brashiana' and other works," he writes at the age of thirty-three, "am merely trying to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession;" and again, with the boyish exuber-

ance of which these delightful letters are full: "I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I awake in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art; it is me; I am but the body of it." But one hastens to beg Mr. Colvin's pardon when the moment of petulance is passed; the letters answer so nearly all the questions which

a lover of Stevenson has the right to ask that one wonders what of consequence is left for the promised biography. Notably the letters answer the question whether Stevenson's gallant, almost jaunty optimism and gladness to be alive were a literary pose. Pessimism, he writes to Mr. Archer, is just a bit of sentimental generosity on the part of people who have never been hurt. "I used myself to rage when I saw sick folk going by in their bath-chairs; since I have been



DEAN LIDDELL

sick myself, I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness." He sees, he declares, a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is at least not wantonly inflicted, and where "any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him." Even when he writes of his ills, it is in the accent of raillery, almost of hilarity: "I don't die, damme, and I can't get along on both feet to save my soul; I am a chronic sickist; and my work cripples along between bed and

¹ *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Edited by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

parlor, between the medicine-bottle and the cupping-glass. Well, I like my life all the same; and should like it none the worse if I could have another talk with you." If Thackeray was a prophet of the England checked and sobered by the excesses of the French Revolution and the First Empire, Stevenson is a prophet of the renewed spirit and youth of a later time. It is seldom that the fame of a writer so self-consciously and so successfully artful is heightened by the publication of his letters; the impression in regard to Stevenson grows on one, as one reads, that if he had only stopped playing with his skill he would have written books even fuller of raciness and of vitality than any he published.

Another group of "lives" which it is a pleasure to see brought out contemporaneously is formed by the autobiography of Prince Kropotkin, with an introduction by R. E. Ely (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "The Many-Sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford (The Century Co.); and the two books on Lincoln, that by Miss Tarbell (The Doubleday & McClure Co.) and that by Norman Hapgood (The Macmillan Co.). The consideration of a typical Russian side by side with two typical Americans has all the charm of a somewhat bewildering contrast. To the Western mind there is something elemental and almost portentous in the Russian's definition of the empire of fact. Prince Kropotkin belongs to the same type as Sonia Kovaleffsky and Marie Bashkirtseff: he possesses gifts qualifying him to do almost anything except see the world as it is. Born a nobleman of great estate and expectation, he is ambitious to serve humanity in any station except that to which Providence has called him. Destined by his family for a military life, he becomes an explorer, a geographer, a member of learned societies, a revolutionist, an exile. He is a master of twenty languages, a mathematician, an artist, a musician; he is the author of a classical text-book on "Researches in the Glacial Period," of articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Statesman's Year-Book;" and has governed his life by the belief that such is the perfection of human nature that, if only an individual were freed from all legal and social restraint, peace and good will would prevail among men. The

cardinal doctrine of his political philosophy is, "Do as you like." Charming and admirable as a character of so many gifts and such infinite kindness as that of Prince Kropotkin must be, it is with a sense of something very like planting his feet on earth again that the citizen of the great republic reads Franklin's recommendation of a warm bath, which he affirms, "by cleansing and purifying the skin, is found to be very salutary. I speak," he adds, "from my own experience." Mr. Ford's book possesses, in a sense in which Mr. Melville's "Thackeray" does not, pretensions to finality. It has at the least the authority and permanent interest of a digest of original documents. One finds in every page the great, sane, matter-of-fact Franklin, with his love of fresh air, of order, of intelligence, of diligence, turning, as a typical American should, a humorous face to the world. Mr. Ford claims for Franklin a place as the first of American humorists; Franklin is certainly the first of the public men in this country of Lincoln's type who regarded humor as never out of place in the conduct of public or of private business. His serious scholarship apart, Franklin was an anticipation of the temper and spirit of the Middle and Western States in the middle of the present century; he was, in a very significant sense, Lincoln's predecessor among American statesmen.

The great "Man of the People" is fortunate in his latest biographers; Mr. Hapgood in particular knows his Lincoln "as if he had made him," one is almost tempted to say; and Lincoln's countrymen are fortunate in having his example kept before them at a time when, more than at any period since his death, they need instruction. "He sprang from the great base of the national life," Mr. Hapgood writes, "with few traditions, no knowledge of other lands and times, confronting a wilderness and its pioneers, longing for light but having to fight for every ray. Thrown intellectually naked into the world, his education had to be won directly from the nature of the men and women who passed before him, so that, when he came to his great trial, he had to pilot a people whose peculiarities he intimately knew." Lincoln trusted the people because he was of the people; in great matters of national statesmanship he found



JAMES F. RHODES

them, and himself with them, less concerned with the details of political intrigue, or with a strict construction of the existing law, than with their sense of what is wise and right. In especial he trusted the people of the Middle and Western States; it was they who had put him into power;



HENRY CABOT LODGE

it was they who had given him Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and who mainly enabled him to eliminate "politics" from his appointments in the army. What that meant to him and to the Nation may be read in every chapter of Mr. Rhodes's volume just issued:¹ the narrative is one sustained demonstration of the inability of a government to get the use of its strength, even in a life-and-death emergency, so long as it is forced to fill administrative positions with people who are fitted for precisely something else. Lincoln's figure takes its high place in our minds and hearts, Mr. Hapgood says, "not solely through the natural right of strength and success, but also because his strength is ours, and the success won by him rested on the fundamental purity and health of the popular will of which he was the leader and the servant. All the world can see his worth, but perhaps only we who know the taste of the climate, the smell of the prairie, the tone of fresh and democratic life, can quite appreciate his flavor."

"Drake and His Yeoman," by James Barnes (The Macmillan Company), is not a history, but a spirited tale of adventure in the time of the Spanish empire's prosperity and pride; "The War with Spain," by Henry Cabot Lodge (Harper & Brothers), is not a history, but the personal impression of a contemporary in the time of the Spanish empire's latest humiliation. After an episode culminating in a judicial session of the inquisitors in Spain, the fortunes of Mr. Barnes's hero follow those of Drake in his voyage in the West Indies which won him his knighthood, and in his voyage to burn the shipping in the harbor at Cadiz. The narrative breathes the respect for Spain and for much of the Spanish policy that Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth really felt; though Mr. Barnes's hero is not insensible that there must come a day of reckoning for a policy like that. Senator Lodge frankly sees in the Cuban war the day of reckoning—the last of many days. The campaigns at Manila and at Santiago are the closing scenes in the drama of Spanish empire, and the judgment of mankind on the ideas for which the Spanish empire stood. In spite of his place of observation in Washington,

¹ *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, Vol. IV., 1862-1864. By James F. Rhodes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

at the center of political intrigue, Senator Lodge knows perfectly that the war with Spain was the people's war, not the politicians' war. The modern world has set its face against cruelty and oppression; the conflict between the two nations was simply another exhibition in this country of the sentiment which has established the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; without a practically universal condemnation among the people of the States of four centuries of Spanish history, the politician would have been helpless. Spain had no eyes for the world as it is, Senator Lodge writes; she was "no longer able to recognize facts;" she was "living among lies and illusions;" she was "quite lost to that veracity of mind so essential to the successful existence of men and nations." The "gigantic murder of sleeping men in the fancied security of a friendly harbor was the direct outcome and the perfect expression of Spanish rule;" it was "the appropriate action of a corrupt system struggling in its last agony."

Mrs. Oliphant's "Autobiography"¹ is so pathetic in its plain narration of personal sorrows that the reader feels almost like an intruder into a stranger's intimate life. Nothing in the book is more pathetic, indeed, than Mrs. Oliphant's direct statement that she writes, not to ask for sympathy, but to add to the slender store she must gather for those still remaining to her love and care. One cannot but wish that she had reserved from the public eye

one or two of the family troubles which burdened though they could not overwhelm her. Yet perhaps the whole story had to be told to give the world the right knowledge of a life heroic in its steadfast fight against circumstance. The simple truth is that, from almost the time when Mrs. Oliphant began to write, she had to support, assist, and provide for those who should have done the like office for her. If this had been all, the cheerful industry of an indefatigable worker would have made the task a pleasure. But sickness and death also seemed always close at

hand—blow after blow fell upon her—husband and children were taken one after the other: and still, with the regularity of a literary machine, Mrs. Oliphant turned out novels, reviews, criticisms, biographies, books of art, magazine articles—anything and everything, almost, that kindly publishers and well-disposed readers would accept. And her average of literary performance was astonishingly high, when her rapidity of production is considered. Once and again she plaintively laments that she never had time to do her best, or that she really would have liked to write as good a novel as was in her

to make; but, after all, there is nothing to be ashamed of in her books. They are simple, human, and gentle. The Outlook has before this spoken of the "Autobiography" and the accompanying letters, but they must not be omitted from any consideration of recent interesting biography. They present modestly and simply the history of a brave-hearted woman fighting against adversity and misfortune.



Fraser & Co.

¹ Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

BOOKS AND ART

By JAMES MACARTHUR

ONE of the most delightful essays that Stevenson ever wrote was "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored." It is in his happiest reminiscent vein, for Stevenson was never so entertaining as when he harked back in fond fancy to the memories of his boyhood days. But in this particular paper there are some of us who feel as if we had collaborated with the essayist; indeed, it seems that we could have written it ourselves if he had not written it for us. Of course we know that this is absurd; there is only one magician who could so weave the glowing recollections of a bright and happy childhood into the drab tapestry of later life. Mr. Barrie, it is true, has done something like it in certain passages of "Sentimental Tommy;" but Stevenson is still the master. It is the familiar scenes of boyhood, such as we have known and still revisit in dreams, that Stevenson has touched with his wondrous magic and reanimated in this reminiscence. There is no talisman like it for transporting the man back to the El Dorado of his earliest youth, with its departed glory and revelry in imagined joys. Imagined, we say; but were there ever joys so real?

"A penny plain and twopence colored!" He who has not as a boy stood long and often like Stevenson, with empty pockets, before a certain shop window, and lusted after the wonderful tales, with their more wonderful pictures, displayed in riotous recklessness just under his nose, has missed one of the giddy joys of childhood. And that night when the lad Stevenson stole in surreptitiously with the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"—anticipated delights hidden in its gorgeous pictures—and grew blind with terror when his clergyman grandfather broke in on the story of the Hunchback; is there one of us who needs to be pitied in that he can find no parallel to the thrill of a similar situation in the days of his young dreams? But the acme of happiness! Was it not

reached when our rudimentary artistry broke loose on the plain prints with crimson lake and gamboge, and our handiwork vied with the "twopence colored"? Whether it were painting the plain scenes of Skelton's "Juvenile Drama" (now become, indeed, like Raphaels, unattainable) or "Aladdin" or "Robin Hood" or "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," our poor penny world was soon colored with romance. Was it not out of this cut-and-dry, dull, swaggering, obtrusive, and infantile art—to use Stevenson's language—that we seem to have learned the very spirit of life's enjoyment; met there the shadows of the characters we were to read about and love in a late future; acquired a gallery of scenes and characters with which, in the silent theater of the brain, we might enact all novels and romances; and took from those rude cuts and our crude manner of coloring them an enduring and transforming pleasure?

There you have the first awakened sense of art in the raw individual, just as you have it in its crudest beginnings in the race when the savage traced his faint imaginings of things felt and perceived in pictorial writing. The instinct for art once aroused, the rest depends on development and cultivation. From instinct to education is a long step, from education to culture a longer one, and from culture to art a far stride indeed. Little wonder that some find a shorter cut, and few pursue the journey long unweariedly and undaunted to achievement. For just as a precocity for drawing and painting oftentimes dies out with youth, and even those early experiments refuse to be repeated in mature years for lack of training and intelligent exercise of the once latent artistic gift, so the first delights of appreciative regard for the picturesque and beautiful fade from sensibility because of neglect and the want of proper education. Some persons never get above the level of the "Penny Illustrated Paper." In



AN OLD SCHOLAR

From Michel's "Rubens." Charles Scribner's Sons.

art as in nature, to these persons a primrose is a yellow primrose and nothing more. The special care of the artistic faculty, in training it to appreciate and appraise the values of true art even in illustrations, has been unduly neglected in our public schools. Hence an announcement that the "Riverside Classics," which have done so much to engender a love of literature in the young, is to include an Art series brings keen satisfaction. The first volume is a study of Raphael, by Estelle M. Hurl, and contains fifteen pictures and a portrait of the painter. Mr. Horace

Scudder, who so admirably planned and promulgated these "Riverside Readers," under the auspices of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., deserves the undying gratitude of countless parents and of their children who will benefit by them in the years to come. The Copley Prints have been accomplishing a good work for some time in introducing into the homes of the multitude fine reproductions of standard works of art, and in a less artistic but also less expensive manner the Perry Pictures—small half-tones of well-known subjects at a penny apiece—have been



WILD FLOWERS

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher.
 "Oh, sir! the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature.

FROM "PETER NEWELL'S PICTURES AND RHYMES"

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fulfilling the same function admirably and widely. Another commendable project of this popularizing kind is that which has just been undertaken for Messrs. Harper & Brothers. A large number of old masters and classic pictures that were once used in the pages of the Harper periodicals have been resurrected from the store-room in the vaults of this publishing house, and are being reprinted and mounted at a moderate price. All three of these recent methods of popularizing reproductions of famous and artistic pictures are to be greeted as forming part of an interesting and valuable art-development. I thought of the utility of these reproductions only the other day when I was met by a request for any pictures or fine illustrations at my disposal for distribution in the poorer schools on the East Side of the city. There are various ways and means practicable for the encouragement of a better appreciation of art and for elevating the standard of

criterion in judging art in illustration among our children, and thus increasing their chances of life's enjoyment; and these modest and popular methods are founded on sound ideas and are not to be despised.

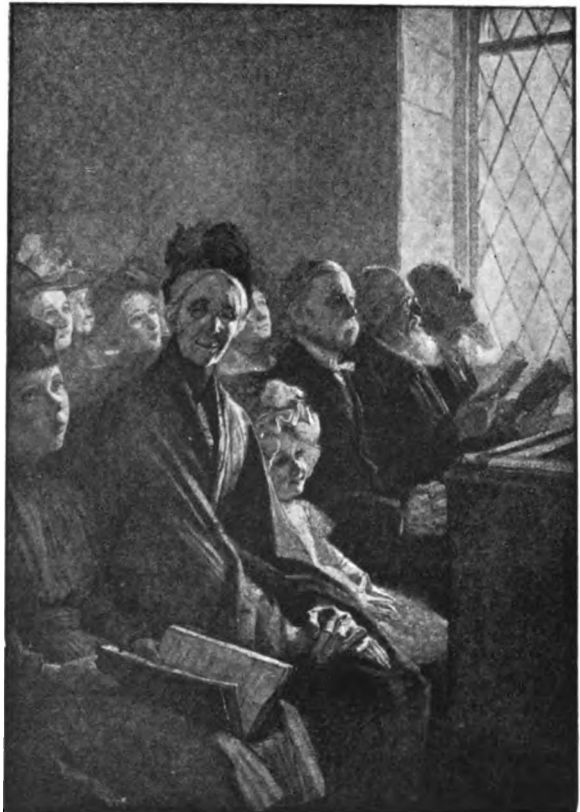
Mr. Henry B. Fuller, in an article which appeared in the November "Bookman," called "Art in America," questions the existence of art, and deprecates the loud talk about art, in this country. He emphasizes Mr. Stillman's implication that modern life has become so differentiated from the early stages of human existence that the influence of beauty and the dependent influences of art have become no longer essential to the progress of the human intellect. Do we want art? he asks. And he answers, No, we do not. Art has little more hold upon the modern mind than has alchemy or astrology. It is passing, as they have passed. It is a very melancholy view that Mr. Fuller takes of art and its unfavorable conditions

in America. Has this, we wonder, something to do with the paucity of art books and illustrated editions of the classics and of standard works which is remarked this season? With all the increase of publications that a prosperous year has brought, in this field there seems to be a dearth compared with the past few years. And the quality of the work produced cannot, on the whole, be said to be of a very high order.

Yet there are some encouraging signs. In the face of Mr. Fuller's sweeping statement, the Messrs. Scribner and the Macmillan Company must be congratulated on their daring to hope for a reception here of three decidedly interesting and superior works of art. To be sure, they are importations. Far above the English artists and illustrators in excellence and variety and in our methods of reproduction as is our native art product in magazine literature, it is in England that we find the greater generosity and more lavish care in producing beautiful books of the master artists, such as we have in the "Pre-Raphaelite Painters," imported by the Macmillan Company, and in the two handsome volumes of Michel's "Rubens" and in Cosmo Monkhouse's "British Contemporary Artists," bearing the imprint of the Scribners. We look toward ends of culture and a heightened artistic taste in the dissemination of artistic ideas and values conveyed by these valuable works wherever they have the good fortune to fall into the hands of persons of eager intelligence athirst for something more than information, something deeper than mere sensation. Perhaps we ought to link with these books mentioned the Larger Temple Shakespeare (also imported from England, by the way) which the Macmillan Company are issuing in a limited edition. Two volumes of this edition are ready, and their appeal to the book-lover is irresistible. In every respect the art of book-making has reached a degree of excellence in the whole work which

has rarely if ever been surpassed, and, together with the scholarly editing and historical portraits in subdued color, as well as the novel elucidation of the text by means of quaint drawings from old books, contemporary broadsides and antiquities, this will make the Larger Temple Shakespeare one of the most desirable editions of the great dramatist that has ever appeared.

M. Émile Michel's previous work on Rembrandt aroused the warmest interest in his "Rubens" when the latter was announced as in preparation. It is in every way worthy of the eminent French art critic's former treatment of the life and works of Rembrandt. In the choice of illustrations from the paintings of Rubens, M. Michel has aimed at conveying an idea of his universality by the variety of subjects. All the chief works of Rubens are, of course, included. The process of reproduction has been done by photography, and while the master's color suffers



FROM H. W. MABIE'S "MY STUDY FIRE"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

by this, it insures the advantage of a homogeneous and absolutely faithful interpretation. It is a significant factor in the appreciation and understanding of Rubens that are evident in M. Michel's splendid work, that he made his début in art criticism with an article on his pictures in the Munich Gallery, published in the "*Revue des Deux-Mondes*" in 1877. Since then



DIANA

From Mau's "*Pompeii*." The Macmillan Company.

he has been an ardent and constant student and disciple of the great Dutch master. The illustrations in these two volumes consist of forty colored plates, forty photogravures, and 272 cuts in the text. In "*British Contemporary Artists*," prepared by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, we have a collection of studies of well-known English artists, including Watts, Millais, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, and others. Mr. Monkhouse's reputation as an art critic is

of some years' standing. His delightful book is most inviting in text and pictures, the latter consisting mainly of beautiful reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of British art during recent years. It is one of the most sumptuous art publications issued this year.

America, Mr. Fuller grants, has enriched the world with a long list of novelties and

wonders, though none of these, he declares, relate themselves to art. Some of the novelties and wonders of the present season in illustrated holiday publications will, notwithstanding our disillusionizing friend, be found to bear some relation to art. Take, for instance, the Garfield edition of "*Ben-Hur*," just issued by the Harpers, with its numerous full-page pictures and marginal decorations by Mr. William Martin Johnson. Apart from its picturesque attractiveness, the work is a perfect museum of art in its reproduction of Syrian life and all the ornamental paraphernalia of the East. Mr. Johnson has done for "*Ben-Hur*" in Palestine what Mr. Eric Pape so vividly captured for us in the same author's "*Fair God*" in Mexico—each has breathed the very atmosphere of the country as well as caught the essential spirit of the times in his drawings and illustrations. The same idea, if not the same manner, characterizes the illustrative side of August Mau's able and fascinating book on "*Pompeii, its Life and Art*," translated by Mr. Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, and published by the Macmillan Company. Here the method of illustration follows that of Mr. Crawford's "*Ave Roma*," which proved a signal success a year ago. Besides the numerous pictures in the text, there are many full-page photo-

gravures which are intended to restore to the eye the buried architectural and statuesque glories of the once beautiful city of the ancients upon which Vesuvius wreaked its awful wrath. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have also brought out a descriptive book of peculiar charm entitled "*The Troubadours at Home*," by Justin H. Smith, with many pictures of the haunts of the troubadours. "*Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories*,"



From "Life and Character."

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W. T. SMEDLEY IN HIS STUDIO

from the same house, is also elaborately and splendidly illustrated.

Another of Mr. Clifton Johnson's photographic pictorial studies with which he has made us familiar during the last few years has made its appearance from the press of Macmillan. "Among English Hedgerows," in pen and picture, draws our hearts toward what Washington Irving called "Our Old Home;" and, as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie says in his Introduction, "this home is nowhere more home-like than in its quiet roads and rural villages."

Mr. Mabie is himself honored by the servitors of art in a beautiful edition of "My Study Fire," published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The pictorial work, besides that presented in the full-page photogravures, has been exquisitely rendered in a sympathetic interpretation of the fireside moods, drawn in the margins and among the text so that drawings and text seem of a piece, essayist and artist in perfect accord. The artists, Maude and Genevieve Cowles, have already won a rep-

utation as illustrators of fine artistic taste, especially in "The House of the Seven Gables" which appeared last autumn.

Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," illustrated by these artists, was one of the few distinctly artistic publications last year. The publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have now repeated this success with another book of Hawthorne's which commands as great interest. An edition in two volumes of "The Marble Faun," containing forty-eight full-page pictures, has been issued, combining the qualities of an attractive gift-book and a permanent work of peculiar value to the student and to the visitor to Rome. The binding is in the Roman style, and the book is to be known as the Roman edition. An exquisite bit of art has also been produced by this house in a reprint of Whittier's "Tent on the Beach," with twelve beautiful pictures of New England life and scenery. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury and Marcia O. Woodbury, and are finely executed in photogravure.

Among the books that cluster on the table at this season of the year, there are always a number published especially for their pictorial interest and value. Of these a leading place is taken by the Becky Sharp Edition of "Vanity Fair." Excellent taste has been shown in the making of the book from cover to cover; and that cover, by the way, is unique in its design and interest in conjunction with the play. The full-page illustrations, of which there are forty-eight, are taken from photographs of the scenes and characters in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp," and really illustrate Thackeray's novel. The book lends itself readily to holiday needs, and will undoubtedly be in large demand. It is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

In illustrated editions of popular novels of to-day we have Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," with over sixty illustrations by Howard Pyle. (The Century Company.) Most of these pictures are familiar to those who read the story in the "Century Magazine" in 1897. Another novel of the Revolution, "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford, which has achieved an extraordinary success within a short period, is also decked forth in holiday dress. Like "Hugh Wynne," it is published in two volumes and is fully illustrated also by Howard Pyle and his pupils. Mr. Ford's novel is attractively bound, with an exquisitely colored lithograph of Janice on the cover. The publishers are Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Cable's charming novel "The Grandissimes" has been illustrated by Albert Herter and issued in uniform style with the edition of "Old Creole Days" published last year. If anything could have inspired fresh interest in Mr. Cable's beautiful classic, it was the artistic distinction which Mr. Herter gave to this edition of "Old Creole Days," upon which he left a stamp of grace and delicacy in conception and execution rare indeed in contemporary art. His work on "The Grandissimes" shows no halting, but rather a firmer grasp of essentials and a growing fineness and a richer imaginative quality. Another beautiful book with the imprint of the same firm, the Scribners, is Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's "Trail of the Sandhill Stag." The story, when it appeared in

the August "Scribner's," attracted wide attention, and was praised as the finest bit of work Mr. Thompson had done yet; and when we remember his "Wild Animals I Have Known," that is saying a good deal. The illustrations are a real delight, and are, of course, the work also of Mr. Thompson, whose fame as an artist keeps pace with his literary renown as a rival of Kipling in animal land.

Mention must be made, however brief, of Mr. Smedley's "Life and Character," published by the Harpers. The numerous large pictures have been freshly reproduced from the artist's drawings, many of which appeared in reduction in the books of the last few years. One of the finest pictures in the collection, indeed we should say the finest, is "Boone Stallard," which served as an illustration of a dramatic scene in "The Kentuckians." The scene is strongly conceived and vigorously handled. It stands out easily from all of Mr. Smedley's pictorial work, which, though possessing distinction, is marred by the lack of balance in the stature of his figures. This handsome book of pictures, and Mr. C. D. Gibson's new book, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," issued by Mr. R. H. Russell, will cater to the multitude of Smedley and Gibson lovers. Mr. Russell has also published an interesting and valuable work of art in his "Pictures and Poems" by Rossetti. The compilation has been adequately done by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington. It was an admirable idea to bring together the poems and pictures of Rossetti which illustrate and describe one another, and Mr. Carrington's work in collating them has been carefully done and results in a harmony and unity of design. The pictures are beautifully printed and mounted, and give gratifying evidence of loving as well as lavish care and thoughtfulness. There remains to be added, in closing this summary article on some of the more notable pictorial books and their relation to art that have been published within the last three or four months, Mr. Peter Newell's "Pictures and Rhymes." Mr. Newell is a genuine humorist and fun-maker, full of provocative mirth, original in conception and manner. His collection of "Pictures and Rhymes" is by all odds the funniest thing of the year.

A Group of Young Illustrators

By Ernest Dressel North

A MOST entertaining way of spending an hour or two is to take from one's shelf an old volume of "Harper's Weekly" or "Magazine," published during the Civil War, and compare the illustrations with those of to-day. Yes, one might even take the first few volumes of "Scribner's Monthly" and compare them with the current "Century," "Harper's," or "Scribner's," and even an amateur will recognize at once what a long stride we have taken toward perfection in the art of illustrating. It is a well-established fact that the marvelous illustrations in both the books and magazines of to-day are the result of an evolution. It is difficult to keep constantly before the mind the causes of the great changes and the steps by which they have been brought about. It will only be necessary to call to mind a few facts relating to this change to appreciate intelligently the great beauty and charm of the illustrations of to-day as compared with those of twenty-five years ago. Most of us who have lived during that period have noted the progress, but have not been aware of the cause by which it has been brought about. Perhaps the most potent factor in the great change wrought is the camera. Two things it has done: it has created a race of artist engravers, and it has made it possible that every artist should be an illustrator. For example, formerly each magazine or publishing house had a host of wood-engravers and artists whose methods were largely mechanical; the artist drawing on the wood block from some preliminary sketch or old engraving, and the engraver then interpreting his lines in an absolutely mechanical way. When it was discovered that by means of a photograph a picture could be made on the wood block, a new

dilemma was presented to the engraver. Formerly he had to interpret lines; now he has to interpret tones and effects rather than lines. The earliest engravers to follow this new art were Timothy Cole, Frederick Jüngling, and J. J. Smethwick. These men set themselves to work at once to be artists with the burin, not only studying to interpret most carefully the lights and shades of the photograph, but rendering their work more perfect by having the originals before them, that they might have the benefit of comparison. It may be interesting to note in passing that at least four well-known men who have since become prominent in artistic and literary lines began life as wood-engravers. These are Frank R. Stockton, S. P. Avery, W. J. Linton, and A. W. Drake, the present art editor of the "Century." So much for the engraver.

We have stated that the camera had made every artist an illustrator, and he might draw with a fine steel pen on a small surface, or use the largest brush manufactured to make the heaviest lines

possible. In either case his original could be captured by the camera, transferred to the wood block, and interpreted by the artist engraver. These two facts have most largely influenced the modern school of illustrators. The young art student of to-day, anxious to support himself as quickly as possible, finds a ready market for his work if he can use pen and ink, India ink, crayon, black and white, or oil

colors. The illustrators of books and magazines may be roughly divided into two distinct classes—those with imagination and those without. A group of young artists belonging to the former have come before the public with such brilliancy as to make us open our eyes



F. C. VOHN

Photo by Pach Brothers.

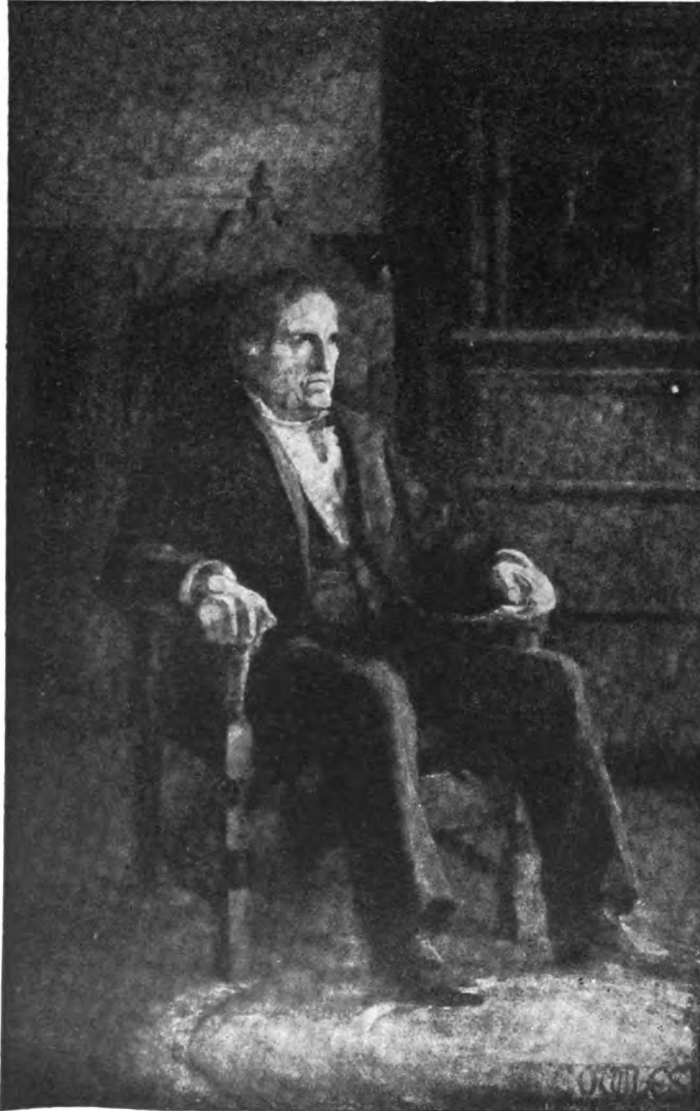
and wonder at their skill. One might mention many of prominence, but for the purpose of this article we have selected eight—namely, Walter Appleton Clark, F. C. Yohn, Howard Chandler Christy, Maxfield Parrish, the Misses Cowles, F. C. Peixotto, and Ernest Haskell. Each of these has a distinct individuality, and several are as versatile as individual. One might note the fact that all are young—under thirty years of age—only four have studied abroad, while all have come before

the public as illustrators within the last five years, and prominently in one-half of that time. Five of these are residents of New York City.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of freshness and originality combined, in this group, is found in the person of Walter Appleton Clark, who was born in the year of the Centennial, 1876, in Worcester, Mass. He went to school, as is the wont of all New England boys, and, after graduating from a preparatory school, took a

voyage around the world on a whaling vessel. He determined, however, to make art his life-work, and to this end studied for two years at the Art Students' League in New York, spending a few months subsequently in the school of Mr. Chase. While there he was discovered by the art editor of "Scribner's Magazine," who was so pleased with his sketches that he early gave him occasion to try his powers. His first work for this magazine consisted of some types to illustrate Kipling's railroad story "007," and, pleasing as these were, he did not strike his real pace until he illustrated Mr. Baxter's articles on "Boston Pleasure Grounds."

Mr. Clark has a studio in New York, and is what might be called an artist's artist. He has drawn workmen, girls, children, and a few pictures displaying great imagination and refinement of perception, notably



JUDGE PYNCHION

Drawn by Miss G. Cowles for "The House of the Seven Gables."
Reproduced through special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

his illustrations for Dr. van Dyke's story entitled "A Lover of Music." His inventive fancy and sincerity, combined with simple technique, have made him a great favorite with the public. One might say of his women that he always makes them lovable as well as beautiful.

As he has never studied abroad, his art is essentially native or "to the manor born." An interesting story is told illustrating his conscientious method of work. Once when he had finished a drawing for a child's story, and was about to take it to the person who had ordered it, he became dissatisfied with a figure drawn as a boatswain. After trying to get the proper model and failing several times, he took a long walk and visited the docks and river front until he finally succeeded in finding his own ideal of the boatswain. Mr. Clark, it is reported, works only when he feels like it, and is an excellent mimic; in addition, he has an agreeable personality. He teaches two days in the week at the Art Students' League, and is much interested in bringing about a closer harmony between authors, illustrators, and printers, and is said to criticise freely the reproductions of his own work before they are printed.

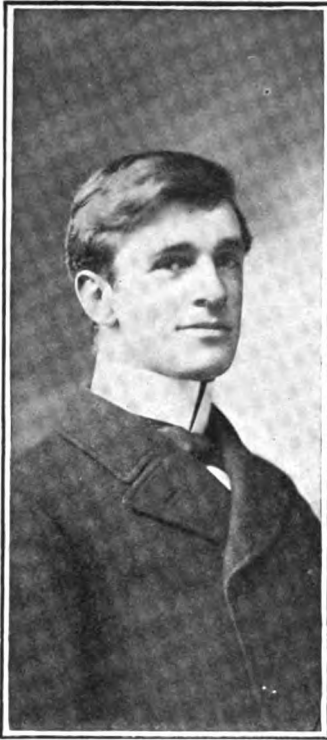
One of the treats the artistic public has been given this autumn was the exhibition of original drawings, water-colors, etc., by Maxfield Parrish, shown at the Keppel Art Gallery. These drawings were made largely to illustrate Kenneth Grahame's story "The Golden Age," and Irving's "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker." There were also displayed a few drawings from the story entitled "Its Walls were as of Jasper." Mr. Maxfield Parrish's art is so distinctive, and his impression upon the public so decided, that it seems almost incredible that he was born less than thirty years ago. He has been before the public only about four years as an illustrator and designer. He is the son of Stephen Parrish, the well-known etcher, and now makes his home and has his studio at



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, BY HIMSELF

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Windsor, Vermont. Mr. Parrish's early art training was through study with his father, and also at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; he finished his course under Howard Pyle. The first work to bring him into prominence was a cover design made for the Christmas number of "Harper's Weekly" in 1895. Since that time he has made more designs for magazine covers than any other artist in this country. He has contributed designs for the "Century Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," the "Round Table," "Scribner's Magazine," and the "Book Buyer." To those who have become familiar only with his quaint, eccentric, and ancient-looking faces and figures, it will be a surprise and delight to witness his versatility and power, coupled with a marvelous decorative sense, as exhibited in the illustrations for the "Golden Age." These are about thirty four in number, and display a great and poetic knowledge of child life and of the humor in drawing. Perhaps the illustrations to Irving's "History of New York" illustrate his power as a humorist more than any other work he has done. Irving's conception of the bluff



E. C. PEIXOTTO
Photo by Pach Brothers.

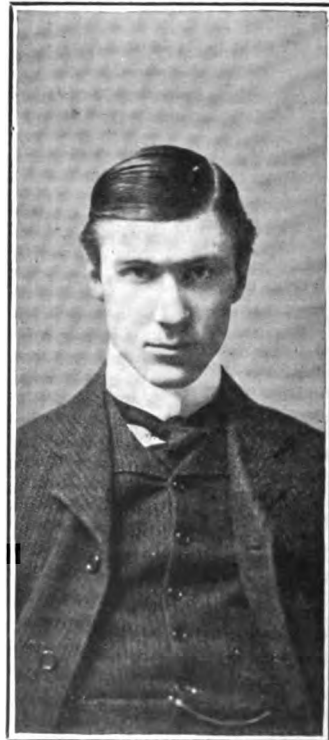
his drawings for the "Story of the Revolution" were published that he came into such distinct prominence as an illustrator. Mr. Yohn has a studio in New York, is unmarried, is a quiet, modest man who does his work seriously in the best sense. He is now in England making illustrations for Governor Roosevelt's monograph on Oliver Cromwell, and as an example of his love of accuracy and his historical instinct, he is making careful drawings of armor, costume, and all the historical setting necessary for his drawings to illustrate this dramatic story.

Another pupil of William M. Chase is Howard Chandler Christy. He has also studied at the National Academy of Design. The "Century Magazine" is said to have had the honor of first accepting his work, and he had made some illustrations for the comic weeklies when the Spanish-American war broke out. He was at once sent to the front by "Leslie's Weekly" and "Scribner's Magazine" to make drawings for them. Mr. Christy spent most of his time with the Rough Riders, but had his headquarters with the Second Infantry. He might be called the artist reporter of the war. No man caught the spirit, dash, and picturesqueness of the soldiers' life with greater accuracy and more evident truth than Mr. Christy. A series of "Men of the Army and Navy" and his picture of Colonel Roosevelt gave him great prominence, not

Dutchman seems to appeal to him and to his temperament in a highly delightful way.

Mr. F. C. Yohn, who achieved such notable success in his historic pictures made for Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," was born in Indianapolis twenty-three years ago, and studied for three years at the Art Students' League in New York. The present furor for accuracy has made the labors of the artist of to-day much heavier than one might imagine. Careless drawing, incorrect costume, even unhistorical furniture, is not pardoned by the critical public. Mr. Yohn may be classed as one of the most careful, conscientious, and painstaking illustrators of our time. Indeed, some think he has but one superior in this branch of work, namely, Howard Pyle. His illustration of the "Battle of the Brandywine" done in oil, and "A Camp Scene at Valley Forge" done in black and white, probably may be considered his most representative work. He has made a specialty of historical subjects, and seems to be equally at home in using all the modern mediums for illustration. He himself prefers oil, although he can do very good work with pen and ink and wash drawing. His earliest work was done for an Indianapolis paper. His first important illustrations were contributed to "Scribner's Magazine," and he has also made drawings for "Harper's Round Table," "Harper's Magazine," and "Collier's Weekly." It

was not, however, until



WALTER APPLETON CLARK

Photo by Pach Brothers.

soon found that his theories did not bring in much bread and butter. He therefore turned his attention to illustrating, and has been singularly successful in this branch of art. His pictures of the Congressional Library in Washington display a marvelous power of technique and sense of proportion, as well as a true artistic feeling. His landscapes, historical buildings, and other architectural drawings are notable examples of accuracy, and show a poetic temperament. Mr. Peixotto has made a specialty of out-of-door effects, and has a decided leaning toward impressionism.

Mr. Ernest Haskell's latest work may be seen in two unique frontispieces for two recent publications of R. H. Russell's. One is a lithograph, in color, of "Rose Trelawney" prefixed to an edition of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," a comedietta in four acts. This is a delightfully sketchy portrayal of the principal character in the play. The other is a poetic conception of Miss Maud Adams as Juliet prefixed to an edition of "Romeo and Juliet" as she played it at the Empire Theater last spring. His well-known illustration of "Becky Sharp" completes a trio of character-studies that are in the manner of Whistler himself. Mr. Haskell is a trifle over twenty-three years of age, has studied in Paris, and has made many designs for posters. During the first year of his stay abroad he spent much time in studying, away from the schools of art, meditating on the old masters, and using his brains as well as his eye. He is said to be particularly fond of Daumier, Manet, Degas, and other members of their school. Mr. Haskell is particularly fond of lithography as a medium for his work. He is about to publish a volume of caricatures, a department of art he revels in.

Last year two books issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. attracted much attention because of the illustrations. One

was the new edition of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," and the other was Frank Dempster Sherman's "Little-Folk Lyrics." The illustrators were the Misses Genevieve and Maude Cowles, and one realized in examining these drawings that these artists had attained a high degree of success at one bound. The Misses Cowles live at Farmington, Conn., in one of the well-known old houses of the place. Their first illustrative work appeared in "McClure's Magazine," and they have since been frequent contributors to other magazines. They have had the advantage of receiving their art education abroad. It is a much more difficult task to describe their peculiar style than one would think. They are evidently influenced by Boutet de Monvel; their drawings have a flat appearance, without any broad sense of perspective. They are notably successful in portraying children and old people.

For Mr. Mabie's "My Study Fire" they have just made sixty-four illustrations, many being full-page, and all showing a refinement of perception and poetic interpretation of this charming book which is unusual. Here their imagination is allowed full sway, while their nature studies have a genuine artistic flavor.

There are several other artists whose work is of so high merit that they deserve to be named, but they are not as recent as these eight that we have mentioned. Perhaps the most notable of these is Mr. Hambidge, whose work has been in the magazines for some time. Miss Green and Miss Corey, one in the "Saturday Evening Post" in Philadelphia, and the other in "St. Nicholas," have been doing some very delightful work. One cannot help believing that there is a great future for the American illustrator, and one looks for even better work in the future than has been done in the past.



The Magic Flute

By André Theuriet

Translated by H. Twitchell

THE three Magi kings, Balthazar, Melchior, and Gaspard, bearing gifts of incense and myrrh, set out to search for the child Jesus. As they did not know the road to Bethlehem, they lost their way, and, after having traversed a dense forest, they came, just at nightfall, to a village in the vicinity of Langres. They were very weary, and also hungry and thirsty. So they rapped at the door of the very first house they came to, to ask for food and shelter for the night.

This house, or hut rather, belonged to a woodman named Denis Fleuriot, who lived there comfortably enough with his wife and four children.

When the three kings had made their wants known to the woodman, the latter replied:

"Alas, my good people, I have only one bed and a cot for my children; as for supper, we can offer you nothing except some boiled potatoes and rye bread. For all that, you may come in, and, if you are not too particular, we will try to accommodate you."

The Magi accepted the invitation, ate the coarse fare with relish, and slept soundly in the woodman's bed. The next morning, before starting out on their journey, Balthazar, who was the most generous of the three, said to Fleuriot:

"I wish to give you something as a reward for your hospitality."

"We have given you the best we had, but we do not expect anything in return," replied the woodman, stretching out his hand as he spoke.

"I have no money," said Balthazar; "but I will leave you something better."

So saying, he took from his pocket a little flute which he handed to Fleuriot. As the woodman seemed to be disappointed, the king added:

"If you make a wish while playing on this flute, it will be granted at once, but in your prosperity you must always remember that others also have wants."

Denis readily promised to be generous to others, although he really did not feel

much confidence in his future ability so to act.

As soon as the three kings had disappeared around a turn in the road, Denis Fleuriot said to his wife, weighing the little flute contemptuously in his hand:

"They might have given us something better than this flute; for all that, I am going to play on it and see if they have fooled me."

Then he said in a loud voice: "I would like to have white bread, venison pâtés, and wine for breakfast."

He played a little air on the flute, and suddenly, to his amazement, he saw on his table, which was covered with a fine white cloth, just the things he had wished for.

As soon as he became convinced of the powers of his flute, he played on it all the time, asking for everything that came into his head. He had new clothes for his wife and children, money in his pocket, an abundantly supplied table, and, as he had only to wish for a thing to get it, he soon became the richest man in the province. In place of his hut he built a superb château, which he filled with costly furnishings. On the day of its completion he gave a grand banquet to celebrate the event.

On the important night all the noted personages of the locality sat around a loaded table, which was resplendent with glitter and light. At the head sat Fleuriot and his wife, who was magnificently dressed, while musicians played charming airs in a gallery overhead. In order that the merrymaking might not be disturbed, the host had given orders to let no beggars or paupers into the courtyard, on any pretext whatever. He had even stationed two stalwart servants at the gates with clubs to chase away any intruders.

Now, on this very evening, the three kings, having left their gifts at the feet of Jesus, were returning from Bethlehem. On crossing the forest they recognized the village where they had slept, and, on

seeing the château all illuminated, Gaspard said to Balthazar:

"I am curious to know whether our man has abused the use of his flute, and if, now that he is rich, he has kept his promise to be charitable to all."

"We will see," replied Balthazar, curtly.

They then dressed themselves as beggars, and, going to the château, asked for food and lodging for the night. They were received very roughly, and, as they insisted, making a great noise, Fleuriot put his head out of the window, saw them, and bade the servants loose the dogs; whereupon the kings beat a hasty retreat, not without receiving wounds on the limbs, however.

"I suspected as much," grumbled the skeptical Gaspard, rubbing his ankle.

"He shall not remain long in his paradise," replied Melchior. "He shall feel the weight of the vengeance of the three Magi."

Meanwhile the revelers continued to make merry. They had just come to the dessert, and Fleuriot was brandishing a knife over a colossal cake, when the sound of bells was heard below in the court as a chariot entered, drawn by four magnificently caparisoned steeds. Fleuriot put his head out of the window once more, and, seeing the nobles, he ordered them shown up in all haste. He even

came with a torch to light them up the staircase. When the kings entered, with their crowns and purple robes, he recognized his former guests, and, although disconcerted, he begged them to sit down at the feast.

"Thank you," replied Balthazar, "but we do not care to eat with a man who treats the poor so badly."

"I compliment you on the way you have kept your promise," said Melchior, in his deep voice.

"So you set dogs on beggars!" exclaimed Gaspard, rubbing his leg. "Just wait! I will play you a tune you have not learned yet!"

And, drawing from his pocket a little flute like the one given to Fleuriot, he blew on it with terrible force. In the twinkling of an eye, the revelers, tables, and château vanished, and the woodman found himself standing on the edge of the forest before the ruins of his hut, his wife and children in rags beside him.

"Fortunately, I have my flute left," he thought.

But he searched for it in his ragged pockets in vain; the talisman had disappeared with the three kings.

Ever since that time it has been the custom, when cutting the Twelfth cake, carefully to put aside a portion for the poor.



Skepticism: Its Cause and Cure¹

By the Right Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D.D.

[These paragraphs are taken from the autobiography of Bishop Whipple, recently published by the Macmillan Company. For some account of this volume see The Outlook for November 4, 1899.—THE EDITORS.]

MUCH of the doubt and unbelief of our day is a revolt from a caricature of God, or from hard lines of extreme Calvinistic theology, and it only needs the presentation of the infinite love of our Saviour, who has revealed to us that God is Love, to answer most of the doubts that perplex men.

The tone and temper of the times reveal widespread unbelief. The press has familiarized the people with infidel literature. Many religious teachers have drifted from their moorings and have no anchorage. Science, which ought to be the handmaid of religion, has teachers who resolve faith into the unknowable. It is well to look the evil in the face, but there is no cause for alarm or for falling into a panic. The religion of Jesus Christ is not an opinion; it is a fact. Christianity has borne eighteen centuries of critical examination, and has conquered on every battlefield. No assault upon theological opinions, no criticism of the Bible, can change the facts of humanity. While men sin, suffer, and die, no philosophy of men, no achievement in learning, can destroy human aspirations. If Christianity were destroyed to-day, to-morrow's sun would find men world-wide testifying of their needs. Men can never be satisfied with the teaching that nature is a self-created and a self-perpetuating machine. The voice within and without testifies of God. The Incarnation is the revelation of God's love toward his suffering creatures. It reveals the Creator of the Universe as the Everlasting Father. It brings to us the Eternal Son as a Brother and Saviour. It gives us the Holy Ghost as a Guide, the Comforter and Helper of man. Sinful and suffering men have not only asked to know righteousness, but they ask for help to be righteous. These great truths will always be near the heart of humanity. Men can never love a God who has merely laid down immutable laws

without giving to man the help to obey these laws. It is in the revelation of the Eternal Fatherhood of God, in the Infinite Love of Jesus Christ who gave himself for us, in the vivifying and new-creating power of the Holy Ghost, that burdened hearts find help. This revelation comes home to the wants of every man. It helps amid burdens; it lightens the load of poverty; it soothes the anguish of pain; it leads out of darkness and despair. We may pledge God's revelation to that which it does not teach and was never designed to teach; we may caricature God's truth and make it the devil's lie, but the great central facts of divine revelation will stand.

Honest doubt should not be denounced. Every sympathy of a Christian heart should be unsealed at the sincere confession, "I have lost my faith; I am without a clue to the labyrinth of life." No God to love, no Christ to pity, no Holy One to save! For such a one there should be the profoundest compassion. No words can express the righteous indignation which should be aroused against the man who makes sport of the highest aspirations of the soul, or who answers with smile and sneer the hopes of men who sin and suffer.

Honest, critical Biblical scholarship is not to be feared. The Holy Scriptures were written by men who were guided by God the Holy Ghost. As its custodians were human, it is possible that in the lapse of ages errors might have crept into the text, but all the research of the greatest scholars has not discovered a single error affecting in the slightest degree the revelation of God in Christ, which is the hope of the world's redemption. Suspicion should not follow earnest investigators in the domain of nature. The name of our king is "The Truth." God's truth will bear all facts. Science, since the days of Ptolemy, has been reconsidering supposed established facts. One generation has modified or

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overthrown the work of its predecessors. True scholars are always clearing up doubt, removing error, and seeking after truth. The great scientists like Newton, Brewster, and Agassiz have been reverent believers; they have not lingered at the threshold of God's temple, but have gone in to worship with the heart of a forgiven child. Every truth which man has gained has revealed more and more of the power and wisdom of God. Christianity has been the handmaid of civilization, and has always won its greatest triumphs in the time of the greatest intellectual activity, and the enfranchisement from the bonds of ignorance has prepared the way for that freedom wherewith God has made us free.

The only way to meet the infidelity of the times is the way in which the Apostles met the heathen wisdom of their day—with the truth of a personal Christ and Saviour. It is not enough to know the philosophy of religion. We must be able, out of the depths of our own personal experience, to show in its fullness the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The only way to make men believe is to believe one's self. It is not the theory of a religion or its philosophy which conquers hearts; it is the Christ-life, the Christ-love, which overcomes the world. Men do not care for the old watchwords of sectarian strife, nor have they an ear for the dry details of theological dogma, but they do care for the Christ-love and Christ-work for suffering souls. The world may doubt a historical Christ and scoff at a historical Church, but the living Christ who dwells in the hearts of his children, sending them on errands of mercy, speaking through them and healing the broken of heart, none can gainsay or deny.

A dear friend who had passed through much sorrow asked one of the most celebrated Biblical scholars living if he thought it wrong for a Christian to hope and pray that a time would come when all wanderers would find mercy. The answer was: "The Good Shepherd sought the lost sheep until he found it. Our Saviour said, 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.' St. Paul said that a time was coming when all should be in subjection to him, and God would be all in all. One of the most blessed truths of God's revelation is that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' The Saviour said to St. John, 'I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades.' Do you not think," said the wise scholar, "that we had better leave it all in God's hands and do our work, help all poor souls that we can, and when we cannot know, trust?"

Men talk much of salvation without asking the simple question, Saved from what? If sin brings sorrow, if the way of the transgressor is hard, salvation means saving from sin. If heaven and hell do not exist beyond the grave, they do exist here; sin, shame, sorrow, broken ties, alienations between brothers, and separation from God make hell. Love, peace, fellowship with brothers, and rest in God make heaven. The Church has a long roll of departed saints, but she has never inserted one name in the roll of the lost. She leaves all to God. I have stood by many graves where I could not leave the poor soul to the judgment of the holiest man on earth, but I have always with loving faith committed it to God our Father, knowing that the Judge of all the world would do right.



WINTER PICTURES

From James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal"

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

WEIMAR AND GOETHE

By Hamilton W. Mabie



The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe, which fell on the 28th day of last August, found Weimar not only eager to honor the memory of the great poet who was for fifty-six years its best-known resident and is likely to remain to the end of time its most illustrious citizen, but essentially unchanged since Goethe's death in 1832.

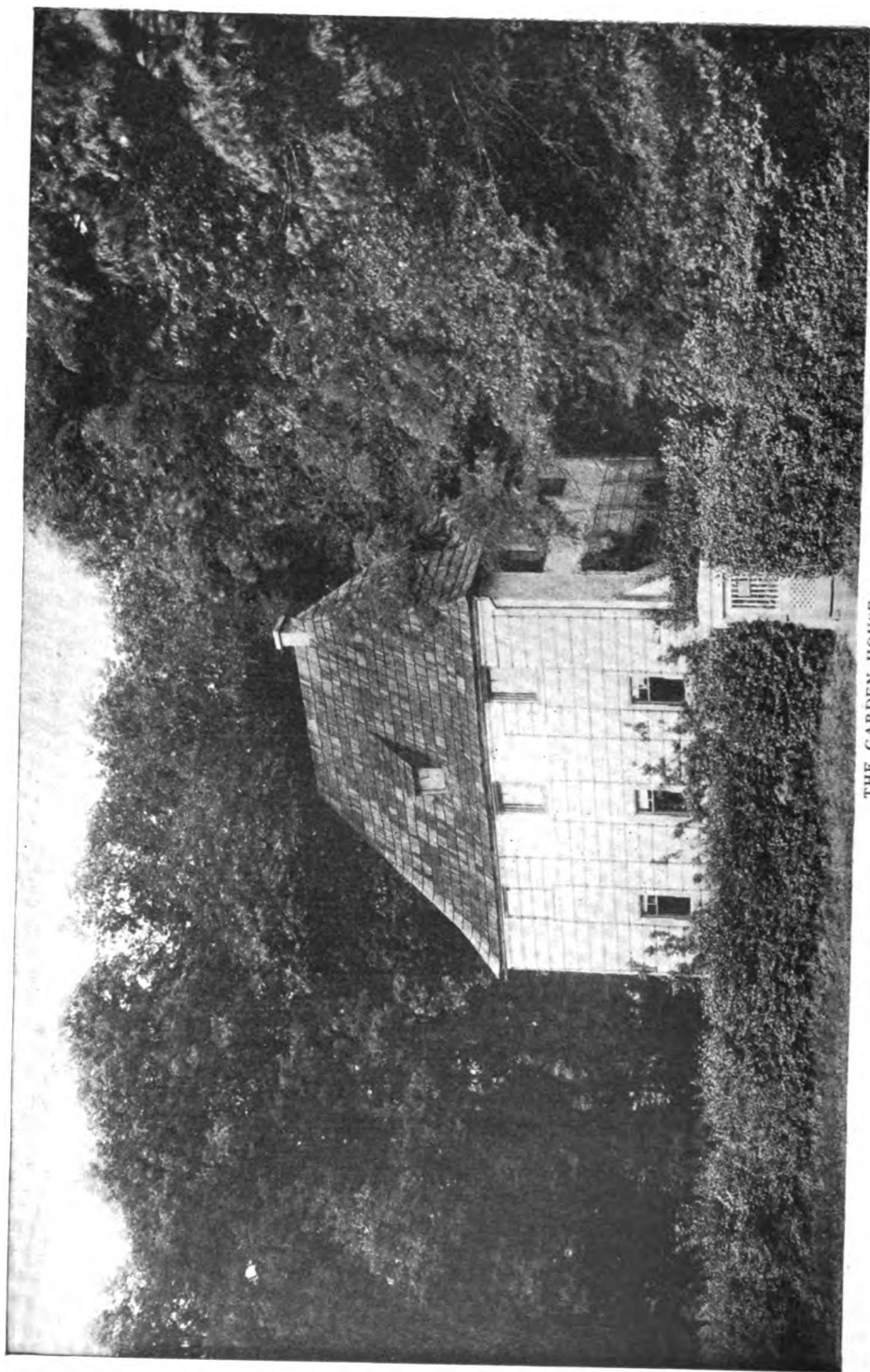
Even in a quiet German town, off the great highways of travel, changes must come in sixty-seven years, and if Goethe were to step out of his old home to-day and walk to the grand-ducal palace, rebuilt in part under his own direction, he would doubtless come upon strange sights. But Weimar remains in essentials a town of the old time; quaint, thoroughly German,

and rich in association, not only with great men, but with some of the earliest statements of the modern conception of the relation of art to life.

The little town is pre-eminently fitted to be the custodian of literary traditions. It has an old-time dignity of bearing, as if it had always been the mother of great spirits. The quiet Ilm, flowing through its domain, is sacredly guarded along its entire course on both shores by a charming park; the homes of the poets are piously regarded; and there are worthy memorials of greatness in public places. The statue of Herder, one of the purest and most penetrating of modern minds, stands in front of the Stadt-Kirche, and bears his favorite and very characteristic motto, *Licht, Liebe, Leben*; in front of the theater Goethe and Schiller are commemorated in a noble group; the Grand Duke Augustus, in an equestrian statue, wears the laurel secured for him by the great spirits whom he had the sagacity to recognize and bring into his service; while Wieland is remembered in the fine salon which bears his name in the palace.

One may spend many hours with profit in Goethe's house, now restored as nearly as possible to the condition in which the poet left it; a fine house, notable chiefly for the range of interests expressed in the collections of several kinds which it contains, and for the evidence which it gives of the mingled dignity and simplicity of the poet's life—the first expressed in spacious rooms given over to pictures, busts, and memorials of great men, and the second disclosed by the extreme plainness of the working-room, and the tiny chamber opening from it, in which Goethe died. It is profitable to walk through the palace and study the elegant salons in which Goethe and Schiller are commemorated by mural scenes from their works, and then go directly to the simple little rooms, not far distant, in which the two poets died; or to enter the grand-ducal vault in the new cemetery and note the presence of wreaths and flowers on the coffins, not of princely rulers, but of the two poets, whose beautiful friendship finds here its final expression.

Best of all, perhaps, is it to walk through the winding, shaded park, barely kept from wildness; to come in a secluded place upon the coiled serpent in bronze which symbolized for Goethe the *genius loci*; to make one's way slowly to the garden house which Goethe loved so well, and in which he so often sought solitude and silence for his work, and to sit in the places which were dear to him. Never, surely, did a meditative spirit find more congenial surroundings than Goethe found in these green and fragrant places of peace. It is a piece of special good fortune to fall in, along those walks, as did the writer, with an old-time resident of Weimar who has grown up in its traditions and loves it for its poets, and to hear his eager, affectionate narrative of events and story of localities; and then to go into some secluded spot



THE GARDEN HOUSE

and ask one's self what there was in Goethe's career and genius to justify the extraordinary interest which centers in him.

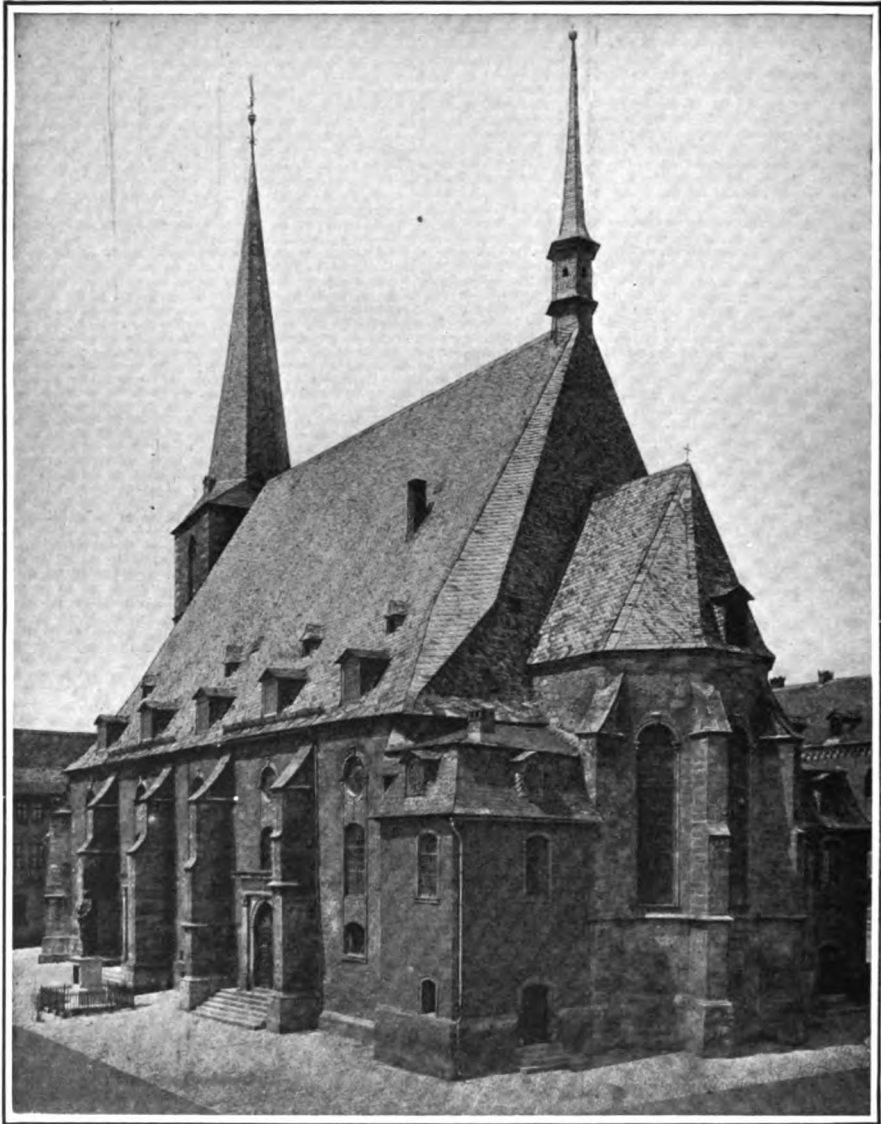
The minor conditions in Goethe's life were unusually fortunate, for the poet was well born in every sense; his childhood had surroundings picturesque to the eye and full of suggestion to the imagination; he had exceptional educational opportunities, the best and most fruitful of them being his mother's genius for story-telling; he had perfect health and an impressive and winning personality; he never knew care in the ordinary sense of the word, for he was all his life shielded from material uncertainty and anxiety, with work enough of the methodical kind to give him occupation and position, but not enough to diminish the energy of his intelligence or to destroy the freshness of his spirit. He had rank, station, friends, fame, and long life—all great and helpful aids to the unfolding and maturing of a great nature and free flow outward of a great inward force. These prosperous conditions were important, but they were, nevertheless, minor conditions; for they did not bear directly upon the impulse which a creative nature receives from rich material, from a stirring atmosphere, and from that searching appeal to the heart and the imagination made by a great people silent but full of spiritual eagerness and restless with unexpressed thought and emotion.

Homer spoke to a homogeneous race; Dante to a divided country but to an Italian nature, alert, energetic, and proudly conscious of the possession of great qualities; Shakespeare to an England turbulent, ill-conditioned, and untrained in the higher arts, but overflowing with unspent vitality, with a dawning national consciousness full of insolence but full also of splendid possibilities of growth and achievement. In Goethe's youth there was not only no Germany, but there was, in the deepest sense of the phrase, no German people. There was a multitude of petty States, but there was no Nation; there were Prussians, Hanoverians, Saxons, Bavarians, Swabians, but there was, for the purposes of art, no German race. There was a country held together by geographical conditions, but split into fragments by political boundary lines; there was a race of common origin, but

broken asunder by differences of religion, of history, temperament, and ideal; there was a language common to a large community, but still to be enriched by the loving genius of great artists, who are constantly adding to the resources of speech no less than to those of thought. There had been true poets in Germany centuries before Goethe, and the literature was rich in legend and tradition, in epic and song, but it is nevertheless true that there had been no great German literature. Goethe was the contemporary in his old age of Scott and Carlyle, but there was no Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, or Dryden behind him; there were in place of these the old epic poets; there were Hans Sachs, Klopstock, and Wieland. The significance of this statement lies in the fact that, although the German language was as old as the English, it had no great poets. It is true that Homer and Dante had no great predecessors, but each stood at the beginning of the real history of his race; Goethe, on the other hand, appeared at a late hour in that history, and found the literature still to be created and the language still to be modulated to the finer uses of expression. Youth was past, both for the race and the people, but the works of youth were still to be accomplished and the fruits of youth were still to be borne.

There were great figures in Germany while Goethe was a student at Leipsic and at Strasbourg; but Lessing, Herder, and Winkelmann were thinkers and critics of the creative temper rather than writers of the creative order and quality. The names of Bodmer and Gottsched, those wooden gods of a Germany in artistic and intellectual tutelage to France, bring before the mind by concrete illustration the aridity of spirit, the shallowness of insight, and the deadness of thought which reigned in Germany in the early years of Goethe's life. Never has a poet of the first rank fallen upon times more uninspiring and come to maturity among a people more divided. Both race and language were old, but they lacked the trained intelligence, the solidarity of experience, the unity of emotion and ideal, which are the finest fruits of maturity.

From the very start Goethe was driven back upon himself and forced to undertake consciously and of set purpose the



THE STATE CHURCH AT WEIMAR

work which, under more inspiring conditions, would have been almost instinctive. For to speak simply and naturally, in good German speech out of a sound German heart, was, at the time "Götz" appeared, to be a reformer and to lead a movement. Not only was the French influence to be destroyed and the French standards, methods, and tastes to be driven out, but a native taste was to be educated, and true racial forms of expression were to be fashioned. Goethe was too self-centered, even in his youth, and of an

intellectual fiber too vigorous, to come under the spell of the shallow foreign influence so widely prevalent. The French classicism, which drew its inspiration, not from the originaive literature of the Greeks, but from the derivative literature of the Romans, had no charms for a nature so rich in original instincts and so strongly swayed by the free and living forces of the time. It was to the past of his own people that Goethe turned when he wrote, with a strong, vigorous hand, the virile and genuinely German drama of "Götz

von Berlichingen;" it was the diseased and disordered fancy among his own Teutonic kin that he portrayed with such searching insight and power in the "Sorrows of Werther." And the storm of acclamation which swept Germany showed how powerfully the chords of racial feeling had been struck and how clear was Goethe's insight into the German nature. It seemed as if a straight and easy road to fame and popularity lay before him; for he had only to hold to Germanic subjects and to the broad, free, Romantic manner to deepen and confirm his hold upon a people who, although become both prosaic and sentimental, had not lost the German feeling, and understood a note struck out of chords long silent, but which had not lost the power of vibration. To Goethe, however, with his extraordinary breadth of view and his steadily deepening insight into the nature and functions of art, the situation was not so simple; it was, indeed, highly complex. He felt the loneliness of a man superior in gift and vision, not only to his contemporaries, but to his predecessors in his own field. Lessing had much to teach him in the way of clarification of sight; Herder opened up life on all sides by those luminous glances of his into the heart of things; and without the education which he had from Winkelmann he could never have understood Italy and discerned the secret of antique art as he did in the impressionable years of his famous visit. Nevertheless, to a man of Goethe's power, there was the consciousness of creative possibilities as yet unrealized in the native literature, either past or present. If he had been a dramatist by the structure of his mind, there would have been successors to "Götz" and "Egmont;" but Goethe was a dramatist by intention rather than by nature. He was drawn away, by the immense range of his mind, from the definiteness and concreteness of the dramatic representation of life. He used the dramatic form many times, and with very great success; but, except in the portrayal of two or three women, he does not convey the impression of being compelled to use that form; and in this connection we must recall his own words: "Talent may do what it will; genius does what it must." He could not find expression for the ideas that thronged about in

a repetition of his earlier successes. When he came, however, to the question of other and ampler forms of expression, he was confronted by the fact that he must create or introduce them. Neither the German language nor the German literature furnished them ready to his hand. Style in the true sense of the word was almost unknown in Germany. It was not until the publication of "Tasso" that Goethe's own style in its distinction and perfection was discerned; not until the appearance of "Hermann and Dorothea" that the rhythmic possibilities of the German language were revealed. Klopstock, Hermann Grimm tells us, was the creator of modern German prosody; he wrote the first true German odes, the first real German hexameters; but he became a mannerist, and he never was, at any period, a great writer. When "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared, Gleim declared that the lovely pastoral was a "sin against his holy Voss." The famous translation of Homer was a masterpiece, indeed, and delivered the German hexameter from its academic precision and artificiality, and gave it the freedom and movement of living speech. It was Goethe, however, who first touched this verse, so readily made sluggish and prosaic, with complete ease and skill, and made it so completely at home in German that it seems the native form of one of the most charming pastorals in any modern speech.

All this and much more Goethe had to do to free his own mind and to effect that enlargement of German literature which lay within his power. "Egmont," "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Faust," were thronging about him in the early Weimar days; they filled his imagination, but he seemed incapable of working them out. A richer atmosphere was necessary; another stage in his development was inevitable. Out of the Germany of 1786, with its poverty of literary art and its defective artistic instinct, Goethe passed into Italy, and came under the full power of that great art to which he had long been drawn and with which he had so much in common. Then came what has so often been regarded as the break with his past; as if the continuity of a life were to be sought in its works rather than in itself! Whether wisely or unwisely it is unnecessary to discuss here, the writer of the romantic

temper and methods became a writer of classical temper and methods. To "Götz" and "Werther" succeeded "Iphigenia," "Tasso," and the "Roman Elegies;" and to the storm of applause which greeted the earlier pieces succeeded the silence of indifference or the murmurs of criticism. Goethe lost his audience, and did not completely regain it until the publication of the first part of "Faust" in 1808. He had not only discarded old forms and employed new ones, but he had wholly changed his attitude towards his work; he not only modeled his work freely on classical models, but he attempted to detach himself from it and remove it as definitely from all relation to his life as the works of Sophocles were freed from all trace of connection, except the inevita-

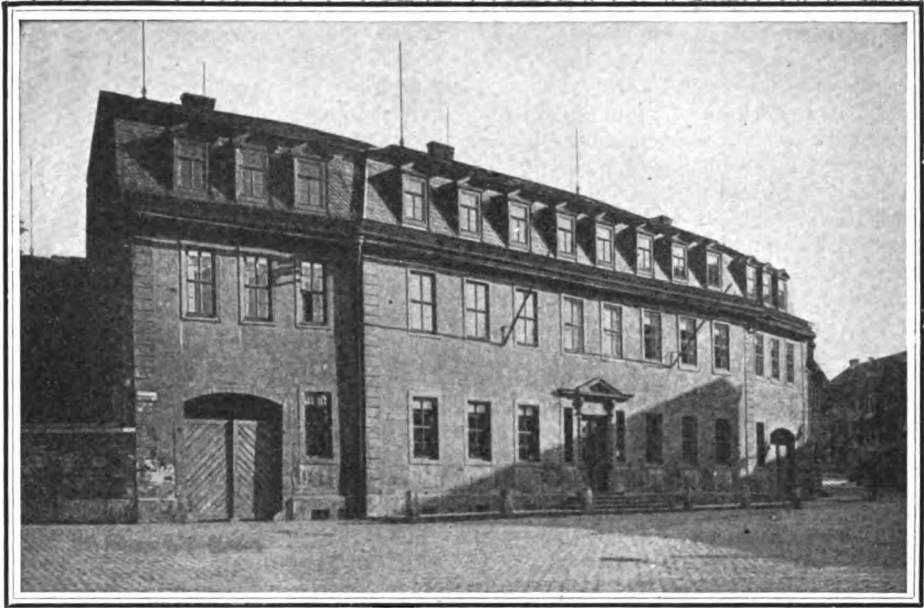
ble local color and individual touch, with the dramatist's personal experience. From "Iphigenia," "Tasso," the "Roman Elegies," and from a number of shorter poems like "The Bride of Corinth" and "Alexis and Dora," Goethe endeavored to detach himself entirely and to give his work an objectivity as definite and complete as that of a Greek statue. He did not succeed, because his works are one and all rooted in his experience, and because the effort was out of date; no modern man can do perfectly what Goethe attempted to do. "Iphigenia" is a very noble work, but when we search for the essential Goethe we do not look into "Iphigenia" or "Tasso;" we look into the first part of "Faust"—the "Faust" of the romantic, not the "Faust" of the classical, period.

Thus there appears in the maturity of Goethe's years and genius a transformation, which was regarded at the time and is now regarded by many as a complete revolution of his aims and methods, indeed of his very nature; for it was not until his return to Weimar, after the two momentous years in Italy, that the charge of coldness began to be heard.

From any point of view the change is striking and of far-reaching influence, and could have been possible only in a man to whom his own country and time did not furnish all the means of expression he craved, and who was in the habit of a constant and connected meditation on his art and his life. A man of Goethe's years, intelligence, and self-command does not sever himself from his artistic past, break with his audience, and essay entirely new methods of creation without deep and prolonged thought. Goethe's conversion was rapidly accomplished in the genial Italian air, but it had been long in preparation. It is probable that no great writer ever searched his own nature more rigorously or reflected on the



THE GARDEN OF GOETHE'S HOUSE



GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR

conditions and functions of art more exhaustively than Goethe did before and after the Italian visit. Every step away from the earlier standpoint was taken with deliberate intention and after maturest thought. The change was the product of a philosophy of art completely formulated in the poet's mind. For it is clear that Goethe was drawn away from the Gothic spirit and the Romantic manner, not by the charm which attaches to the classical form, but by that spell which resides in the antique view of life and of art as its intimate and natural expression. Goethe was primarily an artist, with a lyrical note as clear, personal, and beguiling as any in literature; and art was to him the one form which life took on that gave it harmony, unity, and coherence; and he found in the antique ideas and atmosphere the conditions which made art, not sporadic and individual, but the constant and glorious witness of the beauty at the heart of all things. If he was mistaken, there was a noble element in his error; it was the mistake of an Olympian born in an age of Titanic unrest and struggle.

In Goethe's nature, moreover, the spontaneous element was always held in check or directed by the rationalizing element. The flowers of song often bloomed very rapidly under his hand, but in such cases there was always an antecedent

preparation of the soil; the seeds were already germinating, and the urgency of some deeply felt experience or the genial warmth of some prosperous hour or event swiftly brought the blade to the light. He often wrote with great rapidity, but there was nothing in common between his methods and the methods of the great improvisers like Byron and Lope de Vega. The germinal idea of "Faust," he tells us, was suddenly unfolded to his imagination; but he spent sixty years in working it out! "The truth is," wrote Lowell to Mr. Fields, "my brain requires a long brooding-time ere it can hatch anything. As soon as the *life* comes into the thing, it is quick enough in chipping the shell." With Goethe the process was not so much brooding over his theme as looking at it from many sides and putting it into different forms. During the first Weimar period, from 1776 to 1786, while he was so silent and apparently so absorbed in pleasures and administration, "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Egmont," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Faust" possessed his imagination by turns. They had lodged there in those first prodigal years of his youth at Frankfort. He not only nourished and matured them by brooding meditation, but he gave them shape and form. While "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" received occasional touches,

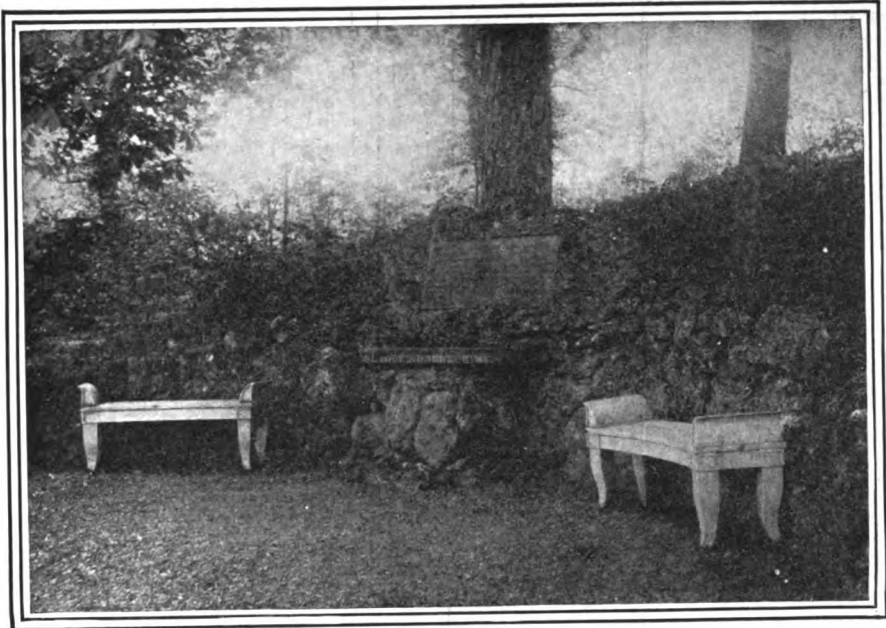
"Tasso," "Iphigenia," and "Egmont" were written out in forms which were afterwards very largely or wholly discarded. So far as "Faust" was concerned, it was a kind of running commentary begun when the poet was a student and completed in his eighty-second year! Evidently here was a singer whose gifts were from heaven but whose methods of work were as deliberately thought out and his processes of creation as consciously ordered as if he had been a child of Mercury rather than of the Muses. In studying Goethe's genius one is constantly reminded of the free, spontaneous, and buoyant temper of his mother; in studying his methods one is reminded of his precise, orderly, and prosaic father.

There was a distinct vein of philosophic inquiry running through Goethe's intellectual life, and there was a strong critical tendency in his nature. He was never an orderly thinker, but he was always striving to arrive at the unity of things and to discover those central points at which the arts and sciences disclosed the identity of their laws and the harmony of their methods. He studied both Spinoza and Kant, not exhaustively, but intelligently; and while he resolutely confined his speculations within the horizons of time and space, he habitually concerned himself with the deeper relations of things, and especially with their relations of interdependence. He cared little for phenomena in themselves, although his attachment to the concrete in nature was so intense as seriously to impair the value of his methods of observation; but he cared greatly for phenomena as they hinted at that interior unity which made them all manifestations of one force. His discovery of the intermaxillary bone and of the typical plant disclose the bent of his mind toward a comprehension of nature as a living whole. In spite of the large place which generalization holds in his work, Goethe was a poet with a philosophic bent rather than a philosopher with a poetic temper. In his old age the didactic mood predominated over the purely artistic, but even in the "Elective Affinities" there are passages of passionate intensity and power.

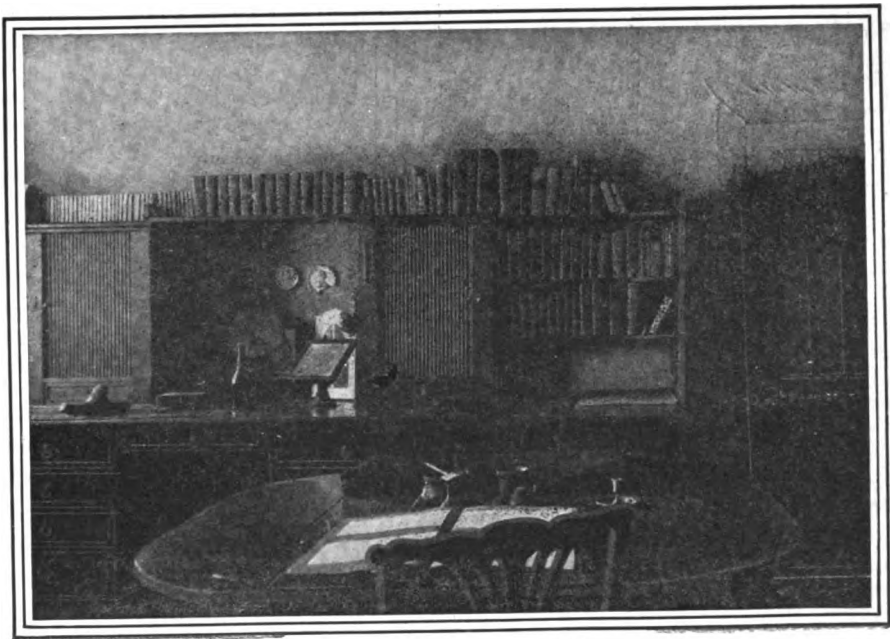
The critical faculty, when it deals mainly with principles, as in Goethe's case, contains a distinct philosophical

element; but its chief characteristic is its power to discern artistic values and to judge artistic processes. It is allied, therefore, with the creative rather than with the purely philosophic mind. Goethe is, on the whole, the greatest of literary critics; indeed, his criticism has such insight and range that he may be called the greatest of art critics. No man has said so many and such luminous things about the artist and the creative mind and mood. A complete philosophy of art, in the widest sense of a much-abused word, lies in his work; a philosophy not like that of Hegel, worked out from the historical standpoint and with constant reference to its relations with the Absolute; nor like that of Taine, elaborated from the psycho-physiological point of view; but slowly distilled from a prolonged artistic activity, and from first-hand acquaintance with the artistic nature. In this field, as in others, Goethe is fragmentary and defective in logical arrangement; because his conclusions were reached, not as steps in a formal process of thought, but as generalizations from a growing experience. He does not discuss art with speculative interest; he speaks as one having authority, because he discerns the vital processes and relations of artistic production to the artist and to life. He values technical skill, and knows the secrets of craftsmanship; but he is concerned constantly with art in its fundamental relations with civilization and with individual experience, and he is in constant contact with the sources of its power and freshness. The distinctly judicial activity of the critical faculty is, nevertheless, always going on in him, and constantly betrays its presence. So clearly, indeed, does he recognize the influence of the critical spirit in his own life that he has more than once given it objective form, and Mephistopheles remains the greatest literary representative of the critical spirit divorced from the creative spirit and become, therefore, entirely negative and destructive.

There is still another characteristic of Goethe which must be emphasized in connection with the rationalizing side of his nature, and that is the extraordinary intimacy of connection between his works and his experience. All the greater works of Goethe, even those which, like "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," seem most detached



A QUIET CORNER



GOETHE'S WORKING-ROOM

from him, were bound up with experiences through which he had passed or with persons whom he had known. The impression, more than once spread abroad, that he sought the deeper relations and the more intimate happenings of life for the sake of the literary material they supplied, is without foundation; it is, indeed, a misrepresentation of a man who, whatever his faults, had a notable kindliness of spirit. If any criticism is to be made upon Goethe in this connection, it finds its justification rather in his studious avoidance of agitating experiences and disturbing relationships; so far was he from seeking subjects for the kind of vivisection which has sometimes been charged against him. Nor is there a trace of artistic indifference to individual suffering in his dealing with those relationships of his past in which others were concerned. What could be more delicately or tenderly recorded than the idyllic romance of his student days at Strasbourg which has immortalized Frederica? When this lovely vision rose before his imagination years afterwards, his secretary noted the agitation of the old man and the deep silence into which he fell. The disclosure of Goethe's experience in his work has nothing in common with the vulgar invasion of the sanctities of friendship and love of which he has sometimes been accused. There is no record of any light or purely professional use of burned-out passions for the purposes of art. Goethe rationalized his experience and gave it artistic expression from an inward and irresistible impulse; it was the law of his nature, and its necessity as well, to meditate upon everything he had passed through, and to discern in it whatever was beautiful and permanent. No man ever kept a more complete record of his inward life, and outward events found place in that record because they influenced and affected his development. The calmness of his bearing in later years—and it is worth remembering that it is the old Goethe and not the mature or young Goethe whom the world recalls most vividly—cannot hide the tumults and agitations through which he passed, and his imagination kept long in painful touch with experiences which most men would have forgotten. He could rid himself of these haunting memories only by writing them

out; when he had given them objective expression, they seemed to detach themselves from him. He did not seek adventures of the heart and the soul; nor did he go about beating the bush for the poetic idea. He was as far as possible removed from the cold, impassive nature, turning every emotion to account and following rigidly and haughtily a plan of artistic activity through a long and sedulously guarded life. This is, or has been, the popular ideal of Goethe. It could not have been further from the truth if it had been the popular ideal of Schiller—that eager, restless, aspiring spirit whose life went out in one great breath of aspiration and work.

What strikes one who reads the life of Goethe with insight is his capacity for suffering and his dependence on experience. He had, as an older man, a stiff manner inherited from his father, and he cultivated persistently calmness and repose of spirit because he regarded these qualities as conducive to the ripening of a man's nature; but he was terribly shaken by the sorrows which from time to time knocked at the doors of his strong house. As for his artistic prevision, no great writer was ever more dependent for his material upon what life brought him. He did not forecast his creative activities and give them studied direction; he waited upon life, and he was powerless to create until life, speaking through experience, gave him something to say and the inward impulse to say it. The work of no other poet reveals a relation so close and constant with the happenings, events, and inward activities of his own history. Beginning with "The Sorrows of Werther," it is possible to connect almost every character in Goethe's books with himself or with some one whom he had known; every incident with some episode in his own story or the story of his friends; almost every experience described or illustrated with some actual experience accessible to him. The history of his loves, his friendships, his journeys, his studies, lies beyond the touch of time in the long record of his dramas, poems, novels, autobiography. His works taken as a whole constitute, as he himself declared, one great confession. Nothing is concealed and very little is extenuated. The truth comes out from beginning to



THE CASTLE AND DUCAL PALACE

end, and the man's limitations are as evident as his strength. These works fit his vital history like a robe woven of the substance of that which it clothes. Ideas came to him by the way of the heart rather than of the head; and they did not come until he was ripe for them. With all his gifts, he could not have projected into thin air those vast and iridescent dreams of Shelley; he had to keep in constant touch with reality. When he pushed symbolism beyond the limits of his own personal contact with life, as he did in the second part of "Faust," he did not cease to be interesting, but he did cease to be inspired. Among all his beautiful lyrics, unsurpassed in their spontaneity and freshness of feeling and their winged melody, there is barely one which is not known to have risen out of some deep emotion. In works of apparently impersonal character he often speaks most directly out of his heart. In "Tasso" he invests Ferrara with surpassing charm, but he is thinking of Weimar. Every poem and play is a chapter in his biography. He did not seek the materials for artistic activity; they sought him. He did not live for art; he lived in and through art. Art was his natural form of expression, and expression was the necessity of his nature, as it is of

all rich and healthy natures. Through this long-sustained expression there ran a vein of fresh, spontaneous thought and feeling; but so great and rich a harvest could not have been reaped save by a deep reflection upon the significance of these outward happenings. Goethe realized his experience and made it clear and intelligible by meditation.

It will be seen, therefore, that the poet's method of production emphasized the rationalizing tendencies in his nature which have been indicated, and that the times upon which he was cast, the natural bent of his mind, his strong critical instinct, and the dependence of his activity upon his experience, developed and deepened his rationalizing faculty. The crowning evidence of the influence of the rationalizing faculty upon his inward life and upon his artistic activity is to be found in the definiteness of his aims and methods. From a comparatively early period he had determined to make the most of life by intelligent regulation of his habits, occupations, and gifts in the interest of complete self-development. Most men take what opportunity offers them and wait on events without understanding them. Goethe resolved to convert all experience into one great

opportunity. "From my boyhood," says Wilhelm Meister, "it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me, . . . to make my own existence harmonious." In other words, Goethe made a deliberate plan to live his life in his own way and for certain definite ends. "The desire to rear as high as possible in the air the pyramid of my existence, of which the base is given and placed for me, predominates over every other, and scarcely allows itself for a moment to be forgotten." These words, spoken by a man under thirty, were still descriptive of the same man when, at eighty-three, death came to interrupt for the first time habits of work and of thought resolutely pursued for a full half-century. Whatever judgment we may form concerning this plan of life, it is certainly true that it was a plan as deliberately thought out and as resolutely worked out as any of those practical experiments in life by which some of the most sincere Greek thinkers evidenced their faith in the reality of philosophy.

From many points of view, therefore, the nature and mind of Goethe disclose the philosophical as distinctly as the creative faculty, the critical as well as the artistic temper, and the rationalizing no less than the spontaneous impulse. In this union of qualities always dissimilar and sometimes antagonistic is found the difficulty of clearly understanding and wisely judging this many-sided man; in this unusual combination is discoverable that element in his work which has made him one of the greatest teachers of all time and one of the foremost intellectual forces of modern times; and in this same com-

bination is to be found the secret of his occasional artistic weakness—a weakness upon which Wordsworth put his hand when he said that Goethe's work is not inevitable enough. Calculation and intention are sometimes in the ascendant, as in the second part of "Faust;" and the spontaneous flow of imagination is neither swift nor deep enough to drain into one current the multitudinous streams which rise over so vast a territory of knowledge and thought.

This rationalizing element runs through all Goethe's work, and gives it a structure of thought of singular massiveness and strength. There is the closest relation between his work and his view or philosophy of life. His artistic impulse, in all his larger work, moved in entire harmony with, and often under the direction of, his rationalizing faculty. He is distinctively the teacher among creative writers; the man who aims not merely at the free expression of his own nature and the creation of beautiful literary forms, but also at definite exposition, through the medium of art, of certain general views. This could hardly have been otherwise in one who held so serious a view of art, and to whom it was of such supreme importance as the final expression of the mind and heart of man. For with Goethe, as with all the greater artists, life is primary and art secondary in the order of time; but both are parts of one complete expression of the soul. In Goethe's case, however, this process of thought is more definitely marked than in the case of any of his peers; and it was probably more self-conscious and self-directed.



A GLIMPSE OF THE ILM

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU

[The author of this article, who prefers to leave it unsigned, was an intimate personal friend of the late Miss Sophia E. Thoreau, the sister of Henry D. Thoreau. The two friends often visited each other. Their acquaintance and friendship began when Miss Thoreau was thirty-two years of age, and continued unbroken until her death in 1876. The author of the article during this period made frequent visits to the Thoreau home in Concord, none of them very brief, and many of several weeks' duration, and participated with absolute freedom in the family life.—THE EDITORS.]

MIDSUMMER days, the sparkling hours of winter, somber, pensive autumn, the budding life of spring, all weathers and moods of nature, awaken remembrances of Concord and the Thoreau family. I knew the town in my younger life, but through all the shifting scenes of the passing years my memories



THE CABIN AT WALDEN

of its quiet landscapes, sedate streets, cultivated people, and hospitable homes have always remained fresh and tender. I hear of changes, of growth, of the passing away of the old and advent of the new; changes there must have been, for a whole generation has moved off the earth to other homes and activities since those I knew were living their serene and benevolent lives, which were at once an example and a benediction to all within their influence.

What suggestions of harmony and peace the word Concord conveys, and how "the light that never was on sea or land" illumines the reveries of long ago, as I recall the happy hours spent in the dear Thoreau home! There was about all the household a perennial spring of vivacious life that made its members interesting and attractive even to the young and immature. Its members possessed large stores of anecdote and historical information rela-

tive to old Boston and neighboring towns that were always entertaining and instructive. Mr. Thoreau, the elder, and myself were excellent friends; he was quiet and gentle, often humorous, expressing his thoughts in graphic, forcible language; in fact, a ready and copious vocabulary was characteristic of every member of his family, and life went on with them so evenly and calmly that talking seemed the principal business of the days. The arrival of the mails formed the excitement of the morning. Henry usually retired to his study after breakfast, and later would reappear ready for a jaunt through field or forest, or by the river, or, if in winter, for a long skate on its frozen surface, once going sixteen miles before turning homeward—this was, however, an exceptional achievement. But wherever he wandered, on his return he always had some new and instructive fact to relate, often all aglow with enthusiasm over some discovery he had made or treasure he had found.

Henry seemed to regard Concord and its vicinity as an epitome of the universe; it was said that on his returning to Mr. Emerson a borrowed volume of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Journey," he remarked that "most of the phenomena noted could have been observed in Concord." Nature revealed its secrets to his sympathetic soul; his searching eyes saw far, wide, and deep; he heard, nay, knew when to expect to hear, the first bluebird's note; indeed, no harbinger of the seasons escaped his alert observation. Before we had begun to think of spring flowers Henry came in from a ramble and surprised us with a handful of early violets. Sophia with her gifted pencil made a drawing of them for me, appending Henry's poem, suggested

years before by precisely such a bunch
tied round by a wisp of straw :

SIC VITA

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that; their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life.
But ah! the children will not know,
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its
hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

This graceful sketch, so exquisitely drawn, is a beautiful illustration of Sophia's artistic temperament and skill. She had an admirably balanced nature, and plenty of sentiment of a healthy kind; there was no waste or superfluity in any direction; and this equilibrium was her defense, and sustained her under the clouds of sorrow and sickness which overshadowed much of her life.

Henry and Sophia were in perfect accord (as indeed were all the family), and her thorough knowledge of botany formed a special bond of sympathy between them. Henry placed great reliance—as did all

who knew her—on his sister's rare judgment and ability in practical matters, and he was himself a shrewd, practical man in affairs of every-day life; he once said, "I have as many trades as fingers." A comical illustration of his readiness to cope with sudden emergencies occurred late one warm afternoon in summer, just as a short, sharp thunder-storm had passed and the sun was breaking through the dispersing clouds. We had finished supper, but were lingering at the table, when the servant threw open the door, exclaiming, with wild excitement, "Faith! th' pig's out o' th' pin, an' th' way he's tearin' roun' Jege Hooer's fluer-bids es enuf ter scare er budy." Henry and his father at once rushed out in pursuit of the marauder, and the ladies flew to the windows to see the fray. Never was practical strategy more in evidence; plotting and counter-plotting on both sides, repeated circumvention of well-laid plans, and a final cornering and capture of the perverse beast, who, after his delicious taste of freedom, protested loudly and vigorously against being forced to return to his prison pen. It was truly a triumph of the intellectual over the animal nature, whose brief enjoyment of wild destructive liberty was suddenly ended by the power of a superior will. It was remarked at the time how much mental and physical strength had to be expended to subdue so inferior an animal.

Henry was equally prompt and victorious when he found that the rules and regulations intended for a past generation hindered the progress of his own. I was told that a few years after his graduation from Harvard he wished to obtain the loan of certain volumes from its library, and made application to President Sparks for them; he was informed that the ancient statutes of the University permitted "clergymen and graduates who lived within twelve miles of Cambridge" to take books from its library. "And," said the President, "while very desirous of accommodating you, I have no right to do so unless you can show that you come within the rule." "As to that," said Henry, "I am not a clergyman; but when the rule of which you speak was made, twelve miles was a two hours' journey, and I live much nearer than that." The President recognized the ingenuity and



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Henry D. Thoreau

justice of the plea by allowing him to take the books.

Henry often showed playful instincts, yet he *was* serious. Life was no play-day for himself or others; he seemed tremendously in earnest in trying to find the key to right living. He impressed one as being interested in all humanity and its work in the world, provided it was not sordid. Low expedients, no matter what they accomplished in the making of fame or fortune, were utterly repugnant to him. There was a conspicuous Spartan fortitude in the family character; the mother had taught it both by precept and example. They took high ground on every subject, had stern views of duty, and tolerated no vacillating or compromising

measures in disposing of moral questions. This attribute of the family character was strikingly manifested when Henry submitted to be imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes during the Mexican war. He believed all war to be wrong, and that the then existing struggle was for the extension of slavery, which he abhorred. Soon after his incarceration, Mr. Emerson, whom he had always supposed was of like sentiments with himself, called at the jail, and on meeting his friend exclaimed, "Henry, why are you here?" and received for answer, "Mr. Emerson, why are *you* not here?"

The family were noteworthy not only for their mental gifts, but for their lofty character; they seemed incapable of pet-

teness, and made a principle of not being cast down or vanquished; their high spirit was temperamental on both sides of the house. Mrs. Thoreau kept her hopefulness and courage under the constant disability of feebleness of body; for she suffered under the family scourge, consumption, for many years; yet complaints she never uttered, and her stately though frail figure sitting year after year in her straight-backed chair was a picture of patience and brave endurance. Ever ready to be interested in passing events, expressing keen opinions or offering valuable suggestions, her hold on life was firm, and it was almost a surprise when she at last yielded to the inevitable and submitted to lie several days in bed before the end came. To a friend who visited her at this period Mrs. Thoreau recited Cato's soliloquy with perfect composure and contentment. Well might a gifted woman exclaim, "She looks like a queen," when death at last had claimed the resolute spirit, and she lay silently receiving her guests for the last time.

Notwithstanding the sturdy attitude of the family respecting all ethical questions, how delightful they were in social life!—most kind, generous, and winning. Their conversation, animated and entertaining, always surrounded them with an atmosphere of cheerfulness—a genuine cheerfulness that looked upon life and all its crookedness with more than philosophic resignation.

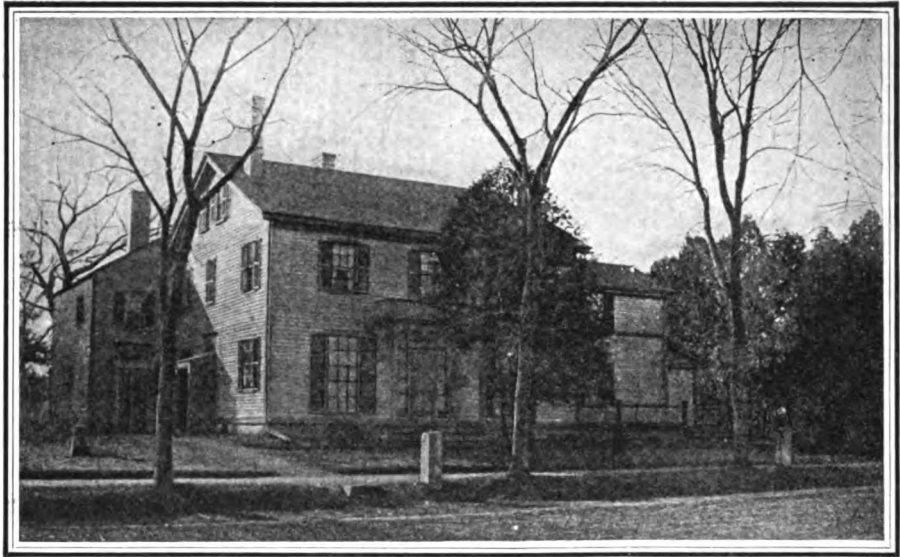
They were spirited in the best sense; their mirthfulness had the spice of original wit, native pluck, and coherent strength, and was a natural development from their varied ancestry, by whom they were endowed with the French vivacity, Scotch shrewdness, and Puritan rectitude.

The house was a veritable haven of refuge to one who fled thither from the weary tread and turmoil of the city. Recollections crowd upon me: its undisturbed orderliness, the restful sitting-room, where the sun lay all day, passing around the corner of the house and shining in again at the west window in the late winter afternoons, making Sophia's window-plants all-glorious, which some magic in her touch or magnetism of genuine love for the floral family always conjured into wonderfully luxuriant bloom. In memory
— among her flower-beds (hardly a

garden) enjoying the fragrance of the old-time favorites; I see the graceful laburnum in blossom, and a few steps further bring me to the little pine grove in the corner of their front yard (long since sacrificed to the opening of a new street), where in an instant I am in perfect seclusion; I see the sun glinting through the moving boughs, making a dancing mosaic of light and shade on the floor of pine needles; I hear the chirping of birds and the gentle, sighing voice of the wind through the soft green branches—a lovely retreat, to which no footsteps but those of memory will evermore wander.

I recall the reading aloud of fresh new books; the evening games of chess and backgammon; the bright, often distinguished, people who came to the house; the tea-parties and evening visits; the lyceum lectures on cold winter nights; the walks by field and river, sometimes to the old battle-ground, where, one early June morning, we turned in to the shady inclosure and Sophia pointed out the unnamed graves of the British soldiers who fell in the fight, their resting-place marked by rough gray stones. A narrow field lay between us and the historic "Old Manse," brown with age. We sat on a large boulder beneath a grand spreading tree, near the plain granite shaft commemorating the patriotic valor of the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world." We looked across the slow-flowing river, where at the time of the battle stood "the old North Bridge," to an ancient house with quaint projecting second story, memorable as one of the depositories of the warlike stores of the American patriots; the drives to Fairhaven cliffs, to Walden woods,¹ before those grand solitudes had been invaded and transformed; and walks to Sleepy Hollow years before it became a place of burial. If Henry happened to be with us, although we were unobservant of what was beneath our feet, his acute eyes, ever active, would detect Indian arrow-heads, or some implement for domestic purposes made of flint or other hard stone. I have seen him with a stick bring to light great

¹ It may be considered strange that the author of this paper does not speak of Henry Thoreau's life as an amateur hermit on the shore of Walden Pond; this omission is due to the fact that her acquaintance with the Thoreau family did not begin until about two years after that most interesting experiment in "plain living and high thinking" had been abandoned.



THOREAU'S HOUSE AT CONCORD

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

numbers of clam-shells, remnants of Indian feasts of long ago. It was noticeable that these shell deposits were always found in places evidently selected for their pleasant situation and outlook.

Occasionally Henry would invite us to go with him in his boat. One of these excursions was in late November, and the weather was of almost unearthly beauty; bees in great multitudes hummed loudly as they lazily floated in the golden slumberous haze only seen in the true Indian summer. At a particular spot Henry turned the boat toward the bank, saying: "We will make a call upon a wild flower that is not ordinarily at home at this date, but the unusually warm days and nights of the past fortnight may have prevented its departure; so we will knock at its door," tapping at the upper leaves of a low-growing plant; and, verily, there was the shy, dainty little blossom underneath—welcomed by at least one pair of alert, sympathetic eyes.

On our walks about the village we would not be surprised at meeting a notable lady dressed in a white flannel shroud, "trying to get some oxygen," as she would say. This lady lived many years, and, early in life, she, determining to have everything in readiness for her demise, provided herself with a shroud; but, after a time, finding her mortuary garment inclined to turn yellow, and possibly

growing a little out of style withal, she would utilize it as a morning wrapper or breakfast gown; and frequently wore it when she took her walks abroad or made morning calls on her intimate friends and neighbors; so, as year followed year, shroud followed shroud, and in the matter of her final garb death certainly found her prepared with the most approved vesture.

It was often amusing to observe Henry's want of gallantry; in getting in or out of a boat, or if a fence or wall were to be surmounted, no hand did he stretch forth; he assumed that a woman should be able to help herself in all such matters; but if she were defenseless, his inborn chivalry could be relied on; as in the case of a terrified girl pursued through the woods by a couple of young ruffians, sons of influential parents, Henry's valiant rescue was most timely; and by his persistent efforts due punishment was inflicted upon the shameless offenders. Again, when a weary mother with a heavy child in her arms was struggling to reach the station, where the train had already arrived, her feet sinking in the hot sand at every step, with one glance Henry took in the situation. He bounded over the fence, transferred the child to his own arms, and, with strides that seemed to disdain the shifting sand, he moved over the ground with a conquering air that appeared to impress

the inanimate engine and compel it to tarry till the belated mother and child were safely aboard the train.

No one could more heartily enjoy his family life than Henry. He invariably came down from his study for a while in the evening for conversation; the sound of the piano was sure to draw him.

Tears dim my eyes as those scenes arise before me; Sophia playing the old-time music, notably Scotch melodies, which so well suited her flexible voice, and those quaint ballads of a past generation, whose airs were often so plaintive and with so much of heartbreak in the words. All the family had rich, sweet voices. If the song was a favorite, the father would join in, and thrilling was their singing of that gem, "Tom Bowline." I hear now the refrain:

His soul has gone aloft.

Often Henry would suddenly cease singing and catch up his flute, and, musical as was his voice, yet it was a delight never to be forgotten to listen to the silvery tones that breathed from the instrument.

For general society or mixing with throngs Henry had no inclination. He once said: "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion." In 1860 there was a general muster of all the militia of Massachusetts at Concord, and, Henry being asked if he went to see the evolutions of the troops, answered: "I had occasion to ascend a hill in the neighborhood of the encampment, and was much surprised to find how small a space so large a body of men occupied in the landscape." Henry's first book ("A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers") was far from a pecuniary success, very few volumes having been sold. This was not only a disappointment but caused no small monetary embarrassment. To discharge this, he for a time turned his attention to surveying, in which he was regarded as very skillful.

The unsold portion of the above-named work—somewhat over nine hundred copies—was stored in his father's house. The disappointment and struggle occasioned by the failure of the reading public to appreciate his first book were met by Henry in his usual philosophic way. About this time, in speaking of his library,

he remarked that it consisted of "about one thousand volumes, nine hundred of which were written by myself." Once, after a day so stormy that he had not taken his customary outdoor exercise, Henry came flying down from his study when the evening was half spent. His face was unusually animated; he sang with zest, but evidently needed an unrestricted outlet for his pent-up vitality, and soon began to dance, all by himself, spinning airily round, displaying most remarkable litheness and agility; growing more and more inspirited, he finally sprang over the center-table, alighting like a feather on the other side—then, not in the least out of breath, continued his waltz until his enthusiasm abated.

I know not why I was surprised at hearing his mother refer to his "dancing days," for I had never associated Henry with any fashionable follies, even in his boyhood; but it seems he had been taught the usual accomplishments of well-bred children.

In sad contrast to the memory of Henry in his strength arises another, some years later—of him in his decline; he had returned from the West, whither he had been in search of health, and by evening a flush had come to his cheeks and an ominous brightness and beauty to his eyes, painful to behold. His conversation was unusually brilliant, and we listened with a charmed attention which perhaps stimulated him to continue talking until the weak voice could no longer articulate.

This was the autumn before his death; in a few months his life on earth was ended. I was told that he retained his splendid courage and fortitude to the last.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious.

With toil and strife he stormed the house of Fame.

In other sense this youth was glorious,

Himself a kingdom wheresoe'er he came.

Several years after, one late summer morning, I accompanied Sophia on a pilgrimage to an old "burying-ground" near the heart of the town. She told me of her intention of removing the remains of her immediate family to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. "You know," she said, "when dear mother is gone I shall be left alone, the last; so it must be done soon." The graves of her kindred were all around us. We were close to the village street, but

the high stone wall was a barrier between the living and the dead ; if any passed on the highway, they were unseen and gave no sound ; we were shut in with the dead of two centuries. As we sat on a gray slab, Sophia related incidents of family history and personal characteristics of her ancestors slumbering at our feet, and of many others, townspeople bearing the well-known names prominent in early Concord annals ; legends of the farmers who cultivated the soft slopes which are such pleasing features in the local landscape, the smithy on the mill-dam, the country storekeeper, the squire in his office, the dignified parson in his study—all were portrayed in her vivid sketches so full of quaint humor and tender pathos.

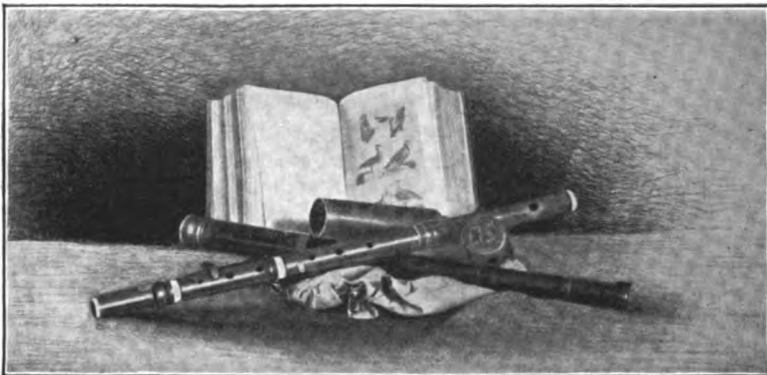
As she talked, those long-quiet sleepers seemed to stand before us, with all their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, as when they formed a part of the life of a century ago ; and as she finished her graphic word-picture they vanished into the invisible, leaving but a memory of her wonderful power of delineation behind them.

We turned to leave the place—truly "God's acre;" the air was alive with butterflies fluttering noiselessly, alighting now on purple thistle and then on a belated wild rose ; that impressive description of the end of the life of the Hebrew king came to mind—"He slept with his fathers." We took a last look at the venerable stones and grassy mounds, and as we passed from the sacred inclosure birds and insects seemed to be singing nature's requiem for the dead.

Sauntering along the elm-shaded streets to the house whence so many of her beloved had disappeared into the great unknown, our thoughts naturally turned to the problems of life and immortality.

The religious belief of the family was, to state it briefly, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Their confidence in the eternal beneficence and justice of their Creator could not be shaken, but for dogmas and sectarian creeds they had little respect, living and dying firm in the faith that He who observes every falling sparrow could not fail the human soul when, tired of earth and hungry for immortality, it lays down its burden of flesh as it enters the eternal mansion prepared for it "from the foundation of the world."

These Concord friends have all passed from this world to a better. They made an ineffaceable impress upon their generation in virtue of noble living ; they endeavored to elevate, and were stalwart friends of the poor and downtrodden. They were among the pioneers of that small and courageous company who began the fight against our National sin and dishonor. I seldom see in these days one of the people for whose freedom a whole Nation was convulsed by battle, death, and mourning, without thinking how dimly they comprehend and how lukewarm is their appreciation of those brave, true friends who, despite derision, censure, and personal sacrifice, with a zeal that never faltered, prepared the way for "Massa Linkum" and his glorious proclamation of liberty to their race.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOREAU'S FLUTE, SPY-GLASS, AND BIRD BOOK



MAURUS JÓKAI

A VISIT TO MAURUS JÓKAI

By Edward A. Steiner¹

IN a letter which I have just received from Buda-Pesth comes the confirmation of the rumor that Hungary's aged novelist, Maurus Jókai, has been married to a young Jewish girl, an actress. I could hardly believe the newspaper report, inasmuch as I was a guest in his summer home about six weeks ago, and had not heard from him or from his friends that such an important event was to occur. He did seem somewhat agitated in speak-

ing of the past, but he attributed it to the fact that he had just taken a prominent part in the celebration of the one hundredth birthday anniversary of the Hungarian poet Petöfi, his master and contemporary. My first thought after hearing this last piece of news was, "What will the Magyars think about their Jókai's seemingly foolish escapade, of marrying an eighteen-year-old girl, and a Jewess at that?" They will pout a little while, then forgive him, and idolize him as before. I doubt if ever a people so loved an author as the Magyars love him. I suppose it is partly accounted for by the fact that he is their

¹ The photographs from which the illustrations of this article have been reproduced were presented to the author of the article by Jókai. The picture of Jókai in his vineyard was taken expressly for the purpose of illustrating this article.

only writer who has gained fame beyond Hungary, but I think that the real reason is that Jókai's life is so completely interwoven with the modern history, the prosperous era of his native country, about which he has written glorious verse and stimulating prose, and for whose liberty he has fought on the battlefield and in Parliament.

Maurus Jókai was born on the 19th of February, 1825, in Komorn, that famous fortress on the Danube. His father was a lawyer, and it was from him that he inherited his poetical genius. He also studied law, a profession which in Hungary yields office and honor and the possibility of playing an important political rôle. While he was still in the Latin school he wrote his first novel, "The Struggle with God," a fantastic production which received the second prize at a literary competition. The winning of this prize determined him to devote himself more fully to literature. In 1848 he took an active part in the revolution, and edited at Debreczin a patriotic newspaper, which at the surrender of Goergey put him in jeopardy of his life. He fled, nearly starving to death upon the endless Puszta, the Hungarian money he had being valueless; yet, nevertheless, he says, and says it with a just pride, "I never touched the prize ducat which I always carried in my pocket."

In a still unpublished manuscript which I was permitted to see and partially quote, he says: "When I was a little boy, I was afraid of three things: the long-bearded Jews, rabid dogs, and of being buried alive. I soonest overcame fear of Jews and of being buried alive, but of the dogs I am still afraid, and I never walk without a cane upon the streets. . . . My first drama was written when I was eighteen years of age, and was entitled 'The Jewish Boy'; it received honorable mention at a competition. My first romance was published a year later; it was the fruit of an unbridled imagination, but there are descriptive pictures in that story which I could not equal to-day. Petöfi had a great influence over me, and we were both great admirers of Shakespeare, Byron, and Shelley. In my first works the influence of Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue is plainly visible. Only in my humorous works did I show any independence. I always

sought the extraordinary, and it was my ambition to walk in paths untrodden by the hoofs of Pegasus." He praises the influence of his wife and of his contemporaneous critics, and lastly remembers "the sweet green trees which I have planted; you earthly comrades reaching to heaven. You know what you have whispered to me. How often I have found refreshment under your shadows, and how often you have inspired me to highest thinking, and have sheltered me from the world!"

The Schwabenberg, the suburb of Buda-Pesth where Jókai's summer house is located, is a German oasis in a Magyar wilderness, where, behind strange-sounding Hungarian names, one finds the forms and features of good-natured Germans, who for hundreds of years have retained the speech of their Fatherland, which their children are now learning to forget, and who now bear names which their Teutonic sires will not be able to recognize when the roll of the judgment day is called.

This story goes the round in Buda-Pesth's much-diminished German colony: One of their countrymen came on a visit to the city, and, walking with a friend across the bridge from Pesth to Buda, the stranger asked, "How is your friend Weiss?" (White). "Weiss, Weiss! I don't know such a man in Buda-Pesth; you must mean Fehér; oh, he is growing rich." "And how about our friend Schwarz?" (Black). "Schwarz, Schwarz! you mean Fekete; he is doing well." A little later the solicitous friend asked again, "And how is my cousin Nachtmahl?" "Nachtmahl! you mean Deveczery; the poor fellow died a few weeks ago." Musingly our German friend walked to the end of the bridge, where a colossal statue of St. Peter stood. Pointing to it, he asked, "Who is this?" "Why, that's St. Peter." "Oh! and what was his name before he came to Buda-Pesth?" To this suburb Jókai drives every day from his city home, never using the railway which climbs the rather steep mountain.

A broad, unpretentious gate opens upon a well-kept garden, where, hidden between the trees, is a little cottage, in which the author spends his busy days. His leisure time is spent working in his garden and vineyard, and should you come upon him in the late autumn, you would



MAURUS JÓKAI IN HIS VINEYARD

find him superintending the pressing of his grapes, whose juice yields a wine which is declared by his friends to be among the best of the fiery wines of Hungary. The room in which I met him was poorly furnished; the desk was covered by mail and manuscripts; but, in spite of his weariness, his welcome to me was hearty, and his response to my questions was cordial and explicit.

Jókai is to me, first of all, the true patriot; and our whole conversation turned upon Hungary's past and future. The nation and its freedom have always been the burden of his song and story, and so now he gave me the echoes of the thoughts throbbing in his great heart, awakened to a flame by the Petöfi celebration. "We found the nation," he said, "ruled by strangers and by its own coarse materialism, and it was our endeavor to free our

country from both these galling yokes." And in a large measure they have succeeded, for Hungary is the freest of Austria's provinces, and the Magyars are to-day the dominating race in that conglomerate of States called Austria. Jókai is not a radical in politics, and was always viewed with suspicion by that great Hungarian statesman, Kossuth. The following letter directed to Kossuth explains Jókai's political position: "I love you, Kossuth, but more I love Hungary; and when I see that you lead Hungary into dangerous paths, I put myself in the way, even if I am trampled upon. Kossuth and the whole world must know that that is always my habit." And to me he said: "Kossuth thought it best to ally Hungary, if necessary, with Servia and Rumania rather than with the Austrian Crownlands, but I believe that it is to our

a 'vantage to be allied to Austria. In this faith I live, in this faith I shall die.

"You can see for yourself," he added, without boasting, "who was right, Kossuth or I."

When asked about the condition of the political parties, Jókai said: "At the present time we have no parties, for we have a programme upon which all Hungary is united."

"Is it the programme of 1848—the complete separation of Hungary from Austria?" I asked.

"No; we are simply carrying out to its logical conclusion the position we have taken; there are a few hotheads in Parliament who are dreaming of a Magyar King, but to most of us this is a strange thought. The fact is that Hungary is more loyal to the Habsburgs now than any other of its many provinces, and it may be in some far-off day their only loyal possession."

Jókai seemed more inclined to discuss the tenderness of the fowl served us at dinner than the tough questions of politics, and, after doing justice to the much-peppered viands, we spent the remainder of the day among the heavy-laden ripening grapes. Jókai turned the conversation upon the United States, and I found that he held the opinion so commonly shared abroad, that the "Yankos," as he called them, have no ideals, that they are all cut-throats, and that all we think about is making money. Of course I grew eloquent in the defense of my adopted country, and proved to him conclusively, I hope, that the United States is a paradise compared even to his beloved Hungary. The fact is that Hungary is wretchedly governed, that the public purse is being robbed in broad daylight, and that its bureaucracy is domineering and dishonest. Venal judges are even more plentiful there than here, and, especially in the lower courts, Justice lends herself to the highest bidder. My defense of the United States and

my attack upon Hungary were up to the boiling-point, so, by common consent, we turned to the field of literature. He knows Mark Twain and Bret Harte; the name of Longfellow "has a charmed sound" to him, as he expressed it; but he thinks us further behind than we are in developing our American literature. Of George W. Cable, John Fox, Jr., Miss Wilkins, and others, he was quite ignorant.

Of his own work he said very little, referring me to his just and numerous critics, who agree upon something like the following: Jókai is a magnificent word-painter, who shows an inexhaustible power of imagination, and the events in his stories move smoothly and naturally over the scene. He has depicted the true Hungarian life in a masterly way, and the life of the Puszta or the Karpathians, of the city or lonely village, has found in him a true interpreter.

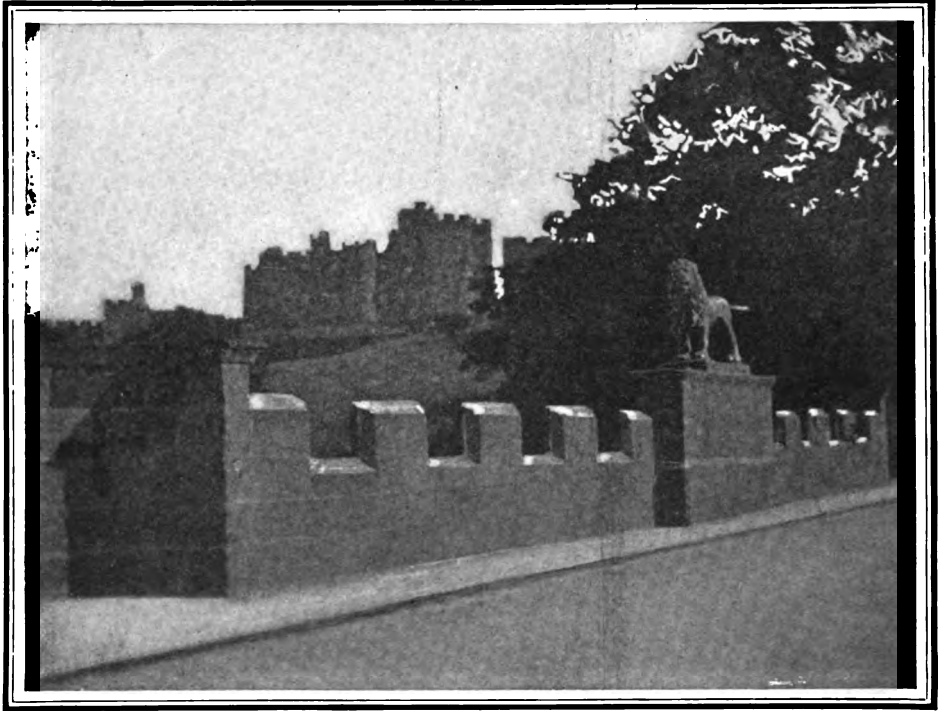
Jókai does not claim anything more than to be a good entertainer, and that is his chief virtue and also his greatest fault; for, in the attempt to "entertain this big child, the public," he has written too much, and too much loosely put together, like a child's story. As one of his critics wisely said, "Less would have been more."

But Hungary does not criticise Jókai; it adores him, and the peasants of the Schwabenberg speak of him with a hushed awe. The station-master who piloted me to his villa said enthusiastically, "Think of it! he has written three hundred volumes; what other nation has produced such a man?" Neither dare I to criticise him, who was the first man to kindle my imagination, who has brought me in touch with the noble nation which he has lifted from a crude pastoral life to that of a nation which can sing noble songs, do noble deeds; which, in a miraculously short time, has gained political and industrial independence.



A Duke, a Castle, and an English County

By Edwin B. Ferguson



ALNWICK CASTLE

IMPRESSIONS of the tourist are like photographic snap-shots, which may result in pictures that are surprisingly true to life, as also in distortions and negatives that are "under-exposed." Portraits need time, skill, sympathy. The following notes about Northumbrian manners and customs, as seen by the writer while on a bicycle tour through North England and South Scotland, are chiefly "impressions."

To Americans, prosperous agricultural regions where farms are well kept and farmers are well-to-do are, happily, no great novelty. But America is still new country, and American farmers are still the proprietors of their own land. Strictly speaking, American farmers are not farmers at all, for, by old-world usage and Saxon etymology, a *feormer* is a tenant, and to *feorm* land is to rent it. To be sure, even in America we sometimes hear of farmers who, "mortgaged up to the hilt," are vir-

tually but the tenants of the land they till, but such are the exception.

English tenant-farming at its best is seen in the northern counties, and as a good example of it in that region the occupiers of land upon the estate of the Duke of Northumberland may fairly be cited. The Duke of Northumberland, though possibly not the richest, is said to be the largest, landowner in all England. To him belongs, perhaps, one-sixth of the acres of Northumberland, and he, with ten or twelve fellow-landowners, would doubtless be found to own the lion's share of the county. His are whole towns and villages, docks and collieries. His estate is a principality, and requires for its management such a corps of clerks and bailiffs and such an exercise of powers, legislative, judicial, and executive, as would have made the fathers of the American Constitution shudder.

The center and capital of his little principality is Alnwick ("Annik"), a quiet, quaint old town upon the small river Alne, some thirty-five miles from Newcastle. Here are the Duke's parks and Alnwick Castle, one of the most picturesque feudal fortresses in England. The castle dates from Norman times, and has figured in many a rough fight of the border. It has long been the seat of the Percys—the ducal family—and, restored, it is now their chief residence.

Leaving the town street and going beneath the huge barbican, one finds himself in the courtyard of the castle. In front of him loom the heavy battlemented turrets and the great keep. The fortress satisfies his fancy to the full. Round about and beyond are the walls and the various chambers and halls appertinent to a feudal domain. From such strongholds as this the barons of the North were once able to defy kings.

Upon the northern side of the court are the offices of the estate, the nerve-center of this modern feudal principality. Once the lord's liegemen were wont to come hither to render him their homage; now his tenants come to pay their rent. Services have been commuted to money, and cloak and doublet to plain sack-coat and trousers, but feudalism is not quite gone from England, nevertheless.

It is interesting to trace the remnants of the old feudal ways. Until recently a tenant coming to pay his rent was given a pot of beer, and now twice each year the large guest-hall of the castle is thrown open, and the more important of the tenantry are asked to a "rent dinner." At these dinners, to which only the men are asked, the lord of the manor, or his representative, presides, speeches are made, toasts are drunk, and the farmers are expected to make themselves merry. If a duke's son is to come of age, the tenantry are asked to co-operate with the lord in the celebration of the event. Then, too, a few old customs, such as the leet-court, are still, in some parts of the shire, observed. But all these customs are losing their significance, and the relationship of tenant and landlord is fast becoming a contractual one.

Through the level green plain of the pastures below the castle, under willows and over weirs, past the flags and the

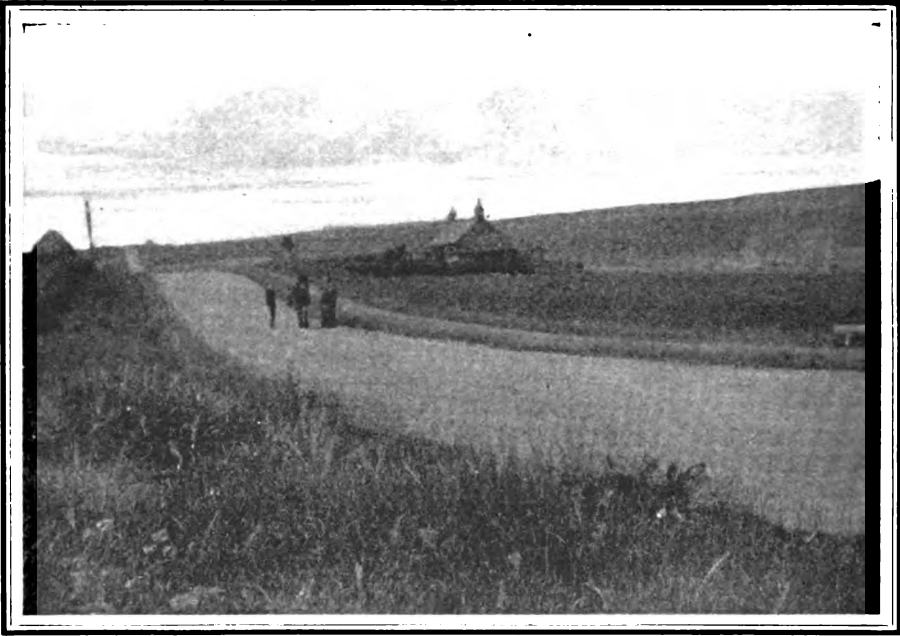
butter-burr, the river Alne winds its patient way to the sea. It is a very good stream for trout, is the Alne, and the villager may cast for them freely, upon payment of the license fee of half a crown. In these pastures the Duke's sheep and his highland cattle munch and browse by the side of the river. Following the stream upward, one enters the parks with their fine avenues, through splendid timber of beech, sycamore, oak, across which the rabbits and the pheasants trip unmolested. There is the deer-park, where hundreds of antlered bucks and light-footed does of the red and the fallow deer lie in the shade of the distant coppice. There are the abbey lands, with the ruins of Hulm and Alnwick Abbeys. There is the "Park Farm," the Duke's home farm, where agricultural processes are carried on as they ought to be. At this farm are bred some of the finest shorthorn cattle in England.

Though the Duke of Northumberland is the benevolent despot of Alnwick, and though his lands encompass the town, yet Alnwick is an ancient borough of freemen who had their charter from the old Norman barons long ago. Not long since the property of the town was administered by the "Chamberlains" and the "Four and Twenty Aldermen," and the freemen of the town were organized into a fixed number of trade guilds. To be admitted to the borough one must have been either a freeman's son or 'prenticed to a freeman. A few years ago a queer form of initiation called "going through the well" obtained in the borough. The young freemen, in holiday trappings, were obliged to flounder through a certain stagnant pool outside the town. The ceremony was held to date from King John, who once, when on a hunting jaunt, was mired in this same pool, and was so put out about it that, from pure spite, he swore that all freemen in Alnwick should go through the same experience.

The most prized possession of the freemen is Alnwick Moor, a partially reclaimed waste of some thirty-seven hundred acres to the west of the town, checked here and there with cots and cultivated fields, but for the most part knowing only the wild cry of the curlew. In years that are gone this moor was burrowed for coal, and one stalking across it will find "sinks" marking

the places of the old pits. Once each year, on a set day in March, the new freemen draw lots for a share in the moor. Each freeman is entitled to one acre of the nether moor for a homestead, and three acres of tillable land off upon the outer moor. If very lucky, he may draw a house with his one acre, for when an old freeman and his widow are both dead the land is taken back with the general tract for redivision. But, more often, the young freeman must get him stone from the town quarry and build his house himself. Sometimes the three acres are far

shepherd, attended by his two knowing collies, comes trotting and bleating its timorous way through the grim "Hotspur Tower"—the sole remnant of Alnwick's wall. Now a herd of yearling heifers, driven by boys with clubs, comes from the opposite way, down the "Clayport." Or now some unlucky lad may be seen trying to coax an old sow along "Green But"—the English have ever loved story-book names for their streets. As the pens fill up, the little square becomes busy with farmers, shepherds, buyers, and countrymen generally; while dogs from far and



ALNICK MOOR

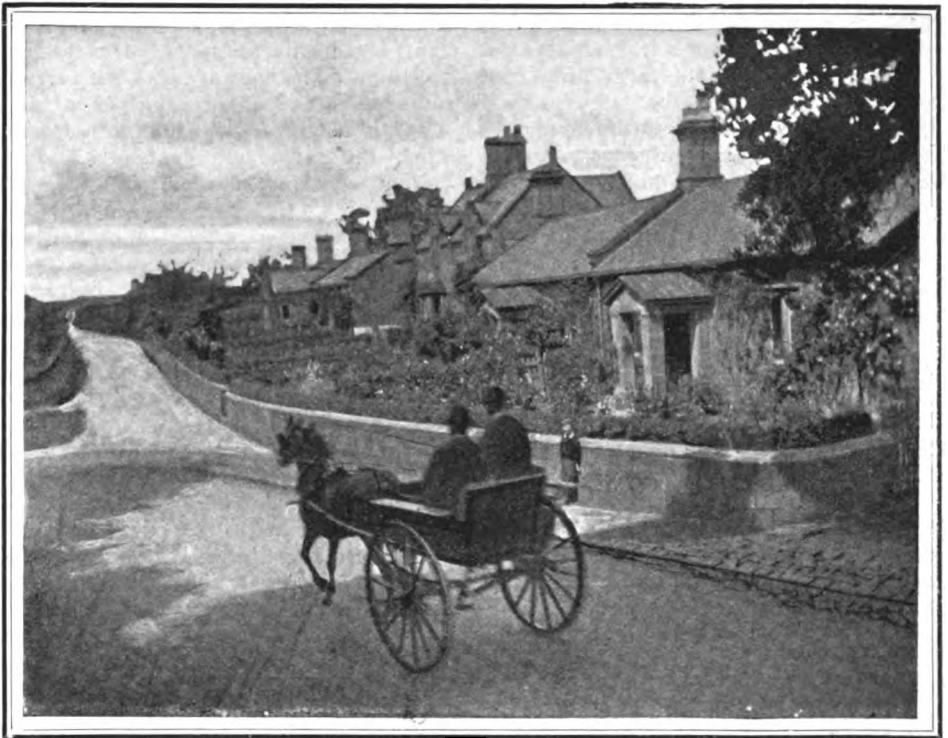
away from the one acre, and a man must work at somewhat of a disadvantage; but land is land, and he is glad to get it upon almost any condition. The moor-fowl and the game are the property of the lord of the manor; but the *land* belongs to the freemen.

Alnwick, as with all the county towns, is gayest on a market day, for Northumbria is a land of beef, mutton, and wool. The wooden pens are early set up upon the cobbles of the market square, and as the sun rises level with the town-hall clock the countrymen with sheep or kine come winding along the highroads down into Alnwick town. Now a flock of sheep, driven by a weathered and handsome old

shepherd, brings at least two—run about the legs of the throng in happy convention. The men greet and gossip in their broad Northumbrian speech, and what with the ayes and the nays of these hearty folk, and the lowing and the bleating and the barking, Alnwick market makes a right cheery symphony for the ear of man.

"Waal, Donald," says a bystander to an old Northcountryman, as he stumps vigorously into the square, his stick in his hand and his Scotch cap well up on his brow, "is yon the same oold dog thoo used to haave?"

"Aye," answers Donald with cheerful emphasis, "an' hae'll ootlive me yet."



LABORERS' COTTAGES

Belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

"It's a bonnie haefer thooe brot this time, Donald," says another.

"Aye," replies the old man again, "an' ah hoop shae'll brung a bonnie preece."

And thus the giving and taking goes on until there, in the shadow of the market cross, the barter begins.

In this market square is an old ring-stone, a relic of the bull-baiting days when, says a chronicler, "as many as seven bulls were once baited in one winter." It is here that the "hirings" of the hinds, or farm laborers, take place. Every year, on a certain day in March, the farmers who want hinds, and the hinds who want to hire out to farmers, come together here and make arrangements for the succeeding twelvemonth. The affair is quite informal. For the most part, both farmers and men have long been known to one another, and the two classes simply mingle together for a social chat in which bargains are made and old scores settled.

The terms of the bargain are fixed by a custom which is almost as strong as law. The farmer is to furnish a cottage for his hind, rent free. The hind is to have his

coals "led" or hauled from the pit, and to have for his own a thousand yards of potatoes set. The hind does the work, but on the farmer's time. The wage, running from sixteen shillings to nineteen shillings per week, is to continue at that rate throughout the year, during both the dull and the rush seasons. And there is an old Northumbrian custom, now falling out of use, though still observed, whereby the hind is to find for his master a "bondager," or female farm-servant, to work for the master whensoever her services may be required. It is an ugly term, "bondager," and probably a relic of serfdom. The hind used to be required to maintain this woman and pay her out of a sum he received from his master—customarily £15 per annum. When the bondager was the hind's wife, or daughter, or relative, the practice was tolerable; but when she was simply an unmarried woman, it was like to lead to harm. Of late the custom seems to be modified to the extent of requiring of the hind only that he find some woman able to work for the master—the woman being paid, directly, thirty-

eight pence per day during harvest, and eighteen to twenty pence at other seasons.

Single farm-servants are hired for periods of six months, the dates for their hiring also being fixed by the council of the borough—usually in May and November, Whitsuntide and Martinmas. The unmarried hinds sometimes lodge with a cottager, but more often live in the farmhouse with the master. They get from £12 to £14 for their six months of service.

They are a very quaint institution, these labor marts, but the scarcity of good farm-servants, at least in the Northumbrian district, makes it possible for them to be conducted in a spirit of independence and fair dealing which is very admirable.

"I shall inquire into your character," said a farmer to a hind, "and you shall know my decision in the afternoon." At the appointed hour the man sought out his farmer and said, "Since I saw you this morning I have inquired into *your* character, and *my* decision is to have nothing more to do with you."

To an American one of the most noticeable characteristics of an old manorial town like Alnwick is the evenness of its ways; the American might say, "its stagnation." The little river Alne flowed along under its bridges as clear and unpolluted as when, two thousand years ago, the Britons ranged the land. Here and there along the stream a trout dam barred its flow, but no mills. Leeds and Huddersfield to the south, Galashiels, Dumfries to the north, have long since grown into great woolen manufactories. But Alnwick, in the very center of the woolen district, was as peaceful and uncommercial as in the time of the Conqueror. The reason seems to be that the land was not to be bought for milling purposes.

The houses were all of stone, and the streets had a certain substantial uniformity about them unknown to the American country town. There was little need of a fire department. Though Alnwick is on a railroad, there were no real-estate agents and there was no boom.

The doings of the lord of the manor furnished for the townspeople, perhaps, their chief diversion. The old filial regard for the "gentry" will doubtless survive longest in the provinces. But it would be unjust to say that the townsfolk had not a

life of their own apart from that of the great families in the neighborhood. The Northumbrians have always been a robust, independent race, in mind as in body. The townsfolk looked on with interest when the red-coated huntsmen and the yelping pack started away from the "White Swan Inn." But they were more interested in their own cricket and their own cattle fairs. On Sunday many of the people attended service at the churches of the Establishment—especially the fine old parish church where the gentry go; but as many more went to the chapels of the Baptists and the Methodists, or the kirk of the Presbyterians. It was even said that in several instances when members of the ruling families had been "up" for Parliament, the electors of the borough had not voted quite as might have been desired.

Though land in freehold was so difficult to obtain, yet, judged by American standards, rents were low, even with respect to wages. One could rent a well-built, two-story stone house, with yard, for from £7 to £9 per annum.

One other distinctive feature of the town life should be spoken of—the allotments. During the last two decades, Parliament, by a series of "Allotment" and "Small Holdings" acts, has sought to make it possible for working people in Great Britain to get a measure of access to the land. These acts empower County Councils, on petition of the electors, to acquire, let, and sell land, in the interest of the electors, making the elector at once a tenant and a fractional part of a landlord. In the case of allotments the Council may resort to a process of compulsory purchase in order to acquire the land, and the land is to be let, without right of subletting, in parcels of one acre and under. In the case of "small holdings," the acts provide for the mere purchase of the land, without compulsion, and the letting and selling of it to persons upon terms easier than those that could be had in the general market. Testimony seems to show that these acts, so far as they go, have worked successfully. In many parts of the Kingdom landlords have, of their own will, set aside tracts of land for allotment use. It was so at Alnwick.

There were six tracts of allotments in different quarters of the town—all under cultivation in crops and small fruits. The allotments were usually patches one-eighth

acre in size, and they rented all the way from 6s. to 15s. per annum. These tracts, with their neat rows of growing vegetables and their trim hedges and tool-houses, looked very fine indeed. The rent included water and general care of hedges and paths. One holder, a whitesmith (tin-smith), when inquired of concerning the current prices of vegetables, said that he could not tell, for he never bought any. The difficulty with allotments seemed to be their distance from the houses. After doing physical work all day, the strength

ride over the hard macadam roads between the trim hawthorn hedges; to see acres on acres of rich rolling meadow and field on field of "gare" land neatly drilled in turnips and potatoes; to see the stalwart, well-made men and women working in the fields, the splendid Clydesdale horses—the favorite breed—before cultivator or plow, and to pass farmstead on farmstead with its rows of substantial stone cottages, its byre and fold and out-buildings, and its sugar-loaf stacks of straw; to see all these sights of thrifful



MARKET DAY IN ALNWICK

Market Cross in the Angle.

and time consumed in getting to the allotment is no small matter. Still, there is usually a lad or a lass to help work the patch, and in the long North country summer evenings one can accomplish a great deal. All in all, in traveling through English towns it was the writer's observation that "lotments," so far as they went, were not only good economy but good fun.

But to return to farmers and farming. To one who has the farmer's eye for good land and the farmer's passion for seeing things grow, there could be no country more satisfying than Northumberland. To

prosperity is to get the impression that the cultivation of the soil, even in the world's workshop, is still a paying industry. Here the signs of that historic depression in agriculture were not obtrusive, and the cry of the laborers that reaped the fields was at least inaudible. The truth of the matter is that Northumberland does furnish the exception to most rules, and the country is generally conceded to be the best farm region in England—excepting possibly, the southernmost counties of Scotland, the best in the Kingdom.

The farms were, most of them, large ones, there being very few holdings of less

than one hundred acres, and many running well into the thousands. The writer was surprised to see how many of the large tenant farmers were "independent gentlemen," who, perhaps, had a hobby for horse or cattle or sheep breeding, but who, though they conducted their farms on scientific principles, seemed to be farmers from choice rather than necessity.

But there was another and larger class of tenant farmers in Northumberland who seemed to make ordinary farming pay. The premises of these men were not quite so ornamental as were those of the others, but there was that about them which betokened thrift and comfort.

A Northumbrian farmstead is very picturesque. Letting one's eye range the country, one sees the landscape dotted here and there with groups of gray stone buildings, their red-tiled roofs making a pretty contrast to the green of the fields and the blue of the sky. From each cluster of buildings there towers a tall smoke-stack, usually of brick, which marks the site of the farmer's boiler and engine room. The engines run from twelve to thirty horse-power, and are used for threshing grain and cutting feed. As to the buildings, there is the farmer's house—a commodious, two-and-a-half-story structure, built, perhaps, rather for utility than beauty, but still, with its ivy or rose-clad entry and its geometrically perfect box-fringed walk and flower garden in front, not unbeautiful. The farm-house is frequently on the opposite side of the highroad from the other buildings of the farmstead. Then there are the hinds' cottages—one story buildings, constructed of the gray sandstone common to the region, laid in smooth rubble, neatly quoined. These cottages are built double, or, more often, put up in rows, as many as fifteen or twenty being sometimes in one range, which, with the little yards in front, give the appearance of a city street in the midst of green fields. About Alnwick they usually have the Percy crescent sculptured upon the lintel of the door.

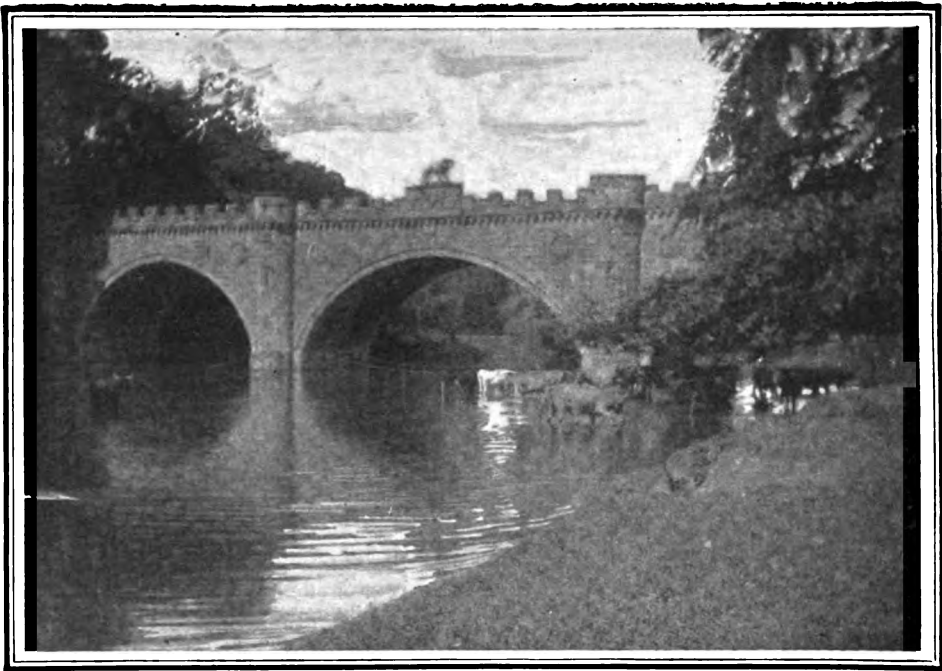
To look into the cottages is to be convinced that the Northumbrian farm laborer, compared with some other laborers, is pretty well off. The women seemed tidy housekeepers, despite the fact that so much of their time was spent in the fields. The cottages contained two and sometimes even

four rooms. The windows were smartly curtained, the floor, of stone flagging or cement, was freshly sanded, and the open, wrought-iron fireplace, with its kettle on the crane and its box oven, was kept blackened as only the thorough housewife knows how to do. Upon the walls would be, perhaps, scenes of hunting, made when the art of chromo-lithography was young; or a picture of Robert Burns at the plow, garlanded by the muse of poetry, and, without fail, a "jubilee" picture of Queen Victoria. In many cots the living-room was also a sleeping-room; but this fact has not the significance it has in a city tenement. The bedstead was of brass or iron, and the bed-linen was white and clean. The cottagers were very hospitable, and one need only be a stranger to be asked into their houses. To be an American was a special passport.

Besides the cottages, there are, upon a well-conducted Northumbrian farmstead, the dairy, the barn proper (the structure where cattle are housed is the "byre"), the sheepfold, the cart-sheds, the aforementioned byre and engine-room, and various houses for roots and vegetables. There is often a large corrugated-iron canopy for the shelter of hay. But much of the straw and hay is put up in the peculiar sugar-loaf stacks, carefully thatched and bound with ropes of braided straw.

As has been said, the farms were given principally to the raising of live-stock—cattle and sheep. When there was a surplus of milk over what was requisite to rear calves, it was disposed of in one of its forms. The wool from the sheep was a regular by-product, as also the grains—wheat, rye, oats, barley, called, after the ancient usage, "corn." But the chief products were the beef and the mutton, and the market was the local one of Newcastle and neighborhood. Immense quantities of turnips of several varieties were raised to feed the stock, and the four-crop shift was in general use. In the last quarter-century so much land has been laid down that only a fifth or a sixth of the area of the farms was in cultivated crops.

The farmers were an intelligent lot of men. In the science and method of practical agriculture they were well up to date, and they could converse as interestedly about the Transvaal or the Philippines as about their more immediate concerns.



THE ALNE

But the writer thinks he is not wrong in saying that they lacked that bolder, more restless spirit so characteristic of American farmers. They took life much more easily than American farmers, and did not work themselves nor their men so hard. Most of them had relatives "out" in the Western States of America or provinces of Canada.

In matters of politics they were rather inclined to take the Conservative side—not from policy, but from conviction. The landlord might shoot and hunt and live in state in London and pocket the rents to meet which they must manage so closely; but this was right, for he should do as he pleased with his own. The landlord was to remain ever a "gentleman," and they were to remain ever—farmers. Of course this attitude was also the politic one. Things go hard with the farmer who antagonizes his landlord or the landlord's agent. Recent legislation has done much to define the rights of the tenant in matters of tenure, improvements, growing crops, and the like, but much has to be taken for granted, and in the event of dispute the advantage lies clearly with the owner of the land. The farmer knows that as long as he keeps the good will of the lord of the manor and makes the

lord's interests his own, his tenure is practically secure and in all small matters he may have his own way. Many a man was working the land that his father worked before him. The rents of course varied. Ordinary farm land ran from twenty shillings to thirty shillings per acre, and leases were renewed from year to year. The tenant paid all the rates.

The English farmer with his wife jogging to town in his two-wheeled trap behind the diminutive pony is the representative of a class—a class just a little lower than that of those from whom he hires his land, and a little higher than that of those he hires to till his land. There are, to be sure, intermediate gradations, for in England they are used to making nice distinctions. The agent might be said to occupy a stage in the scale between that of the farmer and his landlord; and the farmer's steward, and on large farms his shepherd and byreman, would take care to maintain social precedence over the laborers. But the lines were less punctiliously drawn in the North than elsewhere.

And a word about those same men and women that till the land. They are to be seen everywhere. In the cultivation of the large fields of turnips they work in com-

panies under a foreman, and one will see hoeing out the drills in a field, sometimes, a score of men and women, each attending to one drill and all proceeding across the field in a single steady rank. The sight may at first suggest unpleasant memories of plantation methods in the South before the war, but there is really no hardship in this way of working. It is merely an application of the economics that obtain in other industries to that of farming, and it is surely as pleasant for the workers as a more haphazard way would be. The only hardship might be the pace; but the testimony was that it was an easy one. In the hay-fields the women worked as expeditiously as the men. Many a fine lass handling the hay with her fork had a figure and a complexion such as more privileged sisters in the town might well envy. The women wore short skirts, aprons, and kerchiefs about the neck, and the Northumbrian women had a peculiar, round, wide-rimmed, black straw hat, which, with the rest of their costume, gave them the appearance of the wives of Shem, Ham, and Japheth in the toy Noah's arks.

"Aye," said a North-country laborer, "a wommun doos better than a mon at all steady wark, such as weedin' an' hoein' an' thinnin'. They're queecker an' they're moor faithful."

The women seldom got more than twenty pence per day of ten hours when hiring out by the day; but bondagers received thirty pence in harvest.

The men must, of course, be conversant with all the farm processes, the handling of horses, and the use of tools. They worked only nine hours per day. There was only custom to fix this period, but it seemed to be universal. The hind would get out at a little before six in the morning, catch his horses, throw the harness on them, and give them a feed of grain. After getting a snack of breakfast, he would hitch to plow or cart and work till eight, when a warm breakfast was sent out to him from the cottage. The breakfast took a half-hour, after which he and his horses set to and worked until half-past eleven, when they knocked off for dinner and a long rest until two. Four more hours of work, from two till six, finished the day. The hours were kept as punctually as in a cotton-mill. The laborers had no organization, as they have in

the counties to the south. And what happens when a farmer and his laborer disagree as to terms?

"Weel, wae goo to the magistrate aboot it, and the magistrate hae caa's in this un an' thet un to find oot what the coostum is. An' hae stan's by the coostum." The writer has already told how the wage is fixed by custom.

	£	s.	d.
House (rent free).....	3	0	0
Coals led, value at 10s. per month	6	0	0
20 bags of potatoes at 7s.	7	0	0
Wages, 17s. per week.....	44	4	0
	62	4	0

A very average estimate would make the wage £62 per year, or \$310, which, considering the lower prices in England, would easily equal \$400. Adding the wages of the wife and other working members of the family, when there are such, it will be seen that the circumstances of the Northumbrian farm laborer are not so straitened as those of many of the world's workers. Hours are easy, there is no lost time as with town laborers, and there is often a pension in old age. When the writer was in the region, there was a considerable number of peasants from the west coast of Ireland traveling about the country in squads, and doing piece-work to pay their rent at home. They worked from dawn till dark, weeding turnips, etc., and they lived upon bread and tea.

Notwithstanding the relative prosperity of agricultural laborers in Northumberland, the "rural exodus" still goes on there as elsewhere. The decrease of farming in England (due chiefly to the relentless competition of such countries as America, Russia, Australia, Argentina, but also to the inaccessibility of land), and an age-long series of injustices against the agricultural laborer, will account for the decrease in the number of such laborers. But Northumberland presented the anomaly of labor leaving the land where wages were comparatively high. The reasons were various. But the desire to see the world, and the hope of being one's own man, with the fact that the workman in the mill need not be quite so deferential to his employer as the hind upon the farm, were seemingly at the bottom of the matter. There are leavens at work in society more potent than the laws of the market or the desire to be "well fixed."

THROUGH FILIPINO EYES'

An Authorized Interview with the President of the Filipino Junta at Hong Kong

The Second Paper in the series on Colonial America, by Phelps
Whitmarsh, Special Commissioner for The Outlook

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[Dr. Apacible, the President of the Filipino Committee or Junta at Hong-Kong, was selected by The Outlook's correspondent to present the case of the Filipinos, because his official position makes what he says authoritative and genuinely representative. Dr. Apacible is still a young man, educated, we believe, at Madrid, and had not taken a prominent part in revolutionary affairs until the beginning of the present war. We are told that he is a man of attractive manners, of considerable culture, and that he carries on industriously a large correspondence with those in Europe who are likely to be interested in the work of the Junta. As Mr. Whitmarsh fully explains below, the object of this article is solely that of presenting at first hand the Filipino view of facts and theories. We are sure that our readers will be interested in the following extract from a private letter written by Mr. Whitmarsh in Hong-Kong:

"Hong-Kong, the Gibraltar and grand junction of the East, as the nearest port to the Philippines, and as a distributing point for war news, is at this time a place of unusual interest. The cable, two or three steamers a week from Manila, an occasional transport, and the many passengers from Australia who stop at Manila for a few days en route, keep the colony well supplied with news, rumors, and gossip. Daily one meets new people with new stories to tell; some fact, some fiction, and some an ingenious mixture of the two. In nearly all cases, however, the information given is so colored either by personal interests or national prejudices that it requires much sifting to get at the grains of truth. The average German one meets, for instance, by reason of his belief that the Philippines should rightfully have become a German possession, is anti-American, and instances only those things which, in his opinion, show the arbitrary and false position of the United States. The average Briton, on the other hand, seeing that America's retention of the islands will add to American interests in the East and thus probably cause her to join him and Japan in holding the balance of power, is friendly, and contents himself by criticising the American army. The Filipino talks only of American treachery; the Spaniard is full of mingled spite and laughter; the returning American volunteer is an encyclopædia of complaint. All have different views of the question except the stolid Chinaman, who, with a splendid unconcern, goes about his business in precisely the same manner as he has pursued it for a thousand years."—THE EDITORS.]

IN beginning a series of papers dealing with perhaps the most important question now before the American people—the Philippine question—it seems to me that I should do two things: first, declare myself, and, second, give the Filipino an opportunity to speak for himself. This for the sake of clearness, for the sake of comparison, and for the sake of justice. As there are two sides to every question, the broad, far-minded man, who reaches conclusions by the exercise of his brain and conscience rather than by the way of his prejudices, his interests, or by lazily accepting the conclusions of others—this man, I think, will want to hear both sides. And as, moreover, the American people

are the judges in the case, having still to determine what policy shall be pursued in the Philippines, and being required to render a just decision, it is not only desirable that they hear both sides, but necessary. The Filipino is the "under dog;" no matter how long or how bravely he fights, his defeat is nevertheless certain, is merely a question of time, and, as we are so vastly his superior, physically, intellectually, and morally, the least we can do, as a civilized nation, is to treat him with characteristic Anglo-Saxon "fair play."

As for myself, I go to the Philippines merely as a fact-gatherer; hoping that, by actual contact with the natives, I may be able to learn some of those things con-

¹ See comment on another page.—THE EDITORS.

cerning the islands and their people of which we, as a Nation, are ignorant. To do this successfully it is essential that I shall work free from political or army influence, that I shall throw away all latitudinal and National prejudices, that I must have no ax to grind, no office policy to hamper, no point of view but a human one, and no object but to give out the unadulterated and, where it does not interfere with military operations, the uncensored truth. This, in brief, is my mission in the Philippines.

As a preliminary to my work, and especially as such an interview as here appended would be difficult to send from Manila, I have thought it advisable to draw up a series of questions and present them for answer to the Filipino Committee established here. Dr. Apacible, the President of the Committee, has kindly furnished me with the replies, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words.

What was Aguinaldo's understanding and the general Filipino understanding when the leader was taken to Manila?

If the popular and brave Filipino leader Aguinaldo agreed to second the action of the United States in her war with Spain, and if, with him, his chiefs rendered their valuable services as well as the whole country, it was because *all*, without exception, firmly believed that they were to struggle for their liberty and for the independence of the country. Is it presumable that we should offer to sacrifice ourselves for the benefit of an unknown foreign nation, as the United States was to us? Is it likely that we should fight with the sole hope of returning to our former state, to a new colonial régime, a new military autocratic tyranny, which was the reason and cause of our rising against Spain?

Were any promises made to Aguinaldo before he left Hong-Kong? And by whom?

It is certain that promises existed, though it may not be asked by whom, for our answer will be, By all the Americans. Before the war with Spain the American Government and people declared that their cause was the cause of humanity, and that if the struggle came about it would be made only to free the Spanish colonies from Spanish oppression. The American Consuls, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Wildman, and even Admiral Dewey, did not neglect to interpret

to us these magnanimous intentions. Aguinaldo and the other Filipino leaders were granted military honors by both the United States land and sea forces. The Philippine flag was flown in Manila Bay, and was recognized and saluted as such by the Americans before the eyes of the foreign fleets. The small number of Spanish prisoners made by the Americans were handed over to the Filipinos before the fall of Manila, thus declaring Filipino authority and manifesting clearly that the struggle was for the benefit of the Filipino people. When Spain requested from America good treatment for these and other Spanish prisoners, the United States Secretary of State answered that he "would employ his good offices" to that effect (not that he would *order* or *dispose*), which phrase indicates that he considered the independent power of the Filipinos.

Again, when Filipino independence was proclaimed before the American army, and with the full knowledge of President McKinley, no American opposition was manifested, which naturally cheered and encouraged Filipino hopes and ambitions. Moreover, the landing of American forces was always done with previous notice to the Filipinos, accompanied with courtesies and solicitations for the proper lodging of the troops. In fact, the expressed and implied acts of recognition of the Philippine Republic by the Americans before they defeated Spain, and before they had a sufficient force on the ground to control the situation, are numberless. This behavior has but two explanations: either the imperialistic party has changed in a day its policy of being a *liberator*, as they offered to be, to that of a *colonizer*, which sudden change is unworthy of weighty persons; or the part they played at first, all they said and did, was false, and as such is without justification. Both of these explanations lead us to but one conclusion—that the imperialists are incapable of sincerity and good faith, and, such being the case, we cannot in the future rely on their promises or their protestations of generosity and nobleness in the event of our laying down our arms.

Was Aguinaldo asked by the Americans to go to Manila, or did the request come from him?

Certainly Aguinaldo was asked to go to the Philippines. If you ask me for proofs

of this, I cannot give you them, because those who negotiate in good faith, and particularly when they receive an invitation unexpectedly and verbally, do not usually have a notary and witnesses at hand ready to prove that they have been so approached. Aguinaldo, believing in the good faith of his supposed friends, was wholly without suspicion and did not think of covering himself by such apparently insignificant movements. Make Consuls Wildman and Pratt and Admiral Dewey answer this question under oath, and I will abide by their statements.

Under what circumstances was the first shot fired—who were the aggressors?

Though at the beginning General Otis tried to make it believed that the aggression came from the Filipinos, demonstration to the contrary is most clear in the fact that we were totally unprepared for the attack. We had taken no precautions, our generals were away, and our advance lines were without reinforcement. On the other hand, the American troops and fleet were admirably prepared. And, moreover, we have the testimony of those foreigners who witnessed the rupture, and the statements of the American volunteers themselves, to prove that the Americans were the aggressors. If the Filipinos had schemed or premeditated any such hostilities, they would have brought the rupture about three months before, when they had but 6,000 Americans before them at the full mercy of their loyalty, and not when conditions were more difficult. You must remember, also, that the moment was most inopportune for us, since it could hardly fail to secure for the imperialists their victory at the Treaty of Paris. General Otis exculpates himself now with the excuse that the aggression was due to a casual imprudence, but this excuse is a farce when one considers that the very next day he refused to listen to the Filipino envoys who came to make clear what had happened and to re-establish harmony between the two armies. For President McKinley the open rupture was no doubt convenient, as he foresaw it would hasten the approval of the Treaty and at the same time furnish him with an apology for the campaign of extermination and expansion he schemed and still desires.

How much territory and how many of

the inhabitants of the islands are in sympathy with or under the influence of the Tagalos?

All the Philippine Islands, without exception, recognize the Filipino Government and aspire to independence. If there are places occupied by Americans whose people recognize other sovereignty than that of the Filipinos, it is because they are under the pressure of force, which General Otis plants with false promises wherever his arms reach. General Otis, for his own benefit, would have the American people believe that whole territories have willingly, unconditionally, submitted to American sovereignty. But truth will not be hidden, and every one knows now that his victories, after a seven months' campaign, amount merely to a few towns and a few miles of railway. The trickery of the imperialists, expressed through Otis, is one of the many reasons why we have not laid down our arms. If, believing the promises of the imperialists, we were to lay down our arms now, they would claim that they had conquered us by force of arms, and then construe our act as an expression of our willingness, our desire, to become a part of a United States colonial system. If the imperialists think they have inspired any affection among the Filipinos, if they think that there are a large number of Filipinos ready to accept American sovereignty, let the matter be put to a general vote. We are willing to submit to the result.

You consider, I presume, that the Tagalos are capable of forming a stable government, protecting life and property, and maintaining law and order in the islands?

I do. I believe in the capacity of the Filipinos, not only to govern the whole archipelago, but to continue governing it. If you read our Constitution, consider how every part of our administration, from the time of the defeat of the Spaniards until the outbreak of hostilities with the Americans, performed its functions, if you find out how it is still functioning and see what admirable order is maintained in the vast territory still unreached by imperialistic arms, you will admit this also. We do not boast when we say that we are the most enlightened nation of the Far East. For two centuries instruction, both elemental and in the higher branches, has been growing in popularity with us.

For more than two centuries we have had the advantages of civilization. Not the best kind of civilization, I admit, but, at least, European in its tendencies and not without benefit. Great numbers of our young men have always completed their studies in Europe. We have lawyers, doctors, authors, artists, engineers, etc. What other proofs of our ability for self-government are required? Did we not govern well during our seven months of independence after the fall of Manila, notwithstanding the critical and feverish condition of the country? Is not that proof enough? If the imperialists can point out one nation in history which, after a radical revolution, could, in such a short period, reorganize itself civilly, re-establish a thoroughly organized government, and make and administer just and suitable laws, I am ready to retract all that I have said.

What is your explanation of the document issued at Malolos advising the Filipinos to exterminate all foreigners? Also, is it true that Filipinos have used flags of truce as a decoy, and fired upon American flags of truce?

All these things are untrue. They are merely the calumnies and inventions of those who wish to enlist the sympathy of the world in an imperialistic war, and to prejudice the American people against us. In substantiation of this, I need only point to the past respect and consideration we have shown towards all persons and interests. The respect I hold for the American people prevents me from saying what the conduct of the American soldiers has been in committing acts unworthy of a civilized nation, and how their officers, instead of suppressing them, seem rather to appreciate them the more.

What would be the result if Aguinaldo were captured or shot?

It would not make the slightest difference as regards the carrying on of the war. There are a dozen men capable of taking his place.

Having acquired the Philippines by conquest from the Spaniards and also by purchase, do you not consider that the United States has a right to the islands?

It was the Filipino army and not the American that took from the Spaniards the largest part, indeed almost the whole of the territory now disputed, and for that

reason the success of the struggle belongs to us. As to that disgraceful purchase of a sovereignty which the seller had already lost, we could understand it if the cost were to be demanded of us; but that the United States should, by a mercantile transaction, acquire the rights of sovereignty over some 10,000,000 of people, forgetful of their National honor and their Constitution, seems incredible. "How would be shaken of horror in his grave the bones of the great Washington" were he to hear his descendants speak of buying a nation against their will at the rate of about \$2 a head!

Can you propose any method by which the United States can now withdraw without dishonor?

This question can be answered only by another question. How can the United States *continue* this unjust war without dishonor? The imperialists' appeal to the National pride of the Americans is another example of their trickery. We did not say, nor shall we ever say, that we aspire to defeat such a powerful nation as America; so the honor of the American army is satisfied beforehand with this confession. Why, then, do we not lay down our arms? Because we prefer death rather than submit to the yoke the imperialists would impose upon us.

Under what conditions would the Filipinos lay down their arms?

I cannot answer this question. The Philippine Government, however, can answer you; and it is certain that the conditions would have been known long ago if General Otis had not systematically refused to listen to the delegates whom the Philippine Government has sent. General Otis has demanded from us an unconditional and humiliating surrender, without further guarantee than the promise that a favorable reign shall be granted to us in the future. We are asked to throw ourselves wholly upon the *noble generosity and honored word* of the imperialistic party. Can we, I ask you, accept such a proposition, coming as it does from one who has already deceived us?

When was the Filipino Congress established, and who are its present members?

The Malolos Assembly was constituted about the time of the capitulation of Manila; its constitution established a republican form of government in the usual

way, though necessarily adapting it to the exigencies and conditions of the country. The Representatives are elected by suffrage. No one of them is a relative of the President, and all are men of integrity and proven ability.

Out of what funds is the war carried on?

The answer is obvious; this and all other State expenses are paid out of the public revenues. Has the fiction of imperialism grown to such an extent that the American people refuse to believe that the Filipino Government is seriously and properly organized? Is it possible that the American people do not know that the Filipino Government exercises its functions in all parts of the islands unoccupied by imperialistic troops?

Is it a fact that a law was passed by your Congress providing for absolute tolerance of religion throughout the islands and the complete separation of Church from State?

It is. The law referred to was promulgated on the 23d of January of the present year.

Have the Filipinos endeavored to make it known to Protestant missionaries that they would be welcome in the Philippines?

We have given out this information repeatedly, and we think it has brought many to espouse our cause, as they see that the spirit of our people is liberal. It is not so with the Roman Catholic party, however. This party is completely under the influence of the priests, who, hoping to again impose themselves upon the country, are in favor of a colonial system of government.

What is the approximate value of the Roman Catholic Church property in the Philippine Islands?

As far as I know, it has never been properly estimated, as the friars, during the Spanish domination, always opposed it. I think, however, that the total value of the properties attributed to the friars is about \$50,000,000. If the titles to these properties were to be examined, however, it would be found that legitimately they possess but a small percentage of this value, because the greater part of it was derived by deceit and imposition—by the high-handed methods of robbery which they exercised during Spanish sovereignty. Their excesses in this regard were one of the causes of the Philippine Revolution.

It is painful to think that the immense wealth of these friars, all they possess in Hong-Kong, Macao, Shanghai, Singapore, Australia, and elsewhere, was ground out with the sweat and blood of the Filipinos, whom they now reward by urging their instrument, Otis, on to a war of extermination.

From May until August were the postal and telegraph systems working, as under the Spanish régime? If so, are they still continued in the territory held by you?

As I have already stated, the Filipino administration began to carry on the regular and usual functions as soon as it was formed. Both postal and telegraph systems were working during that period, and in the territory occupied by our Government are still working.

Did many Filipinos hold government offices under Spanish rule?

Most of the lower offices in the administration, and in a few cases the magistracy, were occupied by Filipinos. Most of these persons are now holding similar positions under our Government. A few who lack energy and courage have continued at their old posts under Otis, but, in spite of this outward manifestation of loyalty to the Americans, every man of them in his innermost heart is a sympathizer in the sacred cause of independence.

In the event of fresh negotiations of peace being entered into, would the Filipinos be willing, not only to surrender the whole of Manila Bay, or any other harbor, for a military and coaling station, but also indemnify the United States for the sovereignty conveyed to them by the Treaty of Paris?

I cannot answer this question. The Filipino Government will decide on all such important matters as this, as they think proper. Let America hear the Filipinos, since Otis refuses to do so, and it will be seen that they only ask what is right and just. Our Government does not wish to harm the cause it defends by making unjustifiable demands. Notwithstanding the immense power of America, we still resist and we still have strength to continue to resist. This we will do till the light comes, till the noble part of America shall recognize that justice is due us, or until we all succumb, defeated with honor, and happier in such a death than living under the yoke of imperialism.

Hong-Kong, October 4, 1899.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American in Holland, The. By William Elliot Griffith. L. H. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 396 pages. \$1.25.

Dr. Griffith writes just as vivaciously and interestingly about Holland as he has about Korea and Japan. If his style has not the poetic touch-and-go of Havard, Aicard, and Amicis, his book contains much information of the comparative kind not always found in theirs. Dr. Griffith is continually comparing the topography, customs, industries, arts, of various countries, and, in truth, all his judgments are projected against a background of enviable world-knowledge. From one or two of these judgments, nevertheless, the reader may differ, as, for instance, when Hals is called the greatest portrait-painter of northern Europe. In this, as well as in previous publications, Dr. Griffith shows, as has no other writer, how Holland helped to make America. The special value of "An American in Holland" lies in the description of such outlying towns as Goes, Egmond, Hanlingen, and Dokkum, for instance, which the ordinary traveler would hardly be apt to see.

Animal Jokes. By M. Baker-Baker and A. Crawford. R. H. Russell, New York. 48 pages. \$1.25.

Animals, The Square Book of. By William Nicholson. Rhymes by Arthur Waugh. R. H. Russell, New York. 14 pages. \$1.50.

Grotesque rhymes and pictures, printed on heavy paper, with broad margins.

Art of Thinking, The. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 16mo. 139 pages. \$1.

This is a popular treatise by a master of the subject. He sees that scrappy reading and no thinking breed intellectual apathy, in which the art of thinking gets lost. In brief chapters well grounded in sound psychology and logic he gives practical directions for its revival and culture, with lists of helpful books on the topics discussed. It is a book by which young people of college age, as well as others, may profit.

Behind the Veil. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 18mo. 107 pages. 75c.

A romance of the future life as related to the present, inculcating the truths of retribution and redemption, of human responsibility and divine sympathy. The scenery is material, but the thought is thoroughly ethical, Scriptural, spiritual, a tonic for hours of moral weakness and comfort for hours of sorrow.

Ben Comee. By M. J. Canavan. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 263 pages. \$1.50.

As the sub-title indicates, this story treats of episodes in the Old French War. It has a basis of fact in detail as well as in historical outline. The country life at Lexington about 1755-1759 is described simply and pleasantly, and this part of the book is followed by a clear and often thrilling account of the experiences of the boy heroes in scouting parties with the Rangers about Lake George and Lake Champlain. A rather unusually good book for boys.

Bismarck, Prince Otto von, The Life of. By Frank Preston Stearns. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 431 pages. \$3.50.

China, Village Life in. By Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 340 pages. \$2.

A recent traveler in China called Dr. Smith's recent volume the best book yet written on that country. This opinion is doubtless widely held, and hence a new publi-

cation from the author of "Chinese Characteristics" ought to meet with an appreciative welcome. As Dr. Smith says, a Chinese village is the empire in microcosm. What we learn from him about one village is largely true of all. In the first half of his book he tells of village markets, shops, schools, temples, theaters, weddings, and funerals, of village usages and institutions and public characters. Much of the second half is devoted to a description of the monotony and vacuity of village life, of the instability of family life, owing to family disunity. The regeneration of both village and family is, of course, to be accomplished by Christianity. As in "Chinese Characteristics" so here, the author's judgments seem more patently the fruits of ripe experience than do those of any recent writer on China (Dr. Smith has lived there twenty-five years), and, as in "Chinese Characteristics," his terse, incisive style makes his book doubly worth reading.

Carlyle, Thomas: Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Volume IV. (Centenary Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 501 pages. \$1.5.

Christian Unity, Lectures on. By Herbert Symonds, M.A. William Briggs, Toronto. 8vo. 174 pages. 75c.

These six lectures by an Episcopal clergyman in Canada show that Christian unity has a growing hope. The author looks for the federation of the churches, not for the absorption by one of all the rest. At the same time discarding the High Church idea of Apostolic succession, he recommends the "historic episcopate" in its catholic-democratic form as a means of unifying common interests and efforts.

Colorado in Color and Song. Verse by J. W. Wright, Frank H. Mayer, J. D. Dillenback, and Others. Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo. (Illustrated.) 52 pages. \$2.50.

The color is on thick, the song on thin, pages. Both color and song are forceful enough to bring back memories of the Colorado which every one admires; whether or not they reproduce that Colorado for us, either to the physical or spiritual eye, is another matter.

Cuba, To-Morrow In. By Charles M. Pepper. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 362 pages. \$2.

Mr. Pepper is a careful and thoughtful writer. His book cannot fail to furnish valuable aid toward solving the difficult problem suggested in his title. He is sure that the problem cannot be settled from without, and paraphrases the utterance of an Italian statesman: "Cuba is made, but who shall make the Cubans?" The only answer, he truly says, is "Themselves." More than in any book on Cuba printed since the war, Mr. Pepper goes to the reasons of things, and presents not merely bare facts but their meaning. All past alleged Cuban autonomy he shows, has been a fallacy, whatever its form, because it has always depended ultimately on the individual will of the Captain-General, however concealed. The United States has always been a "continuous intervening" power in Cuba, negatively if not openly. Now it must so direct that power as to create genuine self-government. Practically, he would recommend the election of a constitutional convention by popular vote, but would not directly submit the question of annexation. He asserts that the Cubans who favor annexation would accept it only with a pledge of immediate Statehood, adding: "People of the United States should not turn their thoughts to annexation when by it they understand only limited territorial government while the people of Cuba who are turning to annexation understand only full Statehood and equality in the American Nation." Free

sugar as a result of annexation is eagerly expected by the capitalists, but the aspiration of the Cuban people is rather toward diversified industries, a country peopled by small landowners, and either outright independence or real autonomy under a United States protectorate. For either of these things Mr. Pepper thinks the people are willing to wait patiently, realizing that they must learn much and that they have now their first real opportunity to learn.

Elia, The Essays of. By Charles Lamb.

(Illustrated.) Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. \$3. It would not be easy to imagine a more delightful setting of these classic essays by one of the masters of English humor and English prose than is to be found in these two volumes. They are of the right size; they can be held in one hand while one looks into the fire in order to get the flavor of Lamb's work—and Elia ought always to be read on the most intimate terms; they are illustrated in fullest sympathy with the quaint conceits, the kindly humor, and the delightful irrationality of the essayist. Mr. Brock knows the old-time men and women well, as he has abundantly shown in earlier work. His picture of Mrs. Battle tells the whole story of the essay. The illustrations are numerous enough and varied enough, not to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, nor to entertain him, but to bring out the variety and quality of the writing. Mr. Birrell's introduction finds its place with the essays by a kind of natural selection. The volumes are printed simply, but with perfect tastefulness, and are plainly but elegantly bound. Altogether this is a captivating edition of some of the best English prose.

England. By C. J. Taylor. (Illustrated.)

R. H. Russell, New York. 72 pages. \$5. This book of pictures well reproduces the beef and brawn of English physical life; the social, intellectual, and æsthetic side of English life is not touched upon.

England in the Nineteenth Century. By C. W.

Oman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 276 pages. \$1.25.

Fairytold, Age of. By Gertrude Hall. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 79 pages. \$1.25.

This latest volume will not materially modify the judgment which the readers of Miss Hall's earlier volumes have reached. It amply sustains her well-deserved reputation; it is characterized by simplicity, sincerity, and a delightful freshness of sentiment. It is devoid of pretension, relying for its effects on very simple means, and finding its subjects in the poetical aspects of common things. A single poem, taken at random, will show its quality:

"I try to fix my eyes upon a book,
But just outside a budding spray
Flaunts its new leaves, as if to say,
'Look! look!'

I trim my pen. I make it fine and neat;
There comes a flutter of brown wings,
A little bird alights and sings,
'Sweet! sweet!'

O little bird, O go away, be dumb,
For I must ponder certain lines;
And straight a nodding flower makes signs,
'Come! come!'

O Spring, let me alone! O bird, bloom, beam,
'I have no time to dream!' I cry;
The echo breathes a soft, long sigh,
'Dream! dream!'

Five Windows of the Soul, The. By E. H.

Aitken. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 257 pages. \$2.

The author's subject is "The Five Gates [of sense] by which the outer world has entrance into the city of Man-soul." Believing, with Carlyle, that "the degree of vision that dwells within a man is the correct measure of a man," he endeavors in a simple colloquial way to open our eyes to the unnoticed influences astir within the

world. He is at home with science, and in love with beauty, and alive to the close connection of the material with the moral and spiritual.

Favor of Princes, The. By Mark Lee Luther.

The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 259 pages. \$1.50.

Madame Pompadour and Louis XV. are among the characters of this tale of plotting, adventure, and intrigue. As a story of the Weyman type it has decided merit. The action is rapid, the style direct and effective, the plot and characters continuously interesting.

Fox-Woman, The. By John Luther Long.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 308 pages. \$1.25.

A very unusual story, with a psychological motive, which is not obtruded, but still gives the story depth and force. The central figure is a little, deformed Japanese artist, very subtly presented, with genuine insight into the Japanese temperament and feeling for the beautiful. This artist is loved by a Japanese girl who recognizes the divine in him and constantly brings out the highest in his nature. He is visited as a curiosity by an American girl—brilliant, beautiful, heartless, and essentially vulgar—who is struck by his ugliness, and who evokes the worst in him, until he becomes almost as repulsive as the statuette which she makes of him in a satirical spirit. It ought to be said that the author of this charming story has taken a somewhat unfair advantage in presenting a missionary family of such absolutely Philistine quality, and has heightened their vulgarity by setting them in effective contrast with the refinement, the gentleness, and the self-denial of the Japanese. The story must not be taken as a dispassionate study of two different races and religions, but it may be taken as a piece of art work full of delicate insight.

Historic Side-Lights. By Howard Payson

Arnold. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 331 pages. \$2.50.

Full of "meat" in the way of personal anecdotes, queer bits of information, little-known circumstances connected with historic events, side slaps at all sorts of things the author dislikes—all mingled ingeniously yet with seeming chance. The *ana* relating to Franklin are particularly full, and the author has studied the personal side of early American history generally with assiduity. Queer but entertaining.

Hogg, James. By Sir George Douglas.

(Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo. 154 pages. 75c.

The latest contribution to the Famous Scots Series presents in compact form the biography of the Ettrick Shepherd—one of those intensely local poets who are likely to live because they are so closely identified with their time and place, and who become, therefore, for other men and other times, a significant survival of the past. James Hogg no longer fills a great place in English literature, but he is a very interesting figure, and this condensed account of his life and work will serve a valuable purpose.

Honour Bright. By Mary C. Rowsell. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 48 pages.

50c.

The story of the little Prince of Wales, Charles Stuart, son of Charles the First. The little prince escapes from his friends, and would have been captured by his enemies but for a faithful servant. The cover is decorative, the illustration exquisite.

How England Saved Europe. By W. H.

Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Vol. I. 8vo. 361 pages. \$2.

Iliad. Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV.

Translated in verse by Alexander Pope. (Cambridge Literature Series.) Edited by Thomas Hall, Jr., Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 12mo. 180 pages. 40c.

Italian Unity, A History of. (1814-1871.) By

Bolton King, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. \$7.50.

Jingle Book, The. By Carolyn Wells. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 124 pages. \$1.

Miss Wells stands the difficult test of keeping well in touch with Mr. Oliver Herford's pictures, which are in many cases quite in his best vein. Most of the jingles have that easy, happy-go-lucky air which all successful jingles possess. They indicate a sense of ease on the part of the writer; and they have the fun which comes, like that in Mr. Herford's pictures, from a native sense of humor, and a natural aptitude for expressing it.

Keats, John, Complete Poetical Works and Letters of. (Cambridge Edition.) Edited by Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 473 pages. \$2.

It has been a pleasure to point out from time to time the excellence of the Cambridge Edition of standard poets, so admirably adapted to meet the needs of the best reading public. The latest addition to this series presents not only Keats's poetical works, but his letters, which ought to be included with his verse, and which ought to be read by every one who desires to understand the poet, in order to enter intelligently into the spirit and quality of his work. The text presented in this volume has been carefully collated from the best editions, and variations are noted in the appendix. The letters have furnished a great deal of valuable material for the notes which preface the poems and which form one of the most valuable features of this edition. These notes are historical and bibliographical, and answer the questions which the reader always has in mind; that is to say, at what time in the poet's career the poem was written, where it was written, and in what year. The editorial work in this volume, as in its predecessors, is thoroughly intelligent and judicious.

Kingfisher's Egg, The. By L. T. Meade. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

And other stories. Cover and illustrations are most attractive.

King's Jester, The, and Other Short Plays. By Caro Atherton Dugan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 364 pages. \$1.50.

King's Lyrics, The. Compiled by Fitz Roy Carrington. (Illustrated.) R. H. Russell, New York. 128 pages. 75c.

"The King's Lyrics" is a handsomely made little volume, copying the old fashions in type, illustration, and binding, and containing a selection of lyrical poems from the work of the writers of the time of James I. and Charles I., together with Michael Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington, taking into account the enjoyment of his readers, has adopted modern spelling, save in a few cases, where to retain the old adds not only to the effectiveness of the poem but to the interest and delight of the reader.

Liddell, Henry George. A Memoir. By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, M.A. (Illustrated.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 288 pages.

Labor, A Dividend to. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 400 pages. \$1.50.

The present volume by Professor Gilman contains an introductory chapter upon the great pioneer work done by Robert Owen at New Lanark, and proceeds to a description of the present-day institutions established by employers for the benefit of the employed in Germany, France, the Netherlands, England, and America. The descriptions of the foreign philanthropies are largely of the kind to be drawn from the official reports of the firms themselves, but in America Professor Gilman has personally visited the more important works he describes, and felt in some measure the animating spirit. Needless to say, the American portion of the volume is much the best. Professor Gilman's attitude is never critical toward firms whose supposed philanthropies increase the dependence of their workmen upon themselves, but he has enough of the American spirit to like best those established to promote the economic independence of the

workmen. It is in America that the latter aim has most often been manifest.

Lieber, Francis, His Life and Political Philosophy. By Lewis R. Harley, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 213 pages. \$1.75.

Germany never made a nobler contribution to America than Lieber, professor of history and political science in Columbia College, who died in 1872, whose works preserve his fame. The whole country owes him a debt. His biographer has described it in this deserved and interesting memoir.

Literature, Studies in. By Maurice Francis Egan, A.M., LL.D. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 8vo. 130 pages. 60c.

Little Heroes of Matanzas, The. By Mary B. Carret. James H. West Co., Boston. 62 pages. 50c. A graphic picture of Spanish cruelties in Cuba.

Lost Identity, A. By J. D. Hennessey. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 12mo. 208 pages. \$1.25.

Lutheran Cyclopædia, The. Edited by Henry Eyster Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. John A. W. Haas, B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 572 pages. \$4.

This volume is significant both of the growth of the Lutheran Church in America and of the progress toward union in American Lutheranism of the Lutheran Churches separated in Europe. It is a product of co-operation between different sections of the Lutheran communion, and presents, along with subjects of general interest, the chief topics comprised in the doctrine, life, customs, history, and statistics of the Lutheran Church.

Luther Strong. By Thomas J. Vivian. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 12mo. 283 pages. \$1.25.

The author of "The Fall of Santiago" and "With Dewey at Manila" has published a romance worth reading, not so much for plot-development as for its glimpse into Yankeeedom.

Magellan, The Story of. By Hezekiah Butterworth. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 235 pages. \$1.50.

The discoverer of the Philippines is of peculiar interest at the present time. The careful work of the author makes the book a valuable contribution to the home library.

Metropolitan Museum, The Treasures of the. Described by Arthur Hoebler. R. H. Russell, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Arthur Hoebler has done a real service to the world of art, as well as to the non-aesthetic world. His admirable book will serve in bringing the latter world closer to the former. It is a pity that the treasures of a museum so fitly placed and housed should not be better known, especially by those to whom they are so easy of access. This book will conduce to that end, and to those unimportant concerning painters and sculptors, will supply useful rudimentary knowledge.

Mother Duck's Children. By Gugu. R. H. Russell, New York. 48 pages. \$1.50. A prettily illustrated and decorated book for little children, printed in colors.

Moulton, William F. By W. Fiddian Moulton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 212 pages. \$2.50.

Dr. Moulton (born 1835, died 1898) was a distinguished member of the Wesleyan communion in Great Britain. An accomplished scholar also, he was one of the Revisers of the New Testament. Some interesting glimpses into the making of the Revision are given in this memoir by his son.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. By Hereford B. George. (With maps and plans.) New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 8vo. 451 pages. \$4.

New Testament, Introduction to the. The Collection of the Four Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew. By F. Godet, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 272 pages. \$2.50.

This volume of the English translation is the first install-

ment of the second volume of Dr. Godet's "Introduction" in its French original. It treats of the Collection of the Four Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew. The veteran scholar to whom we owe it dissents from the prevailing opinion of critics, which makes Matthew derivative from Mark and the book of *Logia* (a collection of the words of Jesus). He thinks that the latter (originally written in Aramaic for Jewish readers) "has been inserted as a translation in the Gospel," written in Greek, and attributes the authorship of both, in a qualified sense, to Matthew himself, giving as early a date as A.D. 66 for the completed work.

Osborne, Edward, The Colloquies of. By the author of "Mary Powell," etc. Illustrated by John Jellicoe. 8vo. 280 pages. \$2.

Out of the Nest. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 110 pages. \$1.25.

Palestine and Syria, Two Years in. By Margaret Thomas. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 343 pages. \$5.

Despite a too liberal use of garish red, the sixteen illustrations, facsimiles of the original paintings by the author, add a needed element to her text. If they do not adequately succeed, they succeed better in the reproduction of the atmosphere and light and color of the everyday life of the inhabitants of the real Palestine and Syria of to-day; not the Palestine and Syria of Bible times, or of tradition, or of fancy. The text, however, is welcome informative—especially in the chapters on the Jerusalem Jews and on the Turkish Army Reserves. Travelers who have tested the two may feel inclined to challenge the author's judgments that the bazaars of Damascus are inferior to those of Constantinople, and that there is nothing more delicious than a bath amid the "refreshing waves" of the Dead Sea. The book is superbly printed and bound, but it lacks a map.

Philippines, The Expedition to the. By F. D. Millet. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 275 pages. \$2.50.

Covers the history of American occupation from the time General Merritt left San Francisco (June 29, 1898) to September 22 of the same year. Mr. Millet was correspondent of the London "Times" and of "Harper's Weekly." His well-known ability as an artist does not here come in play, as the abundant illustration is photographic. The chapters, originally written as press correspondence, preserve rather remarkably their freshness and clearness. For the period covered the book is valuable and full; it will be of great use to whoever prepares that well-proportioned history of the war in the Philippines which is impossible to expect for some time to come. Mr. Millet has a keen, trained eye for the picturesque and typical. Native peculiarities and customs are pleasantly sketched. Mr. Millet regards the Tagalo as a decidedly conceited individual, passionately eager to avenge himself on the Spaniard for injuries received, and is sure that if the insurgents had been allowed to take Manila the slaughter and looting would have been atrocious. A pen-picture of Aguinaldo as seen in a personal interview is interesting but slight. In places these newspaper letters, capital as such, have too much local and personal detail for book form.

Philosophy of History. By Alfred H. Lloyd. George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Mich. 16mo. 250 pages. A critical exposition of the principles involved in the historical progress of civilization, acutely reasoned and severely abstract.

Prayer-Meeting Talks, A Year's. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 289 pages. \$1.

Fifty-two short addresses on spiritual and practical topics given at the prayer-meeting of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Cleveland.

Princess Xenia, The. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 347 pages. \$1.50.

Here an Englishman of philosophic and curious turn of mind, who has suddenly become enormously rich,

tries to control the political destinies of the little European principality in which he happens to live. In the end German diplomacy on the one hand and on the other love and woman prove too strong for him, but he has a lively and audacious run for his money. Cleverly conceived, but too deliberately worked out.

Real Estate and Mortgage Investment, The Science of. By Homer Reed. Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 124 pages.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. Harper & Bros., New York. 12mo. 376 pages. \$1.50.

This is a novel of more than usual power. The story begins with the discovery by a noble Englishman of his wife's unfaithfulness, and a dramatic interview with the guilty partner, in which, instead of pistols and coffee, the choice is offered of two lamp-lighters of unequal length, with the proposal that the man who draws the shorter shall end his life within five months. The lover loses, and is overshadowed with the horror of his fate. Tragically runs through to the end, but there is much beside, including some very unpleasant humor. The three women who are the chief actors are vigorously portrayed, and the reader will find them most interesting. The vicar and the bishop are singularly clear and coherent characters.

Red Rag of Ritual, The. By George Cusack. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 8vo. 312 pages. \$1.50.

Religion under the Barons of Baltimore. By C. Ernest Smith, D.D. E. Allen Lycett, Baltimore. 12mo. 384 pages. \$1.25.

Resolved to be Rich. By E. H. Cooper. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 354 pages. \$1.25.

That the love of money is the root of all evil is made patent in this tale. The unpleasant young hero apparently profits but little by his experience. Without doubt Nemesis will eventually overtake such a one and his methods.

Right Living as a Fine Art. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 52 pages. 50c.

Ritschlian Theology, The. By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 400 pages. \$3.

Romanism in its Home. By John H. Eager, D.D. Introduction by John A. Broadus, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 8vo. 300 pages. \$1.

This consists of the observations made by a Baptist missionary in Italy and Rome. The author is well reputed for character and judgment. His tone is calm and his style simple. The facts he relates are dark and painful. Those who are attracted to Romanism by what it is in America should see the other side as presented here.

Roman Society. By Samuel Dill, M.A. (Second Edition, revised.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 459 pages. \$2.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, The Poetical Works of. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 2 vols. \$1.50.

The publishers have done wisely in reissuing Rossetti's work in two well-made and tasteful volumes, bound in dark-blue cloth with gilt lettering and cover design.

Rubens. By Émile Michel. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. \$15.

Saturday Afternoon. By Weyland Hoyt, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 18mo. 302 pages. 25c.

A collection of selected addresses at the conversation meetings which the author was accustomed to hold on the Saturdays of the winter season on themes of Christian experience.

Sabbath Nights at Pitconans. By the Author of "Sandy Scott's Bible Class." American Tract Society, New York. 8vo. 95 pages. 50c. Short tracts written in Scotch dialect on some of the

parables and miracles of the Gospels. The treatment of each is that of a simple mind loving Christ, not only as the invisible God, but the visible brother and friend.

Science and Faith. By Dr. Paul Topinard. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 12mo. 374 pages. \$1.50.

The last page is devoted to faith, the rest of the book to science (*i.e.*, anthropology and sociology), and is of high merit in that field. But the author is under the illusion with which scientific Frenchmen seem specially afflicted, that outside of things which can be counted and weighed there is no science, nor anything deserving acceptance by an intelligent man. Faith is "dependent on cerebral sensibility," and so is philosophy, which "is opposed to science" and "on the wane." Dr. Topinard regards sociology as the scientific successor of religion, and seems to look forward, like M. Guyau's recent book, to "the non-religion of the future."

Sculptor Caught Napping. The. Designs by Jane E. Cook. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 18mo. 59 pages. \$1.

Self-Supporting Churches and How to Plant Them. By W. H. Wheeler. Better Way Publishing Co., Grinnell, Ia. 12mo. 378 pages. \$1.

Dr. C. H. Wheeler, for forty years a missionary at Harpoot, Turkey, held that churches, however poor their membership, should not be pauperized by charity, but be educated to self-support. How he did it is told with the story of his life in this volume. In this and other important points it is a valuable book for the promoters of missions, whether at home or abroad.

Sermons and Addresses. By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 333 pages. \$2.50.

Excellent in their way as these sermons are, and eminent as is their author, they reflect the ideal of preaching forty years ago, rather than that which must be set forth to-day.

Sévigé, Madame de, Letters of. Edited by James A. Harrison, LL.D., L.H.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 193 pages.

Shakespeare, How to Study. By William H. Fleming. Series II. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 16mo. 334 pages. \$1.

The second series of these studies deals with "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet."

Spain, Impressions of. By James Russell Lowell. Compiled by Joseph B. Gilder. Introduction by A. A. Ade. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 107 pages. \$1.50.

Spanish Compositions, Exercises in. By J. D. M. Ford, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 48 pages. 30c.

Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors. By John Garrett Underhill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 438 pages. \$2.

Splendid Sin, A. By Grant Allen. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 12mo. 273 pages. \$1.

Stephen the Black. By Caroline H. Pemberton. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 282 pages. \$1.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, The Letters of. Edited by Sidney Colvin. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.

Successward. By Edward Bok. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 24mo. 182 pages. 50c.

Sunday-School Lessons for 1900 (International). Sermons on the. By the Monday Club. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 8vo. 418 pages. \$1.25.

Sunday-School Lessons, Illustrative Notes on the International. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut and Robert Remington Doherty. Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 388 pages. \$1.25.

Sunny Hour Series. By Anna Burnham Bryant. 6 vols. Illustrated. \$1.50 the set.

Six books in a box, each devoted to one story, for little people.

Surgeon's Daughter, The. By Sir Walter Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Temple Edition.) 24mo. 392 pages. 80c.

Swamp Fox, With the. By James O. A. L. Burt, New York. 12mo. 259 pages. \$1.

Tale of Two Cities, A. By Charles Dickens. (Containing Cast and Scenes of Freeman W. play "The Only Way.") R. H. Russell, New York. 32mo. 358 pages. 25c.

Tangled Web, A. By Walter Rayma. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. pages. \$1.25.

Still another of the always charmingly rustic stories of Devonshire and Somersetshire life of long ago. Stress of tragedy in the closing pages is a natural outgrowth of the tale's development, but sends the reader away regretful.

Talking Thrush and Other Tales from India. The. By W. Crooke. Retold by W. H. D. Rouse. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 217 pages. \$1.50.

A collection of folk-lore tales from the Northwest Provinces of India. These stories were gathered during the course of an ethnological survey by W. Crooke, and retold by W. H. D. Rouse. While the stories are for children, some of them lack the qualities now accepted as essential in stories for children. Many of them are, however, delightfully humorous, and many have the olden moral as well as the imaginative quality that is the charm of the stories of a primitive people that descend through generations.

Tattine. By Ruth Ogden (Mrs. Charles W. Ide). (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

For very little people, daintily illustrated, and with bewitching cover. The story is that of a lovely girl living in a lovely home.

Temple Treasury, The. (A Biblical Dictionary.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In 2 Parts. \$2.

Two small volumes, beautifully bound, of selections from the Old and the New Testaments for every day of the year. The references add to the value of these selections.

Texts Explained. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. F.R.S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 500 pages. \$1.50.

This convenient book holds cream skimmed from many sources in commentaries and elsewhere. The meaning of many verses or passages which are liable to be misunderstood or ill appreciated is here lighted up. Not only this, but the significance of the changes made by the Revised Version has been explained where it seemed important. A good Christmas present to a Sunday-school teacher or pastor.

Theology as Science. By W. Hastie, D.D. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland. 8vo. 106 pages.

The most important of the three lectures in this book treats of the present position and prospects of the theology of the Reformed Church—the churches whose forms of doctrine have been inherited from Calvin and Zwingle rather than from Luther. Dr. Hastie is careful to distinguish between the theology of these reformers and that of their successors. He points back from the narrow formalism of many of these to the original comprehensiveness and breadth as inclusive of every principle which our contemporary psychology, comparative history, and philosophy of religion claim to have discovered. Schleiermacher, too, though he introduced a new stadium of religious thought, was "anticipated by the reformed theology," and "it is manifestly at one with the whole trend of contemporary science." Saying all this, and calling for the further development of the system, Dr. Hastie evidently sees more and also less in Calvinism than Dr. Kuiper, whose book we noticed recently. The exposition of it by the Dutch theologian seems to need completion and correction from the Scottish point of view.

Theology of Civilization, The. By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 16mo. 256 pages. \$1.

People who are shy of theological treatises need not be shy of this, despite its title. Taking "civilization," with Matthew Arnold, in the high sense of the moralization of man, the author sets forth the kind of religious thought (*i. e.*, theology) which builds up the noble civilization of a full and well-rounded humanity. Mr. Dole makes his appeal throughout to the better side of human nature. His argument is practical and philosophic, virile and persuasive, a strong solvent for the ethical and intellectual skepticism that is current. We agree, however, with Professor Royce, that it is in the cherishing of an ideal, or plan, which gives unity to self-consciousness, rather than in the moral quality of the ideal, as Mr. Dole argues, that personality consists.

Theology of Modern Literature, The. By Rev. S. Law Wilson, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 446 pages. \$3.

Using the term "theology" in an elastic sense, inclusive of moral and religious teaching, the author is satisfied with the increasingly theological interest of modern writers, and dissatisfied with the confused and mushy notions of the amateur divines who preach in novels and newspapers. His introduction expands into trenchant critiques of these as exhibited in the popular fiction of to-day. The bulk of the volume is devoted to a review of the theology of representative authors of the Victorian period from Emerson to George Meredith. Heartily agreeing with him in the main, and particularly in his censure of the Zolaism of Thomas Hardy and others, it seems to us that a critic of a broader evangelical type could have done more to heal the ancient feud, now abating, between theologians and *littérateurs*.

Things as They Are. By Bolton Hall. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 293 pages. \$1.25.

This attractive-looking book presents, as it were, a table with two courses, that some who decline the one may accept the other. A series of essays on the purpose and order of human development is followed by a series of fables illustrating the principles that have been set forth.

This and That. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 212 pages. \$1.25.

Two nicknames for two charming children. The story is the natural, every-day life in an English nursery. The story centers about the "oldies," the dearly loved toys of the children, that were "rubbish" to the grown-ups. How This and That cared for them forms the plot.

To Whom Much is Given. By Lucia Ames Mead. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 45 pages. 35c.

Treasure Ship, The. By Hezekiah Butterworth. (Illustrated.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 251 pages. \$1.50.

A tale of Sir William Phipps (surely a fascinating subject for romance), of the Regicides, and of the "Inter-Charter" time of Massachusetts. Really there is material here for two or three historical stories, and Mr. Butterworth's familiarity with the half-legends and known facts connected with these topics insures an interesting and original treatment. There are pictures.

Tropical Colonization. By Aleyne Ireland. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 282 pages. \$2.

Under Western Skies. (Poems.) By Frank Carleton Teck. Blade Publishing Co., New Whatcom, Wash. 50 pages. 50c.

United Kingdom, The. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols. 8vo.

Unknown Patriot, An. By Frank Samuel Child. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 395 pages. \$1.50.

Villette. By Charlotte Brontë. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (The Thornton Edition.) Edited by Temple Scott. 8vo. \$4.

Violet Culture, Commercial. By B. T. Gallo-way. (Illustrated.) A. T. De La Mare Printing & Pub. Co., Ltd., New York. Small 8vo. 224 pages. \$1.50.

Voices. By Katharine Coolidge. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 118 pages. \$1.25.

In this exquisitely bound book the author gives poetic form to many thoughts which struggle for utterance in the heart of every one moved by mystery, beauty, goodness, and truth. The matter of her verse is of that uplifting sort which does good. Its manner—aside from an occasional monotony of seeming repetition—has an onward swing, but never an undignified haste. In its unresting, calm movement it matches the constant, serene prayerfulness of the poet and her sanely religious ideals.

Voyage of the Mary Adair. By Frances E. Crompton. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 48 pages. 50c.

A pathetic story sympathetically told of a little orphan boy and two friends.

Ward of the King, A. By Katharine S. Macquoid. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 12mo. 328 pages. \$1.25.

Is a romance of the time of the Bourbon kings. The heroine is the only child of the Count d'Acigne, dead when the story opens; the heroes, the Count of Laval, whom she marries at thirteen at the command of the King, and her friend and unknown lover, Roland, the heir of the Vicomte d'Orbec—both noble men in truth. The cousin of the Count of Laval, Etienne de Retz, conceived a passion for the Countess Laval on her wedding day. This leads to the intrigue about which the story, full of life and fire, centers.

When Shiloh Came. By Ambrose Lester Jackson. (Illustrated.) J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 295 pages. \$1.50.

Whitman, Walt. By William Mackintire Salter. (Two Addresses.) S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. 8vo. 46 pages. 25c.

Wild Bee Hums, As the. By Horace Lunt. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati. 16mo. 178 pages. \$1.

Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Stewart. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 362 pages. \$1.50.

The son of a beer-making English nobleman, in a series of hand-to-hand experiences with beer-drinking poverty, crime, and sorrow, decides to part with his interest in his father's brewery and a great distillery, and apply the proceeds to endowing the Metropolitan Hall of Recreation. Much of the story is devoted to vivid and picturesque description of low life in London, and several of the characters are exceedingly strong creations, with a grim humor showing through their rough and often cruel exterior. The story ends tragically with the death of the hero just as he was about to realize his philanthropic dream.

Work and Workshop, Songs of. By James Carter. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 8vo. 166 pages. 35c.

Young Boss, The. By Edward William Thomson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 134 pages. 50c.

A wholesome and interesting story of a boy's successful grappling with an engineering contract.

Young Minuteman, The. By William P. Chipman. A. L. Burr, New York. 12mo. 312 pages. \$1.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Was a commission appointed in this country less than five years ago to find if any people were involuntarily out of work, and reported that there were none, except the incompetent? How was the commission constituted, and how extensive was its work?
P. M.

Salem, Mass.
The most careful investigations into the number of the unemployed, so far as we know, have been those made in your own State. The Massachusetts Labor Report of 1887 showed that in 1885, when the State census was taken, the average loss of unemployment was five weeks for all the employees of the State. The Illinois Labor Report for 1886 published reports on this point from representatives of 80,000 wage-earners. Forty thousand trades-unionists reported that they were unemployed during 32 per cent. of the time; 7,000 coal-miners that they were unemployed 55 per cent. of the time; 5,000 railroad men that they were unemployed 12 per cent. of the time; and 32,000 Knights of Labor reported that they were unemployed 20 per cent. of the time. The Commissioner in summing up these returns said: "If it be considered necessary to make some allowance for any supposed disposition to exaggerate the case on the part of those who have stated it, or for error of judgment on the part of those stating it, the conclusion might be somewhat modified and yet show the average working time to be 75 per cent." It is likely that the trades-unionists reported themselves as unemployed whenever they were not engaged at their trade, whether from sickness or from temporary loss of work, such as masons and many others have at different seasons. The Massachusetts Report may have covered only such time as the men were definitely without a position. The exact meaning of the statistics is therefore hard to determine.

Does The Outlook indorse the following proposition? If there be beyond the grave any reward or punishment, any place of bliss or torment, any "heaven" or "hell," every man's station there will be determined by his morality, his uprightness, his integrity of purpose, while on earth; and whatever he may have believed about Christ, or God, or the Bible, will have no bearing upon the question.
A.

We should first need to know how much you mean by "morality," etc. There is a lower morality, ordinary good conduct, and a higher, the pursuit of ideal goodness in the inner as well as the outer life. The Bible lays emphasis on moral truth, and is more tolerant toward intellectual error than theologians have been. Moral considerations are the determinants of eternal destiny. But the morality that the Bible insists on as a hungering and thirsting after righteousness is of that fine type that is not compatible, as the lower morality is, with every sort of belief about Christ, or God, or the Bible.

1. Has the Revised Version of the Old and New Testaments been published with helps and marginal references? 2. What value do you attribute to the selections of the Bible Students' Reading Guild of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, especially for "The Life of Christ"? 3. How would you meet one who, from consideration of divine foreknowledge and predetermination, seems to be satisfied to let God "work out his plan," as he says?
T. G.

1. With references, not with "helps." This is the improperly so-called "American Revised Version" (Frowde, New York). The genuine American edition is to be issued before long, with references, by Nelson & Sons, New York. 2. We have not examined them, but they come from a well-accredited source. 3. We would show his inconsistency in not working out his own salvation, as

exhorted by St. Paul, in spiritual matters with the same diligence as in temporal. It cannot be wise action in religion that would land him in the poorhouse if tried in business.

We are frequently addressed by inquirers for books and helpful suggestions for the historical study of the Bible. A generous offer is made to all such by the editors of the "Biblical World." Referring to the fact that a great many Sunday-schools are about to take up the story of the life of Christ, they invite application by any who desire suggestions helpful to such a study in the light of the times in which he lived, and the Jewish life which affected the language he employed. There are books on the subject, they say, "for all sizes and classes of readers," and they would be glad to give references to them, or even suggest an outline course of reading to such as wish it. Address (inclosing a stamp for reply), "The Editors of the Biblical World, The University of Chicago, Chicago."

I am interested in making, to an adult class, a good presentation of external evidence (evidence outside of the book itself) of the truth of Old Testament history. In this connection I particularly wish the advantage of recent discoveries. Kindly give me such publications as you think best suited to the purpose.
J. S.

Professor McCurdy's two volumes, "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments," and the volume by Canon Driver and others, entitled "Authority and Archaeology," are the most recent and comprehensive.

What reading would you advise for a minister who is contemplating a series of practical sermons on local church work and organization, for the purpose of better unifying the forces of the ordinary parish and obtaining in the aggregation a better understanding of what constitutes the duties of Christian citizenship?
E. C. A.

Read Dr. Gladden's "The Christian Pastor and the Working Church" (Scribners, \$2.50) and the Rev. G. W. Mead's "Modern Methods of Church Work" (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50).

Kindly mention book or list of books suitable for a course in "Christian Evidences" for young people of average ability.
C.

Rowe's "Manual of Christian Evidences" is the best we know, yet it may be above the level of these young people. (T. Whittaker, New York, 75 cents.)

There is a book recently from the pen of William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. Can you give me the title of it?
S. G.

"God's Education of Man" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.25). It is a book of unusual importance as a contribution to the reconstruction of evangelical belief.

In Notes and Queries of September 2 there is a request from "L. B. L." for the author of the poem "In the Downhill of Life." It was written by John Collins, and can be found in a collection of poems, "Favorite Poems," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1893.
G. F. G.

Please tell me what you consider the best books covering the period between the Old Testament and the New.
G. E. H.

Kent's "History of the Jewish People," Schürer's "History of the Jews in the Time of Christ."

R. A. O.—Probably there is no better edition of the Apocrypha than that by Professor F. C. Bissell, with commentary (Scribners, New York).

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



Rock-a-by Babies

By Anna Sanford Thompson

"Rock-a-by baby in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down comes Rock-a-by baby and all."

Rock-a-by babies in cradle so high,
Swinging and rocking so near to the sky,
Rock-a-by babies in cradle so queer,
Greenish and prickly and shaped like a sphere.

Three little brothers all tucked in so tight,
Covered so closely to keep out the light.
Three little brothers so patiently wait—
Jack Frost will call them before 'tis too late.

Dear little fellows, they're growing so stout,
Surely they're big enough now to come out.
Dear little fellows, already they're dressed;
Shiny brown suits are the ones they like best.

Rock-a-by babies, O Rock-a-by dears,
There'll be no more rocking when Jack Frost appears.
Cradles will open, and cradles may fall—
"Down come the Rock-a-by babies and all!"

The Mantelpiece Turtles

By Clifton Johnson

They were sure enough mud-turtles; but they were not the common, every-day sort that you find in the fields. No, they were just two large, flat-bodied raisins with the stems left on for tails and cloves stuck into them at the proper places for heads and legs.

Little girl Margaret made them one day when she was "helping" her mother in the kitchen. She had intended to eat them; but they looked too real when they were finished, and, instead, she carried them into the sitting-room and put them on the mantelpiece back of the stove.

"Now," said she, patting their brown backs, "dat's a dood place for 'oo; and dis one what I put here I call William Turtle, and dat one what I put there I

call Thomas Turtle, after my bruzzers—and they are good names, too."

The turtles liked the mantelpiece for a home very well. In the daytime they kept quiet and slept a good deal, but at night, after the people of the house had gone to bed, they talked and they walked about as much as they pleased. The room was not very dark; for the stove door had an isinglass window in it, and the coal fire inside the stove sent out light enough to make walking on the mantel perfectly safe.

The turtles were clumsy and slow, but it did not take them many nights to visit every nook and corner of their new home. There were several vases on the shelf, large and small, and a number of sea-shells and pretty stones. Then there were the folks who lived in the photographs, some of them leaning against the wall, some of them perched on wire easels.

The turtles soon got acquainted with these photograph people, but found them rather stiff, as they had on company manners and their best clothes. They were better pleased with a Japanese doll and with a porcelain chicken who carried a hand-organ. Sometimes they would follow the chicken around half the night just to listen to the music.

But the person they liked best of all was a jolly-faced colored woman on a Christmas card who took up her residence on the mantelpiece about three weeks after the turtles did. She had a yellow turban on her head and wore a great red bow under her chin. On the card beneath the picture were printed these words:

"I wish you joy, with best of health,
Content that's better far than wealth,
A laugh so open, free, and fair
'Twill make a sunshine everywhere,
Like Dinah's most extensive smile,
Which can be seen for half a mile."

The first thing, always, when the turtles called on her, Dinah repeated this verse to them. They liked her greeting, and they liked the gay colors of her garments. Indeed, they admired her taste in dress very much. Many a long conversation

did they have with the cheerful Dinah on the Christmas card. Her welcome was sure to be hearty, and her laughter and jokes, emphasized by the bobbing of her turbaned head, were unfailing.

There is no knowing how long these good times would have continued if the turtles had not one night got angry at each other. This happened just after the housefolks had gone to bed.

Thomas Turtle told William Turtle to wake up.

William Turtle did not wake up, and Thomas Turtle gave him a push with his shoulder.

Then William Turtle opened his eyes and began to scold.

Thomas Turtle didn't like that, and he returned the scolding with interest.

The people in the photographs looked and listened in shocked surprise, and Dinah, aroused by the noise, started her verse—

"I wish you joy, with best of health—"

But the turtles would not hearken to her friendly words, and William Turtle soon became so enraged that he could contain himself no longer. He gave an angry shout and made a furious rush forward.

Thomas Turtle was standing on the very outside of the shelf, and the other's onset was so fierce that it forced him over the edge.

But as he felt himself going, he made a grab at William Turtle, and they fell together far down through space and landed in the coal-hod, which happened to be set just beneath.

They recovered presently from the stunning effects of the fall, and they made up their friendship. Then they tried to find a way out of the hod they were in, but they could not walk over the rough lumps of coal, and only succeeded in slipping deeper among the cracks.

So the next morning they went with the coal into the sitting-room stove, and that was the end of little girl Margaret's two raisin mud-turtles.

The Cat who Lost Her Kittens

A ship, called an oil-tank steamer, carries oil from this country to Italy. The captain, when in Italy, received from an Italian friend a present of a beautiful cat. Cats are not common in Italy, and this cat was considered remarkable. Her

family had been so beautiful and intelligent that the history of its many members was kept. When the cat reached this country, every man on the boat was her friend. One day the whole crew were delighted to find that Puss had four beautiful kittens.

The captain went ashore, leaving Puss and her family in the steward's care. When the captain returned to the steamer, Puss was gone. The whole crew searched for her, but could not find her. Two days later the ship sailed with the kittens, but without their mother. Two days after the ship sailed, Puss trotted down on the wharf to find a strange vessel where her home had been. She rushed frantically from ship to ship, never going aboard, just looking at them from the wharfs. At last, very much dejected, she took up her residence with the watchman in his little house. Every arrival roused Puss's interest. She knew, without going aboard, that it was not her particular ship. One day the watchman saw, out in the stream, Puss's ship. As the ship approached the wharf, Puss grew more and more excited; when it was several feet away, she made a spring and landed on board. Without noticing any one, she went to the place where she had left her kittens. They were not there, but were found and given to her. She kissed and purred over them as long as they would let her, and then she greeted her friends with her best manners.

The Ladder of Numbers

The building of war-ships is expensive. Plans must be drawn according to the kind of vessel the Government wishes to build. The Government explains its wishes in statements it calls specifications. The naval architects then plan war-ships to meet these specifications. To be sure that the ships to be built would be just what the Government would want, models are made—miniature war-ships, in every particular what the large ships would be.

It is a long way from addition, subtraction, and multiplication to the building of a miniature war-ship, but without arithmetic it could not be known. You see, addition, subtraction, and multiplication are the first rounds in the ladder, if one wants to know how to build even a box without waste, quickly and properly.

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The New Congress: The Roberts Case

The Fifty sixth Congress was called to order on Monday morning of this week. Ordinarily the formalities preceding the reading of the President's Message are of little general interest, but on this occasion public interest was intent upon the action or non-action of the House in the case of Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah. When Mr. Roberts's name was called, Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, objected to the oath being administered. Mr. Tayler said:

I do so on my own responsibility as a member of this House, and because of specific, serious, and apparently well-grounded charges of ineligibility. A transcript of the proceedings of a court in Utah, evidencing the fact that the claimant was in 1889 convicted of the crime of unlawful cohabitation, I shall present. Affidavits and other papers in my possession indicate that ever since then he has been persistently guilty of the same crime, and that he was then and is now a polygamist.

Mr. Tayler declared that these facts made Mr. Roberts ineligible as a member of the House because of the statutory disqualifications of the Edmunds' Law, "and for higher and broader and quite as sound reasons." To this indictment from the Republican side of the House there was added from the Democratic side a confirmatory protest by Mr. MacRae, of Arkansas, who said:

In addition to the reasons already given, I wish to say that the presence here of the Representative-elect from Utah is an insult upon the American home and American womanhood and in violation not only of the laws of the United States, but of the fundamental law of Utah. An opportunity will be given for an investigation, thorough and complete, but if one-half the facts charged are true, there ought not to be one man in this House who would consent to the Utah Representative taking his seat.

The Speaker called upon Mr. Roberts to stand aside for the present, and he did so. After the other members were sworn

in, Mr. Tayler offered resolutions reciting that the charges as outlined above had been made by a member on the basis of public records and affidavits, and directing, therefore, that

The question of the prima facie right of Brigham H. Roberts to be sworn in as a Representative from the State of Utah in the Fifty-sixth Congress, as well as his final right to a seat therein as such Representative, be referred to a special committee of nine members of the House, to be appointed by the Speaker; and until such committee shall report upon and the House decide such question and right, the said Brigham H. Roberts shall not be sworn in or be permitted to occupy a seat in this House; and said committee shall have power to send for persons and papers and examine witnesses on oath in relation to the subject matter of this resolution.

By unanimous consent it was agreed that the consideration of the resolution should go over until Tuesday after the reading of the President's Message. Comment upon the discussion must be deferred until next week. In the action of Monday on the Roberts case a substantial triumph was gained for those who have maintained that there was no legal or constitutional necessity for even such temporary recognition of the polygamist candidate as would be involved in allowing him to take the oath as a member undisputed. This position, our readers will remember, has been held from the first by The Outlook. A summary of the President's Message, with comment, will be found on another page.

The Hardwick Bill The effect of public opinion is strikingly illustrated by the fate which has overtaken the so-called Hardwick Bill in the Georgia Legislature. It was at first reported favorably by the committee to whom it had been referred, but when it came up in the House it was opposed by the Chairman of that committee as unwise, and

was lost, receiving only a very small minority of votes in its favor. While it was not stated in so many words, the object of this bill was to provide for the disfranchisement of the negro in the State of Georgia. Those favoring the bill did not attempt to hide its purpose. It was the most radical measure that has yet been considered by any of the Southern States. The Mississippi law on this subject provides that an individual must be able to read any portion of the Constitution, or *understand* it when read to him. The Hardwick Bill provided that a person, in order to be entitled to vote, must be able to read *and* understand the Constitution. By the use of the "understanding" clause the author of this bill hoped to provide a way by which the intelligent negro should be prevented from voting and the ignorant white voter permitted to vote. This clause was also put in with special reference to the ignorant white voters of foreign descent who have recently taken up residence in Georgia. The Hardwick Bill also contained the "grandfather" clause which is incorporated into the law of Louisiana. It provides that any individual who voted prior to 1867, or any of his lineal descendants, can vote without passing any of the educational qualifications. The colored people in Georgia made a strong, conservative, and sensible protest against the passage of the bill, and in many quarters it had effect. The colored people in their petition expressed a willingness to have a bill containing an educational or property test, or both, provided the test is made to apply to both races alike. They are opposed, however, strongly to the "grandfather" and "understanding" clauses, as they consider them both unjust and unconstitutional.



In Luzon Aguinaldo's whereabouts still continues a mystery. The theory last week seemed to be that he was fleeing along the west coast toward the north. Our troops in the part of Luzon north of the line from Dagupan to Baler have pushed their advance into the interior, and have easily driven away the insurgents wherever encountered. The most important military event of the week was the occupation of Bayombong, which Aguinaldo had intended to make his

"capital" had time been given him to reach it. There was a ludicrous feature about the capture of this town which resembles an incident in the Porto Rican campaign, in which a surrender was demanded and received by the telephone. Lieutenant Munro, with fifty men, telegraphed ahead to General Conon, the Filipino commander at Bayombong, that he was coming with a large force; General Conon promptly surrendered by telegraph eight hundred men, and Lieutenant Munro marched his fifty men into the place and took possession of the eight hundred, and many supplies, arms, etc., acting as an "advanced guard" of the non-existent near-by American army. Vigan, a port thirty-five miles north of Dagupan, on the west coast, has been occupied by forces from the Oregon and other American ships. In the mountains between Dagupan and the ocean Colonel Bell, on November 28, fought and defeated two insurgent brigades and seized artillery, supplies, and munitions in quantity. There has been little news from other parts of the islands, but all seems to show a diminution of hostilities. General Otis's report on the war up to August 31 contains little not already summarized in the partial report of the Commission. As to the exclusion of the Chinese, he declares it to have been a matter of public policy, and goes at some length into the racial differences between the Filipinos and the Chinese, explaining that strong prejudice against the Chinese prevails among the natives because of the success and unscrupulous dealings of the Chinamen in all trade matters. He says that in view of the race hatred between the Chinamen and the natives, as well as the factional differences among the Chinamen themselves, which sometimes broke out into open riot and bloodshed, he deemed it expedient to apply the American immigration laws to the islands.



The Friars' Land Titles Referring to a recent article in The Outlook, the Springfield "Republican" says:

Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon has baited The Outlook again in the matter of the lands of the religious orders in the Philippines. In its reply The Outlook calls attention to the fact that many of the holders cannot show title

deeds, and it argues from that fact that a land court could escheat the property to the State. It fails, however, to note for the benefit of its readers that, while many of the present occupants, namely, the religious orders, might not be able to show title-deeds, they have equivalents in what Senator Gray at Paris called possessory titles. This point was brought out by Mr. Gray in the examination of John Foreman:

Mr. Day—What would become of the land then?

Mr. Foreman—Confiscate it from the orders.

Mr. Gray—On what ground? We have no law which will allow us to arbitrarily do so.

Mr. Foreman—They have no title-deeds, and it would not be confiscation exactly.

Mr. Gray—They have a possessory title?

Mr. Foreman—Yes, sir.

Mr. Gray—Have been in possession for one hundred years or so?

Mr. Foreman—Yes, sir.

Now, how does The Outlook get around the possessory titles? John Foreman got around them finally by declaring that he would "take the bull by the horns and say, 'You clear out.'" But The Outlook declares against confiscation.

This is just the question which The Outlook would leave to a court or courts of law properly constituted to determine. It may, however, remark that what the "Republican" calls possessory title is a title gained by what is known as "adverse possession;" that it is well settled by a series of decisions that such adverse possession must be "actual, visible, notorious, distinct, and hostile," and that it may well be doubted whether the courts would hold that such a title had been gained in a country where notoriously there were no courts or processes by which the title could be contested.



Financial Reform Last February the Republican caucus of the Fifty-fifth Congress appointed a committee to draft a currency and banking reform measure. That measure was completed last week, and recommended to the present session of Congress. Omitting minor features, the essentials of the bill are as follows:

(1) The gold dollar of 25 8-10 grains, 9-10 fine, is declared to be the standard unit of value.

(2) All interest-bearing obligations of the Government and all United States notes and Treasury notes shall be redeemed in gold. The present legal-tender quality of the silver coinage or of the paper currency of the United States is not affected. The Treasury is ordered to keep silver at par with gold.

(3) There shall be established a Treasury division for the issue, redemption, and exchange of the several kinds of money. A reserve fund is to be constituted equal to one-fourth of the amount of outstanding United States and Treasury notes. When necessary, the Secretary of the Treasury may transfer to it any moneys not otherwise appropriated in excess of a standing Treasury general working balance of fifty millions. The Secretary of the Treasury is required to use the reserve fund in maintaining at all times the parity of every dollar issued by the Government.

(4) Whenever necessary to maintain the gold reserve, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue and sell United States bonds. United States notes and Treasury notes shall be redeemable in gold. Notes so redeemed shall not be disbursed save in exchange for gold. Silver certificates are left on their present basis.

(5) The silver bullion in the Treasury may be used for subsidiary coinage.

(6) National banks are authorized to issue circulation equal in amount to the par value of the bonds deposited by them as guarantee for such circulation, instead of circulation equal to ninety per cent. of that value, as at present.

(7) An annual tax of one-fifth of one per cent. is provided on the value of National bank franchises—a change from the present tax of one per cent. a year on bank circulation.

(8) National banks with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars may be established in towns of not over two thousand inhabitants. The present minimum capital is fifty thousand dollars.

We have commented on this bill on another page.



The Boer War Last week there was a complete embargo on news from Natal. From Cape Colony the only information of importance was that the Dutch rising had become so general along the northern boundary that, in the Colesberg district alone, two thousand colonists had joined the Boers. The news from the Kimberley region was even more impressive. During the seven days ending on Tuesday of last week General Lord Methuen had marched fifty-three miles in

his effort to relieve Kimberley. He had fought two battles, at Belmont and at Graspan, in which he had lost in killed, wounded, and missing over five hundred men, or one-sixth of his force. At the Modder River he fought another battle, in which he lost as many men as in the other two together. The Boers were strongly intrenched, their front extending five miles along the bank of the river. After fourteen hours' desperate fighting the British succeeded in driving the Boers, who were in force on an island and on the south bank, to the north bank of the river. As in the previous fights, the naval brigade rendered superb assistance. General Methuen's entire force was under fire, and casualties were reported from all parts of it. He is still at Modder River, awaiting the forwarding of reinforcements, especially of engineers for the repairing of the bridge, so that naval guns, field batteries, and supplies may go forward with him. So far in this war the Boer losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners are unknown; the British losses amount to about forty-two hundred men, of whom over four hundred were killed and over eighteen hundred wounded, leaving about two thousand missing and prisoners.



Amenities General White has written a letter from Ladysmith to General Joubert, thanking him for sending back a hundred and fifty non-combatants who were captured in the Dundee fight. General Joubert has also sent back five hundred coolies taken at the same time. When the British prisoners captured three weeks ago at Estcourt reached Pretoria, the Boer officials bared their heads, and the spectators on the streets saluted respectfully. Lieutenant Winston Churchill said to a correspondent of the Associated Press:

The Boers have treated us with much kindness. This was the case from the outset. They praised our defense of the armored train, and expressed surprise that the locomotive was saved from becoming a hopeless wreck, as they expected, under their artillery fire. We were then marched through a pouring rain to Colenso, proceeding the next morning to the Boer camp near Ladysmith, and then going by rail to Modder Spruit, finally arriving here on November 18. On the journey great numbers of burghers crowded to see us, but there was only one who made insulting

remarks, the others courteously offering us cigarettes or showing such marks of attention.

Mr. Churchill added that the confinement was close, but that he had no reason to complain. He said that he had held many discussions with the Boers as to the rights of the war, and had been impressed by the large number who could speak English. He found that most regretted the war, asserting that it had arisen on account of misrepresentations. A pleasant incident is reported by the correspondent of the London "Telegraph" as emphasizing the friendly relations existing between America and England. Colonel Stowe, our Consul at Cape Town, recently paid a visit to the Boer prisoners, and found them living comfortably, with supplies of food, tobacco, and books. In order that English prisoners at Pretoria might enjoy the same consideration, he authorized Mr. Macrum, our Consul there, to honor captive officers' checks to the amount of seven thousand five hundred dollars. Some friction has been encountered, however, by Mr. Macrum in securing permission to disburse funds for the benefit of British prisoners, although he has not been prohibited by the Boer Government from caring for the welfare of British subjects in the Transvaal. Yielding to Mr. Macrum's repeated appeals to be relieved, the President has now nominated for the position Mr. Adelbert Hay, a son of the Secretary of State. Not only American but also British interests in South Africa will henceforth rest on the shoulders of a young man but twenty-three years old.



Mr. Bryce on South Africa

The most satisfactory of the numerous books on South Africa, Mr. Bryce's "Impressions," has gone into a new edition, and its author contributes a new preface. In it he declares that the Jameson raid has had an immense influence in causing the present war. (1) It revived the racial feeling in Cape Colony, a feeling which was on the point of dying out as a political force. Mr. Schreiner and his Africander ministry, however, have done much to restrain that feeling. (2) In the Orange Free State purely Dutch sentiment has naturally revived in a still greater degree. The hope of a British presidential candidate was at once aban-

done, and a defensive alliance was concluded between the Free State and the Transvaal. (3) In the Transvaal itself the party of constitutional reform was silenced, and the Kruger or Tory section proportionately strengthened. The Constitution was steadily narrowed, and the policy of armament and fortification initiated. With all these unfavorable elements at work, says Mr. Bryce, the cardinal necessity of patience in the pursuit of imperial objects in South Africa was more than ever evident. To the success of that pursuit, time, intelligence, forethought, and consideration for the Boers were necessary. How have these conditions been fulfilled? They have been disregarded. Sir Alfred Milner dissociated himself from the old policy of balance between the two races (the only policy which can ever succeed), and made himself the representative of one section only. The result has been war, and, as Mr. Bryce points out, war undertaken under most unfavorable circumstances to Great Britain. The Colonial Dutch have been alienated; the two republics have united their fortunes; Boer military strength has been underrated, and Continental opinion has been arrayed against England with greater bitterness than at any time during the Queen's lifetime.



Mr. Bryce's Questions In an article in the current "North American Review" Mr. Bryce asks two questions:

First—Were the grievances of British subjects so serious, was the behavior of the Transvaal Government when asked for redress so defiant or so evasive, as to contribute a proper cause of war.

Second—Assuming that the grievances (which were real, but in my opinion not so serious as has been frequently alleged) and that the behavior of the Transvaal did amount to a *casus belli*, was it wise for Britain, considering the state of feeling in South Africa and the mischief to be expected from causing permanent disaffection among the Dutch population, and considering also the high probability that the existing system of government in the Transvaal would soon, through the action of natural causes, break down and disappear—was it wise for her to declare and prosecute war at this particular moment?

"Neither of these questions ever arose;" that which caused the war, says Mr. Bryce, was a grievance for the redress of

which Great Britain had no right to interfere, namely, the length of time which must elapse before the immigrants into the Transvaal could be admitted to citizenship.

The Boers made concessions, but the British Government held these concessions insufficient. In the course of this discussion the British Ministry used language which led the Transvaal people to believe that they were determined to force the Boer Government to comply with their demands; and they followed up their despatches by sending troops from England to South Africa. They justified this action by pointing out (and the event has shown this to have been the fact) that the British garrison in South Africa was insufficient to defend the colonies. But the Boers naturally felt that if they remained quiet till the British forces had been raised to a strength which they could not hope to resist, they would lose the only military advantage they possessed. Accordingly, when they knew that the Reserves were being called out in England, and that an army corps was to be sent to South Africa, they declared war, having been for some time previously convinced, rightly or wrongly, that the British Government had resolved to coerce them. They were in a sore strait, and they took the course which must have been expected from them, and, indeed, the only course which brave men who were not going to make any further concessions could have taken.

Mr. Bryce believes that the war will permanently embitter the relations of the Dutch and English in South Africa. "To some of us it appears a calamity for England also, since it is likely to alienate, perhaps for generations to come, the bulk of the white population in one of her most important self-governing colonies; it may, indeed, possibly mean for her the ultimate loss of South Africa."



Mr. Chamberlain and His Critics When Queen Victoria announced her expectation of going to the Italian instead of the French Riviera for her annual winter sojourn in a mild climate, there was a great deal of protest from the French press. Illustrated journals of the vulgar sort, such as "Le Rire," "La Caricature," and the "Journal Amusant," even published indecent cartoons and innuendoes. Little notice was taken of these at first, but their persistence finally elicited a sharp comment from a British Cabinet Minister, namely, Mr. Chamberlain. Last week, speaking at Leicester, he recognized the fact that the French papers had not spared

the "almost sacred person of the Queen." This, continued the speaker, provoked natural indignation, "which may have serious consequences if our neighbors do not mend their ways." The rejoinders of such Paris journals as the "Patrie" and the "Petit Journal" were outrageously violent. Those of the better journals, such as the "Temps" and the "Figaro," pointed out that, while committing a gross diplomatic blunder, Mr. Chamberlain did not speak for the Cabinet; they contrasted his utterance with the recent statesman-like speech of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Secretary, whose references to the Transvaal were received with warm commendation by all sections of the British press. Attention is also called to the fact that M. Paul Cambon, the French Minister at London, had already categorically disavowed the cowardly attacks upon a venerable woman of stainless character. Mr. Chamberlain has certainly added to the difficulties of the best Ministry which France has had in many years—a Ministry already accused by its enemies of being "sold to England" because of M. Delcassé's moderate speech. It is in his own country, however, that Mr. Chamberlain has received most caustic criticism. The London "Times" informed him that it is the business of responsible men to weigh their words, and especially it is the business of Ministers to refrain from irritating observations upon transient phases of opinion. Lord Rosebery, speaking at Edinburgh, said:

We have no right to go into the gutters to fish up the derelict press of any country and to hold it up to scorn or as a motive of our policy. It is impossible that the Queen could be besmirched by such attacks, which only recoil on the attackers; and, whatever the degraded outburst may mean, it does not represent the best or highest opinion of France. We have been overready to flout other nations, and it is no wonder that Great Britain is unpopular abroad. I do trust that this undiplomatic frankness will cease, for these stinging words rankle long afterward, and it is not for statesmen to speak under the passing irritation of the moment.

In the same speech Mr. Chamberlain used the word "alliance" in characterizing an understanding between the Teutonic race and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxons. This, too, caused a general flutter in the press, especially in that of Germany, where the Chauvinist organs protested

vigorously. Other papers, however, declare that, while Germany does not intend to fight other people's battles, the United States, Great Britain, and Germany should co-operate in all essential questions of world policy.



The Indian Famine Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has lately issued an official statement regarding the extent of the famine in that country. This statement furnishes the first exact information necessary to the comprehension of the area affected and the intensity of the suffering. The area affected is about three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, having a population of thirty million people. It includes nearly all of the Central Provinces, the Berars, North Deccan and Guzarat in the Bombay Presidency, besides the Southeast and Central Punjab. It also includes the native States in Central and Western India, the large group of native States north of Bombay, Baroda, Indore, and virtually the whole of Rajputana. The number of people affected in the famine of 1896-97 was fifty-two millions. The present famine oppresses a somewhat smaller population, but in Rajputana and North Bombay the distress promises to be greater than in the previous famine, just as the present drought has exceeded the memorable one of 1868. The relief offered by the Government of India and by the provinces affected consists in the giving of work to the able-bodied and in the establishment of kitchens for children and for those too weak to work. Large quantities of hay are being sent into the famine area to save the cattle, on which the agriculturists are so dependent. The Government of India may be depended on for an earnest and sympathetic effort to save life, but the problem is a terrible one, and needs the supplementary help of the generous of all lands, for the situation is rapidly growing worse. The latest report is that the number of men and women applying for "relief work" had increased about a hundred thousand over the previous week. In North Guzarat cases of starvation to death are occurring; parents are abandoning their children because unable to support them and unable to see them die before their eyes; emaciated men, women,

and children are met on the roads trying to reach places where food can be found; children are born by the roadside and their mothers die because they have no food; children reduced to skeletons are found deserted and dying. That such cases should be found so early in the famine makes the prospect very alarming, for matters must grow worse every week until the rains of next July. It is not too soon for us in this country to remember the Indian famine in our benefactions. The best help is that which comes at the beginning of a famine, for many can be kept on their feet at a minimum of cost who would otherwise fall into hopeless destitution; and the best avenue for our aid is through the missionaries representing the various American Mission Boards.



The German Navy Though still a young man, William II. has already erected a monument to himself—the new German navy. Two years ago, at his urgent solicitation, the Reichstag passed a so-called six years' naval law, on condition that no more appropriations for the navy be made until the expiration of that time. Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, then declared that the bill would place the navy on a satisfactory basis and would definitely fix the military expenditure during the sexennial period. A year ago Admiral Tirpitz, Secretary of the Navy, said that the Government would observe this limitation. Perhaps these dignitaries will now admit that, when they thus assured the Reichstag, they also erred in judging of Germany's future political exigencies. What were these exigencies? One of them, according to a Berlin paper, was "the entrance of the United States of America into the sphere of world policy." It is also likely that Japan's development had an influence. As a third factor, however, the Emperor finds it increasingly irritating to be so near the greatest naval power in the world, and yet, in quality and quantity of like equipment, so far from it. Hence, in a recent speech at Hamburg, he declared that there must be a greater strengthening of German naval forces. "If that class of reinforcements had not been refused me during the first eight years of my reign—refused

despite my urgent requests, refused with scorn and even mockery—how different matters would have been now! We should be able to push our thriving trade and commerce over-sea. The face of the world has changed greatly during the last few years. What formerly required centuries to accomplish is now done in a few months. The task of the Kaiser and Government has consequently grown in large measure." This speech foreshadowed a formal demand. Under the 1897 arrangement the German Government applies fifteen million dollars annually to the navy. The Emperor's proposition is that twenty-three million dollars per year be so applied. If such expenditure be continued until 1917, the German navy may be powerful enough "to bear the responsibility for the conduct of our diplomatic business." The prospective addition means over fifty battle-ships or armored cruisers. Will the Emperor's project pass the Reichstag? He is assured of the support of most Conservatives and Liberals, and of the opposition of the Radicals and Socialists. The latter consider that the Government has broken faith. The Center, or Roman Catholic party, now preserving the balance of power, sees in the Kaiser's plan a grand opportunity for obstruction, and then for such an arrangement with the Government as greatly to redound to the power of the Roman Church in Germany. In exchange for its support, the Center will probably ask for the renunciation by the Emperor, as King of Prussia, of any interference in the appointment of Roman Catholic Bishops, and also the promise of his influence in abolishing the disabilities still existing against Roman Catholics. The far-sightedness and energy of its re-founder may double the strength of the German navy. The question is, Will Roman Catholic strength in North Germany also be doubled?



Unification of the Educational System

The Commission recently appointed by Governor Roosevelt to provide for the unification of the educational system of this State has adopted a tentative plan. The legal adviser of the Governor was present at every sitting of the Commission, and will draft a bill to

be presented to the Legislature at once. This bill will embody the results of the investigations and conclusions of the Commission. It will provide for the reorganization of the Board of Regents. The Board now numbers twenty-three members, who are appointed for life. The bill contemplates reducing the number to fourteen, the members to retire from office at the age of seventy. Under this provision five of the present Board will be retired. No new members will be appointed until the Board is reduced to fourteen. The ex-officio members, the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, also are to be retired. The newly organized Board will elect a Chancellor, who will be its chief executive officer, and four Directors, who will be the heads of four departments: a Department of Public Education, having charge of all schools supported by taxation; a Department of Higher Education, having charge of universities, colleges, and private schools; a Department of libraries, museums, and university extension; and a Department of Law and Business Administration of the whole system. It is understood that the Governor will indorse and support the bill to be presented, which will represent and express the conviction of experts in education, business administration, and law. Such a measure will command the support of public sentiment, which has long protested against the present methods of administering the educational system of the State.



The Railroad Slaughter On the 15th of January, 1894, on the meadows west of Hoboken, in a dense fog, an express train on the Lackawanna Railroad crashed into the rear of another express train, killing eight persons and maiming and mutilating many others. This occurrence was called an accident by a gross misuse of the word. A similar occurrence took place on the same road near Paterson on Wednesday of last week, when an express train was run into by an accommodation train, two cars wrecked, six persons killed, and a long list of persons more or less seriously injured. The railroad officials hold the engineer of the train which crashed into the express re-

sponsible, on the ground that he disobeyed both the signals and rules of the company. The public, on the other hand, are inclined to hold the company responsible because the section on which the catastrophe occurred is not run under the block system; the nearest block signal to the point of the slaughter is said to be twelve miles distant. This destruction of human life cannot, by any proper use of language, be called an accident. It was wholly preventable; there was, in fact, no excuse for it. Behind this piece of criminal carelessness there is a criminal. It may be a person; it may be a corporation; that question must be settled by investigation. That criminal, once discovered, ought not to escape without bearing a heavy punishment. Offenses against human life are far too common in this country.



Art Union The movement to unite all the societies of this city in one organization, and to hold a joint exhibition of sculpture, painting, and architecture, is being widely discussed, and has awakened very deep interest, not only in the professions immediately represented, but among lovers of art in city and country. The societies which, it is hoped, will be eventually united in one association are the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the National Sculpture Society, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Water-Color Club, the Architectural League of New York, the National Society of Mural Painters, the American Fine Arts Society, the Municipal Art Society of New York, and the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. The movement received its first impulse from the Architectural League, which has appointed a committee consisting of Mr. Keyser and Mr. Bush-Brown, representing the Architectural League, Mr. Carroll Beckwith, representing the National Academy of Design, Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. If the report of this committee is favorable, the League will at once invite the other societies to meet and discuss the matter in conference. Those who are urging this great scheme—for it is great in magnitude as well as in the interests involved—believe that art and the public would be better served by one organi-

zation than by a number of different societies, and that one great exhibition, which should represent all the arts, would be far more effective than a series of exhibitions in different sections of the city. With the co-operation of all societies it would be possible to maintain a permanent exhibition of the arts, which would have a stimulating effect on the artists, secure them more substantial returns for their work, and be a means of art education for the whole country. Such an exhibition would concentrate public attention in a way which is now impossible. Mr. Ward, the eminent sculptor, and President of the National Sculpture Society, has expressed the opinion that such an exhibition would not only be more impressive than a number of individual exhibitions, but would be in harmony with the general tendency throughout the world towards uniting art influences. The moral force of such a union among artists would be very great, and the city might properly be called upon to aid in adequately and nobly housing such an enterprise. The scheme is so vast that it ought to receive very careful discussion, but it is to be welcomed as an evidence of the increasing volume of art life in this city, and the larger place which is being given to it in the life of the metropolis.

A Great Publishing House

After various attempts at readjustment, the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers has passed into the hands of a receiver. Readers have been accustomed for two generations to the name of Harper & Brothers on the title-pages of many of the books which they have read with the deepest interest, and on several periodicals which have had the widest circulation. There has grown up, in consequence, a feeling of obligation on the part of the public to a great business which has rendered material services to popular education and literature. If the fact that the business had passed into the hands of a receiver meant that it was to be brought to an end, it would be cause for National regret; but this step has been taken in the hope of putting the business on new and stronger foundations; and, with the great energy and ability which are to be at the service of the house under the leadership

of Colonel Harvey, there is good hope that this intention will be realized. "Harper's Magazine" was the earliest in point of time of its class of periodicals, and in the quality of its popular service has been a distinct American creation. No other magazine has done more to familiarize readers at large with the results of exploration, travel, social study, and scientific investigation than "Harper's Magazine." "Harper's Weekly" was the first in the field among American illustrated papers to take high rank. Under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis it held for many years a unique position. "Harper's Young People" and "Harper's Bazar" have also filled honorable places in the current literature of the country, and the firm of Harper & Brothers has become in this way a National institution, the imprint of which carried weight in all parts of the continent. That the present endeavor to re-establish the house on a lasting foundation may succeed will be the earnest desire of all those who recognize its services in the past and who realize its possibilities of usefulness in the future. The heavy loss by fire sustained by the well-known publishing house of Philadelphia, the J. B. Lippincott Company, is also widely regretted.



The Higher Criticism and the Methodists

The most interesting and significant feature of the Methodist Church Congress held at St. Louis last week was a defense of the "Higher Criticism" by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Sing Sing, N. Y., Professor Sheldon, of Boston University, and Professor Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania. The first speaker declared that coming generations will be as grateful for the constructive work of the higher critics as we are now grateful to the pioneers "against the insane theory of verbal inspiration." He asserted that, if we are to have a theology which will satisfy the age, it must be a theology founded on facts. Reverting to the attitude of some churchmen toward these higher critics, Dr. Anderson said that it was very easy for a man who had not read a book published since 1850 to stand off and throw stones at the diligent students of the present day. "Any fair-minded man, . . ." added he,

"must admit the fact of minor errors in the text of Scripture. But these do not in any way invalidate the claims of Scripture. . . . We cannot save the old framework, neither is it necessary that we should, but the spirit of Methodism still prevails—brotherhood, social service, and universality." Professor Sheldon followed, asserting that higher criticism could not be shoved aside, that the pulpit must either keep silent on the subject or go into the study of these new questions with a deeper, more scholarly, and more candid spirit. No less pronounced was Professor Learned in declaring that there is "a startling consensus among scholars, scientific men, and men of culture in general, as to the valuelessness of dogma," and that "the Church, in order to hold men of culture within its fold as active Christians, must change its attitude toward many questions. . . . The scientific man cannot formulate dogmatic finalities. . . . The Church must not resist scientific inquiry, but must rather adopt the scientific method and welcome its results. . . . It must rather turn the light of Christian truth upon the social, moral, and religious problems of modern life." These statements certainly do not hark back to a hidebound traditionalism, but they are by no means symptomatic of a declining faith. Instead of any surrender of Christianity, they are the aggressive, persistent forms of the real Christianity which adapts itself to every age. Its defenders would carry it, not only from the unthinking to the unthinking, but from men of brains to men of brains. Methodism and all other forms of Christianity will be the larger and richer by an admixture of the "higher criticism."



Women's Christian Associations

The International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, at their last biennial conference recently held at Memphis, Tenn., decided to begin active operations in the South, on the lines of work that have been so successfully established by the Associations at the North. A trained worker, to be known as an organizer, will be the representative of the Board in the Southern States. The change in the financial condition of many Southern families has

brought into the cities as wage-earners many refined women. This gives the opportunity to the International Board to meet a pressing need in the South. The effort will be made to organize young women, in the country towns and surrounding districts, into groups for purposes of study and of altruistic and religious work. What is needed by the Board is the means to put a dozen trained workers in the Southern field. The Travelers' Aid work shows the need of the closest affiliations between the city associations. Traveling cards will be issued entitling the holders to the privileges of the Young Women's Christian Associations wherever organized. Matrons are maintained at the railroad stations in many of our large cities, to whose care young girls may be committed. The "Junior work" is for the young girls just entering the wage-earning field, and for girls who are to become wage-earners. This work is made necessary because so many of the older wage-earners refuse to give the time necessary for thorough elementary training, forcing the Associations to lower standards of attainment. The result of the "Junior work" is evident now in the steady advancement in standards of education among the wage-earners themselves, and the raising of the grade of work for certificates. This is the first meeting of the Board in the South.



The Army Department of the Young Men's Christian Association Last year General Fitzhugh Lee declared that the work of the Young Men's Christian Association was helpful in maintaining the morale of the army. The recognition of the accuracy of his statement has now come in a request from the War Department to the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, that representatives of that organization accompany the regiments being sent to the Philippines, to inaugurate on board ship and continue with the troops such religious and social work as was planned and carried on by the Committee's representatives in Southern camps last year, and has since been continued in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The Committee recognized the exceptional opportunity presented by the request. A beginning was made

possible by the generosity of a few friends. It is hoped that others will recognize the privilege presented and put in the hands of the Committee the funds necessary to enable it to place men on each of the transports. Reports of the condition of the army already in the Philippines warrant the belief that such work is greatly needed. Contributions for this patriotic purpose may be sent to the Committee, 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, with notice that the contribution is intended to be applied to the work on transports. In this connection the first annual report of the Army Department of the Young Men's Christian Association is interesting reading. It shows that at Manila a total of a hundred and twenty religious services were held, in addition to the seventy-seven other meetings, which include sessions of the Bible classes, Literary Society, and entertainments. Twenty conversions are reported, thirty-three requests for prayers; more than one-half million pieces of stationery and twenty-five thousand pieces of literature were distributed. The beginning of 1900 will see more than fifty thousand of our young men in the Philippines. Many soldiers are for the first time away from the restraining influences of home, and exposed to the temptations coincident with the opening of new territory. A building in Manila is a necessity for the next year, and at least the greater part of the support must come from the home land.

American College for Women at Constantinople

The American College for Women at Constantinople is the only institution which offers an advanced education to the women of all the nationalities of the East. Its students come from an area extending from Bulgaria, Rumania, and Russia on the north to Egypt on the south, and from the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys on the east to Athens on the west. The College began its career in 1871. It has a charter obtained from the State of Massachusetts, and an Imperial *irade* from the Sultan of Turkey. Since its foundation as an educational institution over a hundred and twenty women have been graduated—the first women college graduates of the East. Many of these occupy positions of honor and influ-

ence in different parts of the world. The graduates form a strong Alumnae Association, and interest themselves practically in the progress of the College. The language of the College is English. Other languages taught are French, German, Latin, ancient and modern Greek, Turkish, ancient and modern Armenian, Bulgarian, and Slavic. The standard of scholarship has been constantly raised, until the diploma of the College is now recognized by some of the leading universities of Europe. The President, Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, has an intimate acquaintance with American and European methods of instruction. She is now studying the latest methods of our colleges, in order to adapt them, if possible, to the needs of the Orient. The constantly increasing number of students is creating a pressing demand for better equipment; the present buildings are quite inadequate. Half a million of dollars is needed to put this College on a satisfactory basis. The President, Dr. Patrick, may be addressed at 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Food Adulterations

The subject of the adulteration of foods has been before the public for years. The result of the agitation has been State and National legislation in the interest of the consumer. In New York State the Agricultural Department has been very active, and has secured evidence that has led to the indictment of many offenders. The Attorney-General of the State has been urged to compromise these suits on the ground of ignorance of the law on the part of the accused, their standing in the community, their inability to pay the penalty if convicted. The result of these petitions has been the issuing of a circular-letter by the Attorney-General to all the representatives of the department of law in the State, saying that the prosecution of evil-doers, not the persecution of the individual, is the purpose of the law; that the health of the people of the State is of vital importance; that the purity of the milk furnished consumers is of peculiar importance to the most helpless of the community—babies, invalids, and the aged. No compromise is possible with those who for profit have jeopardized the health of the people. The eye of the law must be

watchful and its hand always ready to punish.

United States Senate
Committee on Manufactures

This Committee, having carried on investigations in several States, closed its labors in New York last month. It has called before it the leading manufacturers and chemists of the country. The result has been the gathering of valuable information for the consumer. The Committee reaches the conclusion that National legislation is necessary for the protection of the people and the commerce of the United States. Laws must be enacted to prohibit the importation of manufactured articles into this country from countries where their sale is prohibited; to forbid the use of deleterious adulterants in foods; to require that when, for the purpose of cheapening the article, a harmless adulterant is used, the package be properly labeled. Coffee, spices, beers, olive oil, jellies, and jams are among the articles most frequently adulterated. Professor Wiley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, calls attention to the result of a National law compelling the labeling and special taxing of mixed flour. Before the enactment of this law flour was adulterated with corn-starch, resulting in a profit to the manufacturer of forty per cent. Professor Wiley believes that the food adulteration of this country is barely five per cent.—a much lower percentage than has been given by some other experts, the adulteration of olive oil being put as high as ninety per cent. It was generally conceded that few deleterious adulterants were used in food manufactures, but that cheap production led to the use of harmless adulterants, deceiving the buyer, who purchased under a misapprehension. The laws to be enacted, it is claimed, must be protective, not prohibitory. Where cheapness is the quality desired by the purchaser, he should have that choice, the adulterant used being plainly named on the package. The purchaser willing to pay for a pure article of food should be protected against fraud. That Congress will take some action is almost certain. The length to which it will go will depend largely on the attitude of the people. If the activity displayed is solely on the part of the manufacturers, little advance will

be made in suppressing the adulteration of food manufactures in this country. The next step will be through State legislation, which will eventually approach uniformity—a slow process, however.

The President's Message

The topics of most general public interest treated in the President's Message are, of course, the Currency, Trusts, and our Colonial Policy. The recommendations of the President on other topics may be briefly indicated each in a sentence:

The American merchant marine should be encouraged by Government aid.

The Isthmian Canal Commission is engaged in the work committed to it; there are urgent reasons for early action in promoting such a canal.

Congress should provide for a Commission to study the commercial and industrial conditions of the Chinese Empire, and report thereon.

We shall have over seven thousand exhibitors at the Paris Exposition—four times as many as those who exhibited in 1889. This is exclusive of exhibits from Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii.

Congress should invite Germany to constitute a joint Commission of scientific experts for the investigation of food products for exportation from both countries.

Congress should confer upon the Federal Courts jurisdiction for the trial of criminal causes in case of wrongs to citizens of other nations residing in the United States; this suggestion grows out of the recent lynching of five Italians in Louisiana.

A treaty is transmitted to the Senate for carrying out the arrangements made between Germany, England, and the United States for the dissolution of the tripartite control in Samoa.

The Convention at The Hague is commended to the favorable action of the Senate of the United States, whose ratification it still awaits.

By inadvertence, no chaplains were provided for in the volunteer regiments authorized by the Act of 1899; those regiments are now in the Philippines, and chaplains should be provided.

Congress should authorize the Pension Office to grant pensionable status to widows

whose income, aside from the proceeds of daily labor, is not in excess of \$250 per annum.

FINANCE

The President's paragraph on finance will be regarded as a substantial indorsement of the recommendations of the Republican Caucus Committee. He assumes that there is an "existing gold standard," advises that the Secretary be given power, in case of necessity, to sell bonds in order "to insure the continuance of the gold standard," and recommends that National banks be authorized to organize with a capital of \$25,000. The financial question thus presented we have discussed more fully in another editorial.

TRUSTS

"Combinations of capital organized into trusts to control the conditions of trade among our citizens, to stifle competition, limit production, and determine the price of products used and consumed by the people," are condemned by the President. He cites the Federal law of 1890, which declares that "every contract or combination in the form of a trust or conspiracy in the restraint of commerce among the several States or with foreign nations" is unlawful; refers to President Cleveland's Message, December, 1896, indicating that Federal law alone is not sufficient, and that the power of the several States must also be invoked; affirms that State legislation has failed to secure fully the desired relief; declares that uniformity of legislation upon this subject in the several States is much to be desired; and in the light of these suggestions refers the whole matter to Congress for its deliberation and action. This part of the Message is significant, not as recommending any specific legislation, but as indicating that both parties, since President Harrison's Message in December, 1889, have united in an endeavor to bring trusts and combinations under legislative control, State and Federal. The implication is natural that Anti-Trust cannot successfully be made a party cry.

CUBA

The President refers to the resolution of April, 1898, by which Congress asserted its determination to leave the government and control of the island to its

people, and says, "The pledge contained in this resolution is of the highest honorable obligation and must be sacredly kept." He declares that all the administrative measures adopted in Cuba have been aimed to secure this end, but he rightfully insists that "the new Cuba yet to arise, from the ashes of the past must needs be bound to us by ties of singular intimacy and strength if its enduring welfare is to be assured," and that, "whether those ties shall be organic or conventional, . . . we must see to it that Free Cuba be a reality, not a name; a perfect entity, not a hasty experiment bearing within itself the elements of failure." He notes the fact that by the Treaty of Paris the Spanish people on the island have until April 11, 1900, to elect whether they will remain citizens of Spain or become citizens of Cuba, and truly says that "until then it cannot be definitely ascertained who shall be entitled to participate in the government of Cuba." Meanwhile the experience acquired through local self-government in the cities "will prove of great value in the formation of a representative convention of the people to draft a constitution and establish a system of independent government for the island." In short, the President pledges the Administration in explicit terms so to conduct administration in Cuba as to prepare it for independence, but leaves the way open for Cuba, in the exercise of its independence, to seek for whatever relations it may desire, organic or otherwise, with the United States, and leaves us free to make whatever response we think best to such applications as may come to us from Cuba when it is prepared to take the determination of its destiny into its own hands. With the President, both in his reaffirmation of this pledge and his implicit affirmation of the right of Cuba in its independence to seek organic union with the United States, The Outlook is in hearty agreement.

THE PHILIPPINES

The President traces the history of the relations of this country to the Philippines from the 10th of December, 1898, when the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was signed. By this treaty "the islands were ceded by the Government of Spain, which had been in undisputed pos-

session of them for centuries. They were accepted, not merely by our authorized commissioners in Paris, under the direction of the Executive, but by the constitutional and well-considered action of the representatives of the people of the United States in both Houses of Congress ;" that is to say, by the Senate, for it ratified the treaty, by the House, for it appropriated the twenty millions of dollars called for by the treaty. The President adds : " I had every reason to believe, and I still believe, that this transfer of sovereignty was in accordance with the wishes and the aspirations of the great mass of the Filipino people." The President then points out the measures taken to assure the people of the islands of our ardent desire for their welfare, and of our purpose to advance their interests. These measures included not only published instructions to General Otis, but the appointment of a Commission composed of three gentlemen of the highest character and distinction, thoroughly acquainted with the Orient, who, in association with Admiral Dewey and General Otis, were instructed "to facilitate the most humane and effective extension of authority throughout the islands, and to secure with the least possible delay the benefits of a wise and generous protection of life and property to the inhabitants." But before their arrival at Manila the revolt against the United States authority had broken out. This revolt was accompanied by the barbaric order for the general assassination of all non-Filipinos, which was reported by us in The Outlook of April 11, 1899, and the very existence of which has since been called in question by some of the anti-imperialistic press. The President describes this barbaric manifesto as "an order of the insurgent government." Contemporaneously with its issue "considerable numbers of armed insurgents entered the city by waterways and swamps, and, in concert with confederates inside, attempted to destroy Manila by fire." The purpose to put down the revolt against American sovereignty as thus initiated the President reaffirms in explicit language, and gives warm and deserved commendation to the army and the navy for the spirit in which they have "carried on this unwelcome but most righteous campaign with richly deserved

success." He describes in fuller detail than the Philippine Commissioners did in their report the Government organized over the island of Negros. This Government is understood as being a suggestion of the method which the Administration will pursue in the future, unless Congress shall deny it the necessary authority. A Military Governor has been appointed by General Otis. A Civil Governor and an Advisory Council have been elected by the people. This Civil Governor in general "performs the duties which are performed by Secretaries of State in our own system of government." The Advisory Council "discharges all the ordinary duties of a legislature." Suffrage is confined to male citizens, residents in the island, who are able to speak, read, and write the English, Spanish, or Visayan language, or who own real property worth five hundred dollars, or pay a rental on real property of the value of one thousand dollars, and have paid all taxes due by them to the Government. A judiciary is also organized, and free schools are to be established.

The President also announces the agreement entered into with the Sultan of the Sulu Archipelago, substantially as already reported in The Outlook. The Sultan agrees to co-operate with the United States in the suppression of piracy; free trade is provided for between the Sulu Archipelago and the other portions of the Philippine Archipelago; the United States promises its protectorate to the Sultan in case any foreign nation should attempt to impose upon him; the expenses of the Sultan's government, to the amount of a little over \$9,000 a year, are provided for by the United States; any slave in the archipelago is entitled to purchase his freedom by paying the usual market rate. This agreement has been approved by the President, subject to the action of the Congress, with the qualification "that this agreement is not to be deemed in any way to authorize or give the consent of the United States to the existence of slavery in the Sulu Archipelago."

While this agreement with the Sultan and this provisional government in the island of Negros are both tentative, they are significant as indicative of the spirit and purpose of the Administration, if Congress shall leave to it a free hand. This the President explicitly asks. "It does

not seem desirable," he says, "that I should recommend at this time a specific and final form of government for these islands." He is considering, however, the advisability of the return of the Commissioners, or such members thereof as can be secured, to aid the existing authorities and facilitate their work throughout the islands. "I have believed," he says, "that reconstruction should not begin by the establishment of one central civil government for all the islands, with its seat at Manila, but rather that the work should be commenced by building up from the bottom, first establishing municipal governments and then provincial governments, a central government at last to follow." These recommendations were in some measure anticipated by The Outlook last week, in an editorial entitled "What Should Congress Do?" We hope, however, that Congress will also by joint resolution confirm to the Filipinos those assurances which the President has already given them through the Philippine Commission's Proclamation of April 4, 1899 (see The Outlook, April 15, 1899, page 860). The Filipinos are entitled to have these promises confirmed by the legislative department of our Government.

The issue before the American people fundamental to all other questions in the Philippines is this: Shall we assume the responsibilities of sovereignty in the Archipelago, or shall we refuse to assume them and relegate them to the people themselves? The President's argument upon this issue seems to us conclusive, though it simply restates what has been stated both by him in public speeches and by others in press and in public address. He says:

The future government of the Philippines rests with the Congress of the United States. Few graver responsibilities have ever been confided to us. If we accept them in a spirit worthy of our race and our traditions, a great opportunity comes with them. The islands lie under the shelter of our flag. They are ours by every title of law and equity. They cannot be abandoned. If we desert them, we leave them at once to anarchy and finally to barbarism. We fling them, a golden apple of discord, among the rival powers, no one of which could permit another to seize them unquestioned. Their rich plains and valleys would be the scene of endless strife and bloodshed. The advent of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay, instead of being, as we hope, the dawn of a new day of freedom and progress, will have

been the beginning of an era of misery and violence worse than any which has darkened their unhappy past. The suggestion has been made that we could renounce our authority over the islands and, giving them independence, could retain a protectorate over them. This proposition will not be found, I am sure, worthy of your serious attention. Such an arrangement would involve at the outset a cruel breach of faith. It would place the peaceable and loyal majority, who ask nothing better than to accept our authority, at the mercy of the minority of armed insurgents. It would make us responsible for the acts of the insurgent leaders, and give us no power to control them. It would charge us with the task of protecting them against each other and defending them against any foreign power with which they chose to quarrel. In short, it would take from the Congress of the United States the power of declaring war, and vest that tremendous prerogative in the Tagal leader of the hour.

This Message is to be read with the Report of the Secretary of War and the Plan of the Republican Caucus Committee, which both supplement and interpret it. Together they declare the policy and principles of the Administration on the two great questions before the American people. Those principles may be summarized thus:

A gold basis for our currency, recognized and established by law so that it cannot be affected by mere executive order.

The Constitutional right and duty of Congress to provide for our new possessions whatever government it thinks is best adapted to promote the prosperity of their peoples.

And these two principles The Outlook believes to be thoroughly sound in law and morals.



Secretary Root's Report

The wisdom of President McKinley's choice of a Secretary of War to succeed General Alger has been abundantly demonstrated by the new Secretary's first annual report. The country, through press and private utterance, has almost unanimously accepted this report as a most thorough and completely wrought-out document—one that treats important problems fundamentally, with the firm touch of thorough knowledge and with efficient plans for their solution. It is especially to those portions of this report which treat of our Colonial Problems that the country will turn with the greatest interest, and

from them it will derive both satisfaction and confidence.

A fundamental question confronts us at the outset in our consideration of these problems. Are Porto Rico and the Philippines parts of the United States, so that they come under the provisions of the Constitution? Thus Section 8 provides that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If Porto Rico and the Philippines are parts of the United States, then there must be free trade between them and the United States; but, as our treaty gives to Spain all the trade privileges we enjoy with the Philippines, we should have to give free trade also to Spain, and treaties with other nations containing a clause that they shall have the same favors granted to any other nation would compel us also to open our ports to them as well. Secretary Root's National reputation as a lawyer will give the weight of authority to his declaration that these extra-territorial countries are not parts of the United States, but subject possessions.

I assume, for I do not think that it can be successfully disputed, that all acquisition of territory under this treaty [the Treaty of Paris] was the exercise of a power which belonged to the United States because it was a Nation, and for that reason was endowed with the powers essential to National life, and that the United States has all the powers in respect of the territory which it has thus acquired, and the inhabitants of that territory, which any nation in the world has in respect of territory which it has acquired. . . . The people of the ceded islands have acquired a moral right to be treated by the United States in accordance with the underlying principles of justice and freedom which we have declared in our Constitution, and which are the essential safeguards of every individual against the powers of government, not because those provisions were enacted for them, but because they are essential limitations inherent in the very existence of the American Government.

Thus the people of Porto Rico are entitled to demand that they shall not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, etc., since it is impossible that there should be any delegation of power by the people of the United States to any department of the Government to violate these fundamental principles; but, except as Congress is "bound by those limitations which arise from the law of its own existence," it has a free hand to provide for Porto Rico—and the same argument will apply to the Philip-

pin—"the best government which we are capable of devising for people situated as are the inhabitants of that island." This cannot at first be self-government, and for a very simple reason:

The Porto Ricans as a people have never learned the fundamental and essential lessons of obedience to the decision of the majority. They have had no opportunity to learn, and they never have learned. There can be no free government without a loyal, voluntary, personal subjection to the peaceful decisions reached by lawful processes. In the experiments which have already been tried in municipal elections and toward government by municipal boards, the minority which is voted down almost invariably refuses to participate further in the business of government.

The Secretary proposes that we declare definitely what general laws of the United States should be extended over Porto Rico—such as postal, banking, currency, customs, navigation, anti-trust, counterfeiting, and other National laws—and that there should be a form of local insular government to have complete control of the rights, property, and obligations of the people of the island, substantially as with our State Governments. Suggestions are made for the framework of such a local government, including a Governor to be appointed by the President with the Senate's consent; the usual chief officers of one of our States, also to be appointed by the President; and a Legislative Council, to include these chief officers and a minority selected by the President from the people of the island—all acts of this Council to be subject to the Governor's veto, but to be capable of being passed over the veto by a two-thirds vote; while courts and municipal affairs should largely be left to local control, subject to the Governor's final authority; no provision is made for an elective Legislature, which the Secretary thinks inexpedient for the present; the basis of suffrage suggested for the near future is ability to read and write and a small property qualification. As to the municipal law, the Spanish civil code, he thinks, should be preserved in the new possessions, as generally adequate and adapted to the customs and conditions of the people. This distinction between civil and criminal law appears to us absolutely just and reasonable. Latin law affords no protection to the accused. Spanish criminal law is not a system of justice, but a system of injustice. But civil laws are

largely dependent on and grow out of the habits of the people, and can be wisely changed only gradually and as their habits are changed.

It is evident that these principles are equally applicable in general to the Philippines, and the plan of government which the Secretary of War proposes for Porto Rico differs only in detail from that reported by the President as already organized in the island of Negros. The Secretary's statements respecting the economic conditions in Porto Rico, and his recommendation of radical changes in customs regulations respecting that island and the United States, we shall discuss hereafter, when Congress takes up this subject; it must suffice here to say that The Outlook agrees absolutely and unqualifiedly in his general statements that

"Congress has the legal right to regulate the customs duties between the United States and Porto Rico as it pleases; the highest considerations of justice and good faith demand that we should not disappoint the confident expectation of sharing in our prosperity with which the people of Porto Rico so gladly transferred their allegiance to the United States, and that we should treat the interests of this people as our own," and "that the customs duties between Porto Rico and the United States be removed."

In specific recommendations respecting both Cuba and the Philippines the Secretary's report tallies with the President's Message as elsewhere reported.

Apart from the question of what may be roughly called Colonial Government, the most important subject treated in Secretary Root's report is that of army reorganization. The Secretary rightly believes that the reform in army organization demonstrated to be necessary by the recent war with Spain should be from the bottom upward; that it should be radical, complete, and made, not merely for the present, but for the distant future as well. With this in view, Secretary Root makes specific recommendations in many directions. The following is a bare outline:

First—Study by officers of plans for action. This involves the establishment of a War College similar to that of the navy.

Second—Preparation of material, fortifications, ordnance, etc.

Third—Selection of officers according to merit.

(a) Staff officers to have temporary instead of permanent tenures.

(b) Abolition or modification of promotions by seniority.

(c) Staff officers to be selected for ability instead of "social or political influence."

Fourth—Great drill of troops.

(a) Appropriations for periodical mobilization and evolutions.

(b) Naval co-operation in maneuvers.

Fifth—Artillery branch should have a head.

Sixth—Inspectors-general should be increased.

Seventh—Legislation is needed that volunteers may be properly organized and prepared for call to service.

Eighth—West Point Academy should be enlarged.

The changes suggested are sweeping and essential; if carried out, it may be hoped that the United States will have permanently a regular army larger than now provided for, but small in proportion to the population; an effective coast defense; a system of tenure of office reasonable and founded on merit instead of mere length of service; a staff free from the present clumsy bureaucracy, and kept free from social and political influences; a proper system of inspection, which certainly does not now exist; and, finally, but perhaps of the most importance, a plan for calling into existence, whenever needed, a volunteer army, with suitable provision for a supply of trained officers, and for a close connection between it and the regular army force. We shall recur to this branch of this report hereafter. It is radical without being revolutionary, and is based on the fundamental principles that the army should be centralized, that appointment and promotion should depend on merit, and that education and drill are essential to efficiency.



Financial Reconstruction

We publish in another column a brief abstract of the plan proposed by the Republican Committee of the House of Representatives for the reconstruction of the currency. This plan may be stated in a single sentence to be one for putting the country on the gold basis by legislative action, with the least possible interference with the present currency and the business which is founded thereupon. Two questions respecting this plan will naturally occur to the reader to be answered: First, is the object a wise one? second, are the means proposed for its accomplishment

wise? In our judgment, both these questions are to be answered in the affirmative.

The ablest students of finance have differed in their judgment respecting the practicability of bimetallism. The Outlook has agreed with those (including some eminent authorities in Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States) who have believed that it would be possible by international agreement to maintain gold and silver at a parity, and that the use of both metals as a standard of value would be safer because it would furnish a more stable standard than the use of either gold or silver alone. The Outlook is still of this opinion, but the question has become by the course of events a purely academic one. No eminent financial authority, so far as we know, thinks it would be possible to maintain gold and silver at a parity except by international agreement; and after an honest and earnest endeavor made by this country to secure the agreement of other countries for that purpose, the effort has been abandoned. The other great commercial countries have established gold as the basis of values. This fact is indisputable, and, for the present at least, is unalterable. In determining what we shall regard as the standard of values, this fact must be reckoned with.

For it is very certain that if the individuals of any community are to carry on free and unimpeded traffic with one another, they must agree upon one standard of value. If there are different standards in different parts of the community, the interchange of commodities will be accompanied with perpetual friction and inconvenience. This fact was illustrated constantly in the United States before the Civil War, when the currency of the country which was furnished by State banks had either no value or a lessened value outside the States of issue, and caused both to the traveler and the dealer perpetual inconvenience. That inconvenience would have been still greater if these notes of the various States had represented different standards of value, some being payable in gold, others in silver, others in beads or wampum or the like, with no common agreement respecting their redemption. As the members of any community must agree upon a standard if traffic between them is to be

convenient and unimpeded, so commercial nations must agree upon some standard if international commerce is to be free and unimpeded. The other nations of the earth have agreed upon gold. In our judgment, they would have done better to have agreed upon gold and silver at a fixed ratio; but since they will not come to our standard, we must either go to theirs or abandon any international unity of values. In our judgment, it will produce far less inconvenience to adopt an imperfect standard of value which all nations agree upon than to adopt what would be theoretically a better standard of value which other nations refuse to adopt.

For the inevitable result of having a different standard of value in the United States from that which is common in the rest of the civilized world would be to produce in the United States two currencies, one National, the other international. All foreign goods would have to be paid for in gold or its equivalent, since gold is the only standard of value recognized by foreign nations. Sooner or later all mortgage debts and all interest on mortgage debts would have to be paid in gold or its equivalent, since creditors, on the one hand, could loan their money abroad to foreign debtors, and, on the other, would often be obliged to borrow money abroad from foreign creditors. Thus the wage-earner and the debtor would be obliged to pay for certain of his commodities, and in general his interest, in a gold currency, while, on the other hand, he would almost certainly be paid his wages in a silver currency. It would be the poor man, not the rich one, who would suffer most from such a double standard of value.

If America were becoming more independent of other nations, if it were becoming more separated from them, if it were tending more to live by itself and within itself, it might possibly disregard the commercial standard of other nations and create one of its own; but the reverse is the case. The interrelationship of America with Germany, France, and Great Britain is becoming every year more and more close. America is becoming a world-power, and is taking its place among the other powers of the world. Its commerce is already extending, and is sure

more and more to extend, in the Far East, where it will be in competition with the great commercial powers of Europe. The events of the last year have greatly increased the necessity of securing a common medium of exchange with other communities, as they have increased the necessity for a common method of intercommunication in ideas. As the tendency of the times is toward one commercial language, so still more is it toward one commercial standard; and no one is more interested in maintaining in this country the same unit of value which is recognized in London, Paris, Berlin, Yokohama, and Hong-Kong than the mechanic who is helping to manufacture the articles and the farmer who is helping to grow the grains to be sold in the foreign markets represented by these cities.

The second question we do not think it necessary to discuss here in detail. Probably experience will indicate, possibly discussion will elucidate, improvements in the methods proposed by the Committee of the Republican caucus. In general, however, that Committee seems to us to have proceeded wisely in adopting a method calculated to secure a gold basis for the future of this country with the least possible disturbance to the business which has been founded on a theoretical bimetallic basis in the past. If Mr. Bryan had been elected President three years ago, it would have been perfectly legal for him to have announced on the day of his inauguration that the bonds and bills of the United States would be thereafter paid in silver. If the plan proposed by the present Committee is adopted, such action would no longer be possible. But, in point of fact, for more than a quarter of a century the Government has paid all its obligations in gold, when gold was desired by its creditor—except such as were in terms expressly payable in silver; and if the plan proposed by the Republican Committee shall be adopted by the House, the Government will no longer have any option but to do in the future what it has in fact done in the past. This is the one essential characteristic of the proposed plan, and the powers which Congress will be asked to confer upon the Secretary of the Treasury appear to be well calculated to enable him to fulfill the obligation which the proposed act will impose upon

him. The Outlook hopes that Congress will adopt this or substantially this plan, and put an end to the uncertainties in our finance which have so long troubled the country and sometimes threatened it with serious disaster.



A Spiritual Reaction

People are slow to learn that the contemporary phase of thought is never final. There are always enthusiastic and confident writers to assert that the literary form which is most generally practiced in any decade is the form which literature is to wear in the future, and that the other forms have had their day and gone into the limbo to which are consigned all the discarded things of the past. Not many years ago a goodly number of critics were declaring that the romantic, symbolic, and spiritual school in poetry, fiction, and the drama had had its day; that the influence of scientific thought and discovery and of modern commercialism had enthroned realism as a literary method for all time. Those who remembered literary history, and who were not swept off their feet by the vigor and ability of many of the realists, were not for a moment shaken in their faith that realism, while it was rendering, in the hands of those who praised it with artistic skill, permanent services to literature, would as certainly have its day as romanticism had already had its day; but critics of this temper were treated as belated worshipers who had outstayed their time and did not discern the signs of the new era.

A few years have passed, and realism is already becoming spectral and ghostly. It has lost its hold on the imagination of the world, as it was bound to from the beginning, because it was essentially a reaction, a partial movement, and a very imperfect method. It has left its lasting imprint, as every genuine literary movement does; but the balance is being struck again with those spiritual tendencies which from time to time will assert themselves in art. The newer school of writers on the Continent has not left realism without its witnesses, but its most significant and prophetic minds are moving in an entirely different field. Nothing more original has come from the Conti-

nent in late years than Sudermann's "Sunken Bell," and nothing could be in more striking contrast with the ideas and methods of the realists. Not only is the drama saturated with the romantic spirit, but it is a piece of exquisite idealism, symbolical to the last degree, disclosing the touch of the imagination in structure, and permeated throughout by the spirit of reaction against the hard and bare actualities of life. It is like the cry of the human soul in a desert; it is a passionate appeal for air to breathe, and for the freedom of the spirit. Huysmann's later career registers a similar reaction, though one by no means so wholesome. Sudermann is determined to push through the barrenness and hardness of realism into the free regions of the imagination. Huysmann, despairing of this solution, takes the old road toward monasticism.

Much more significant and far more inspiring are the fruits of this reaction as they appear in two recent books from Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, whose plays are so charged with mystery, and who has attempted to create a drama which is wrought out, not in action, but in the sphere of psychological impression. Maeterlinck's "Treasure of the Humble" and "Wisdom and Destiny," both bearing the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., take their places with the most subtle and beautiful modern expressions of mysticism. They record the escape of the spirit out of a world of realities into a world of pure idealism. It is not necessary to agree with the fundamental conception of life which underlies these extraordinary books in order to be stimulated and uplifted by them. They are treasures of exquisite ideas expressed in the choicest forms; repositories of aspirations, which, by their own power of divination, convey the impression of realities. One need not go back to Plotinus in order to get at the secret of the beauty of Maeterlinck's presentation of the elusive but very real resources of the spirit. These books will select their readers, but if one does not find himself able to get in touch with them, one would better look to see whether there be not some lack of sensitiveness in his own spiritual nature. The words of Plotinus, which Maeterlinck quotes, bear definitely upon this point: "If, plunging thine eyes into thyself, thou dost not then feel the

charm of beauty, it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the intelligible beauty, for thou wouldst seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. . . . But, if thou hast recognized beauty within thyself, see that thou rise to the recognition of intelligible beauty." This is not only Plotinus, but it is Plato as well. It is, in fact, impossible to touch life from the standpoint of the idealist without touching Plato also. What Maeterlinck means to say is that behind all the tumult and discord of life there is in every man a soul which craves, in blindness and folly, sometimes stained with sin and crime, to find the ultimate goodness and beauty. These strivings are not the possession of the best only; "to every man there come noble thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds." The supreme sin, perhaps the only one from Maeterlinck's point of view, is the failure of the soul to recognize its own divinity. In the recognition of that divinity, and in bringing it more clearly into consciousness, lies the only real success in life.

"Wisdom and Destiny" comes closer to experience, and has golden words of consolation for those upon whom life lays heavy burdens. It abounds in passages of the highest elevation and of the most supernal beauty, and it is charged throughout with innate nobility. Its paradoxes are sometimes puzzling; its conclusions not always sound; it is elusive at points where it might be positive; but it is likely to become one of the spiritual classics of the century. "I declare," writes Maeterlinck, "that the joy of a perfect abiding love is the greatest this world contains; and yet, if you find not this love, naught will be lost of all you have done to deserve it, for this will go to deepen the peace of your own heart, and render still braver and purer the calm of the rest of your days. . . . And besides we can always love."

Such books as these register the extreme reaction against the hard, unspiritual, materialist conception of life which underlies the work of the radical realists. That view can never be final in literature or in thought; to the artist it is not only deadening, it is incredible. It may be vigorously pressed from time to time as a reaction against a vague and unreal idealism, but it can never speak the last word in art.

The Boer who Took Me In

By Poultney Bigelow

Author of "White Man's Africa," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc., etc.

THERE are Boers and Boers. Here is mine.

At the close of day, shortly after the Jameson Raid, we reached the Caledon River, which separates Basutoland from the Orange Free State. The river was swollen, and the leaders of my Cape cart floundered amidst the boulders at the bottom of this rapid stream. The water rose above the floor of our vehicle, and for a moment it looked as though we might be swept away—horses, wagon, baggage, and all. While matters were at their worst, there appeared on the other side of the stream the figure of a long-bearded horseman, one arm waving up into the blazing sunset like a benevolent semaphore to a ship in distress. We followed his mute directions, and soon our four plucky ponies were scrambling up the steep bank—in safety, it is true, yet so banged about were we that, after escaping disaster by water, it looked as though we were reserved for a general smash in the ruts and gullies of the veldt.

It was a venerable Boer who had signaled us to a safe crossing, and when we were face to face he inspected us critically, and asked the usual questions as to whence we had come, whither we were going, who we were, and of what nation. My companion was English, I was American, and we had come from breaking bread with the Governor of a British Protectorate. The Jameson Raid was fresh in all men's minds, and we were asking hospitality of a Boer. He wasted few words, gave an ambiguous grunt by way of telling us that we might put up at his ranch, and galloped away to tell his wife that two "tenderfeet" were on the way and she must grind a bit more coffee.

So we steered slowly in his wake across country on the open prairie, along a trail where the horses had to pick their way as they would in the foot-hills of Colorado. From an elevation the African veldt seems one vast, smooth plain, but the rider feels the gullies and other pitfalls which may break his springs or his horses' legs, albeit

too insignificant for notice at a distance. The lonesome prairie was relieved here and there by strange, flat-topped, isolated mounds rising straight up out of the dead level of endless desolation, suggesting, in the deep glow of the dying sun, monster coffins resting upon a burning crust. The effect was powerful, for in Africa the sky seems nearer, the stars shine more intensely, and the setting sun burns so fiercely that the shadows of rocks and square-topped mountains run along to the eastward like streams of liquid black. Things far away seemed close at hand, and it was a long stretch of bumping to us before we reached the cabin whose wreath of smoke from the hospitable chimney we had followed for many miles. It was a cold reception that we got, measured by the forms laid down at dancing-school, but so far as practical details were concerned it was beyond praise. The long-bearded Boer fetched his lantern and showed us a shed where our cattle could find shelter for the night. Of course we did the manual work ourselves, in which we had silent but effective assistance from our host. After "outspanning," rubbing the horses down, and giving them a good measure of oats from the stores of our host, we were led to the pump, where we washed our hands before entering the house to make the acquaintance of his family.

Any one who has seen the pioneer ranchman's home in the wild West of America can readily picture to himself the sort of home a Boer farmer would have in a country where roads and even bridges are wanting; where land is cheap but everything else is dear; where houses are many miles apart; where black labor is both scarce and bad; where the white man is thrown upon his own resources to an extent wholly unknown in Europe or the settled sections of America. These surroundings are not conducive to grand pianos, billiard-tables, oil paintings, or even books. No postman raps at the ranch door, and to go shopping means the

loss of a full day with a team of horses. Under such conditions men read few books, but they read them often; small-talk does not flourish, but men's minds are tempered in the fire of silence and concentrated thought. The Boer who led us into his house had come to this country as a child, with the Great Trek of 1836; his ancestors had come to the Cape a hundred and fifty years before that.

As he opened the door of his cabin we were greeted by his stolid and buxom wife and a flaxen-haired and very pretty daughter about eighteen years old. They did not smile or tell the conventional lie that they were delighted to see us, but each shook hands with us by way of letting us know that they intended, for that night at least, to spare us the discomfort of sleeping out on the prairie.

Nothing was said on either side, and we sat on chairs which were backed up against the wall while mother and daughter laid the cloth—a nice clean one—and prepared supper. Several rifles were on pegs above the door; some pictures taken from Christmas numbers of illustrated weeklies brightened the walls; there was a vast, florid, old-fashioned Dutch clock, and in one corner of the room an American parlor organ of very small size. Among the few books were a Dutch Bible, Longfellow's poems, and a Shakespeare, besides a few books on cattle diseases, horse-breaking, and one or two religious books whose names I forget. Dutch was the language of the family, but all were familiar with English as well. Two or three young Boers joined the party, and these also sat silently about the room, much as though it was a corpse we were expecting, instead of a very welcome supper.

Slowly the Boer mind was absorbing us; for the Africander gives his confidence to few, and where he gives it, there it remains. I knew them well enough to know that this process of mental digestion ought not to be disturbed, so I played Quaker meeting in a manner designed to create the impression that this was exactly the sort of social hilarity to which I was accustomed at home.

The supper was delicious; there was plenty of milk and bread, meat, and stewed fruit. I drank about a bucket of milk, and this seemed to reassure my host,

whose idea of the Outlander was of one who required "fire-water" with his food. Of course there was coffee, which, however, I did not touch. As the meal progressed, the family waxed communicative, and the old lady's heart softened when my friend informed her that I had not merely sung in the choir of my college, but had actually experimented once with Sunday-school teaching. From that moment I felt that the prodigal son could give me no further points. I felt as though I owned the place, and the daughter grew beautiful as she became unconscious of herself and joined in the chaff and laughter. With the old man I talked politics, including the Jameson Raid, and with the daughter I sang simple songs—German Volkslieder and negro melodies.

At about nine o'clock the long-bearded Boer pulled the great Bible from its shelf, and with a deep, earnest voice read some verses from the Old Testament. It was about Joshua smiting the Outlanders of Palestine and fighting savagely for the preservation of a peculiar religion. I do not know whether my host selected this particular chapter for the benefit of his guests, or whether it just happened that we came in for a text which appeared to have a strange significance at that moment—for had I not been but a few days before with the leaders of the Outlander movement?—all of them jailed up in Pretoria.

After the Bible-reading, a hymn was sung, and then the whole family knelt in prayer, following the strong words of this grand old apostle as he appealed to the throne of God for guidance in the perplexities of life.

This is the Boer, thought I, that people in England do not see much of. He does not play at politics; he does not button-hole newspaper men; he is rarely heard save in the midst of his family. He owns no gold-mines, and is happy to grow up and die in the peaceful enjoyment of the little which Providence has allowed him to have. Such men love peace—but when they fight they keep at it a long time.

That night I slept on a hard bed, but it was clean, with white cotton sheets. The floor of my bedroom was mother earth, and the walls and ceiling were rough enough. In the morning a towel was given to me and the neighborhood of the

pump was indicated—and my wash was none the worse for being in the open air.

There was plenty of roughness in these Boers, but no coarseness. Their speech was elementary, but with them I felt a wholesome nearness to nature and to things real. Civilization is a polite word for a monstrous mass of shams, and when things shall be straightened out at the Judgment Day I make no doubt that there will be a surprising store for those who are now satisfied that they are more civilized than my Boer friend on the borders of Basutoland.

The good people gave us coffee before we started next morning, and begged us

to stop with them when next we traveled that road. We tried to pay for our entertainment—the mere idea was an offense to them. Of course we paid for what forage our four horses had consumed—that was quite another sort of transaction; but so far as the inside of the Boer's house was concerned, we entered it as guests, and we left it as members of his family.

I have been the guest in this fashion of many Boers—in the Transvaal as well as in the Orange Free State. There may be worse Boers and there may be better. It is not my purpose to generalize—I tell merely what I saw.

Moral Tendencies of Existing Industrial Conditions

By Washington Gladden

WHAT are the moral tendencies of the system of industry now prevailing? What kind of men is the system producing? What is its general effect upon the character of the people? The inquiry is a broad one; I should like to limit it, so far as I can, to the causes which spring from industrial or economic rather than from political conditions, though the two realms are closely related.

It is probable that the inquiry will not lead to any very positive conclusions. We are dealing with elements that are vague and intangible. The statisticians can do little for us. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to set forth arithmetically, by table of figures, or graphically, by charts, the nature of the forces that we seek to measure. It is largely a matter of impressions, and one man's impressions cannot serve for another man's guidance. The best thing I can do, perhaps, is to ask a number of questions, and leave you to answer them. Difficult of analysis and definition as the elements are with which we are dealing, it is of the utmost importance that we seek to understand their nature and to predict their issues. The probable effect of any system of agriculture or manufacture or finance upon the material wealth of the Nation is a question of importance; surely the effect of such systems upon the moral character of the people is not less important.

I ought to remark at the outset that an

unfavorable judgment upon existing tendencies does not imply a pessimistic judgment upon the course of history. Through long ranges of time we may clearly see that the world is growing better, and yet no less clearly see that some of the movements of the present time are in the wrong direction. Every stream has its eddies, and there are alternations of heat and cold in the progress from winter to summer.

But the question may be asked whether, if such is the case, these tendencies, whatever they may be, are not beyond our control; whether the stream must not be left to its course, and the season to its progress; whether, by our investigations, we shall acquire any knowledge by which we may hope to alter the lives of men. The answer is that our study of physical science often enables us to direct and combine natural forces for the promotion of human welfare; that even river channels are sometimes deepened and improved by jetties and dredging, with great advantage to health and commerce. If the phenomena we are studying were purely natural, it might be worth while to study them. But they are not purely natural. The industrial conditions are largely the product of human volition; legislation and associated action of all kinds have greatly affected them; tariffs, and currency laws, and the laws regulating contracts and inheritances have had much to do in establishing them; the corporation,

which is the one stupendous fact of modern industry, is a purely artificial creation. The existing industrial conditions are largely man-made; and what man has done he may be able, in part at least, to undo or mend, if it prove to be not well done.

The existing industrial system is assumed to be the competitive system, the legal basis of which is freedom of contract. Herculean efforts to subvert that system, to eliminate competition, and substitute for it something very different, are now in progress; how successful these efforts will be we will not try to predict. It is possible that we are witnessing the final phases of the competitive régime, but that is not yet evident; the framework of the industrial order is still adjusted to the competitive idea. From slavery, through feudalism, our civilization has passed into its present conditions. The movement, in Sir Henry Maine's well-worn phrase, has been from status to contract. The theory is that every man is free to employ his own power in any industry which does not conflict with the laws of the State or encroach upon the rights of his neighbors; that he may freely sell or buy commodities or services; that he is responsible for his own maintenance and that of those naturally dependent upon him; and that he must suffer the consequence of his own idleness or waste. The theory is that all industry is left to the enterprise of individuals, or such associations as individuals choose to make, with no subventions from the State; that government must not help nor hinder any, but keep the lists open for all. That this principle has been practically violated in many ways, and that the strong and cunning have found ways of enriching themselves, by law, at the expense of the weak and the ignorant, is not to be denied. Nor is it easy to separate the injuries to character which have arisen from the violation of the principle of free competition from those which have resulted from what may be regarded as its normal operation. Still, it is probably true that the moral evils which we find connected with the worst abuses of our present system spring from principles which are an essential part of that system. The monopolist has only seized and used the power at which competition bade him

grasp. The moral attitude of the monopolist toward his fellow-men does not greatly differ from that of the strenuous advocate of *laissez-faire*. We must take the whole industrial world together, therefore—that which conforms to the theory of free contract and that which conflicts with it, and find out, if we can, how the characters of men are affected by their contact with the work and the traffic of the present day. Competition results in some moral benefits and in some moral injuries; so does combination; it will often be difficult for us to tell whether the effects which we are observing are due to the one or to the other.

With respect to the common virtue of honesty, how stands the case? My own impression is that there is relatively less of dishonesty in trade than when I was a boy—less cheating in bargains, less fraud in the ordinary exchanges; that salesmen, as a rule, are more truthful; that the qualities of goods are more fairly represented; that the buyer has less reason to be on his guard. There is still much adulteration and fraud in manufacture, but the great majority of the merchants deal honestly with their customers, and do not permit them to be deceived in their purchases. Such an essay as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer on "The Morals of Trade" is much less pertinent now than when it was published, forty years ago. Dishonesty is, perhaps, in these days, less prevalent among dealers than among their customers. The enormous extension of the credit system offers to unscrupulous and irresponsible persons great opportunities, and there are large numbers of persons who recklessly incur debts which they have no means of paying. The losses of the trading classes from this source must be very heavy; bad debts are the causes of many mercantile failures. A large deduction must be made at this point from the gains of honesty; nevertheless, I am disposed to believe that the balance is on the right side, and that the morals of trade, so far as common honesty is concerned, are steadily improving.

Another important gain is seen in the development of the fiduciary virtues. The modern system of business rests largely upon confidence; the care of great interests, the execution of great plans, must be all the while intrusted to subor-

dinates and employees, and the constant demand of the managers is faithful men—men who can be trusted. The number of those who are charged with the custody of properties and enterprises in which they have no proprietary interest is very large, and the standards of fidelity among them are, on the whole, very high. Embezzlers and defaulters are not wanting, but, considering the great number of those who are trusted, they are surprisingly few.

Not less significant is the training in co-operation which the same industrial system enforces. The failure of so many co-operative schemes in this country is credibly attributed to the absence of the co-operative man. The inability of men to work together, to work in harness, to co-ordinate their powers and harmonize their wills, is a great obstacle to the most efficient production. But the large system of industry has been steadily enforcing this virtue upon multitudes. The great combinations, in their vast economies and in their great reduction of the cost of the product, are bringing home this truth. The trades-unions, in their own way, are teaching the same lesson. It is becoming so plain that the wayfaring man can see it, that every man for himself will not work at all in industry; that the highest welfare of each can never be secured without the co-operation of all.

If, then, honesty, fidelity, and ability to co-operate are fruits of the existing system of industry, it must be credited with large moral gains.

Other phenomena are less encouraging. The defects of their qualities belong to systems as to men. The large system of industry is teaching men to co-operate, but it is weakening their self-reliance and their initiative. They work under orders better than once they did, but they have less power to set themselves at work, and less disposition to depend upon themselves. Invention, self-help, are less common than once they were; the man out a job is more helpless than the man of fifty years ago. A serious moral loss is here—one whose dimensions we are not likely to exaggerate.

Our highly organized system of industry makes it more and more difficult for men to set themselves at work, makes them more and more dependent upon those who possess capital. The improve-

ments in machinery yearly displace large numbers of men; and the effort to which inventors are stimulated by organizers of industry is the production of machinery which can be operated by cheap labor—by women and children, if possible. This process is visible in all industries. It is sometimes imagined that this is simply dislocation; that those who are thrown out of work in one business have only to ask for work somewhere else. But at whatever gate they present themselves they are apt to find workmen departing for the same reasons that deprived them of employment. At present most of the surplus labor is absorbed; but we have just passed through weary years when the unemployed were a multitude, and it is reasonable to expect that the same conditions will return; good times are narrow tablelands between widening valleys of stagnant trade. And these times of depression are times of great demoralization. In every one of them hundreds of thousands of people learn the lesson of dependence—a lesson that they never again quite unlearn. These periods of business stagnation seem to be an integral part of the existing industrial system, and their effects, moral as well as economical, must be reckoned with. The amount of moral loss which the Nation suffers in every one of them is not easily estimated. When men and women are utterly unable to find work by which they may gain a livelihood, and are forced either to incur debts from which they can hardly hope to free themselves, or to accept alms, the injury which they suffer is unspeakable; the loss of courage, of hope, of self-respect, is often irremediable. Our handling of this problem of the unemployed has thus far been the reverse of efficient. We are very much afraid of furnishing work to these idle hands—that would savor of Socialism; but we are not at all afraid of giving them, at the public charge, food without work—that only tends to pauperism!

This competitive régime, with wealth as the prize of the competition, tends to produce an exaggerated popular estimate of the importance of material wealth. It is probably a natural and inevitable consequence of existing conditions that money should come to be regarded, not as the means of living, but as the end of existence. That, at any rate, is the view

which more and more prevails in modern society. In the opinion of the multitude, the possession of wealth is the supreme good, the acquisition of wealth is the highest achievement. The preacher or the moralist who challenges this estimate finds that he is but a voice crying in the wilderness. Even in aristocratic countries the multi-millionaires are crowding from the places of honor and power the ancient feudal aristocracy. An English writer, describing the new men in his own country who by means of their wealth have ascended to the seats of the mighty, says: "Nothing can stand against such men. They have that to give which is wanted by every mother's son; and since they are masters in fact, they may as well be masters in name. They need never hang their heads in the House of Lords. To do them justice, I believe they never do. They bear themselves as those who have come into their own, and stare down the stray thinker who has managed to slip through, or one who, properly speaking, is not in the game. They are even rather contemptuous of the others whose mastery is of the older sort." The reason of this ascendancy is in the significant sentence: "They have that which is wanted by every mother's son." So long as they have succeeded in getting what the multitude wants more than anything else, they will be the idols and the rulers of the multitude. It is rank hypocrisy for the proletarian to rail against the plutocrat so long as the only difference between them is that the one has got by the sale of his soul what the other is perfectly willing to sell his soul to get.

Our civilization seems to rest upon the assumption that material gain is the supreme good. Naturally, this conviction strengthens in any man's mind with the increase of his gains, and it is easy for the love of money to become a sort of religion, and for men to come to regard themselves as the special agents and representatives of Providence on the earth. It is hardly satire, this conception of "The Orb as Cash," which Richard Whiteing draws from the conversation of one of these "merchant princes." "The world does not rest on the back of a tortoise, nor does it now rest on the shoulders of one man. The office of Atlas has long been in commission, The world rests on the

shoulders of a syndicate, vulgarly known as 'people with money.' These support the entire framework of things, and from them all blessings flow. Above these, in beautiful gradations of diminishing strength, you have the inferior rich, the well-to-do, the shopkeepers, and, finally, all who can afford to employ a single drudge. The grand rich are not only a foundation of things; they are as the sun in nature, and they give light and heat to the whole frame. If they were withdrawn, we should all suddenly freeze to death in the dark. . . . They support not only the workingman, but the poet, musician, divine, all of whom may be said, figuratively, to come for orders every morning to the area gate. . . . As for the common run of people, the sordidness of their lives is, no doubt, distressing in the extreme, from an elevated point of view. But, such as their lot is, it is the utmost of dignity, beauty, comfort, and ease that can possibly be spared to them. If they insist on more, they may imperil the existence of the rich. There is not enough of these things to go round. Besides, they are used to their privations, and even enjoy them in a way. Wherever the pressure's too sharp, there's the charities. And how are you to keep the charities going; if you please, without the rich?" It seems a brutal cynicism, but is not a sentiment quite akin to this prevalent in democratic America, and among people who themselves have risen out of poverty to opulence?

Such an estimate of wealth as the supreme interest of life, and of the wealthy classes as the possessors of all that makes life desirable, colors the thinking and taints the conduct of the great multitude. Politics, education, religion, feel its deadly influence. The great operator who wants legislation or legal decisions to forward his schemes of gain is apt to assume that legislators or councilmen or judges want money more than anything else, and can be induced to give him what he wants; the public official, on the other hand, believes that the capitalist wants a chance to enlarge his fortune by levying tribute money, and will be willing to share a part of the swag with him. It comes to be understood that gain is the only adequate motive of exertion in the service of the State; that parties exist for the purpose of securing and distributing the emoluments

of office. Work for the party must be paid for; the preliminary canvass, the getting out of the vote, must be paid for; the occupants of the offices must be heavily bled to pay the party expenses, and therefore the salaries of officials must be maintained at a high figure to meet the drain of the hangers-on who will put forth no political activity unless they are paid for it. Great corporations which expect franchises or immunities from the State are also willing to pay liberally for such favors; and politics thus becomes, year by year, more and more sordid; the number of those who take no political action except as a means of gain, and who are willing to take almost any action if the bribe is large enough, is steadily increasing. All this is a natural and legitimate fruit of the common sentiment that money is the principal thing.

Education, also, feels this deadly influence. The governing bodies of our public schools are often corrupted by the love of money. Great publishing houses, for the love of money, expend large sums in bribing officials to sacrifice the interests of the public to their own love of money. Even the colleges are not free from the contagion. It is becoming a maxim in boards of trustees that the supreme need of the college is money; that, therefore, the right man for president is the man who can raise the most money; that the administration and the teaching of the college must be such as not to offend the men who have money to give; and that, no matter how iniquitous have been the methods by which these men have gained their money, the college can well afford to put itself in a position in which it will be compelled to honor them, if only it can get their money. I would not wish to intimate that all colleges are under this influence; most teachers, I believe, of all ranks, are but slightly affected by it; it is the governing bodies, generally, that are most apt to yield to it, and even these are by no means all subject to the spell; yet I am sure that I shall not be accused of overstatement if I say that there is an increasing tendency to regard money as the one supreme need of the college or the university—so to exalt that need as to lower, somewhat, in the comparison, the need of fidelity to truth and courage and manliness and honor on the part of

teachers and students. And I suppose that this tendency, also, is a natural outcome of the existing industrial conditions.

The Church itself is suffering, I fear, from the same cause. It is apt to be assumed, even in the churches, that money is the main motive power; that what the Church most needs is large revenues, and that, therefore, the preaching and the administration of the churches must be ordered in such a way as not to offend, but rather to attract and gratify, those who have the most money. We are all wont to dwell upon the amount of good that could be done if we had the money, and thus to convince ourselves that we must seek first the money by which the kingdom of heaven may be extended. It is natural enough for the men who are engaged every day in the great competitions for material gain, and who thus acquire such a vivid sense of the power of money, to assume its supremacy when they come to administer the affairs of the Church. That money can do almost everything is the maxim on which our industrial order rests, and we see no reason why money cannot do almost everything that the Church is undertaking; why it cannot, at least, hire people to express the sense of brotherhood, manifest sympathy, impart spiritual influence, and extend the hand of fellowship. The value of personal service cannot be understood by those whose main interest is in material things. Thus it comes about that the standards of the religious life are somewhat lowered by the contact of the Church with the competitive régime. A tendency to overvalue material forces and to undervalue spiritual forces appears even in the Church itself.

To one more serious moral injury I must barely allude—the tendency to the separation of social classes, and the cultivation of unfriendly relations between the rich and the poor. The frequency of strikes and lockouts is evidence of this tendency, and the phenomena which illustrate it are too numerous to require specification.

Over against all these disquieting facts are many that are far more encouraging. The tendencies are not all downward. There never was a day when the higher ideals of human conduct were more clearly conceived or more nobly exemplified. Against the despotism of mammon the

armies of the light are always doing battle. Writers, artists, teachers, preachers, are bearing witness all the while that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses; that the popular estimate of the value of wealth involves a hideous delusion; that the man to whom money has become an end rather than the means is a stupendous fool. There are not wanting those who boldly proclaim that the corner-stone of the present industrial system is a falsehood, and that the aim of life in a sound social order would be, not to get as much as you can, but to give as much as you can.

Will these forces avail to check the tendencies which now prevail, and to moralize the existing order? Shall we be able, by purely moral agencies, by teaching, preaching, witnessing, suffering for righteousness' sake, to arrest the spread of the mercantilism which now ravages society, corrupting politics, tainting education, defiling religion? One ought not to be hopeless who fights with such weapons, for they are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. We may be very certain that there can be no permanent victory over these destructive forces until there is a radical change in the thoughts of men concerning the relative values of material and spiritual things. Our final resort must always be to the weapons that are not carnal. Yet the children of the light must be wise enough in their generation to seek the aid of the best environment. That some methods of industrial organization are more favorable than others to the development of character is altogether probable. Not many students of society in these days would hesitate to say that the system of slave labor or the feudal system was, on the whole, unfavorable to morality; to go back to either of these would certainly involve a serious moral loss. The moral and spiritual forces would be at a greater disadvantage under either of those systems than they are now. In point of fact, we have found that the present system, with all its demoralizing influences, produces better men than were produced under feudalism or slavery. The moral and spiritual forces have, then, been assisted by changes in the forms of social organization; and what has been may be. It is certainly possible that some modification of the existing industrial order would

give freer play to the moral forces, and check the influences which tend to dehumanize men and undermine the State. We might easily extend the area of co-operation through the State or the municipality; we might have more things in common; we might thus greatly limit the action of the principle of strife, and fix the thought of men more upon the things which they enjoy together, and less upon those for the possession of which they are contending. We do already co-operate in many things; we might co-operate in many more. There seem to be certain classes of industries to which the principle of common ownership naturally applies, and it is precisely these industries which are now employed most mischievously for the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many, for the building up of an arrogant plutocracy, for the enthronement of false ideals of success, and for the corruption of public virtue. It is certainly an open question whether the socialization of certain industries would not greatly aid us in lifting up the standards of public and private morality.

I do not, for my own part, expect that the world will be reformed by changes in industrial organization; and I am equally clear that the world will not be reformed without such changes. If the spirit of the social order is to be changed, its form must be changed also. The changes of form will not produce a change of the spirit, but, on the other hand, the change of the spirit cannot express itself without a change of form. When political society changes from a despotism to a democracy, the forms of political society must needs be changed. There must be methods by which the will of the people can be ascertained and made effective. Until these methods are supplied there can be no democracy. Could we say that if only the democratic spirit and purpose are present, the fruits of a democracy would be just as well gathered under the forms of a despotism? All political and social ideas must have their own appropriate forms of expression. And if, in our industrial relations, the spirit of fellowship and co-operation is to be cultivated, and the spirit of strife and competition repressed, then it is needful that the forms of industrial fellowship and co-operation be substituted, so far as we wisely may, for the

forms of strife and competition. These changes must be gradual and cautious, but they must come; the new wine must have the new wine-skins.

It may be said that the new ideas will find for themselves the appropriate forms, and that no thought is needed to secure them. If that were true, this would be a happier world. The tragedy of civilization is the blind adherence to old forms which no longer adequately express the

life. History and philosophy ought to show us the folly of such a stupid conservatism, and make us ready to adopt those changes of social form by which the life of the people may find its best expression. We shall never secure a perfect morality through improvements in the social mechanism, but we may establish social conditions which shall be more friendly to morality than those which now exist.

A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand

By Henry Demarest Lloyd

AN embarrassment of riches challenges the curiosity of the democratic traveler in New Zealand. This "experiment station" in advanced legislation has a great many novelties to show. It is "resuming" great estates and cutting them up into small farms for what is called "closer settlement." The unemployed are taken off the streets, carried to government works on railroads, irrigation, or what not, deeded a piece of land, and advanced money in addition to what they can earn. A conversion of tramps into taxpayers is steadily going on. There is a government life insurance business which has outstripped the competition of the principal companies of Europe, America, and Australia. The State in New Zealand does a public trust business, will take property under a will or by deed of trust, manage the affairs of a resident or an absentee, of a widow or an orphan. The progressive land tax and the progressive income tax are fiscal measures which have and are intended to have a great political and social reach. The factory legislation is very enlightened and interesting.

But of all the things that I found in New Zealand, the compulsory arbitration law seemed to me to deserve the first place. It is a measure more entirely without precedent than any of the others—nowhere in the world except in New Zealand is there any compulsory arbitration—and it has been so successful that it may fairly be questioned whether it has not established a precedent that no other

modern people largely committed to industrial life can afford to disregard.

The compulsory arbitration law did not spring out of theory and has not ended in theory. It was the remedy sought by a practical people as a way of escape from practical embarrassments of the most serious sort, among them the great maritime strike of 1891, which brought New Zealand as well as Australia to the verge of civil war; there were also apprehensions of a big railroad strike. To save New Zealand from being ravaged by these industrial conflicts, which are more terrible in their sum total of losses than a foreign war, the then Minister of Labor, the Hon. William Pember Reeves—who lately came to America as the official representative of his Government at the Commercial Congress in Philadelphia—began to study what had been accomplished by other nations in arbitration.

Mr. Reeves was a young man; his career had been that of a lawyer, journalist, poet, politician. His compulsory arbitration law is the first piece of legislative work which came from him to attract attention outside New Zealand, but I am distinctly of the opinion that that will, in the judgment of coming years, entitle him to a place in the first rank of political inventors. Mr. Reeves studied all that had been done by other countries, and was forced to the conclusion that "voluntary arbitration was a sham." He thereupon determined to attempt to make the experiment in New Zealand of compulsory arbitration. Considering that there was no law

to guide him and no experience to serve as precedent, the fact that he was able in so untrodden a field to contrive a measure which should go into successful operation must be considered a legislative feat of the highest order. The bill was debated through three sessions of Parliament, twice thrown out by the Upper House, and finally, so cogent had been Mr. Reeves's treatment of the matter, was passed almost without opposition. It was enacted in 1894 to go into effect in 1895. The first case arose in 1896. Since the enactment of the law there has been, with one very insignificant exception, no strike or lockout in New Zealand.

The principal points of the law are, first, procedure for voluntary arbitration, with no publicity and no investigation, if the parties can thus settle their difficulties among themselves; but if they cannot, the law shows its other face. If their differences are irreconcilable by themselves, the parties must arbitrate; fight they shall not. The compulsion of the law is threefold: compulsory publicity, compulsory reference to a disinterested party, and compulsory obedience to the law's awards. The State has no powers to intervene in any dispute, even for inquiry, of its own motion. Those concerned sue and are sued as in other courts.

The law was originally entitled "An Act to Encourage the Formation of Industrial Unions and Associations and to Facilitate the Settlement of Industrial Disputes by Conciliation and Arbitration," and the plan of arbitration as conceived by Mr. Reeves, and so successfully operated in New Zealand, contemplates the organization of both employers and employees, separately, into associations and unions as the foundation of the whole structure. It is believed to be better for each side and for the public that the parties to an industrial dispute should be committees and not mobs. Inducements are given and rules provided for this organization of both employers and employees. The act cannot be invoked by or against any workmen who are not organized into a trades-union, but employers may be sued singly; otherwise the act could be defeated by the refusal of employers to form themselves into associations. There is a Board of Conciliation in each of six districts into which New

Zealand is divided, and before these Boards industrial disputes are first tried. If a settlement is not achieved before the Conciliation Board, the case goes on up to the Court of Arbitration, which sits for the whole colony.

On both the Boards of Conciliation and the Court of Arbitration employers and employees are represented equally by men of their own choice. The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration is a Judge of the Supreme Court of the colony. This procedure guarantees that throughout the entire investigation both sides shall be represented by men of their own class, familiar with all the circumstances of their calling. Experts can be called in to represent both sides and to act as members of the Boards or the Court. The chairmen of the Boards must be "impartial persons" who are "willing to act." By making a Judge of the Supreme Court President of the Court of Arbitration, the colony gives a guarantee to the disputants that the casting vote and the conduct of the investigation shall be in the hands of the best that the colony can give of experience, ability, dignity, and disinterestedness. Every precaution is taken that the proceedings shall be cheap, expeditious, and untechnical. The tribunals are expressly charged to make their decisions in accordance with the common sense and equity of the case, and not to frame their awards in a technical manner. Meanwhile the industry goes on. Neither employer nor employee is allowed to stop work during the conciliation or arbitration proceedings, nor to do so in order to evade an award. The law even reaches back of the time at which its intervention was invoked. At any time within six weeks after workmen have struck or employers have locked out, the aggrieved party on one side or the other can go to the Arbitration Court, begin proceedings, and obtain an award. In this way, even if a strike or lockout had begun, the Court is able to stop it. The employer cannot get out of a dispute with his men by discharging them and putting on new men. The old men could go before the Arbitration Court at any time within six weeks and get redress.

The law has now been in active use since May, 1896. In that time there have been about fifty cases before it. It was

believed by the author of the law that the Court of Arbitration would seldom be resorted to, and that the Boards of Conciliation would settle most of the disputes; but it has worked out quite otherwise. Two-thirds of the cases have gone from the Boards of Conciliation up to the Court of Arbitration, but most of the decisions of the Conciliation Boards have been sustained by the Court.

The Arbitration Court has shown moderation and good sense in using its delicate powers, and the judges have done as little "legislating" as possible, either as regards the logic or the arithmetic of business. But in their decisions there can clearly be seen emerging some new principles of economic relation. The Court, for instance, insists, wherever possible, that trades-unionists be given employment before non-unionists are put to work. This for the reason of public policy that all interests are promoted by the organization of labor, and because the trades-unions by their efforts and sacrifices improve rates of wages and conditions, and are fairly entitled to the first consideration. The Court has also directed that, when work grows slack, it shall not be given to a few, but shall be divided among all the men, thus keeping all employed. It has also ordered that a preference should be given to residents, and that they should be given work before outsiders are employed.

The Court in its awards fixes an average or "minimum wage" as the rate necessary to be paid the ordinary worker, but it provides very carefully for the men who are not able to earn as much as this. They can still be employed at lower wages than the average; but, for the protection of the union rate, it is stipulated that if any dispute arises, the rate of wages given such men must be submitted to the local Conciliation Board for approval.

The Court has also taken pains to prescribe, even in cases where it gave a preference of employment to the members of unions, that non-unionists who were at work shall not be discharged. It has also, where members of unions have been discharged obviously to intimidate or destroy the union, ordered that they should

be reinstated and damages given to their union. The principal opposition to the law came from employers, but they are now seeing that it can be of as much service to them as to the workingmen.

One of the most interesting uses I found made of the law was to protect a majority of the employers in a trade from the competition of a minority of their associates. I learned of cases where manufacturers were actively promoting the organization of their employees into trade-unions, and the appeal of such unions to the Court of Arbitration. They were doing this in order that unscrupulous competitors might be restrained from cutting wages in order to enable themselves to cut prices.

One of the largest employers of the colony described to me the situation of things under the act as one of "perfect comfort." Another large employer declared that, for the first time in the history of the colony, manufacturers now are able to make future contracts with confidence, since the awards fixed all the conditions of labor for one or two years ahead.

When, last year, an important amendment to the law was proposed, it went through the New Zealand Parliament without a word of opposition, although it was one of the stormiest and angriest sessions which had been held for many years. If any real damage had been done to the interests of the colony by the law, or if there was any popular feeling that it was tyrannical, then was certainly the opportunity to show it. The principal Opposition paper of the colony, the Otago "Daily Times," declares that it is impossible to assert that the effect of the law has been injurious.

The only country in the world where there have been no strikes or lockouts for five years is the only country in the world that has a compulsory arbitration law. That country is New Zealand, and New Zealand is to-day not only more prosperous than it ever has been before, but, so far as my observation goes, is the most prosperous country in the world. Not even a New Zealand advocate of compulsory arbitration would claim that its prosperity was due to compulsory arbitration; but the prosperity certainly has falsified all the predictions that disaster would follow.



The Preacher: His Object, His Instruments, and the Secret of His Power¹

By Lyman Abbott

THE minister of the Christian church has more than one function. He is a priest, conducting the public worship of the church; a pastor, ministering from house to house; a captain of spiritual industry, directing the activities of his church; and a preacher, a prophet, a forthteller of the truth of God in public discourse. It is not of the priest, the pastor, or the captain of spiritual industry that I am to speak, but only of the preacher; not of the minister in all his functions, but only of the minister as the forthteller of the truth of God: what should be his object; what his instruments; and what is the secret of his power.

I.

Paul has told us very explicitly what preachers are appointed for: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; with a view to perfect the holy for the work of service, for the building up of the body of Christ, until we all attain to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect manhood, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." "Man," says Sabatier, "is incurably religious." That is the fact which underlies our ministry. The men and women who will come next Sunday morning into our various churches will come because they are religious, and they want their religious life fed, nurtured, helped, inspired. They have lived through all the week with their eyes on the ground, and they want some one to lift their eyes up, that they may see what is in the world outside of that which is seen and earthy. They have lived under the strain of life until hope has been beaten down, and they want some one who will give them new courage, new hope. They have been living in competition with men greedy and selfish, almost compelling them in self-

defense to be greedy and selfish themselves, and they want some one who will fill them with the spirit of love. This is the object of the preacher. It is to impart the life of religion to men and women who are hungry for the life of religion. One reason men and women do not go to church is because they are not hungry; another reason is that they are hungry and are not fed.

People do not go to church for theology; they go for religion. What is the difference? Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; theology is a philosophy respecting that life. Men and women go to church to get, not philosophy about the life, but the life itself. To-morrow morning you will go down to breakfast and will expect your rolls and coffee; if instead of rolls and coffee your wife reads you a lecture on hygiene, you will go away dissatisfied; and if that happens often, you will go somewhere else for breakfast. It is quite important that the housewife should understand the principles of hygiene in order that she may know how to prepare breakfast; but what we want is breakfast, not a lecture on hygiene. So what men and women go to church for is religion, not a lecture about religion; and when they go to church and get, not religion, but a philosophy about religion, they stop going. It is not strange.

Next Sunday morning a man comes into your church. He is dissatisfied with himself. He has wasted his time; he has been mean in business; he has been cross with his wife; he has been tyrannical with his children; he is half-conscious of it, and is discontented with himself. Perhaps his feelings are deeper. Perhaps he looks back on a life that has been thrown away; perhaps he has deep within himself the feeling that he dares not meet his God, and dares not face the future, and, so feeling, goes to church. The preacher announces his text and proceeds to give him a lecture on the atonement. He

¹ Address delivered Tuesday, October 24, 1899, before the Windham County Conference, Willimantic, Conn. Stenographically reported by Miss N. W. Annis for The Outlook, and revised by the author.

explains to him that there is a theory of the atonement that Christ died to satisfy the wrath of God; a theory that Christ died to satisfy the law of God; a theory that Christ died in order to produce a certain impression on the human mind; a theory that Christ died in order to impart the life of God to man; and then, at the end, the preacher, in order to make it sound like a sermon, uses the exhortation, "Accept Christ and be saved;" and the man goes away unsatisfied. He goes to another church, and another preacher takes the same text and preaches also on the atonement. But he has before him this aching, hungering, needy heart, and he says to his congregation: "When you hear these words, 'Prepare to meet your God,' are you afraid to meet him? I tell you that Christ has died, and whatever wrath there is in God against sin is met and answered, and God's love is offered to you. Do you say, 'God may forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself; his law rises up against me; and my own conscience condemns me'? I tell you that his law is satisfied, and his Son, your Saviour, has come to bring you peace. Do you say, 'I do not repent; I cannot repent; nothing that I have done to another or to myself moves me'? I tell you Christ died for you. I put before you his bleeding hands and feet and pierced heart that you may know what God's love is, that God's love may move you. Do you say, 'I cannot arise; I cannot feel; I am dead'? I tell you that the crucified Christ stands at the door of the grave and says, 'Lazarus, come forth!' I tell you that God loves us and raises us up even when we are dead in trespasses and sins. Arise, begin a new life, for you are a new man if you choose to be a new man." Do you not see the difference between a lecture on theology and a sermon?

Or perhaps it is a mother who has come to the church. She has had a hard week and is tired out. The children have been cross, the husband has not always remembered his marriage vows, the cook has gone away, everything has gone wrong. She thinks it is hardly worth while trying to live any longer. She questions whether she will go to church, whether she would not better stay at home and read a book. But habit is strong upon her, and she goes. The

minister takes for his text, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." "Now," she says, "I am going to get a sermon of comfort." The minister proceeds to give her a lecture on the Higher Criticism. He says: "It used to be thought that there was but one Isaiah; but there are two Isaiahs—at least two, perhaps a score, and I am going to prove it to you." And then he puts on his boxing-gloves and begins to attack the old traditions. There are always a few people in every congregation who admire the courage of such a man, though it really does not require much courage to conduct a boxing-match with a stuffed dummy. Others—a few—wonder at the learning, saying, "What a scholarly minister we have got!" But the poor mother goes back to her home and says (that is, she would say it if she dared, even to herself), "I really would have done better had I stayed at home and read a good story." And so far as the sermon is concerned she is right; she would have done better.

On the other hand, another minister, who believes that there are two Isaiahs, preaches on this same text. He says nothing about two Isaiahs, but he uses his conviction that the second Isaiah lived toward the close of the exile. He says: "This people Israel had sinned against God; all life had gone wrong; they had been carried away from their homes; they had spent seventy years in exile; they were discouraged; they believed God had deserted them, that he had forgotten them, that he cared no more for them. Then came this message to the prophet, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; ye have received double for all your sins.' Even the prophet could not believe the words, and he said, 'What kind of a message can I bring to thy people? They are but grass. They are perishing.' And the answer came back to him, 'Though they are but grass and perish, the word of God endureth forever. Take comfort and be strong.'" Then, with this mother in his mind, with similar weary, worn, discouraged hearts in his mind, the minister says: "You think there is no God. Have you more reason to think that there is no God than had Judea in exile? You are discouraged. Have you more reason to be discouraged than they had? You have

sinned and think that you are suffering the punishment for your sins, and that there is no help for you. Have you more reason to think that there is no help for you than they had? Have you sinned more than Judah had sinned? 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.'" And he brings comfort to this mother, and sends her back with new hope in her heart, and she will come next Sunday. The one preacher has lectured on the Higher Criticism, the other has used it.¹

Every sermon ought to have a definite purpose, and that definite purpose to give aid, comfort, inspiration, help, hope, to some soul. When the lawyer speaks to the jury, he speaks to win a verdict. When the politician speaks on the platform, he speaks to get a vote. When the minister preaches in the pulpit, he ought equally to seek for a verdict, to aim for a vote, to accomplish by direct and immediate results something in the hearts and lives of the people then and there before him. Why is it that no other profession ever thinks that it fulfills its duty by repeating in a perfunctory way what it has learned in the school? When you go to your lawyer for advice, you do not expect that he will give you a lecture on law. You expect that, as the result of his study of law, he will give you wise advice respecting the problem you have in hand. When you call in your doctor, you do not expect that he will repeat to you instructions which he has received in physiology and therapeutics and hygiene. You expect that he will feel of your pulse, see what is the matter with you, and give you something which will help you, because he has studied medicine. But it seems to me that we

ministers have thought that our duty is fulfilled when we take the instructions of our theological seminaries and repeat them to our audiences. Am I casting disesteem on theology? No. Theology is right in the right place, and that is the lecture-room; and it would do no harm to have a little religion mixed with it even there. The minister may sometimes be a lecturer. He may organize a Bible class, and in that Bible class tell his pupils about the two Isaiahs. He may organize a class in theology and instruct it in all the various theological theories. He may for Sunday evenings announce a course of lectures on theology or on the Bible. Then he is not a preacher, but a teacher; it is right that he should be a teacher; but the object of the preacher in his preaching ought always to be to give something of the life of God to the souls of his congregation. Any sermon that fails to do this is not worthy to be called a sermon. When the minister has preached his sermon and some one comes up to him and says, "That was a great effort of yours this morning," he should bow his head in shame and appoint a day of fasting and prayer for himself. When, on the other hand, some one comes up with moistened eyes and a grasp of the hand and a little tremble in the voice, and says, "I thank you for that sermon this morning; it has done me good, and I shall be a better man for it," then let him appoint a day of thanksgiving. For this is the object of the preacher—to do his hearers good by ministry to their religious life.

II.

What are his instruments? The instruments of the minister are many. The sacraments are his instruments; the public worship is his instrument; pastoral visits are his instruments; the Bible class and Sunday-school are his instruments: but the distinctive instrument of the preacher, as distinguished from pastor, or priest, or captain of spiritual industry, is the Bible. And, as Paul has told us what ministers are ordained for, so he has told us what the Bible is given us for. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto

¹ Since delivering this address, and as a result of it, I have received from one who heard it a letter containing the following question: "I should like to ask one question: Do you not think that with the burdened man and the grieving woman there comes also to church the person whose difficulties are intellectual, who doubts, to whom the old orthodoxy has almost 'closed the way of faith, and who needs, who hungers for, an exposition of truth almost theological? I can conceive such a one enlightened, brought to the Cross indeed, by a discussion of the theories of the Atonement in which difficulties and misconceptions were removed. Of course, what such a person needs is the fact of an atonement rather than the theory explaining it; but to explode some of the theories might open the way to the fact, the reality. Your own preaching, it seems to me, has been peculiarly to the class who have been led to a larger religion through a simpler and truer theology." The answer is that it is very true that one function of the preacher is to correct misapprehensions and relieve intellectual difficulties, provided he always keeps in mind that his one object is to remove difficulties in the way of the highest and best moral and spiritual life, that his end is always, not the elucidation of theology, but the promotion of life.—L. A.

all good works." The Bible is a good book wherewith to make men see that they have gone wrong and are wrong; it is a good book to show them how to start aright and do right; and when they have started aright and are trying to go aright, it is a good book to guide them in their perplexity respecting what is right. Those are the three legitimate uses of the Bible: to convince men that they have done wrong, to start them in doing right, and to instruct them in what constitutes right doing. I do not say that it is not profitable for other purposes, but these are pre-eminently the purposes for which it is to be used by the preacher. It is not to be used by him to teach science; nor to teach philosophy; nor to build up one creed or tear down another creed; it is not to be used as a bulwark of texts behind which he will go when he is attacked, nor as ammunition in the way of texts which he may fire at some one else. It is to be used to show men that they are wrong, to start them aright, and to instruct them in the way of righteousness; in brief, it is the preacher's instrument for the impartation of religion; and the reason that it is such an instrument for the impartation of religion is that it is a religious book, not a theological book.

Bear in mind the distinction. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; theology is the philosophy or science of that life. Now, the Bible is not a book of philosophy about that life. There is not a philosopher who has written in it, unless it be Paul, and Paul writes more of personal experience than he does of philosophy about the experience. It is a book regarding the experiences of God in the souls of men. It is a revelation of God to man because it is a revelation of God in man. It is a record of the experiences of men who were conscious of God in their own souls; and it is all the more effective as the record of such experiences because it is recorded in every variety and type of literature: in history, law, poetry, drama, fiction, folk-lore, preaching, and ecclesiastical ceremonialism.

But in all these types of literature, and through them all, what is revealed is the consciousness of God in the soul of man. It is the consciousness of God in every type of character, from the lowest to the highest experience. The Bible con-

tains the biology of religion—that is, the biology of the life of God in the souls of men. Take as an illustration its history of the development of prayer. In this Bible prayer is recorded as it exists in its very lowest terms—the prayer of Jacob: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall Jehovah be my God." Can you think of a prayer lower than that? At the other extreme of spiritual experience is the prayer at Gethsemane: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." And all the way between, from the lowest to the highest type of prayer, you can see the pathway along which men in various stages have trod. If there is a man who cannot understand the prayer of Gethsemane, he can begin with the prayer of Jacob; if he cannot understand even that, he would have to begin his religious life with something else than prayer.

But while the Bible has every type of human experience, these experiences are recorded that they may illustrate the consciousness of God in the soul of man. Lyric poetry is defined as the "expression of sentiment or emotion." Now, we have in this Bible, which is a collection of books, a book containing the lyrics of the Hebrew people, a hundred and fifty of them. Almost without exception, these Hebrew lyrics—that is, all the lyrics of the Hebrew people that have been preserved—are expressions of emotions respecting God—love toward God, repentance toward God, struggle after God, hope in God, or despair because God seems to have abandoned them. There is nothing else like it in literature; in Greek, Roman, Scandinavian, German, French, Italian, English, nothing like it. The lyrics of the world are human lyrics—the passionate devotion of a man to his mistress, of a friend to his friend, of a patriot to his country; the lyrics of the Hebrew people are the outgoing of passionate devotion toward Almighty God. Turn to the law books in the Bible; what is their distinguishing characteristic? One philosopher tells us that law rests on the authority of the lawgiver,

Another tells us that government grew out of a social contract, and that government rests on the consent of the governed. Turn to this Book and what do we find? Law resting on the authority of Almighty God. What is history, as it is found in the Bible? It is not the biography of heroes or statesmen, or the story of great battles. It is the record of the way in which God dealt with the nation.

As in all types of literature contained in the Bible, and all varied experiences recorded in the Bible, so in all ranges of personal character there found, there is the same distinguishing characteristic. Is there an agnostic who says, "I do not know God"? Do you want to know him? There is the story of Abraham, who did not know God, who left his home that he might search for him, and find him if he could. Is there a statesman who wants his faith in eternal principles strengthened? There is the story of Moses, who, led by the voice of God, fulfilled the will of God in statesmanship. Is there a soldier? There is the story of Joshua, who, with the courage with which God girded him, put on his sword to fight God's battles. Is there a poet? There are the lyrics of the Hebrew psalter. This is the Bible. Not a book of theology—that is, a philosophy about religion—but a book of religion, a book in which God is revealed to men because it is a record of the experiences of men in whom God was revealed.

It is the function of the preacher to take this book of religion as his instrument, and, by its record of life, stir and quicken and feed the life in the hearts and lives of others. And let us not mistake and think we are studying the Bible when we are studying commentaries on the Bible. The Bible and the commentary are not the same. The Pharisees had a motto in Christ's time, "The Bible is water, and the Mishna is wine." The Mishna was the commentary on the Bible. That is Pharisaism; and Christ's answer was, "Ye have made the word of God of none effect by your traditions." He brought them back to the Book that recorded the experiences of men who had in their own souls the consciousness of the presence of God. The preacher's function is to study human life that he may see what are the needs of men, and to study this Book

because it is the record of men whose needs were supplied by God, and to do this in order that he may ascertain how those needs shall be supplied.

III.

What is the secret of the preacher's power? His object is to impart the life of God to the souls of men; his instrument is the Book which contains the experiences of men who had in various degrees a consciousness of God in themselves; the secret of his power is the consciousness of God in himself.

No preacher can give what he does not possess. It is possible for a teacher to teach what he does not believe. It is possible for an orator on the rostrum to advocate views which he thinks untrue. One can be a paid advocate of an unbelieved political platform, or a paid advocate of an unbelieved system of theology. But no man can give what he does not possess; and if it is true that the congregation go on Sunday morning to church to get faith and hope and love, they will not get it unless the minister has faith and hope and love in his own heart. This has been the secret of the power of all great preachers. This was the secret of the power of Paul, who had Christ revealed in him; of Jeremiah, to whom God came bringing the message, and who cried out, "I cannot give it, for I am but a child;" of Isaiah, whose lips were touched by a coal from God's altar; of Ezekiel, who was given that wonderful vision of God in the thunder-storm; of Christ himself, who said, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor," and who told his disciples afterwards, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." If you and I have not seen God, we cannot bear witness to God.

Look over the history of the pulpit to see what is the real secret of pulpit power. Is it culture? We have Phillips Brooks, the cultivated preacher, and Dwight L. Moody, who never preaches a sermon without doing violence to the Queen's English. Is it theology? We have Spurgeon, with the theology of the eighteenth century, and Henry Ward Beecher, with the theology of the nineteenth if not of the

twentieth. Is it scholarship? We have the great scholar, like Professor Park, and the man of the people, like Wesley or Whitefield. Is it physical health? We have Robert Hall, who wrestled with anguish all the week upon his bed of illness, and arose from it to give his sermon. It is none of these things. It is God dwelling in the heart of the man.

It was said to-day, I think with considerable truth, by one minister, that in our age there is a lack of conviction of sin; and, if I understood him aright, he would go back to the old theology that we might preach conviction of sin. We must go deeper than that. No man can produce conviction of sin in another who has not the conviction of sin in himself. A self-conceited minister will never produce conviction of sin, whatever his theology; and the minister who walks humbly with God will produce some consciousness of sin in others by the reflection of his own life. This is what Paul means when he says, "Whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." The prophesying must be according to the measure of the experience. We cannot as ministers give to our people any larger or richer or better Christian experience than we possess ourselves. It is true that that puts a narrow limitation on our preaching, but the way to widen the preaching is to widen the man. And whenever we reach the conclusion that our preaching is defective, it is not the sermon we need to change, it is the preacher.

A word to the laity. You expect too much of us and you expect too little. You expect us to write two good sermons a week; to conduct the prayer-meetings; to direct the spiritual energies of the church, and, if it is a small church and there are no spiritual energies, you expect us to be the spiritual energies ourselves; and you expect us to be at your house as often as possible, if not a little oftener. You forget that no man can bring God to

you unless he has some time when he can be himself alone with God. Savonarola said, "We are so busy talking to God that we have no time to listen to him." In this nineteenth century we ministers are in danger of being so busy directing the energies of the church, making pastoral calls, studying the new theology or the old theology, conducting moral reforms, and preparing sermons, that we have no time to listen to God. Christ himself, burdened by life's duties, pressed upon by the sense of its brevity, seeking to achieve the world's redemption in three short years, with cripples, lepers, blind, hungry, ignorant multitudes clamoring for him—Christ himself turned his back upon them all and went again and again unto the mountain-side that he might be alone with God.

If the minister is to succeed in his function in this nineteenth century, he needs to be a gentleman, a scholar, a man of science, a man of broad sympathy, a much larger man than he needed to be one hundred years ago; but, above all, he needs to be a religious man; and when I say a religious man, I mean a man who has in himself the consciousness of God in his own soul. No testimony of that experience in others, though it were drawn from the Bible itself, can take the place of this personal experience of God. When the preacher has that consciousness of God in his own soul, and, because he has it, realizes the revelation of God in the souls of men who wrote their experiences in this Book, and then, because he has it, looks out upon his congregation and sees that they are hungry for that life, and comes into the pulpit full of that life of faith and hope and love, interpreted to him by this Book, and, as with the voice of God, speaks out of a full heart to empty and hungry hearts, he never will fail to fulfill his function and to accomplish his object in lifting up men from the life that is earthy and sensual into the life of the kingdom of God.

Indian Summer

By A. L. Donaldson

Of t have I wondered, when October plays
Its trick of balmy day and stirless noon
Holding mirage-like memories of June,
Whence came the name of Indian Summer
days?

Then, looking at the woodlands through
the haze,

I saw the autumn leaves in gay festoon
Of red and yellow, crimson and maroon,
Trailing like Indians through the pine-
tree maze.

And so, methought, some unthroned chief
of eld,

On such a day, in such a mood, perchance,
Gazed on the forests that were his no
more,

And once again, in fancy, he beheld
His painted warriors throng to war and
dance;

And named the season from the dream it
bore.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

The New Pacific'

THIS volume of 738 pages, including the index, is the best monograph on the subject of which it treats which we have seen—perhaps we should say the only monograph. There have been books on the war with Spain, on the Hawaiian Islands, on the Philippines. This covers all three topics, and more. It sketches the events and conditions in Cuba which led to the opening of the war, describes graphically the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila, and briefly the military events in Cuba which led to the Treaty of Paris. It then gives an account of the way in which the American people awakened to the new problems which these events had presented to America for solution, and in two successive chapters presents the argument against and for expansion. The author does not conceal his sympathies for expansion, but puts with a good deal of effectiveness the arguments against it. He then passes to some semi-philosophical, semi-historical considerations of the peace with Spain and its effects upon us and upon other nations, and from this to an account of the Far East, statistical, geographical, and political, including an account of the resources, climate, commerce, and future possibilities of the New Pacific. The book is seriously defective in not giving in foot-notes or in an appendix the authorities for its statements, and some of them we read with the instinctive comment, "Important if true." For exam-

ple: "Upon his own judgment, in a great measure, he [the President] directed fleets and formulated general plans for army manœuvres. The order to Dewey to capture the Manila squadron was written and sent by the President against the advice of his Cabinet." Is this based on official information or on newspaper report? The same comment we instinctively make on another declaration: "Wealthy Filipinos visited Washington in November and begged the President to have the islands annexed to the United States. 'The better class of our people,' they said, 'are heartily in favor of annexation.'" We certainly do not think that the statements concerning Aguinaldo that he had "large deposits to his credit in the bank at Hong-Kong, the proceeds of his treachery," and that "he had sold his country—if indeed the country was his to sell—to the Spaniards," are legitimate as they stand. The author should certainly not ignore the explanations which have been made on behalf of Aguinaldo, and the affirmation that the money received by him was received for the benefit of his country, held by him in trust for his country, and has been used for his country's benefit. Whether this be true or not we are by no means certain, but the historian of recent events ought not to *assume* that it is false. If it is false, he should show its falsity. The praises of President McKinley on pages 28–31, and the portrait of Aguinaldo on pages 71–72, do not suggest the impartial historian. On the other hand, the

¹ *The New Pacific*. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The Bancroft Company, New York.

chapter which gives the arguments against imperialism would not have been included by one who was a narrow-minded partisan. On the whole, we should recommend this book, which is encyclopædic in its information, and in its descriptive passages

graphic and often dramatic, as the best single volume for one who desires to get a broad, though possibly a not wholly unprejudiced, view respecting the New Pacific and the problems which it presents to the American people.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Annancy Stories. By Pamela Coleman Smith. R. H. Russell, New York. Square 8vo. 79 pages. \$1.50.

Beasts. By Wardlaw Kennedy. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. (Thumb Nail Studies in Pets.) Square 8vo. 152 pages. \$1.50. The author might well have prefixed "queer" to the title. The pets described are snakes, turtles, crocodiles, lizards, frogs, and other creatures not usually pets. The chapter on birds is charming, as the record given is of their habits in freedom, not captivity. The sympathy of the writer with all animal life, and his keen sense of humor, make this book unique. The illustrations are attractive.

Beethoven. By Frederick J. Crowest. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 319 pages. \$1.25.

This finely printed and appropriately illustrated book promises well for the "Master Musicians" series, of which it is the initial volume. It is a compact biography as well as a judicious interpretation of the great composer, and contains a mass of carefully collected and arranged information, such as, for instance, a complete catalogue of Beethoven's works.

Bible in Court, The. By Joseph Evans Sagebeer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 210 pages. \$1.25.

The author undertakes first to illustrate the method of legal inquiry, and then to indicate the application of it to the study of the Scriptures. He does not show what inferences they compel, but he lays out the principles which are logically required for legitimate inferences. His little book may be studied with profit by all who would cultivate logical thinking, particularly in drawing conclusions from the Bible.

Bible Lesson Songs. By Bertha F. Vella. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Square 8vo. 163 pages. 30c.

Boy Life on the Prairie. By Hamlin Garland. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 423 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Hamlin Garland knows certain parts of the Middle West at first hand, and has written about them with the accuracy of knowledge and the insight of affection which come only with first-hand knowledge. No one has better described life on a great farm, and no one is more competent to set forth the incidents and experiences of a boy growing up on a farm in northern Iowa thirty years ago. As Mr. Garland tells us, the book is not an autobiography; but it is written from experience and not from observation, and it brings very graphically before the reader the movement of a life distinctly American and now fast receding into the past.

Bravest of Them All, The. By Mrs. Edwin Hoehler. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 214 pages. \$1.50.

Catholic and Apostolic Church, The. The Macmillan Co., New York, 12mo, 144 pages. \$1. The noble author maintains the superior claim of the Anglican Church, in contrast with the non-episcopal

churches, to be the divinely authorized witness to the truths of revelation.

Causeries de Morale Pratique. Par Th. Bentzon. 309 pages. 16mo. Hachette et Cie, Paris.

This volume is one of a series on morals, specially addressed to girls and young women. It comments on their duties to themselves, to their families, to society, and to religion. The simple, easily flowing, apparently effortless style which we have already admired in the author's romances, essays, and impressions of travel, stands her in good stead here. Her talks are not of the "heart-to-heart" order; they are both dignified and vivacious, such as Madame de Sévigné might have written. One feels, too, that these chapters are not filled full of merely ingenious ethical theories; they are the results of long and varied experience. The book should be translated, if for no other reason than to show American readers that some of our customs are influencing an older civilization.

Christianity, The Fundamental Ideas of. By John Caird, D.D., LL.D. With a Memoir by Edward Caird, D.C.L., LL.D. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow. 2 vols. 12mo. \$3.50.

Covenant of Salt, The. By H. Clay Trumbull. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 184 pages. \$1.50.

This interesting monograph pursues the line of research and thought opened in Dr. Trumbull's well-appreciated volumes on "The Blood Covenant" and "The Threshold Covenant." Like these, it sheds fresh light on fundamental Biblical ideas, whose peculiarly Oriental character obscures their full significance to Western minds. The main point brought out is that "the covenant of salt is simply another form of the one blood covenant." The subject, as treated, leads up to a new and profounder view of "the Ten Commandments as a covenant of love," not laying down the requirements of obedience to the Lord, so much as declaring the sacred limits within which God's people are to be in loving union with him.

Cupid and Coronet. Drawings by Malcolm A. Strauss. R. H. Russell, New York. Oblong 4to. 49 pages. \$2.

Drake and His Yeomen. By James Barnes. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 415 pages. \$2.

Drew, Mrs. John, Autobiographical Sketch of. Introduction by her Son, John Drew. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 199 pages. \$1.50.

Certainly there have been very few more interesting characters on the American stage than Mrs. John Drew, and her opportunities for knowing intimately the great figures of American dramatic art were extensive. We confess, however, to some disappointment in reading these autobiographical chapters, in that they contain too much of detailed record and too little of generally interesting reminiscence and anecdote. It seems to be the danger of such works as this that they should give too much in the way of information as to when and

where particular plays were produced, the lists of performers, and the like; Lester Wallack's autobiography, which was eagerly looked for, had this fault in marked degree. This criticism aside, however, it must be acknowledged that Mrs. Drew's rather sketchy and incomplete autobiography does contain very much that will interest all who care for the American stage. The illustration of the book is worthy of the highest praise. The portraits will nearly all be new to most readers, and they have been beautifully reproduced and printed.

Drummer's Coat, The. By Hon. J. W. Fortescue. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. Square 8vo. 184 pages. \$1.50.

A pleasantly written and prettily printed tale of English country life, with a curious story of army-life interwoven.

Egypt, Ancient, A Self-Verifying Chronological History of. By Orlando P. Schmidt. George C. Shaw, Cincinnati, O. 8vo. 569 pages.

Mr. Schmidt's well-printed and attractively bound volume is a considerable contribution to chronology. The work covers a period of nearly four thousand years of Egyptian history, namely, to the Persian invasion.

French Prose of the Seventeenth Century. Edited by F. M. Warren. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 16mo. 319 pages. \$1.

Gist of the Lessons, The. By Rev. R. A. Torrey. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 160 pages. 25c.

Great Books as Life Teachers. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 331 pages. \$1.50.

Dr. Hillis has a very sympathetic mind, an imagination at once sensitive and ardent, and a fluent and at times eloquent style. Committed by instinct and conviction to ethical ideals, he has also an artistic temperament. He loves beautiful things, and cannot account for them except as revelations of the beauty of the Infinite. In this volume he interprets, in a series of twelve chapters, some of the greatest creations of literature from this standpoint; finding in Ruskin, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, and Browning a genius which is not simply devoted to the creation of beautiful works, but which is also, consciously and unconsciously, committed to the interpretation of ethical and spiritual ideas. Five chapters are given to men and women of different type—Drummond, Lord Shaftesbury, Livingstone, and Frances Willard. The fact that the chapters were first prepared as addresses is evidenced in the recurrence of the hortatory note, and the style lacks at times the solidity of the essay form; but the book is full of aspiration and of elevating thoughts set forth with ardor and enthusiasm.

Great Company, The. By Beckles Willson. Introduction by Lord Strathcona. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 541 pages. \$5.

Mr. Beckles Willson's book is a history of "The Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay." Lord Strathcona, the present Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, contributes an introduction. The book, well printed and well illustrated, is a distinct help towards unifying the scattered elements of American, especially of Canadian, history. As to the Company itself, we do not always realize that for two centuries it has existed, "unshorn of its greatness," amidst all the changes of race and war, dominion and development, in the New World. The Company's history reverses the old order of missionary, soldier, and trader; in this case the fur-traders were the pioneers of civilization; the others came afterward.

Great Pictures Described by Great Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 317 pages. \$2.

A pleasantly instructive and entertaining volume is "Great Pictures Described by Great Writers." The idea is a clever one; for instance, Théophile Gautier gives us his impressions on *Bordone's* "Fisherman Presenting the Ring;" Walter Pater, on Botticelli's "Birth of Venus;" Ruskin, on Paolo Veronese's "Queen of Sheba;" Dumas père, on Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment."

ment," etc. The book should be the means of really popularizing the best art. Of course there is an illustration of each picture. For future editions of the book we would recommend an index.

Greece, Rambles and Studies in. By J. P. Mahaffy. (Illustrated.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 535 pages. \$3.

This volume is a reprint of the last English edition of one of the most interesting and valuable books of description ever written about Greece, from the hand of a man who is not only a scholar, but who is also a very interesting writer. It is illustrated, not for the purpose of making it more attractive simply, but of making it more intelligible. This volume, which is handsomely bound in white covers, with designs in gilt, contains thirty photogravures of well-known or picturesque scenes in Greece, and characteristic works of Greek art. Altogether it is one of the most attractive volumes of the season.

Historic Towns of the Middle States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 439 pages. \$3.50.

This volume supplements the volume of last season on "The Historic Towns of New England," and sketches the historical backgrounds of Albany, Saratoga, Newburgh, Tarrytown, New York, Brooklyn, Princeton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Buffalo, and Pittsburg, from the hands of such writers as Dr. Battershall, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, Professor William M. Sloane, Mr. Talcott Williams, and Mr. H. W. Mabie. In many of the chapters local history is presented, not only with scholarly accuracy, but with a strong infusion of the atmospheric quality so as to bring out the peculiar type of civilization developed in the old centers of life in the Middle States. This life, although presenting many different aspects, has certain traits which, owing to geographical position, give it a unity which is in striking contrast with that presented by the New England towns; the volume is, therefore, not only a contribution to history, but a very readable study of many characteristic phases of American life and incidents in American history.

Household Libraries, Suggestions for. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 18mo. 172 pages. 25c.

Hunt, William Morris, The Art Life of. By Helen M. Knowlton. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 219 pages. \$3.

In the Deep Woods. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. R. H. Russell, New York. Square 8vo. 134 pages. \$1.25.

In the Farmyard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Square 8vo. 60 pages. \$1.50.

International Critical Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. By Crawford H. Toy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 554 pages. \$3.

In careful scholarship this volume leaves nothing to be desired. Its interpretation is free from theological prejudice. In grammatical exegesis it may be accepted as an authority. It appears to us that for a literary or ethical interpretation of the Book of Proverbs some comparison with the proverbs of other nations is desirable, and we do not discover in this volume any indications that the author possesses any familiarity with the proverbs of other literatures. Such familiarity would have led him to recognize more fully the truth that a proverb, whether Hebrew or other, is simply a coinage of human experience; would have led him to see, for example, that the threat attributed to Wisdom, "I will mock at your calamity," etc., is only the expression of the universal experience of mankind that, in the time of calamity which our own folly has brought upon us, the counsels of others, or even of our own better judgment at the time, rise up in our memory to condemn us. None the less, as a critical commentary we know nothing in English to compare with this volume. It will be indispensable to the careful student of this somewhat enigmatical book, and, with Moulton's volume on *The Proverbs*, in the *Modern Reader's Bible*, will give all the apparatus necessary for such a comparison with life, as interpreted by other eol-

lections of proverbs, as will be necessary to the thorough student, whether lay or clerical.

Jesus, The Christology of. By Rev. James Stalker, M.A., D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 12mo. 298 pages. \$1.50.

John Ploughman's Pictures. By C. H. Spurgeon. The Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. 123 pages. Paper bound, 15c.

Katooticut. By C. F. Carter. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. R. H. Russell, New York. 153 pages. \$1.50.

Knight's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale, The Prologue. Edited by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. (Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Part I. and II. 35c.

Laxdaela Saga. Translated from the Icelandic by Muriel A. C. Press. The Macmillan Co., New York. (The Temple Classics.) Edited by Israel Gollancz. 276 pages. 50c.

Life. By John Rankin Rogers. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 16mo. 149 pages.

Life Beyond Death. By Minot J. Savage, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. \$1.50. The main interest of this volume is in its treatment of modern dealings with the problem put forth in its title. On the one hand, Dr. Savage makes it plain that he is no Spiritualist. On the other hand, he is positively certain that, amid a mass of imposture and mistake, veritable cases of communication with departed spirits occur. This conviction is based on facts which he relates from his own experience, covering many years of investigation, and is shared, as he shows, by some eminent associates of his in the Society for Psychical Research, the peers in scientific and critical ability and reputation of any men in the world.

Little Folks' Illustrated Annual. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 388 pages. \$1.25. A delightful collection of short stories, poems and nonsense rhymes for very little people. Some of the illustrations are charming.

Love-Lit Path to God, A. By Hattie C. Flower. B. O. Flower, Boston. 16mo. 115 pages.

Meredith, George, Birthday Book. Selected and arranged by D. M. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 300 pages. \$1.25.

Montcalm and Wolfe. By Francis Parkman. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 2 vols. 8vo. \$6.

The works of no historian seem more increasingly read than those of Francis Parkman. The publishers of his books have selected one of the most popular, namely, "Montcalm and Wolfe," for holiday treatment. There are so many maps and portraits and plates that the work is published in two volumes. We wish that the entire series might receive such treatment.

Nature Pictures by American Poets. Edited by Annie Russell Marble, A.M. 12mo. 205 pages. \$1.25.

A valuable addition to the home library. The selections are not only the nature poems of well-known poets, but selections of the best poetry on any phase of nature written by an American. The introduction is a valuable, carefully prepared essay by the compiler on American poets and poetry. There is also a list, separate from the index, of the poems and authors, with reference to the editions from which selections have been made.

Newell's (Peter) Pictures and Rhymes. Harper & Bros., New York. Oblong 4to. 110 pages.

Newsboys' Christmas Party, The. By Jane Zacharias. The North Baltimore Press, Baltimore. 75 pages. 60c.

The story of the first attempt to gather the newsboys and bootblacks of Baltimore together for a Christmas festival. This attempt was so successful that it was followed by the opening of a reading-room especially for them, kept open every evening in the week.

Old Book and the Old Faith, The. By Robert Stuart MacArthur. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. 12mo. 432 pages.

Old Times and New. By Sara Hammond Palfrey. W. B. Clarke & Co., Boston. 16mo. 49 pages. 35c.

Paris, The Stones of, in History and Letters. By Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 2 vols. \$4. He who loves French history must already know something of how Paris affected kings and emperors and warriors and statesmen, but we fancy that he who loves French literature hardly knows so well how the capital affected Corneille, Racine, Molière, Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Daudet. These capitally written volumes tell us how, and give us many a hint helping towards a better appreciation of the lives and works of such men as Abélard, Calvin, Descartes, Rousseau, Châteaubriand, Renan, and Taine. The volumes are well illustrated, and will be useful, not only to students of literature and history, but also to those sojourners in Paris who wish to make more than a cursory study of its sights and life.

Patience: A Daughter of the Mayflower. By Elizabeth W. Champney. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 336 pages. \$1.50.

A graceful story of Pilgrim days, setting forth adventures which "might have taken place," as the author says in her preface, both in the days before the Mayflower sailed across the sea, and in the early years of the Plymouth Colony. There is much of substantial history in the book, and it is admirably written and very interesting.

Penn, William, The True. By Sydney George Fisher. (Illustrated.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 392 pages. \$2.

Plantation Sketches. By J. Campbell Phillips. R. H. Russell, New York. Oblong 8vo. 57 pages. \$3.50.

Poe, Edgar Allan, The Works of. Edited by John H. Ingram. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4 vols. \$4.

The Ingram edition of the works of Poe is too familiar to need any description. It is reissued in these four volumes without change of text or the introduction of new matter, but in a less expensive form, the books being very creditable pieces of book-making.

Point and Pillow Lace. By A. M. S. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8vo. 202 pages. \$3.

A book for which the lover of beautiful laces has been waiting. The illustrations are clear, revealing to the learner in this inexhaustible field of knowledge the differences in laces, old and new. Naturally, at this stage of the world's history, machine-made lace would have to be given its place, and the illustrations again are educational in their clearness of outline. The text is prepared by a lover of beautiful lace, and the subject is treated with the sympathy and the broad knowledge that are always the equipment of the true lover of any art.

Power of Womanhood, of Motherhood and Sons, The. By Ellice Hopkins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 232 pages. \$1.50.

For mothers especially. The subjects treated are those of vital importance to the moral health of children, those which are rarely treated in a book; they are the subjects that are at times the common secrets of mothers and the family physician. Here the spiritual and the moral effects of sins due to ignorance as well as evil companionship are treated by a writer of intense moral earnestness having professional knowledge.

Prayers Public and Private. Compiled by the Most Rev. Edward White Benson. Edited by Rev. Hugh Benson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 16mo. 274 pages. \$1.25.

Popular, fervent, and inconsistent, it breaks with the idea of verbal inspiration and an inerrant Bible, yet continually harks back to it.

Pretty Tory, A. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 268 pages. \$1.50.

Primitive Love and Love-Stories. By Henry T. Finck. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 851 pages. \$3.

Proportion and Harmony of Line and Color. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 459 pages. \$2.50.

In this last volume of his system of comparative aesthetics, Professor Raymond considers, first, the correspondence between the elements of form in the arts of sound and of sight; he then elucidates the meaning of proportion in nature and art, explains the frequent confounding of the effects of proportion with those of perspective, and treats of proportion as based upon comparisons of measurements in landscapes, plants, animals, the human form, and in architecture. The latter half of the book is devoted to harmony of outline and color. In this section there is a noteworthy chapter on physical and physiological correspondences between harmony in music and in painting. The last chapter of all is the most valuable, being a recapitulation of results reached in the author's course on Comparative Aesthetics.

Reformation, The Eve of the. By Francis Aiden Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 460 pages. \$3.50.

The author, a learned Roman Catholic, writes both acutely and dispassionately. Holding that a mass of legend has grown up concerning the Reformation in England, he holds the current popular view as false, and that only critical sifting will bring out the historical facts. His work, therefore, not undertaking a history of the Reformation, makes a critical study of some important points. In this he brings out much that Protestants need to be better informed about. Critical studies in history, however, in order to trustworthy conclusions, need an absence of prepossession and party interest which is not apparent in this work.

My Study Fire. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. (Illustrated.) 12mo. 288 pages. \$2.50.

Religion and Morality. By Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D. William H. Young & Co., New York. 12mo. 322 pages. \$2.

This is a work of great merit both in its criticism and its construction of ethical theory. Agreeing with Spencer that the ethical goal of life is the perfect development of life, he shows how this is realized only as ethics is uplifted and nourished by religion.

Roe, E. P.: Reminiscences of his Life. By Mary A. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 235 pages. \$1.50.

Rosamund, A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 80 pages. \$1.50.

Rougemont, Louis de, The Adventures of. As Told by Himself. (Illustrated.) The J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 396 pages. \$2.

The introduction to these sensational chapters of alleged personal adventure does not inform the reader that the author's veracity has been very seriously impugned. Without entering into the merits of the question, we will frankly say that so many things have been left unexplained by Mr. de Rougemont, and such a cloud of doubt has been thrown upon his narrative, that we consider the book worthless as a record of fact. This impression is not lessened by the sensational and disagreeable character of the illustrations. If the author had given the world Australian fiction founded more or less on fact, his book would be received with more interest.

Saracinesca. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrations by Orson Lowell. The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols. 12mo. \$5.

The illustrated edition of what probably the majority of readers and critics consider Mr. Crawford's finest work in fiction is in every way worthy of its subject. The binding, cover design, page-form, and type are all models of what such a book should be, and Mr. Orson Lowell's full-page half-tone pictures, although uneven in the merit of their drawing, are reasonably satisfying. A re-reading of the novel confirms the impression made long ago that

in its character and working out it is admirable throughout; it reaches a level which this author can hardly hope to surpass, versatile and brilliant as are his other achievements in fiction.

Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War. Edited by Arthur H. Palmer. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 18mo. 202 pages. 80c.

Shadow of Quong Lung, The. By Dr. C. W. Doyle. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 266 pages. \$1.25.

These tales of Chinese life in San Francisco are written by a man intimately acquainted with his subject, and are full of side-lights on Chinese life in America. The author disclaims having written a book with a purpose, but hopes that his stories may incidentally draw attention to the terrible conditions of the life of the slave-girls in Chinatown. He calmly remarks that "the best thing to do with Chinatown would be to burn it down." As this is hardly practicable, perhaps the next best thing may be to encourage such mission work among the Chinese as is being done by Mr. Jee Gam, as described in *The Outlook* very recently. Considered simply as stories, Dr. Doyle's work has vigor and vitality.

Shakespeare, The Works of. (Eversley Edition.) Edited by C. H. Herford. Vols. VIII. and IX.

Shakespeare, The Works of. (The Larger Temple Edition.) Edited by Israel Gollancz. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. Vols. I. and II. (each) \$1.50.

This edition is very properly called the Larger Temple Shakespeare. It reprints the Temple Shakespeare, which, in point of text and typography, is one of the best accessible. The plays are presented on a larger page in a very substantial and tasteful form, with the valuable prefaces and glossaries of the Temple Shakespeare, and with a few illustrations introduced into the notes. The edition, which will be issued in twelve volumes, promises to be one of the most attractive of the many forms in which Shakespeare's works have been published.

Smith Brunt: A Story of the Old Navy. By Waldron Kintzing Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 459 pages. \$1.50.

Songs of the Shining Way. By Sarah Noble Ives. (Illustrated.) R. H. Russell, New York. 45 pages. \$1.25.

South African Recollections Some. By Mrs. Lionel Phillips. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 8vo. 183 pages. \$2.50.

As her husband was one of the principal "reformers" at Johannesburg in 1896, Mrs. Phillips naturally takes the British side in discussing Boer problems. She writes with a woman's keen, incisive observation, and with a fine feminine feeling. Whether one believes the present war justified or not, her book must appeal to all from its patently sincere testimony taken from large and long experience in South Africa. In particular, much light is shed upon Dr. Jameson's raid, and some of it is hardly to the credit of that soldier of fortune.

Sunday-School Lessons for 1900. (International Vest-Pocket Commentary.) By Rev. De Loss M. Tompkins, D.D. Fred D. Ewell, Chicago. 35c.

Three Bears, The. By Frank Ver Beck. R. H. Russell, New York. 60 pages. \$1.25.

Trinity Bells. By Amelia E. Barr. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. (Illustrated.) 12mo. \$1.50.

A very pleasantly written story of a young girl's life in the days of Dutch New York. It might well find its place as an introduction to one of Mrs. Barr's most popular stories, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." Mrs. Barr has enlivened the somewhat monotonous career of a young girl in New York by having her father seized by Algerian pirates, sold into slavery, and redeemed at a very high price. This wide detour from the harbor of New York to the southern shore of the Mediterranean introduces an element of adventure of a kind which would be improbable at this date, but is permissible in a book describing life in New York in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Twenty Famous Naval Battles. By Edward Kirk Rawson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 2 vols. 8vo. \$4.

In these two substantial volumes the author attempts, and, in a measure, with gratifying success, to do for naval history what Creasy's "Decisive Battles" long ago did for military history. The story is illustrated with portraits, maps, and plans of naval engagements, and covers naval history from Salamis to Santiago. The number of naval battles described is so large as to include everything fairly entitled to the distinction, and there is little room, therefore, for disagreement as to what should be included or omitted. The style of the author is clear, and he pays full attention to the picturesque and attractive features of his subject. Naturally, the book has no such philosophic scope as have Captain Mahan's works, nor does it aim at the same object. The author's study of original sources has evidently been extensive and careful.

Virgil, Unpublished Legends of. Collected by Charles Godfrey Leland. The Macmillan Company, New York. 8vo. 208 pages. \$1.75.

Mr. Leland tells us that he has gathered a hundred legends and takes concerning Virgil. He publishes about half of them in this volume. Some of these throw an interesting light on old Etrusco-Roman mythology, of the kind chronicled by Ovid.

Wider View, The. By John Monroe Dana. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 261 pages. \$1.50.

This tastefully wrought book is a collection of the testimonies of many times and lands and religions to the universal religion of divine sympathy and love toward man. The selections in prose and verse are from some two hundred, who are here brought together as prophets of "the Christ that is to be," in the church of the future, the church of humanity in its realization of social righteousness.

Wild Eden. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Co., New York. 16mo. 92 pages. \$1.25.

World in a Garden, A. By R. Neish. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 338 pages. \$1.75.

A charming description of the life of a man, a boy, and the flowers in a garden. The meditations are the thoughts of a healthy man on the more serious problems of life, and are made the more helpful because of his great love for a motherless boy who must be trained for a strong, tender manhood.

Wreck of the "Conemaugh," The. By T. Jenkins Hains. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 252 pages. \$1.25.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

May I say just a little something suggested by your "Pastoral Letter to a Perplexed Minister" in *The Outlook* of October 28? I read the interesting article to the end, and as I came to "For my own part, I never stand up to preach without wondering that so many people have thought it worth their while to come so far to hear my message," that vital word "my" made me stop and think: "Why, it isn't his message that he is to give; the message has been given long ago by Christ the King, and his only duty is to present that message truthfully and loyally. Don't you believe it would make it easier for the perplexed minister if he realized to its full extent that he has not to use his powers of ingenuity, wisdom, or might in preparing a message—surely we all concede it has been prepared, else how are we 'messengers of the Lord of Hosts'—but that his whole effort is to be applied to the comprehending and telling of a message already prepared? Not what shall I give, but what does He give through me?"

K. B. P.

But the messenger must not only receive the message, it must become his own, a true part of his life, or he can be no true messenger of the divine word. A minister is not a phonograph.

I have just finished reading the article in *The Outlook* on "Sacerdotalism" in the English Church, and was much surprised to learn that in the ordination service of the Church of England the candidate is thus addressed: "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." Now, as a learned theologian and expounder of the Gospel, may I not ask you to explain why Protestantism has discarded or discredited that authority as given by our Saviour when commissioning his disciples, as even he was commissioned? Why do we accept his ambassadors and repudiate part of their commission? I am a Methodist, having no sympathy with Romanism, yet the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel, at the 21st to the 23d verses, seems to give color to the claim of both the Roman and Episcopal Catholics, and I do not remember to have heard the Protestant explanation why we differ so much in the construction of the same scripture.

A. C. R.

This authority, whatever it is, is bestowed, not upon a hierarchy or class, but upon all those upon whom Christ

breathes, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit"—that is, upon all who are inspired by a divinely imparted spirit of holiness. Christians remit, that is, get rid of or deliver from, sin when by their influence, example, or teaching they induce sinners to repent of sin and abandon it; they retain sin when, by their negligence, acquiescence, or approval, they help directly or indirectly to fasten sins on the individual or the community. Christ promises his disciples great results if they are faithful, and warns them of equally great but terrible results if they are culpable and remiss.

1. Please name a few of the best books explanatory and defensive of "The New Theology."
2. Also, books giving the fullest description, from the evolution standpoint, of the relation of that theory to the facts and teachings of the New Testament.

R. H. S.

1. For an early statement see the introductory essay in Dr. Munger's volume, "The Freedom of Faith." For more recent ones see "The New Puritanism," by Dr. Abbott and others, and President Hyde's recent book, "God's Education of Man." The latter is particularly noteworthy. 2. Precisely what you ask for is not the subject of any work we are acquainted with, but the treatment of Biblical history on evolutionary principles is characteristic of a large class of works, particularly in the line of the higher criticism. See, however, Dr. Abbott's "Evolution of Christianity" and "Theology of an Evolutionist." (For all the above address Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Do you consider that fortunate accidents are Providential? Suppose a man is saved when his horse runs away; if he is of a pious turn of mind, he thanks God. It seems to me that the case was simply very fortunate. Am I wrong?

B. J.

By "Providence" we mean God's control, both wise and good, over all events, a control for which we are always to be thankful. Nothing can be outside of this control. Popular language restricts the word to events of good fortune. Such events, called cases of special Providence, are only cases of special notice given to the constant control of Providence over all events, a control the same

whether one perishes in an accident or escapes. But this control is exercised through the natural order of the world, including human agency, not outside of that order, and involves no interference with it on God's part. Moreover, no event is to be reckoned "fortunate" except as it has value for our moral life, the thing of highest value to the controlling Providence.

On page 453 in *The Outlook* published October 21 Mr. George W. Van Sicken says: "Children of a British subject, born in the United States, remain British subjects unless they choose to become American citizens, just as children born abroad of American citizens remain American citizens." Is this true? Suppose an Englishman and wife settle in America; a son is born to them. Now, when the child grows up he surely needs no naturalization papers to become an American citizen. When he reaches the age of twenty-one he votes, and who will challenge his right? In case of misdemeanor punishable by law he surely cannot claim British citizenship. If you will kindly explain Mr. Van Sicken's statement, you will confer upon me a great favor. Furthermore, if a child of an American is born in France or Germany or any foreign country, and breaks the laws of that country, is he not unable to appeal to the United States? Would he be permitted to vote if born of American parents in a foreign country, and afterward taking up residence in America? I shall trust to see an explanation in *The Outlook* some time in the near future.

S. G. K.
You are right in thinking that children of British subjects born in this country become American citizens without being naturalized. The only possible exception would be the children of an English ambassador or consul. By a special law passed by Congress, the children of American citizens born abroad remain American citizens, unless they definitely become citizens of another country. The citizen of one country who breaks the law of another country in which he is temporarily residing is subject to the law of that country. Only in semi-civilized and barbarous countries are the representatives of foreign powers allowed any domestic jurisdiction.

Can you inform me where I can procure the following for study in the original, with publishers and prices? (1) Targum of Onkelos; (2) Peschito (with lexicon if possible); (3) Arabic Bible.

J. G. M.

I. Longmans, Green & Co., London, publish Etheridge's translation (8½ shillings), which can probably be obtained of their New York house. 2 and 3. Address the American Bible Society, New York, for their price-list of sizes and styles. Their edition of the Peschito is the best now to be had, but a critical edition is soon expected from the Clarendon Press. There is no edition of it containing a lexicon. The best lexicon in small compass is probably Brockelmann's, which you could procure or import through B. Westermann, New York.

We are organizing a reading club to study "The Jews." Can you suggest any course of reading or programme that would be helpful to us?

I. B. L.

The subject needs distribution, as, for instance, the land, the people, and their literature form divisions that may be separately studied. The most that we can suggest is a variety of books for material under such divisions. See Townsend MacCoun's "Geography and History of the Holy Land," "Patriarchal Palestine," and Sayce's "Early History of the Hebrews," Bartlett's "From Egypt to Palestine," Cornill's "History of Israel" (Kent's is fuller), Cornill's "Prophets of Israel" (W. R. Smith's is fuller), "Men of the Bible" series (small books), Bennett's "Primer of the Bible," also various articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

1. Could you give me a list of books on expansion (both for and against) to be used by a debating club? 2. Also tell me where I can get a description of the lamps, or means of lighting, used in ancient Babylon and Nineveh.

M. J. P.

1. Benjamin Kidd's "Control of the Tropics" (for). President Jordan's "Imperial Democracy" (against). President Schurman's address at Cornell (for). Carl Schurz's address at Chicago (against). Professor Worcester's recent article in "Harper's Weekly" (for). 2. We

do not know any that is as yet published. Whatever there was must have been very primitive. If we obtain any information, we will make a note of it.

Kindly tell me what is the Moravian Brethren's belief, and when, where, and how the sect originated; or mention some book in which I could find the information wanted.

M. L. F.

The evangelical Protestant belief common to the churches of the Reformation. The official name of the Moravian Church is "The Church of the United Brethren." It sprang up in Bohemia, 1457, from the blood of the martyr Huss, and by Luther's time included two hundred congregations. Destroyed by persecution, it revived again in Moravia, whence its present designation. See the cyclopædias; also the "Moravian Manual" and Schweinitz's "History" (Moravian Publication Office, Bethlehem, Pa., \$1 and \$2.50).

1. Where can an essay, "Don't Worry," by Mr. Theodore F. Seward, be obtained, and at what price? 2. Has "Psychics" by M. J. Savage, any special value to a student of psychological problems? 3. Name price and publisher of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." 4. Name prices of (a) "A Laboratory Manual on Astronomy," Mary Byrd; (b) "Elements of Astronomy," Professor Young, 1898 ed.

M. A. F.

1. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 35 cents. 2. We have not read it, but know the author to be an intelligent and careful student of the subject. 3. The McClurg Company, Chicago, \$1.50. 4. (a) We do not know. (b) \$1.75.

Kindly inform me of a history of the Protestant Reformation, written by a fair-minded Roman Catholic, such, for instance, as Justin McCarthy. Having always heard and read only the Protestant side of that movement, I am interested to know what is or can be said on the other side by a reasonable, non-bigoted person.

C. L. F.

A valued friend who is a Roman Catholic theologian recommends Spalding's "History of the Protestant Reformation," also Cobbett's; besides these, Gasquet's "Protestant Reformation in England" (Benziger Brothers, New York).

Kindly inform me when the copyright on the Revised Version of the Bible expires; and also if that is the only version on which there is a copyright.

X. Y. Z.

It has already expired; that is, the time has elapsed during which the American Revisers agreed to issue no competing edition. The American Revision will now shortly be issued by Messrs. Nelson & Sons, New York. We are not aware that any copyright exists on any complete edition of the Bible now in print.

On the theory of the universal Fatherhood of God, how do you interpret Matthew xiii., 37-43; John vi., 70; John viii., 41-44?

H. M. D.

Those who in these passages are said to be sons of "the evil one," or "the devil," were certainly such in the character acquired by perverse choice and conduct. This is entirely consistent with their being sons of God in the nature given by birth. The distinction between sonship in character and sonship in nature is familiarly recognized in our common thought and speech about children whom we see daily.

Kindly let me know the name of a good history of the Jewish people during the times of the Bible and after, suitable to a young girl.

L. C. R.

A really good history of the Jews for children, so a valued friend at the head of a synagogue informs us, remains to be written, and has already been promised. The best that can now be referred to is Lady Magnus's "Outlines of Jewish History," from B.C. 586 (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia).

What helps can you recommend in the literary study of the Book of Job?

W. M.

"Job" in the Modern Reader's Bible Series; Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible"; Gilbert's "Poetry of Job" (McClurg, Chicago, \$1). Genung's "An Epic of the Inner Life" (Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.25).

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The Gingerbread Man

By Eva Eickemeyer Rowland

Humpty, dumpty, dickery dan,
Sing hey, sing ho, for the gingerbread
man!

With his smile so sweet, and his form so
neat,

And his gingerbread shoes on his ginger-
bread feet.

His eyes are two currants so round and
black;

He's baked in a pan lying flat on his back;
He comes from the oven so glossy and
brown,

The loveliest gingerbread man in town!

And why is his gingerbread smile so
sweet?

And why is his gingerbread form so neat?

And why has he shoes on his gingerbread
feet?

Because—he is made for my Teddy to
eat.

The Tale of Two Tails

By Mary H. Wilson

"Taddypole and Pollywog
Lived together in a bog:
Here you see the very pool
Where they went to swimming-school.

"By and by—'tis true, though strange—
O'er them came a wondrous change:
Here you see them on a log,
Each a most decided Frog."

—*"Mother's Portfolio."*

The little pond behind the machine-
shop was full of tadpoles—wee fellows,
all head and tail. Jolliest of these were
Taddypole and Pollywog, two little cous-
ins, who spent their time in countless
swimming-matches or games of hide-and-
seek among the stones which bordered
the pond.

Barefooted boys and girls peeped over
the edge of the water to watch the tad-
poles darting hither and thither, then with
merry shouts returned to their own play.

Taddy's and Pollie's round eyes watched
them curiously. Sometimes when the
land-babies waded in the shallow water
these tiny water-babies played fearlessly

around their feet, nibbling their toes, or
playing leap-frog over them.

So they passed their merry days, and
when the twilight came, Taddy and Pollie
were ready to listen to the band concert.
This, unfortunately, was given on land, so
the little tadpoles could not be present;
but from the water they could catch
glimpses of Father Frog booming away
on his big bass drum, and hear the sweet
chirping chorus of the tiny frog violinists
in the marsh near by.

"Oh, Pollie," cried Taddypole, "if we
could only go to the concert! Why, I'd be
willing to give up hide-and-seek for a week
just to get a little nearer to the music."

"I know," returned Pollywog, gloomily.
"I want to go myself, the very worst way.
There's no use wishing, though, for we
have no clothes that would be suitable.
Only green silk dress suits with polka
dots are worn this year. Besides, we can't
stand it out of the water. It's too warm,
or something, I don't know just what, but
I always feel half smothered, if I try."

"Besides," reflected Taddy, "we haven't
been invited. Only musicians are asked,
and we can't sing, you know."

Splash! Ker-chunk! Father Frog
hopped into the water, then out again on
a broad stone, where he began thundering
a bass solo,

"Come along, come along,
Come along!"

"Oh, how we wish we could!" cried the
little tadpoles, feeling that this was a per-
sonal invitation. They swam as close as
possible to the stone, and gazed admir-
ingly at the great singer.

"Could what?" rumbled Father Frog.

"Wish we could go to the concert."

"Ker-chug!" answered Father Frog.
It sounded very much like a hoarse
chuckle. "Why don't you go?"

"No invitation."

"No dress suit."

"Can't breathe out of the water."

The tadpoles' voices were very mourn-
ful as they gave their reasons.

"I invite you," said Father Frog, "to

the July concert three weeks from to-day. Your dress suits will be ready, and as for breathing, it's all practice. Would you believe it?" he said in a hoarse whisper; "I couldn't stay out of the water very well myself at one time, but I practiced breathing every day, until now it is the easiest thing in the world. But speaking of practice making perfect reminds me I must rehearse my song for the concert:

"Come along, come along,
Come along!"

"Let's go down in the sand," whispered Pollie. "I can always think better down there; and, really, this is all so surprising I must think it over. Oh, Taddy, do you think we could truly go to the concert?"

Taddy whisked his tail and dived down without answering, feeling this to be too much of a problem for a tadpole to decide.

"It's very strange," said Taddy a few days after. "It certainly seems as if we were getting legs. What use have tadpoles for them? We only need our strong tails for swimming."

"Taddy," cried Pollie, "there's something still stranger. Our tails are shrinking. If they don't stop, they will disappear, and then what could we do?"

"Grr-um, grr-um!" sounded Father Frog's hoarse voice. "Getting ready for the concert, I see! Well, when you lose those ridiculous tails you will look much better."

"Lose them!" exclaimed the tadpoles; "and what do you think we could do without them?" But Father Frog had disappeared, leaving only the echo of his "Come along."

"I feel as if something strange were about to happen," said Pollie. "I'm tired of tag and hide-and-seek; let's think of some new game."

"We might practice breathing as Father Frog advised," suggested Taddy. "Let's go to the top of the water and see who can keep his head out the longer."

This new game interested the tadpoles very much, and in a week's time they began to really enjoy the air.

"I can stay out a long while now," announced Taddy, triumphantly, "and since my front legs appeared I can jump quite high."

"Our tails are quite gone," said Pollie, "and I don't know but it is an improve-

ment. I think I like legs better than tails, and hopping is much more fun than swimming. Some day I mean to hop up on that wet stone where Father Frog sits so often. Wouldn't he be surprised to see me there?"

"What fun!" exclaimed Taddy. "Try it now. There, you did it! Oh, Pollie, how fine you look! Do you like it out there? I'm coming, too. Hurrah!"

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Father Frog from the bank. "Are you ready for the concert, little frogs?"

Taddy and Pollie looked at each other in astonishment.

"Are we frogs?" they cried.

"Why, yes."

"Oh, Taddy, and you have your green suit!"

"So have you, Pollie!"

"Why, I wouldn't be surprised at anything now, not even if we could sing. Let's try," and both little frogs lifted up their voices and sang:

"Che-weep, Che-weep, Che-weep."

They looked so droll and sang with such a funny chirp that Father Frog fell off the bank splash into the water with laughter.

Taddy and Pollie didn't mind this in the least, for they were sure that "Che-weep" was the most beautiful song in the world.

And this is the way Taddypole and Pollywog lost their tails and gained their voices in time for the July concert.

Animals in Ships

Wild animals caught in foreign countries are brought here on ocean steamers. There are dealers in some of the foreign cities who send hunters to all parts of the world to capture animals for circuses, zoölogical gardens, and private parks.

A ship that recently arrived in New York had in her hold cages of wild animals and birds. The confinement and the motion of the vessel frightened some of them very much. When the vessel was tied up to the dock, and the motion ceased, some of the animals were as greatly disturbed. Screeches, howls, roars, were heard from every part of the vessel except the cages of the hyena and the polar bear. These two acted as if sailing in ships about the world was a positive pleasure.

The Outlook

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Congress: the Senate Contests

In the Senate as well as the House, popular interest last week centered in the contested seats. Senator Carter, of Montana, presented a remarkable memorial against "the validity of the pretended election of William A. Clark" as his colleague. This memorial recites that the sum of \$30,000, paid to members of the Legislature by Mr. Clark or his agents for votes, was produced in open session of the Legislature and deposited in the treasury of Montana, where it still remains unclaimed by Mr. Clark. This sum, it is alleged, is but a small fraction of the sum expended by Mr. Clark to secure his election. This document is signed by the Speaker of the Montana House of Representatives and twenty-seven legislators. It is accompanied by a petition signed by the Governor of the State and many prominent citizens, wherein it is alleged that certain members of the Legislature, whose names are given, received for their votes certain specified sums aggregating \$500,000. If these charges are false, those making them should be prosecuted for libel in the civil and criminal courts. If they are true, the Senate should lose no time in ascertaining the truth, and declaring vacant the seat of Mr. Clark. The country cannot again afford to have charges like these made with impunity and yet without loss of office to the United States Senator against whom they are made. The other case attracting the most attention is that against the seating of Mr. Quay, whose appointment by the Governor when the Legislature failed to elect does not give him the *prima facie* right to a seat, and whose exclusion would be inevitable if the Senate were bound by its rulings in similar cases in the past. The threatened danger that former colleagues would reverse their attitude and vote to seat Mr.

Quay has been lessened by a memorial submitted by anti-Quay members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, asserting that the Constitution of that State provides that Senatorial vacancies must be filled by the Legislature, even if a special session must be summoned, and that the Governor of Pennsylvania never has the right to fill vacancies. The fact that a majority of the present Pennsylvania Legislature steadfastly voted against the seating of Mr. Quay makes his claim to a seat by the right of appointment incomparably weaker than those rejected by the Senate in past years.



The Senate Currency Bill

Last week the Senate Committee on Finance, through its Chairman, Mr. Aldrich, introduced a carefully prepared measure looking towards currency and banking reform, and the bill agreed upon at the Republican caucus was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Overstreet, of Indiana. A comparison of the two is interesting. Both provide: (1) for a distinct and unequivocal declaration of the gold standard; (2) for ample powers to the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain this standard, including power to sell United States bonds when necessary; (3) for the parity with gold of every other form of money; (4) for the maintenance of a gold reserve exclusively for that purpose; (5) for the impossibility of the reissuance, except for gold, of notes which have once been redeemed by gold; (6) for the circulation of National banks up to the par value of the bonds deposited to secure circulation; (7) that no United States notes or Treasury notes of denominations less than ten dollars, and no silver certificates of denominations exceeding ten dollars, shall be issued: the object of the one clause being to

provide for the circulation of silver as subsidiary currency, the object of the other being to confine silver to such use. But all such silver is to be kept at par with gold by being made practically exchangeable for gold. The principal differences between the two bills are: (1) the House bill provides a gold reserve in coin and bullion equal to one-fourth of the amount of outstanding United States and Treasury notes, which would at present be equal to \$109,000,000; the Senate bill provides a gold reserve fund of \$150,000,000 in gold coin exclusively; (2) the House provides for a separate Treasury Bureau of Issue and Redemption, and for National banks with a capital of only \$25,000, in towns of not over two thousand inhabitants; the Senate bill does neither; (3) the Senate bill provides for the refunding of outstanding Government bonds by new bonds at two per cent.; the House bill contains nothing on this subject. The essential characteristic of both bills is the same: both constitute an earnest, honest, and well-considered effort to put the currency of the country on a gold basis, and to use silver as far as it can be used consistently with maintaining a gold basis, and to guard against the danger of a contraction of the currency. Whether this last danger is sufficiently guarded against may be questioned. Possibly future supplemental legislation may be required for this purpose.

The Treasury Report

The figures in the annual report of Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, are impressive. For the last fiscal year there was a deficit of nearly ninety million dollars. For the present fiscal year Mr. Gage estimates that there will be a surplus of forty millions. The available cash balance in the Treasury is nearly three hundred millions; the gold holdings of the Treasury have exceeded all previous records both in the aggregate and in the net amount above outstanding gold certificates. With President McKinley, Mr. Gage believes that the present is thus a fitting time to assure the permanence of the gold standard. Thirty-five hundred National banks are now in operation, having an authorized capital of over six hundred million dollars and a circulation of two hundred and forty

millions. While Mr. Gage devotes a large part of his report to a clear and forcible description of the origin and development of banking, renewing his recommendations for an elastic bank currency, he does not renew his specific proposals for the retirement of Government notes and for the substitution of bank notes. He recommends that as large liberty be given as is consistent with safety in the exercise of the note-issuing function, that \$25,000 be the minimum for bank capital, and he suggests, though he does not work out his suggestion in detail, that the business responsibilities assumed by a bank should by law be limited according to the amount of capital investment. Touching upon trade, Mr. Gage again submits his previous recommendations, "drawn in the main from the current practices of our maritime competitors:" (1) an extension of the present law relative to the carrying of ocean mails; (2) the establishment of a system of graded bounties upon the mileage navigated by American vessels; (3) an extension of the act by virtue of which the St. Louis and the St. Paul were constructed; (4) an increase in the rates of tonnage taxes; (5) the restriction of trade between the United States, Porto Rico, and Hawaii to vessels of American registry. Referring to the acquisition of the Philippines and Porto Rico; and our desire to extend our commerce with Mexico, Central and South America, in all of which countries the metric system has been established, Mr. Gage urges the general introduction of that system, to which we are indeed already pledged.

Mr. Roberts's Appeal

Mr. Roberts has issued an appeal to the country which, both by its very existence and by the language which it employs, indicates that he has little hope of retaining his seat. He places this appeal upon the ground that the rights of minorities in the House are threatened by the procedure taken against him. By such a procedure, he says, "a formidable minority in the House may be reduced either to a very insignificant minority, or even blotted out of existence; the representation to which a State is entitled on the floor of the House may be denied to it—as

in this Utah case—for any length of time this Committee may elect to deny it such representation. If the House can thus deprive Utah of her representation, there is no reason why it could not deny Virginia hers, even though she has ten Representatives, for ten Representatives as easily as one can be turned away from the bar of the House. This new precedent also strikes down the Constitutional guarantee of a right to one accused of crime to a 'speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State wherein the crime shall have been committed.' And he denies the "right of the House of Representatives to resolve itself into a Justice of the Peace Court, to try me for a misdemeanor alleged to have been committed." He invokes religious sentiment on his behalf: "American citizens, it is a Mormon who is the object of the popular clamor to-day; may it not be the Catholic or the Methodist or the freethinker to-morrow?" And he closes his appeal with a not very hopeful peroration: "I know not whether in this fight I shall win or lose, whether justice shall triumph or malice bear down justice, but I shall have this satisfaction if I fail, that when future ills grow out of this high-handed measure now being enacted, I did what I could to prevent them." A reply to this appeal has been issued by a delegation representing the Gentile element in Utah who are in Washington to oppose Mr. Roberts. They make clear the fact that his polygamous marriages were entered into after the Federal law making such marriages a felony. They contribute a new fact to the discussion in the statement that he is now under a charge of felony in Davis County, Utah, pigeonholed by a Mormon prosecuting attorney; they meet his appeal to religious sentiment by pointing out the fact that ex-Congressman W. H. King was and is a Mormon, and no claim of ineligibility was ever made against him; and they cite as evidence in support of the charge that Utah is not in good faith keeping its compact with the United States the facts that one thousand illegitimate children have been born to polygamous wives since Statehood, that two thousand polygamous households now exist in Utah, and that polygamous marriages are supported by prominent Mormon ecclesiastics and prominent Mormon

politicians. This last question is important politically, but has no legal bearing on the Roberts case.



Mr. Roberts's Offense A little over three weeks ago Mr. Roberts, in his letter to the New York "Times," passed over without even discussion the proposition to refuse him his seat, because this would be, he said, "a proceeding utterly without precedent, and altogether so absurd as to be out of the question." Mr. Taylor in his speech before the House showed that this proceeding was in accordance with the precedents, and we think that we have already shown our readers that it is in accordance with Constitutional law. It is certainly in accordance with the authority generally conferred upon representative assemblies in all popular governments. The power to determine who has the proper qualifications to represent the Nation must be lodged somewhere. It is generally lodged in the representative assembly itself. In the United States it is by express terms of our Constitution lodged in the Senate and the House of Representatives, each being made sole judge of the qualifications of its own members. If this is a perilous power to be lodged with Congress, it must be taken away from Congress by Constitutional amendment. We do not believe there is any such peril as Mr. Roberts imagines. If Congress should refuse a seat to an elected representative on a religious, a partisan, or any other palpably inadequate ground, the remedy would quickly be applied by the people. No party which should attempt thus to override the will of the people could withstand the popular indignation. The practical efficiency of such remedy was proved in England by the cases of John Wilkes and Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Roberts's appeal to the religious sentiment appears to us equally ineffective. The truth is, nothing but religious sentiment has given him any chance whatever of securing a seat. If he were not a Mormon, the House would not even have appointed a committee to consider the question of his admission. Had a man notoriously living in polygamy undertaken to go from New York State to Congress, he would have been arrested and put on trial before he could have crossed the

State of New Jersey, and would have landed in the State's prison instead of in the halls of Congress. The one conclusive answer to Mr. Roberts's appeal is this: that a law of the land declares that any man convicted of polygamous marriage shall be ineligible to any office or place in the United States; that after this law was enacted and in defiance of it, Mr. Roberts entered into polygamous marriage; that he has been convicted of having done so; and that he is still living in this polygamous relation, in defiance of the law of his own State and of the popular sentiment of the Nation. Such a man is not fit to represent the Nation. The Nation has the right to declare him unfit, and the only means through which it can make this declaration is the House of Representatives, at whose door he knocks for admission.



The New Navy If Secretary Long's report has attracted less public attention than Secretary Root's, it is largely because there is far less need of radical reform in the navy than in the army. The most important recommendations made by the Secretary of the Navy are for increase and improvement on lines already adopted. It is urged that eighteen new war vessels be built; three to be armored cruisers of 13,000 tons displacement, the armor and ordnance to be the heaviest and most powerful possible in the cruiser class, and the speed to be the highest practicable; three to be protected cruisers of 8,000 tons displacement, also to be of the highest efficiency in that class; and, finally, twelve to be gunboats of about 900 tons displacement. The Secretary points out that the experience of the past year has shown that our greatest needs are, on the one hand, for large, swift, and powerful cruisers; on the other, for small vessels. The system of promotion in the navy is carefully considered, and due stress is laid on the strange fact that, to quote the Secretary's language, "while those engaged in the battle of Manila have been deservedly rewarded—and no men ever deserved reward more richly—those who took part in the operations at Santiago, displaying the same conspicuous conduct and extraordinary heroism, have received no recognition whatever for their

great services except the recommendations for promotion by the President, which have lapsed, not having been acted upon by the Senate." The Nation owes it to itself to act quickly and generously in this matter. On the much-discussed question as to the best way of getting armor for vessels at a reasonable price, it is pointed out that 7,358 tons of the best quality is needed at once for the new Maine, Ohio, and Missouri, and that these ships cannot wait until a Government armor-factory is established, if such a factory is established at all; therefore Congress is asked to provide at once for what is needed, to be bought at not over three hundred dollars a ton—the maximum price fixed by law. Other recommendations are for bureau consolidation in the departments of steam engineering, construction, and equipment; for a survey looking to the laying of a Pacific cable; for various improvements in gun-making; for a larger supply of smokeless powder; and for various minor matters. The report shows that the United States, despite its increase in building war-ships, has now under construction a smaller tonnage than any of the great nations of the world except Italy and Japan, while England alone is building, in tonnage, about four and a half times as much as is this country.



The Kentucky Election Case The Kentucky election case has been decided in a way highly honorable to the State Board of Canvassers, as well as highly satisfactory to the opponents of machine politics. Though a Democratic body, two of the three members of the State Board upheld the Republican contention that their functions were purely ministerial, and that the charges made concerning the use of tissue ballots and military intimidation in aid of the Republicans at Louisville were not judicially established, and therefore could not be considered by a purely ministerial board. Certificates of election have been issued to the Republican candidates, and although an appeal to the Legislature is still open to the Democrats, the number of Democratic legislators opposed to prolonging factional strife is so great that no further action is anticipated. The official vote,

as returned by the State Board, was as follows: Taylor, Republican, 193,000; Goebel, Democrat, 191,000; Brown, Independent Democrat, 12,000. It was the revolt of conscientious Democrats against bossism within their own party which brought about Goebel's defeat.



**The Boer War:
The Battle of Stormberg**

In Cape Colony the principal event last week was the British defeat at Stormberg. On Saturday General Sir William Gatacre, commanding the British troops in the northern part of Cape Colony, advanced, with a force of about four thousand men, from Molteno thirteen miles to Stormberg, having been led to believe that the Boer camp there was a weak one. He found the Boers superior in numbers and armament, but especially in position. The result shows that the affair was an ambush, from which General Gatacre extricated his force only by the heroic efforts of the British artillery, covering the retreat and drawing a portion of the Boer fire. Reports place the British loss as high as seven hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, of which no less than six hundred and seventy belong to the last category. The British retired to their camp at Molteno, followed most of the way by the Boers. Any British reverse in Cape Colony is doubly trying to the British cause, since it affords a stimulus to insurrection among the Cape Dutch. Notwithstanding this repulse, confidence is still felt in General Gatacre. He brings to his present work a fine record from the Chitral campaign in India, but he is especially known by reason of his recent forced march in North Africa, by which he arrived at the battle of Atbara in the nick of time to save the day. His humiliating defeat on Saturday was almost an exact counterpart of that of the first battle at Ladysmith, when another famous Indian fighter, General Sir George White, lost so heavily both in men and in personal reputation as a wary strategist.



**The Kimberley Relief
Column**

At Modder River Camp, near the junction of the Orange Free State with British Bechuanaland and Cape Colony, the British forces remained throughout last week, resting from their three gallantly

won victories at Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River. Reinforcements have arrived, and General Lord Methuen, the leader of the Kimberley relief column, now commands fifteen thousand men, or about the same number as in the opposing force. The arrival of eighteen howitzers capable of discharging at long range lyddite shells of fifty pounds puts the British in possession of artillery equal to the best Boer guns. It will be recalled that lyddite shells were first used with marked effect at the battle of Omdurman. When Sir Redvers Buller was Adjutant-General, he was personally responsible for their introduction into the service. The British have now finished a pontoon bridge across the Modder, replacing the railway bridge destroyed by the Boers. Lord Methuen is now in nightly flash-light communication with Kimberley, a place which has been besieged during the past nine weeks. He learns that there are enough provisions in the town to last thirty days, and forage enough for forty days. The Boer losses at the fiercely fought battle of Modder River are still unknown. Mr. Julian Ralph, an eye-witness, says that five hundred and thirty killed and wounded Boers had already been accounted for. During a British reconnoissance on Sunday night the new Boer position was unmasked. The Boers not only maintained it, but, according to a despatch from Pretoria, also took fifty British prisoners.



**The Ladysmith
Relief Column**

As during the week before, so last week there was a considerable embargo on news from Natal. It was learned, however, that the besieged British made a notably successful sortie, capturing Lombardskop, a neighboring hill, where they also put a Boer Creusot gun and a howitzer out of action. It is said that half of the Boer cannon have come from the great Creusot works in France, the other half being sent from Germany. The Ladysmith relief column has now advanced to Frere, a point near enough to Ladysmith to afford heliographic communication. This relief column, numbering twenty thousand men, is under the immediate charge of General Sir Cornelius Clery, who has been called the greatest tactician in the British service; certainly his work

on this subject is an authority. The arrival at Frere of General Buller, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, would indicate that preparations to relieve Ladysmith are now complete.

**Mr. Balfour on
the Boer War**

It was a matter of course that Mr. Bryce's recent speeches and articles on South Africa, adversely criticising the present British Government's course, should be answered by a member of that Government. The answer comes from one who justly holds as commanding a position among Conservatives as does Mr. Bryce among the Liberals—from Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury. Replying to the first accusation, namely, that the Government had been moved by speculators and by corrupt motives to destroy the independence of free and self-governing Republics, Mr. Balfour, speaking at Dewsbury, said that such critics had never made themselves acquainted with the colonial system of Great Britain. "What penny of direct profit is it England's habit to extract from her colonies? Has it ever occurred to the mind of an English statesman for over a hundred years that taxes should be imposed on colonies for the benefit of the mother country?" Omitting any comment upon the indirect and individual profit to England, Mr. Balfour declared that the British Government had nothing to gain from any conquests or territorial acquisitions except the security and the honor of the Empire. The same critics upon whom he had already animadverted declared that the influence of South African capitalists was the moving force in the Government's aggressive policy. Mr. Balfour declared that he did not understand this distinction between capitalists and workmen. "If anything we are doing is for the interest of South African capitalists, it is also for the benefit of the South African workmen." Those who say that this is a capitalists' war should remember that the mines are now shut up for an indefinite period, and will hereafter be taxed to help pay the cost of the campaign. The real reason for war, he said, was "the impossibility that England should tolerate the treatment of her own sons like inferior creatures in one of her own

dependencies. It was not consistent with our honor or dignity, still less was it consistent with the ultimate interests of men of our own blood and language in South Africa or of the white races taken as a whole." To the second charge against the Government, namely, that if negotiations had been carried on with greater dexterity by that Government in general, and by Mr. Chamberlain in particular, the calamities of war would have been avoided and all legitimate desires been peacefully obtained, Mr. Balfour replied :

It would have been in the power of the South African Republic to checkmate English diplomacy—if English diplomacy had for its object to provoke a war—by any measure which gave immediate and substantial representation to the Outlanders; and the Boers could at the same time have claimed that we should guarantee their independence. . . . When we offered to guarantee their independence, the offer was scornfully rejected.

Boer Reasons for War The reasons for the present situation are, according to Mr. Balfour: (1) The corruption of the Transvaal Government and the Transvaal leaders, who were bound to see that their interests were not touched in any particular. If they had given representation to the Outlanders, the first result would have been public criticism and exposure, "before which corruption flies terrified." (2) To the charge made against the British Government by Mr. Bryce and others, namely, that "the talk of a Dutch conspiracy in South Africa was unsupported by a shred of evidence," Mr. Balfour replied that there was such a conspiracy, it being "the only explanation which fits the facts," and insisted that the declaration of war by the Transvaal Government and the Orange Free State was no despairing struggle for liberty; it was a bold bid for empire. "It was not to preserve what they had, but to get what they had not, that they went to war. It was nothing less than to make themselves the center of a Dutch-speaking paramount power in South Africa, and to exclude forever the hated Britisher from any dominating influence in the future of that part of the world." To the fourth charge against the British Government, namely, that it had underrated Boer military capacity, and had entered upon war without being adequately prepared,

Mr. Balfour replied that it was Boer contempt for England's military capacity which constituted an additional cause of the present situation. The Gladstone Government of 1881 was to blame for this. Its motive was supposed to have been a generous desire to restore independence to the Boers. "The word 'generosity' has been reiterated and worn threadbare on half the platforms of the country. I do not deny that a generous motive . . . animated that Government, but . . . there was another motive, fear lest the Orange Free State should throw in its lot with the Transvaal," and that the British Government of the day would be face to face with a formidable military problem.

Now, as the Gladstone orators always forget half the motives which induced the Government to give way after Majuba, are the Boers to blame for forgetting the other half? If Mr. Gladstone and his apologists talked of nothing but generosity, were the Boers altogether wrong in talking about nothing but fear? for we know that the mixed motives which influenced and produced the policy were a combination both of generosity and of fear. The conclusion of the Boers was, on paper, not unreasonable. They said to themselves, "We have been able to compel the British Government to forget a disgraceful reverse, to give us most that we demanded by the threat that we would join with the Orange Free State and others, and raise the standard of revolt. If we could do that when we were poor, and, comparatively speaking, unarmed, what cannot the same combination of the Free State and the Transvaal do when they have been lavishing the money, brought to them by others' industry year after year, in buying the newest form of armaments, in heaping up stores, in piling up cartridges and rifles and machine guns and quick-firing guns and field guns and siege guns and fortification guns—what shall we not be able to wring out of the British Government after what we were able to do in our comparatively feeble condition?"

"We have learned our lesson," added Mr. Balfour, impressively. "Never again shall we allow to grow up within our midst communities of our own creation, in a position to use the liberties that we have granted to them so as to turn their country into a place of arms to be used against us. . . . The people of this country are unalterably determined that the paramount power in South Africa shall be the paramount power indeed, and that the Pax Britannica shall be supreme over all the regions in which the Queen now has territorial rights or paramount rights arising from her position."

The War in the Philippines

There seems to be no more solid basis for the rumors that Aguinaldo is trying to reach the insurgent army south of Manila than the fact that this would be a reasonable course for him to pursue. It is possible that he may make the attempt by water, or by trying to get to the east of our armies and slip through the line across the center of the island. The next campaign will no doubt be against the insurgents in the south of Luzon, who are still in force and well intrenched. General Young entered Vigan last week after a hard march and much desultory fighting; he found at Vigan Colonel Parker with a small body of men, mostly ill, who had held the town against a fierce Filipino attack involving house-to-house and street fighting; ultimately the enemy were driven out of Vigan with heavy loss, while eight of our men were killed. Considering the foot-sore and sick condition of Colonel Parker's men, this was one of the most gallant fights of the war. There are still in the north of Luzon considerable bands of insurgents; one such body was met and defeated by Major March on December 3, and its commander, General del Pilar, was killed; he was considered by many the ablest military leader of the Filipinos, although little more than a boy. Another insurgent leader, Alejandrino, is said to have surrendered, or to be upon the point of doing so. At least half a dozen separate columns of American troops are pushing in various directions through the mountains and in the northern country, breaking up the Filipino forces wherever found. One, under Major Batchelor, is making a daring expedition through hostile country, intending to reach Aparri, the most important northern seaport, lying at the mouth of the Cuyagan River. The mutiny of native police in the island of Negros last week is reported by General Otis as of minor importance, but it has at least caused the death of one notably fine and patriotic young officer, Lieutenant Ledyard, of the Sixth Infantry, who enlisted for the war in Cuba while still a Yale student. The outbreak in South Negros is said to be under control. Hundreds of Spanish prisoners taken by the insurgents are now in Manila, and others are on their way from Vigan and other northern towns. General Otis as-

serts that the people of the western Luzon coast are generally friendly.



Cuban Affairs

The promotion of General Leonard Wood to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers is a formal and official recognition of his splendid service in rehabilitating the province of Santiago. Long ago *The Outlook* voiced the universal American sentiment in saying that no man living could possibly be so well fitted by experience and training to be Governor-General of Cuba. It is now generally believed (so, at least, Washington despatches assert) that the appointment will soon be made, that the military force now in Cuba will be greatly reduced in numbers, and that, while the form of government will still remain military—for some reason the Cubans themselves evince dislike to having a Civil Governor appointed under that name, and the proposal to make such an appointment has been withdrawn for the present—yet the element of force will be more and more kept in the background, and local self-government encouraged in every way. An important indication of Cuban sentiment is found in the recent report of a joint committee appointed by the Cuban National party and the Cuban National Club. This report is cordially friendly to the United States, declaring that the friendly relations between Cuba and the United States must at all times exist, and that it must not be forgotten that Cuba is dependent upon the American Union. At the same time, the report is firm in its assumption as a certainty of the establishment “in time and in the near future of a democratic form of government—a republic, the only known form of government by the people.” The committee sums up the situation as understood by it in these words:

Our greatest efforts should be directed toward avoiding the protracted occupation and government of the island by the United States, whereby its independence will be delayed, for that independence is for us, in our present situation, not only necessary, but urgent. This occupation will not only impede our entering into the full enjoyment of our political rights, but likewise will obstruct and impede all attempts at reform in the government and in the administration necessary to their more efficient and successful workings and for the reconstruction of the national wealth. For this reconstruction can only be accomplished

through a broad and comprehensive policy embracing our whole life—political, administrative, commercial, agricultural, fiscal, industrial, etc. Such a policy cannot be undertaken by any other than a Cuban government, possessed of unquestioned legal as well as moral authority. If the presence of the American troops is necessary for the protection of the lives and property of foreigners while the future Cuban government is being organized, well and good, let it remain; but let it remain only to offer that protection, and let that be its only function.



Education in the New Possessions

The question of education in the islands for which this Government finds itself responsible is most important. Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, in his official statement to the Secretary of the Interior, advises that the appropriation made for educational purposes in these islands be as liberal as those made to the most progressive States. He further advises that the old schools with the old teachers be re-established as rapidly as possible; that new and advanced methods be introduced slowly and gently; that the teachers sent to introduce English have that as their native language, but speak Spanish fluently; that English be not imposed for the working language of the schools, but as a most necessary foreign language. Dr. Harris's position is justified by history. The struggle between Norman and Saxon in England, the attempt of the conquering country to impose its own language on Poland, Germany's effort for thirty years in Alsace-Lorraine, all testify to the useless waste of attempting to impose a language on a people while it remains a foreign tongue. Two cities in this country testify to the wisdom of looking to the future in devising a system of education to meet peculiar conditions. Cincinnati has a large German population. The school authorities decided to make German the language of the schools in the German districts for half of each day. In St. Louis, where Dr. Harris was the Superintendent, German was made for one hour of the day an elective study in all the schools. The result is that Cincinnati has large centers where the people remain German in thought and interest. In St. Louis the Germans have settled through the whole city. They are not German-Americans, but Americanized Germans,

The Lynching Horror

Another of those moral catastrophes which bring disgrace upon the South and discredit upon the whole country occurred at Maysville, Kentucky, on Tuesday of last week, when a mob took from the jail a negro who had outraged and murdered the wife of his employer, carried him to a hollow near the railway, bound him to a young sapling, piled brushwood and timber around him, and burned him alive. The details of the affair are too horrible to be recited. It is useless to go over again the ground which has been traversed by the more thoughtful newspapers of the North and South whenever these monstrous travesties on justice have taken place. Nothing in recent history has exceeded in brutal horror and savage vengeance this latest crime against society. It has been pointed out again and again that lynchings do nothing except to barbarize the community in which they take place. They familiarize people with the methods of savages, but they do not deter criminals. The evil is apparently spreading, and at the end of the nineteenth century the foremost Republic in the world is the scene of executions which are fast becoming extinct in Central Africa. "Many good people in the South and also in the North have gotten the idea that lynching is resorted to for one crime only," writes Mr. Booker T. Washington. He then proceeds to show that during the past year 118 persons were lynched in the South, and 9 in the North and West, of whom 102 were negroes, 23 were whites, and 2 were Indians. Of this number only 24 were charged with assaults upon women. During 1892 241 persons were lynched in the United States, of whom only 57 were charged with assaults on women. Within a period of six years, according to the same authority, 900 persons have been lynched in the Southern States.

**Fines and Imprisonment
for Debt**

The recent report of the Committee appointed by Mayor Quincy, of Boston, to consider the penal aspects of drunkenness should receive attention all over the country. The Committee finds that there were over twenty-

six thousand arrests for drunkenness in Boston last year, and over eight thousand imprisonments. It is to the number of imprisonments that the Committee directs its attention, for the startling number of arrests—one to every four families—is partly due to the number of persons arrested more than once, and partly to the exceptional stringency of the Massachusetts laws against drunkenness. But the imprisonments which impose so heavy a burden upon the taxpayers, and are so ruinous to those imprisoned, seem to the Committee to be largely the product of a vicious system with nothing but tradition to support it. Of the eight thousand sentences of imprisonment, a little more than one-half were imposed because the offenders were unable to pay their fines, and were therefore "imprisoned for debt." The iniquity of this system, says the Committee, has not even the excuse of financial profit. The total income from fines is less than \$25,000 a year. The cost of maintaining those imprisoned is more than \$125,000. The fines are virtually no penalty to well-to-do offenders, while to the poor, who cannot pay them, the imprisonment means loss of liberty, loss of work, and often loss of character. Of those imprisoned more than forty per cent. are first offenders. As an immediate remedy for the evils resulting from this unjust and corrupting system, the Committee recommends the extension of the Massachusetts plan of putting those arrested upon "probation." This plan is already followed by many judges, and with such success that European students have come to Massachusetts to learn the methods employed. Under this plan the person arrested is allowed to return to his family and his work, but for several weeks is from time to time visited by a probation officer armed with power to imprison in case of bad behavior. With few exceptions, those who have imprisonment hanging over them in this way conduct themselves with propriety, their families have their support, and their positions and characters are preserved. Even if the State of Massachusetts is unwilling to abandon the aristocratic fining system, the probation system offers the best method of collecting fines from the poor now imprisoned for debt, and the increase in the number of probation officers asked

for by the Committee is strongly to be urged.

Two Socialist Mayors in Massachusetts

⊙ Apart from the overwhelming majorities in favor of the eight-hour day for city employees, the only important outcome of the municipal elections in Massachusetts last week was the gain made by the Socialists. Last year, it will be recalled, they elected their candidate for Mayor in Haverhill. This year they re-elected him, and were also victorious in Brockton. Until a very few years ago, the Socialist vote in this country was almost exclusively German, yet the two cities just carried by the Socialists in Massachusetts were the most distinctively American in the State. Each of these at the last census had in round numbers a native population of 21,000, as against an immigrant population of only 6,000. In Haverhill this year the Republicans, Democrats, and Prohibitionists combined against the Socialist Mayor, but Mr. Chase received a majority of 215 over the fusion ticket. He seems, however, to have been helped by a conflict with the local gas company, in which a majority of the State Gas Commission refused to bring into court the sworn returns of the company as to the cost of making gas. The attitude of the company and its defenders on the Commission naturally proved a campaign argument for the Socialists. In Brockton the Socialist candidate was helped by dissatisfaction with the Republican and Democratic candidates, but his plurality was significant. The vote stood: Kendrick, Republican, 1,869; Gargeld, Democrat, 1,849; Coulter, Socialist, 3,394. Naturally, the State was considerably stirred over these results, and the Springfield "Republican" quotes one of the Republican leaders as saying: "The only thing for us to do now will be for us to adopt some of the best of the Socialist ideas, just as we have been ready to 'lift' Democratic ideas that the voters were ready to accept." It is perhaps needless to add that this is practically the attitude of both of the great parties in England, and conforms with Justin McCarthy's statesmanlike axiom that the adoption of what is reasonable in the demands of reformers is the surest way to prevent the adoption of what is unreasonable.

Party Patronage in New York

Mr. P. Tecumseh Sherman, whose position as a reform Alderman in the Board of New York City seems nearly as isolated as did that of his father before Atlanta, has issued an impressive statement of the increase in municipal expenses since the consolidation of the five metropolitan boroughs. From an aggregate of \$68,000,000 in 1897, an aggregate of \$90,000,000 has been reached for the coming year, and this does not include the subway and other permanent improvements, for which about \$50,000,000 of bonds are to be issued. In other words, during the year 1900 the municipal government is to control the expenditure of about \$140,000,000, or nearly double the expenditures of all the State governments in the country in the census year 1890. The recent increases in the regular expenses, we are glad to observe, have been largely in the departments of education, police, fire, and street-cleaning, but even in the last of these departments the increased payments are made almost exclusively through partisan channels, and often for partisan work. Quite apart from the work to be done on the subways, the regular pay-roll in 1900 will amount to \$44,000,000, and were it not for the civil service laws and the public jealousy of patronage in the school system the whole sum could be given or withheld so as to control votes. A very large part of it can still be so used, and there is crying need of carrying forward the principles of Civil Service Reform, both to lessen the corrupting power of political machines and to give political liberty to the public officials under them.

A Theological University

⊙ Union Theological Seminary, New York City, is about taking a step recommended to it some time since by The Outlook. It will now extend its work along university lines, and will provide greater advantages both for theological students and for lay workers than have ever been offered by any similar institution. We congratulate the Seminary, the city, and the country on the announcement that, as soon as possible, additional professorships will be established and eminent scholars secured as lecturers, that fuller

courses of study will be provided, and that the entire scope of the Seminary, including its material equipment, will be enlarged. To insure the realization of these plans one million dollars is required. President Hall declares that the first duty of the Seminary is to provide the Church with wise, consecrated, practical, yet scholarly ministers, and that this duty cannot be accomplished unless a judicious blending of academic culture with practical efficiency characterizes the Seminary as a training-school for young men. The increased teaching force and courses of study will not only give larger advantages to undergraduates, but will also offer ample opportunities to graduates. Concerning the enlargement of library facilities regard will be paid, not only to the needs of professional students and to the allied institutions, Columbia and New York Universities, but also to the general public, inasmuch as a complete theological library is an integral part of a great metropolitan library system. Concerning Christian social work Dr. Hall tells us that it is expected to enter into closer relations with Union Settlement, an institution established five years ago by Union Seminary alumni and friends for work among the poor on the upper East Side of New York City. The Union would be to the seminary schools what the clinic is to students of medicine. Not the least advantage of such an additional endowment would be that it could be made independent of creed subscription, as it certainly must be if the Seminary is to have the character of a University.



**Professor Gilbert's
Unorthodoxy**

So much has been said of late regarding the alleged unorthodoxy of Professor George H. Gilbert, head of the New Testament Department of the Chicago Seminary, that a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Seminary was held last week to take action in the matter. Professor Gilbert made a statement concerning disputed points and answered questions. Afterwards members of the Seminary Faculty spoke, all dissenting with more or less emphasis from Professor Gilbert's views regarding pre-existence and the metaphysical relationship of Jesus with God, but most of them taking strong

ground with regard to liberty of investigation. The Board voted unanimously to give time to Professor Gilbert to present the teaching of the Epistles. The resolution of the Board was as follows:

That, as a Board, we reaffirm on behalf of the Seminary its declaration of faith, and especially its statements concerning the deity of Christ and the sacrificial atonement. And, further, that it is, in our judgment, on the whole, wise for the interests of the Seminary and due to Professor Gilbert that he be given a reasonable time further to develop his teachings, in the hope that they may be brought into fuller and substantial accord with the faith of the Seminary.



**Dr. McConnell
on Episcopal Missions** The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, rector of Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has published a vigorous article in the New York "Churchman" on Episcopal missions management. He criticises the system by which four hundred thousand dollars raised for home missions is distributed. The collections for home missions are disbursed to dioceses and missionary jurisdictions in bulk. Thereafter the Board has no control over it. In no episcopal report, he says, can it be seen whether the appropriation is well or ill expended. Dr. McConnell does not contend that the general Church ought to have power to override the local Bishop, but he does insist on a wider knowledge of actual facts:

Of course it goes without saying that it is honestly expended. . . . But what the average rector wants is some assurance better than any which he has now that the money which his people are ready to give will be expended to some good purpose, so far as results are concerned. At present he has grave doubt on this point. He has a suspicion that in certain large areas of the Church's territory the Church is being presented to the people in an offensive, dictatorial, supercilious style by a lot of feeble ecclesiastics whose work is not worth paying for. He has a suspicion that in certain other quarters of the country the standard of uprightness, honesty, and truthfulness among some whom his money goes to support leaves much to be desired. He has a suspicion that in multitudes of places missions have been started without any rational ground of growth or permanency, and are being maintained because the authorities have not the courage to abandon them and put the money where it would show some result.

To this Bishop Doane, Vice-President of the Board of Missions, makes reply in the

"Churchman," welcoming Dr. McConnell's outspoken energy, but affirming that the Board of Managers knows more than Dr. McConnell thinks it does. Bishop Doane admits, however, that it ought to know more. It has the right and responsibility of minute, detailed knowledge. There ought to be responsible inspection of missionary jurisdictions:

No one, I believe, would welcome such evidence of earnest concern as much as would the missionary Bishops themselves. If, in the difficulty of getting men to work, they are burdened with unworthiness or incompetency, if any of the other suspicions suggested in this letter are rife, the Bishops ought to be helped to rid themselves of what is not helpful; and the suspicions ought to be removed, as I believe they would be, by evidence of their untruth; not only to satisfy those who entertain them, but in order that the character of this body of overworked and underpaid men may be cleansed, by weeding out the unworthy; and cleared of the aspersions which this catalogue of crimes suggests.



Arctic Missions

Three thousand people, as estimated, wintering at Cape Nome, Alaska, close to the Arctic Circle, have been bitterly disappointed in their anticipations of something better than the gold they are getting. The material and equipment for a church, with hospital and reading-room annexed, which was to have been erected by Thanksgiving week, were lost in landing through the surf at the close of the season for navigation. Not until next June can the loss be made good. Last August Cape Nome was visited by a representative of the Alaska Mission, sustained by the Congregational Home Missionary and Sunday-School Societies, who found the miners so anxious for the establishment of Christian institutions that in four days they contributed \$5,000, and set apart six town lots of 50 × 140 feet each, for the buildings they hoped to have erected and manned for work before the long Arctic winter, for lack of which the place will now suffer severely. An extremely interesting account of the region and of this visit of the pioneer missionary has been published by the Congregational Sunday-School Society. It appears that the Cape Nome district, on the coast of Behring Sea, latitude 64½, west longitude 165, is fabulously rich in gold. The very sands of the sea-beach contain gold for a distance

of seventy-five miles, and 1,500 men were found at work on it, besides a larger number on rich placers a few miles inland. The trade center of the district is named Anvil City, from the suggestive shape of a huge rock on a hill behind the town. At St. Michael, a short distance southward, where the three principal companies engaged in Alaskan trade have their headquarters, the same missionary found a summer population of 2,000, with from 10,000 to 25,000 transients a year going or coming, and millions of dollars invested in hotels, stores, and homes, but no Protestant worship of any kind, only a Greco-Russian church with a monthly service. Here also he found eagerness for what he desired to supply, and in a short time a chapel with a parsonage annex was erected by voluntary contributions of money, material, and labor. The chapel will serve during the week-days as a library and social room for the hundreds wintering there. The parsonage annex will be utilized in care for the unfortunates who get stranded and are suffering. In that part of our country, amid conditions resembling those of St. Bernard's famous Alpine monastery, modern Christianity is emulating the example of mediæval piety. The enterprise of the brave missionary who shuts himself up behind the ice-pack from October till June in the service of humanity should be liberally supported and followed up. There are other settlements in that wintry wilderness that are as needy as those above described.



The Library in the Roman Catholic Parish

It will be of special interest to Protestant readers, not fully informed concerning methods of work in Roman Catholic parishes, to learn that one of the most vital forces in those parishes is the free circulating library. Poor is the church that has not from one to five hundred books in circulation. There were few free libraries for children in New York City thirty years ago, when Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Order, opened one in his parish. A lover of good literature, he had intense sympathy with children in need of books and without the means to buy them. He located the library in the vestibule of his church, and liberally supplied the neces-

sary funds. To-day the Paulist Sunday-school has five thousand volumes. No expense is spared to get the best books. The object kept in view is to provide for the intellectual needs not only of the little children attending school, but also to encourage the love for good reading among the young folks. The system inaugurated by Father Hecker is still in practice. Library cards, finished on one side with white silicate, are arranged, containing fifteen books, of which ten are selected from writers of fiction and five from biography, history, or entertaining books of adventure and travel. At least one book devoted to the life of a saint, or some explanation of religious truth, is assigned to each set. These cards, with the titles of fifteen books, are distributed, and scholars make a choice. By the aid of a number for each book the librarian easily keeps account. For the return of books every two weeks the class is held accountable as well as the individual. This method gives to the teacher an opportunity to elicit conversation about favorite authors, and to make the library a potent influence in the mental growth and character-building of the scholars. Each class becomes in reality a miniature reading circle, with the teachers in charge, assisted by the librarians. From the graduates of St. Paul's Sunday-school trained in this way during their early days, the first Catholic Reading Circle for women originated in 1886, which gave rise, three years later, to the Columbian Reading Union. The Union has reading circles in almost every State and Territory. It has an official organ, the "Catholic Reading Circle Review," published at Youngstown, O., by Mr. Warren E. Mosher. Its aim is to make known the best Catholic literature, not only to the Catholic but the non-Catholic public. The New York Cathedral Library is the outgrowth of volumes gathered from various church society libraries. Under the scholarly supervision of the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, it has grown to more than 36,000 volumes. The library is absolutely free; it is open daily from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., and two hours Sunday mornings; it is not confined to Catholic authors. Aside from its five branches in the parishes, the Cathedral Library has a number of traveling libraries in the public and parochial schools.

Our Constitution and Our Colonies

To what extent are the people of the United States bound by the provisions of their own Constitution in dealing with what are infelicitously termed our new possessions, but should be termed our new responsibilities? This is a fundamental question, which must be carefully considered and wisely determined, since on its determination all the subsequent action of Congress will necessarily depend. We have already referred to the opinion of the Secretary of War upon this question, an opinion which will carry deserved weight because it comes from a lawyer of recognized authority. He says:

I assume that . . . as between the people of the ceded islands and the United States the former are subject to the complete sovereignty of the latter, controlled by no legal limitations except those which may be found in the treaty of cession; that the people of the islands have no right to have them treated as States, or to have them treated as the Territories previously held by the United States have been treated, or to assert a legal right under the provisions of the Constitution which was established for the people of the United States themselves and to meet the conditions existing upon this continent, or to assert against the United States any legal right whatever not found in the treaty.

The reader should observe the qualifications in this very carefully drawn definition. In it the Secretary speaks of *legal* rights; in the very next paragraph he affirms that the people of these islands have a *moral* right to have secured to them "just and equal laws, and opportunity for education, for profitable industry, and for development in civilization." But that right rests, not on special provisions in a written constitution, but on those broad principles of righteousness which are equally and always binding alike on individuals and on communities in their dealing with one another. We wish in this article to do little more than to restate in a simple form, and for the benefit of the non-legal reader, the principle so admirably stated in careful legal form by the Secretary of War.

In 1787-1789 the people then occupying the thirteen independent colonies framed a partnership, and agreed to certain articles of partnership, by which they defined their mutual rights and obligations. These

articles of partnership in a preamble stated in the following terms the object for which they were drawn :

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

The rights and duties of the several States and Territories which constitute this partnership are determined by these articles, for all these States and Territories are parties to the agreement. The Federal Government, therefore, has no greater authority as against any individual State or Territory in the Union of States than by this instrument is conferred upon it. The partners may always appeal to this instrument to determine their rights if they think those rights invaded, or to determine their obligations if they think more is demanded of them by their copartners than the instrument demands. But communities which are not parties to the agreement have no rights under that agreement. In case of any disagreement between another nation and the United States, the other nation cannot appeal to this instrument, because it is not a party to the instrument. In the time of Jefferson there was a question whether, under this Constitution, the partnership had any right to acquire new territory. Any one of the partners might have raised that question and appealed to this Constitution to settle it; but Spain could not appeal to this Constitution and demand that we annul our purchase of Louisiana from France; nor could the inhabitants of Louisiana appeal to the Constitution and insist that the partnership had not been given by these articles any right to acquire territory.

If A, B, and C form a partnership for the purchase and sale of dry goods, either partner would have a right to claim that the partnership had no authority to add a department of groceries, and might appeal to the articles of partnership in support of its claims; but a customer who had bought groceries would not have a right, if sued for his purchase, to plead in defense that the partnership articles did not provide for the sale of groceries. The articles of partnership which made of the several States of the Union a Nation, deter-

mine the rights of the Nation as against any one of the States; but they do not determine the rights of the Nation as against other communities, because such communities are not parties to the agreement. They are neither bound by it nor can they claim rights under it. The mere fact that we have extended our sovereignty over them does not make them partners, and therefore does not give them any rights under the articles of partnership. The people of such a community have a right not to be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; if accused of crime, to have a speedy and public trial; to be exempt from excessive bail, excessive fines, and excessive and cruel punishments; but these rights do not depend upon the fact that they are explicitly defined in amendments to the Constitution. They are rather inherent and absolute rights, and they were the rights of humanity before the amendments which define them were adopted. In short, the rights of the people of Porto Rico and of the Philippines are the common rights of humanity under the moral law, not the special rights of partners under the articles of copartnership; and this for the simple reason that they are not partners.

And we are under no obligation to admit them to the partnership. Hitherto, when we have acquired the responsibilities of sovereignty over a community, we have admitted the community to the partnership, usually after an apprenticeship in which it was presumptively being educated in self-government. But this does not give a right to future communities which come under our sovereignty to be thus admitted to the partnership. We are under obligation to govern them justly; we should be under this obligation if there were no Constitution; and by the preamble to the Constitution we expressly recognize this obligation, since one of the objects of the Union is to "establish justice." If we were to establish injustice, we should be violating our own organic law as well as the moral law. But we do not violate either by declining to invite Cubans, Porto Ricans, or Filipinos to help govern us.

Our Constitution makes of the United States a Nation. It has all the responsibilities and prerogatives of a Nation. This necessarily includes the exercise of sovereignty over any other community for

whose just government and general welfare the course of public events makes it responsible. In the exercise of this sovereignty and the discharge of this responsibility it must, as Secretary Root truly says, act "in accordance with the underlying principles of justice and freedom which we have declared in our Constitution, and which are the essential safeguards of every individual against the powers of government;" not because they are in the Constitution, but because they are inherently just and right. The Nation must deal justly with all men and all communities. But the Nation is under no obligation, either Constitutional or moral, to make any other community an organic part of itself. It has no right to require any other community to become a partner and subject to the limitations imposed on the partners by the articles of partnership; and no other community has a right to demand admission to the partnership and to a share in the powers and prerogatives conferred by those articles of partnership. Whether Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, or the Philippines shall be admitted to the partnership depends upon the mutual consent of both parties; and until and unless such mutual consent is given, none of these communities is subject to the obligations or entitled to the peculiar privileges conferred by the Constitution.

The Sound of a Voice

"We are in this world as one lost in a thicket," writes Mrs. Knowles in her little volume on "Spirit and Life." "Those seeking us call and call again, but the rustle of our own footsteps prevents our hearing the voice of the rescuers. But we stop for a moment and stand silent; the distant voice reaches our ear; we listen; it comes again, nearer and nearer; we are sure now it is the voice of a friend. We answer, the quick response comes; we wait; they call; we answer; and soon the seeker and the sought come together in happy recognition." This experience, which has befallen all who have rambled together in the woods, admirably illustrates the ease with which we become confused and for the moment lost even when we are within sound of the voice of those who love us best, and within reach of

those who can most efficiently help us. Thousands of men and women make the greatest blunders of their lives, and sometimes go on to commit great sins, because they do not stop long enough to hear the voices which are calling to them. Many a man would have been saved from the crushing calamity of his life if, in his confusion of mind, he had taken counsel with a friend; for there are many times when, being temporarily lost, we can get our bearings only by hearing the voices we know coming from the distance. There are experiences so deep and tragical that, like great deserts, their boundaries stretch too far for human voices to penetrate their inner recesses; but there is no experience so bitter that the voice of God cannot be heard in it if we will stop and listen. When we begin to feel moral uncertainty, it is time to stand still and listen; if we go on in confusion of mind, we stray further from light and home; if we stop and take our bearings, we may save ourselves. Sin always involves mental as well as moral confusion, and we fall into sin only when we have lost the way.



Germans and Americans

Professor Münsterberg's study of "The Germans and the Americans" in a recent issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" belongs to a class of contributions to contemporary knowledge of the very highest importance; it gains new significance in light of recent speeches by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Choate. It is doubtful whether any kind of knowledge is of greater value to the world of to-day than that which makes the different races acquainted with one another; for the lack of this acquaintance makes possible those misconceptions, prejudices, and passions which are perhaps the most disturbing and dangerous elements in modern life. At any point of friction between two nations, sensational journalism instantly fastens upon those aspects which are most irritating, throws them into exaggerated relief, and touches with a sure hand that chord of racial feeling which is so sensitive and which vibrates so readily. There was a time when a good many Americans supposed that the older society abroad was falling into decay; they spoke of England and

Germany as "effete." They have learned better, for they now understand by the evidence of their own eyes that no countries are more alert and more aggressively enterprising, more passionately alive, to-day than England and Germany. A little knowledge has entirely changed the point of view. This kind of knowledge is needed at every point, and Professor Münsterberg throws light on the causes which have of late produced some friction between Germans and Americans, and are likely at any time to cause more. The countries need to study one another, for they are full of misleading preconceptions of one another's aims and spirit. The German thinks the American vulgar, brutal, given over to greed, sunken beyond recall in a mire of materialism; and does not know that the American is in his way more rashly idealistic and more intensely emotional and quicker to throw all practical advantages to the wind, when his convictions are put to the test or his emotions awakened, than any European people. The American thinks the German servile and reactionary, and forgets that Germany has been for centuries the home of intellectual and religious liberty, and that out of Germany have come many of the most potent liberalizing influences of modern life.

As Professor Münsterberg points out, nations get very definite impressions of one another by caricatures, and are apt to mistake humorous exaggeration for accurate delineation. Nobody in this country now takes the Englishman of the stage or of the comic papers for the real Englishman, and nobody in England who has been educated out of his provincialism takes "Uncle Sam" as he is seen on the English stage or in the English newspapers as a representative American; both countries have gone beyond that point in their mutual knowledge. In regard to the Germans, however, a majority of Americans probably take the German of the vaudeville as typical of his race, and the German takes the cheap and vulgar American of the German comic papers as a representative citizen of the New World. To the German, America means a place where stoves are manufactured, duels fought, and humbug of every kind flourishes in a mad race to get rich. In this society the representative man drinks

whisky, chews tobacco, puts his feet on the table, is nervous, dyspeptic, uncultivated, and bent on making money at every cost of principle or taste. He has no conception of personal or civic honor. He buys legislation and courts; he lynches innocent negroes by way of amusement; he reads newspapers filled with scandals, attends churches swarming with hypocrites, and knows no more of art or education or of honest and capable government than he knows of the habits of cultivated society. To many Americans, on the other hand, the German is a gross creature who never bathes, takes beer with his breakfast, always smokes a long pipe, wears spectacles, prostrates himself before the higher classes and deals insolently with the lower, spends his time filling out reports for the police and getting a "von" before his name.

Every German who comes to this country and travels about finds himself surrounded by courteous and intelligent people who show him every hospitality, and whose homes and habits of life give every evidence of knowledge of the best in the world. Every intelligent American who goes to Germany finds himself in a country exceptionally well governed, among people who love music and art, who are kindly, cordial, and open to every sort of honorable sentiment. Both observers will see things to criticise, because no people is perfect; both will meet with notable exceptions in the way of ignorance, grossness, and discourtesy. The best people everywhere are, however, very much alike; and in America as in Germany, France, and Italy, a gentleman has very much the same ideals of life and very much the same kind of manner. The trouble is that comparatively few people travel, and many who travel have no power of observation. The writer happened to overhear last summer in a hotel in Dresden a compatriot who was furiously denouncing the porter because the latter had urged him to attend a concert given that evening at the Belvidere by one of the most brilliant orchestras in Germany. The American had come back in high dudgeon. He explained to the porter that in America a lot of fiddling was not considered a concert; that a concert means a brass band! The porter seemed unable to get the point of view of

his critic. There are many such observers, both American and German, and they do not aid the work of international interpretation. What is needed is sincere, dispassionate study and criticism; absence of heat and presence of light.

Under the conditions of modern life, which are rapidly becoming more pronounced and inclusive, men of different races must learn to live together harmoniously; and they can master that difficult art only through mutual knowledge. Professor Münsterberg's article is an example of contribution to this knowledge. It ought to be in the hands of every American and every German. Its treatment of the attempt recently made to organize the Germans of the West in antagonism to the Anglo-American alliance illustrates the need of clear thinking. That alliance, as Professor Münsterberg shows, and as most people have discovered, contains in itself a possibility of general harmony and co-operation among all the nations of German blood. If the German-Americans were to array themselves against it, it might become an element of danger to Germany. When international misunderstandings arise, instead of getting angry, let us first ask for light. Such light Professor Münsterberg sheds on American character for the benefit of his own countrymen. He is keen enough to discover, what so many foreign observers and Americans as well have failed to discover, that the typical American is an idealist, through and through, who is eager for money, not for money's sake, but for the excitement and pleasure of the chase, and because fortune represents a distinction which may be secured in many other ways in older countries. Professor Münsterberg is also keen enough to see that, next to the waste of public funds, nothing is so much wasted in this country as time, although Americans are under the delusion that no people save so much time as themselves. On the other hand, this keen-eyed German professor does not hesitate to declare that not only is inner freedom more highly valued by the Germans than by other people, but in respect to outer forms of life Germany is freer than the United States. What he has to say on this question ought to be carefully studied. Such an American is likely to agree in the end with Professor Münsterberg that the

impression that the Germans have no sense of freedom is as erroneous as the correlative impression that the Americans have no idealism. Both impressions are founded on ignorance.



"Why I am Not a Universalist"

We have received a number of letters and papers commenting upon the address by Dr. Abbott on "Why I am Not a Universalist," published in *The Outlook* for November 11. As an excellent representation of exceptions which have been taken to Dr. Abbott's position by defenders of Universalism, we select a letter by Professor W. G. Tousey, of Tufts College, which appeared in the "Universalist Leader" for December 2. In the first place, Professor Tousey takes exception to the philosophical position that in theology a man must either believe in absolute free will or in predestination, must be either a "necessitarian" or a "libertarian." "We may adopt," says Professor Tousey, "the conception of a determinism in the world consistent with real freedom: a determinism as respects the final destiny of men and the ultimate ends of creation; and a freedom which, though restricted and suitably safeguarded against irretrievable disaster, is nevertheless genuine. . . . Every Universalist rejects Calvinistic necessitarianism, but I fail to see that this rejection requires him to hold the will to be lawless, and human destiny to be indeterminable. . . . Without interfering with the free play of any hand, without predestinating a single move, it is possible for God to so condition the game that it will infallibly be his. . . . By virtue of his free agency a man may, it is true, plunge from the moral orbit, and speed away into darkness and unexplored distance; but, in the 'last analysis,' we shall find that he is so constituted that he cannot be indifferent to his experience—he cannot be unmindful of the receding light, the growing chill, the swiftly gathering perils and portents; and, above all, he cannot escape a gravitation which, searching his elemental life, lays a relentless grip upon his conscience and his reason. It is by warrant of such

disclosures of the 'last analysis' that we venture to predict the free reflexion of the wild career, and infallible return to sanity and moral equilibrium." We think this fairly expresses the chief points of Professor Tousey's letter. In reply we can only say that a free will which is not free to the very last seems to us to be not free at all; and it appears to us more reasonable and more reverent to suppose that an omnipotent Being who can provide that a man who has plunged from his moral orbit may be drawn back again by a moral gravitation, should have provided in the first place that no plunge should have been made. Any interference with the freedom of choice, either at the beginning or the end of the plunge, would be destructive of virtue, which consists in freely choosing not to make it, or, having made it, not to continue in it.



The Need in Cuba

The following extract from the recent report of the Secretary of War gives official corroboration to the statements made from time to time in *The Outlook* concerning the inability of the farm-folk of Cuba to return to the cultivation of their lands:

... Many of the Cuban people who are ready and anxious to resume the cultivation of their farms with their own hands are still unable to do so, because they have not the means to purchase the necessary animals and agricultural implements for that purpose.

Regarding the progress of the relief work in Cuba, Mr. Howard writes:

We have just harvested the first of our crops on Outlook Farm. The first crop to be harvested and sold was peanuts. We have received for the peanuts about all that they cost us in the way of seed and labor, and the money is now being used over again in the same way; this time, however, in the cultivation of potatoes. This demonstrates the practical utility of our Industrial Relief plan. Not only has the money represented by the peanut crop done its work in the way of enabling the destitute men and women of Ceiba Mocha to earn enough to keep them from starvation, but it has now come back to us practically undiminished, and is now on its second term of service. Is that not much better than merely giving the money away in the shape of food and clothing? Have we not, in this demonstration, made a long stride toward the reform of relief operations? Is there any further need of giving alms, now that we have demonstrated that the giving of work is a successful substitute? We have

shown that the money can be made to do its work, and come back and do it over and over again.

We are now ready to undertake Outlook Farm No. 2. I think that we have demonstrated the success of Outlook Farm No. 1, although we have not tried to make it a profit-earning enterprise. We have, as a matter of fact, given a great deal more work on Outlook Farm than was necessary, just to keep the poor wretches from starving to death.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook)

Previously acknowledged	\$6,651 13
First Congregational Church Sunday-School,	
Washington Depot, Conn.	11 00
F. D. B., No. Attleboro, Mass.	20 00
Charles H. Banes, 2d, Philadelphia, Pa.	5 25
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An Outlook Reader	2 00
Total	\$6,913 51



The Spectator

The Spectator has been thinking a great deal lately about old people, and, after some observations, has reached the conclusion that there is as great a need of "Vater" and "Mutter Gartens" as there ever could have been for "Kindergartens." Every one of any foresight whatever has always proclaimed it a mad proceeding to live as live the grasshoppers, "up to the handle," with no provision made for old age, in a day when weakness will forbid the earning of the needful yearly income. But there is little or no such criticism of those equally improvident grasshoppers who, playing actively along through life to the years when they can play with activity no longer, suddenly find themselves miserable and without any occupation in their feeble old age. Yes, the Spectator seriously thinks that there is great need for the founding of missionary Mutter and Vater-gartens, where those who are still young enough to be taught may learn before the need arrives how to grow old happily, and therefore gracefully; for, in the Spectator's

opinion, to be happy generally means to be graceful, and *vice versa*. There is always plenty of occupation, of course, for carefully trained minds; for to possess a mind developed and trained constantly to receive new impressions and turn these to due account is to own an assurance of a measure of happiness, when the very least is said. But there are thousands of grandparents who, in the Spectator's experience, have no mental life that is worth calling a life, nothing at least that can nourish and sustain them to a happy old age. What, then, is to become of these in the evening of life?



There is a general impression that there is a compensating lack of desire to be active that comes to the old when the power of activity is taken away, but this the Spectator discredits. He has heard too often the envious sigh with which the old have turned away from the sight of the young a-pleasuring, and has seen too often the look of sadness that has accompanied this renunciation. No; the old need resources and diversions as surely as the young need them; and, mark the Spectator's words, just as fortunes have been made by those who wrote the first books for children, worth calling books, supplanting the thin diet that the poor little souls had been fed on for generations, so will fortunes be made for those who shall (as some one will) invent resources and amusements for the old. There was a time when nobody thought that children needed distinctive games and books. If anybody thinks now that distinctive games and resources are not needed for old people, then this simply means that the gold-mine is yet to be worked, and the fortune that might be reaped to-day will be reaped to-morrow by another and a wiser generation. It is a certainty in the Spectator's mind that, as the children of to-day look back and pity the children of yesterday who had no toys and books, so the grandparents of some to-morrow will look back pityingly on the poverty-stricken grandparents of to-day and be glad they did not live in this resourceless age. If the Spectator is to be questioned here as to what possible resources may be invented or discovered as distinctively suited to the old, he can only reply that he would to

heaven he knew the answer to the question; for did he know, he would not be the poor quill-driver that he now is, but the reaper of those rewards which he so plainly sees ahead for the fertile brains that shall invent resources for the old.



For himself the Spectator takes great comfort in the knowledge that when he grows old there is one slender resource that shall be his—namely, knitting. Once, when he was a lad, a long and painful illness brought him to the desperate resource of having to knit to help pass away tedious hours. From then to now the Spectator has held firmly to that accomplishment. Whenever his eyes trouble him, depriving him of books, whenever weakness of any kind robs him of activity, he opens a drawer of his desk and e'en takes out those peaceful needles, to the derision of enemies, the laughter of friends, but to his own profound peace of mind. His power to knit the Spectator regards with much the same satisfaction and complacency that one might a savings-bank book. Here is provision, slender to be sure, but still something laid up against a rainy day—for there is no rainier day than an old age with no resources whatever. Those who care for games, any game so it is a game, stand with an obvious advantage in old age over those in whom the instinct for games has never existed or never been developed. The Spectator is, unfortunately, of the latter class, as he believes he has before confessed in these columns. He remembers once overhearing a young wife at a card-party say to her husband, pleading, "Now, dear, you do think this new game is a good one, don't you?" And the husband's answer struck such a vibrating chord in the Spectator's own breast that he found himself gazing at the candid young man with a brotherly affection in his eyes. "Oh, yes," he admitted, pleasantly enough, "I guess so. Good as any blamed game!" Cards are, as the Spectator knows very well, a solace for all ages, a pleasure and a resource, and the love of an innocent game of cards and the power to play cards well is a valuable possession; but, as he has said, the Spectator was born without the advantage of a natural affinity for table games, hence he has an

important engagement whenever the tables appear; and when it comes to questions of whist, checkers, and chess, the Spectator holds his breath respectfully and glides away on tiptoe. Nevertheless, he knows he is wrong, and knows that depending as he does on a pair of knitting-needles as the staffs of his old age is the height of folly. This sermon is founded on theory, not practice.



There is one permanent solace for old age that is better than cards or anything else ever invented or ever likely to be invented. This resource Adam and Eve doubtless enjoyed in their declining years. Grandchildren! In them the grandparents renew their youth, in them they seem to find a kind of irresponsible delight which they did not quite enjoy with their own children. The Spectator once found a grandmother complaining to another grandmother that, to her disgust, she had discovered that cold chills of fright would sometimes run down her back when the grandchildren were ill. "I thought I'd got through all that with my own children, and should just *enjoy* my children's children." And, indeed, that is very much the grandparental position in the matter of grandchildren. A young mother known to the Spectator used to (as she termed it) "loan" her children to her own father and mother for half a day at a time, always with a fear and trembling more or less justified by events following their visits. Whatever the children wanted during those delightful hours was apparently theirs, and the Spectator was himself present one night when the baby of the family was undressed and a good half-pound of sugar ran out from her garments. "I suppose father thought it all went into her mouth!" sighed the resigned mother. And apparently he did, for the next morning the old gentleman appeared with a somewhat anxious inquiry for the baby. "Is she ill this morning?" "No, father, she's very well." "Then nothing will make her sick!" announced the old gentleman.



In dwelling on the need of resources of the nature of play for old people, the

Spectator has not for a moment meant to ignore the necessity for the resource of work. It goes without saying that all play with no work is as bad as the reverse, and the Spectator knows, as well as any one knows it, that all of us, young and old, need for our abiding happiness to know how to do some one thing better than we do any other one thing, and need to do it each day with an absorbing energy and interest a number of hours or a few minutes, according to the strength given. But this fact is so well established a law that it seems a waste of good paper and ink to set it down at all.



The Spectator knows very well two dear old ladies whose absorbing work in the world is in each case "house-keeping." Now, every one who knows anything about etiquette knows that to "keep house" on the day of dear daughter's death or funeral would never do! But these two old wiseacres knew themselves and their needs better than any etiquette book could teach them. Therefore, on hearing of her sorrow, did one of them lock herself up alone in a room of her attic, and, unmoved by the entreaties of her anxious remaining children calling to her through the keyhole, she remained quite alone in that room the whole of the day, returning to the world at night calm and resigned. Years after she confessed that during those hours she had been busily employed in *washing all the attic windows!* They were diamond-paned, and she absorbed herself in poking a whalebone with a bit of wet rag wrapped around it into all the small dirty corners. "That was the way I saved my reason," she asserted, which was probably quite true. The second bereaved old mother returned from her daughter's funeral to retire at once to her cellar, where, in spite of all remonstrance, she assorted her bins of potatoes stored there in their white sand. The children were ashamed to say what her occupation was when callers of condolence arrived, but the mother knew better than to care for anybody's shame. She knew where her healing lay, and there she sought it. Blessed be work and blessed be play!

Army Reforms

A Letter from Governor Roosevelt

[At our request Governor Roosevelt has given us in the following letter his opinions concerning Secretary Root's recommendations as to the army. Governor Roosevelt's experience as an executive officer of the Federal Government in Washington, his service in actual warfare, and his expert knowledge of political and National history, lend positive authority to what he thinks and says on this subject.—THE EDITORS.]

To the Editors of The Outlook :

All patriotic Americans should feel very proud of and very grateful to Secretary Root for the way he is handling his office. His report is as able a document as we have had from a Cabinet officer since the days of Alexander Hamilton ; it is the report of a far-seeing, constructive statesman. It is admirable throughout ; but, at the moment, I want to call your attention to that part of it advocating a reorganization of the army. The Crimean war taught England the terrible shortcomings of her military system. She profited by the teaching. Our Spanish war was so much easier a task that at one time it seemed likely we should not learn the lessons it ought to teach us. Thanks to Secretary Root, there is now a chance that we shall learn them, that we shall profit by the mistakes. After the close of the campaign in Cuba, the bitterest attacks were made upon almost all the high officials in the War Department and almost all the leading Generals in the army ; yet the real responsibility lay with the people and their representatives, who, during over thirty years of peace, had resolutely refused to prepare for war, and, as Secretary Root aptly puts it, had proceeded upon the theory that the real object of having an army was not to provide for war, but to use it in time of peace so as to secure economy of expenditure, occasional scientific work, and efficient police duty.

Nothing was done to provide for the effective organization and training of the army, as a whole, for purposes of war, in spite of the army's earnest desire for such organization and training. The staff was kept wholly separate from the line, and, indeed, the word staff was used in an entirely false sense to designate something different from what is known as the staff in all other countries. The higher officials in the quartermaster's and commissary's departments had either never, or at least

not for an indefinite number of years, served as line officers, and had no active, living knowledge of the line's needs. The ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary supplies were provided and handled by men who were utterly out of touch with the men who were to do the actual fighting ; all this being the very reverse of what occurred under our efficiently organized Navy Department. The confusion in Washington at the outbreak of the war, and the confusion worse confounded at Tampa and outside of Santiago during its continuance, were absolutely inevitable under the then existing system—a system which can be properly changed only by legislation.

But we cannot expect legislation unless there is leadership ; and this leadership Secretary Root has given. All that he says on the subject of the reorganization of the army deserves the most careful consideration of every good citizen who wishes to see our army put upon a satisfactory basis. With his usual grasp of a subject, the Secretary clearly shows that the army must be kept in a condition which will permit its being turned into an efficient instrument of war as soon as the occasion arises ; and that, moreover, there should be a comprehensive scheme of organization in outline, which will permit the raising under the best conditions of a first-class volunteer army to act with the Regulars in time of need.

The Secretary points out that in order to prepare an army for war there must, in the first place, be a systematic study by responsible officers not only of the larger problems of military science, and of all the information available as to the state of the art, but of all contingencies of possible conflict. This need can be met only by the establishment of an army war college, modeled somewhat on the lines of the naval war college founded by Captain Mahan, which has done such

admirable work. It would include the present service schools, which already do excellent work, and would provide a means by which all officers would be trained in the higher duties of their profession.

In the second place, and almost equally important, is the preparation of the material of war. We must keep pace with the progress of military science. It seems incredible that a nation which prides itself upon its mechanical ingenuity should have permitted, or, to speak more accurately, have deliberately insured, such military backwardness as was shown in the Ordnance Department at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Our volunteers went into the field with a weapon which was almost as inferior to a first-class modern rifle as it was superior to an old flint-lock musket. The regular artillery was just as backward; while not a few of the so-called experts were still solemnly stating that black powder was better than smokeless—which was about as sensible as if they had championed muzzle-loading smooth-bores, or, for the matter of that, arbalests.

In the third place, the Secretary advocates a process of selection, according to merit and effectiveness, among the officers of the army, so that the men of superior ability and power may as rapidly as possible be put in the important positions of responsibility and trust. This is, of course, a dangerous step if political considerations, or any considerations save those of military merit, are to be taken into account; but it is a necessary step if the army is to be brought to a high pitch of efficiency. The Secretary outlines a method which would, so far as possible, secure for each officer the consideration of his ability, faithful performance of duty, and gallant conduct, and the exclusion of all social and political influence.

Again, the Secretary recommends that

all staff appointments should hereafter be made from the line of the army for a fixed period of four or five years, the holder to return to the line at the end of the period. This is one of the most important recommendations that he makes.

One great cause of the trouble with our army at the outbreak of the war with Spain was the fact that the so-called staff positions were held by elderly men who were completely out of touch with the line. Every first-class fighting army in the world is modeled on the system suggested by Secretary Root.

Finally, the Secretary recommends the continued exercise and training of the army in large bodies of troops, under conditions as nearly as possible approaching those of actual war. This means expense, but it is the indispensable prerequisite to efficiency. It is criminal folly for the Nation to keep the army so split up during long years of peace that no officer ever has command of so much as an entire regiment, and that none but the juniors see anything approaching to active service, and then to expect that, in the event of war, the aggregate of all these isolated units can act harmoniously together or can be efficiently commanded by a man who, however good, has rusted for long years without even performing the work he did in his days as a junior.

Not merely inertia, but the malign influence of officers who have procured soft places at Washington through social or political influence, will be against Secretary Root in his efforts to secure this reorganization. It is proper that every patriotic American should, accordingly, give him the support to which he is entitled, and that our representatives in Congress should realize that the adoption of his plan for the betterment of our military conditions is of grave moment to the honor and interest of the Nation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



CONDITIONS IN MANILA

The Third Paper in the Series on Colonial America

By Phelps Whitmarsh, Special Commissioner for The Outlook

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AS may be expected, the condition of affairs in this city is not a particularly pleasant one. While the country is at war and the towns held are under martial law, one should not look for the same amount of comfort or business prosperity that one finds in countries that are at peace. War, for the time being at least, is a barrier to progress, a disturber of traffic, an exciter of men's evil passions, a destroyer, a curse, and we must not expect its immediate results to be anything but disagreeable. Manila, therefore, at this writing, is not the most charming city in the world to live in. Owing to the blockade, food is limited in variety and high in price. I am told that the cost of living has trebled during the past few months, and all export and inter-island trade is suspended. Under martial law the city has been turned into an immense barrack; all stores must be closed and no one is allowed on the streets after 8:30 P.M.; news, after passing through the human filters, is scarce and one-sided; a native uprising inside the lines is constantly feared, and the proximity of the *insurrectos* is attested by the fact that, at times, their firing can be heard in the business quarter.

To the fact-gatherer, moreover, or indeed to the man in search of general information, Manila is a veritable stone wall. Statistics relating to municipal affairs, such as the Boards of Health, Sanitation, and Instruction, are not to be obtained, as the various departments have been established too short a time. Even were they obtainable, they would be of little value at present, since there are few Spanish figures for comparison; what few statistics were kept under the old régime were compiled by the priests, and pertained mainly to matter of importance to the

Church. Application to the priests for information, while met with courtesy, is invariably attended with so much caution that the result is very meager. It is impossible to get a direct answer from them on any point. While visiting one of the large colleges here, I asked the Superior what the general feeling was in regard to General Otis's order that all schools should teach the English language one hour each day.

"It is entirely a matter of individual preference," he replied. "Some parents approve and some do not."

"But," I continued, "is there no decided feeling one way or the other? I have been told that, as a whole, the people are opposed to everything American."

"It is impossible to say," he answered. "Who can tell what a Filipino thinks?"

In a like manner did he reply to all other questions I put to him.

To apply to a Spaniard for information is to see matters through the most prejudiced of eyes; to seek the commercial European, suffering from the results of the blockade, is to receive a different but equally biased view; and to venture into the army headquarters and ask a question is to be met with the blunt statement that the army "is not running a bureau of information for the press." Such was the chief surgeon's answer when I made an inquiry in regard to the health of the troops. Little difficulties like this, however, though somewhat discouraging at first, are, after all, rather advantageous than otherwise, inasmuch as they force the inquirer to dig out his own information, see with his own eyes, and draw his own conclusions.

After I had got my baggage through the custom-house, and had secured comfortable quarters in a Spanish hotel within the walls, the first question I asked

myself was, "What has been done here? What has the army accomplished during the past eight months, not only in the way of suppressing the insurrection, but to improve the general condition of the country and people subdued?"

Thinking it advisable to begin with the first half of the question, I provided myself with a pass and a stout little Filipino pony, and for several days I rode out in different directions to the firing-lines. I also went to Cavite and took train to Angeles, the northwestern limit of American influence. In this way I practically covered all the ground in American hands.¹ The result of my observations is that, with the exception of a few villages of no importance on the edges of Cavite Province, the Laguna de Bay, and near the railroad, the territory actually occupied and controlled by the American forces is limited to the country round Manila within a radius of a few miles (in some cases not more than three), and to some fifty miles of railroad line. On the shores of Manila Bay, the only points which can truthfully be said to be in American hands, are Manila and Cavite. All the rest of the Bay, north, west, and south, and all the rest of the island of Luzon, is held by the insurgents, who at the present time are the aggressors. In the few days that I have been here, not one has passed without the American lines being attacked at some point or another. At first it was at Bacoor and Old Cavite, where at times the insurrectos came out upon the beach within a mile of the naval vessels. There was severe fighting under General Schwan at these and other near-coast towns. Two days afterwards the church at La Loma was attacked, within three miles of the city to the northward. Later the reservoir received a little attention; then Pasay was troubled; yesterday the train was fired upon while passing the suburb of Caloocan; Angeles is peppered daily from one side or the other; in fact, the lines, as a whole, are subjected to such continual annoyance that the men often sleep in the trenches, and look upon a full night's sleep as a luxury. On the American side these attacks are invariably responded to, and sometimes followed up, but they are never

provoked, and the general policy of the army at the moment is evidently a waiting one. It is believed, however, that an advance on Tarlac may now be ordered at any moment. The Filipino army seems as strong in men, arms, munitions, and determination to fight to the end as ever it was, and the native population seems as hostile to American sovereignty as ever it was. Thus, in point of fact, taking the quelling of the rebellion to be the first object for attainment, conditions are the same as they were at the beginning of the war, which means that up to the present nothing has been accomplished. This, I may say, is not only my own conclusion, but that of every foreign resident here; and the same idea has been expressed to me by a score of army and navy officers of high standing. As to the future, it may be said that General Otis is very sanguine. During a recent conversation with him he informed me that the people were getting tired of the war and its effects, that the back of the rebellion was broken, and that the end was in sight. But I must say that surface indications, if they count for anything, do not point to any such early settlement of the problem. So much for the actual conditions; now let us consider some of the reasons why more has not been done.

The two main reasons, I think, have been want of suitable means of transportation and lack of men. The season of the year and the natural difficulties which the country presents to cross-country marching are to be taken into consideration, but in comparison with the other drawbacks they are trifles, and there can be no doubt that had there been sufficient forces here during the wet season, active operations would have been continued throughout. As for transportation, that is a matter which in such wars as these generally receives the very earliest consideration; and that it was neglected in this case shows inefficiency somewhere, though with whom the blame lies I do not pretend to say. As regards men, it is quite impossible to realize what an army is required to pacify these islands until one has seen something of them and come face to face with the existing conditions. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the people as a whole are undoubtedly hostile to American sovereignty.

¹ The reader will, of course, understand that this letter, written in October, necessarily describes the military situation as it existed before the recent active campaign.—THE EDITORS.

The only exception discovered so far in this island is the town of Macabebe, from which three companies of men have been recruited as scouts. I do not mean to say that the entire native element is a fighting one, but simply that it is opposed to American rule. No better proof of this exists than the unprecedented fact that reliable native spies are absolutely unobtainable. This means that every possible difficulty is thrown in the way of an American advance by the people, that the professed loyalty of no native can be depended on, that the insurgents are kept well supplied and well informed as to our army's movements, and that an attack by so-called "amigos" from the rear, unless guarded against by occupying the country with troops as it is taken, is constantly to be feared. It means that every advance eats up so many men—the greater the advance the greater the number of men required to hold it. It means, in short, that the island of Luzon alone cannot be subdued without a large number of troops, not to fight, but to occupy it. As far as actual warfare goes, there is not the slightest doubt that a single American regiment could march victoriously from one end of the island to the other; but the uselessness of such campaigning, without being followed up by the establishment of permanent garrisons at every town taken, has already been made apparent.

The next question that arises is, "What number of men are needed for the pacification of the Philippines?" One military authority, upon seeing the conditions, estimated it at 100,000. General Otis says the 30,000 men available for duty are sufficient. The War Department seems to think that a middle figure is the correct one, and between 50,000 and 60,000 men are now here or on the way. Assuming that General Otis's estimate is right, or approximately so, it is not hard to understand why 13,000 men, which, according to his own statement, is the largest number of men who have been available for field service here until recently, should have been insufficient. As examples of the way in which troops are used up here, it may be noted that to this day it takes between 5,000 and 6,000 to guard Manila alone. About 2,500 are in the city proper, and the remainder on the firing-lines outside the city. For every

mile of railroad taken it requires fifty men to protect it, and no town can be held without a garrison of at least one hundred men. Moreover, as regards population, this country must not be compared with Cuba. This island by itself has at least three times the number of inhabitants that Cuba has. It is fairly teeming with people.

The health of the troops was undoubtedly a great drawback at the beginning of the campaign. I have General Otis's word for it that during the spring of this year (1899) the number of men unfit for duty by reason of illness was at one time 30 per cent., though at present the average is not more than 12 per cent. Considering that in most tropical countries 10 per cent. of illness among the troops is looked upon as a fairly healthy condition, the present figure, supposing it to be correct, is not a high one under the circumstances. Men who are alternately exposed to a sickening sun and drenching rain on outpost duty, who are often obliged to sleep in the trenches, and who when on the march must plow knee-deep through paddy-fields, cross bridgeless rivers, and sometimes fight the enemy while lying in several inches of water; men, moreover, who are unacclimated and who are like children as regards taking care of themselves, cannot be expected to show a good health rate. In this respect, however, there seems to be a wide difference in localities. At Angeles, for instance, a clean, sweet little town with sandy soil, abundance of running water, and apparently as healthy a place as one could wish for, I found sickness to the extent of 23 per cent. In other places, I am told, it does not average more than 5 per cent. The greatest amount of illness, as far as I can judge, is not found in the city, but outside in the camps where the men are more or less actively engaged and therefore exposed. In spite of the large number of inefficients at such places as Angeles, however, it is a question if many of them can be called unhealthy, since serious cases are exceedingly few, and the death-rate from disease is not abnormally high. For the most part, the complaints are light cases of malaria, diarrhœa, and an ailment known among the men as "sun-fever." Malignant malaria, such as is met with in Cuba, is practically unknown; indeed, all blood examinations show a

small percentage of malarial organisms as being the cause of fevers. Much of the malaria among the troops now here has been contracted in Cuba and elsewhere. While it is hard to determine definitely the cause of so many light cases of illness, it is the general opinion of regimental surgeons that the sun is responsible for most of them. As regards Manila, while, as I have said before, no statistics can be obtained, the general health of the city, considering all things, is good. Assuming the population to be 300,000, the death-rate during the past month was about 3 per cent. per annum. In view of the unsanitary condition of the city, it is indeed remarkable that there is not more sickness; and it can only be accounted for, I think, by the presence of an innumerable army of natural scavengers with which a beneficent Providence has furnished the country. The somewhat widespread belief in the United States that the island of Luzon is a hotbed of malignant fevers, and a country totally unfit for a white man to live in, is not borne out by the attestations of the foreign residents and the reports of the health officers. I do not believe that the Philippines as a whole are a whit more unsuited to the white man than any other tropical country; and I am convinced, as is every other man who has lived in both countries, that the island of Luzon is much superior, as regards health, to the island of Cuba. The army statistics, when published, will establish this beyond all doubt.

The sanitary, or rather the unsanitary, state of Manila is one of the things that is very evident to the newcomer. That the Spanish should have been so indifferent to their own health and comfort, and should have permitted such conditions to exist in a tropical climate, is to me a continual marvel. With the exception of a few drains put in by individual householders (English and German), the city is without sewers. Some houses drain into the river or the canals, but in most cases cesspools under the courtyards or the streets, and open chambers reaching up to the second story, hold the accumulated filth of years. In the walled city many drains empty into the pestilential moat surrounding it. The moat, though slightly flushed by the sea at high water, is at present considered dangerous to disturb, and it

must remain as it is until some method of cleaning it out with safety can be devised. The result is that foul odors are continually encountered on the streets, and particularly in the houses. The closets, as a rule, are indescribably abominable. Recently I read an article deploring the limited use that mankind made of the sense of smell, and advising its cultivation. Had the writer lived in Manila, I feel sure he would not have written the article. Personally, I must say that ever since I have been here I have regretted those years of my life in which it was a business requisite that my nose should be educated. From this it will be apparent that the military Board of Sanitation has plenty of work before it. So far, as may be gathered, comparatively little permanent improvement has been accomplished; the reasons being lack of funds and the not-to-be-forgotten fact that the country is still in a state of war and that the energies of the authorities, therefore, have been mainly directed to war matters. A partial system of sewerage has been commenced, however; sanitary measures are gradually being enforced; and, in general, everything is now in line for bringing about a better state of affairs. It must not be expected, however, that a city built on mediæval plans can be transformed in a few months. There is no reason why Manila cannot be made as healthful a place of residence as Hong-Kong, but it cannot be accomplished without active men with sincerity of purpose to push the work, or without the expenditure of much money and time.

The Department of Public Instruction in Manila shows more evidences of progress than does any other department; and the old, haphazard methods of the Spanish are slowly being changed to the American common-school system, with beneficial results. Though for the past fifty years there have been many good private schools here, a university, and several excellent colleges maintained by the Jesuit, Franciscan, and other orders, the municipal schools, owing to Spanish indifference to all matters offering small opportunities to the unscrupulous, were neglected; and it is said that in 1896 the total attendance was but two thousand. In contrast to this it is worthy of note that under American supervision the number of matriculations for the past quarter

(July 1 to September 30, 1899) was 5,705. There are now 142 teachers employed, of whom 80 are mestizo and native, 40 are Spanish, and 22 are American. The sole duty of the latter is the teaching of English, which is enforced in all schools to the extent of one hour each day. Notwithstanding the uncommunicativeness of the priests, I have found no difficulty in ascertaining, by visiting the schools and talking with parents, pupils, and teachers, that the English course is exceedingly popular. Many teachers are of the opinion that the large and steadily increasing number of pupils is principally due to the desire to learn the English language. The Spanish, it appears, were opposed to the natives acquiring a thorough knowledge of Castilian, and, in consequence, the schools were taught in Tagalog. Under the present system this has been changed, and Spanish is now used entirely. In a few cases this change has given rise to objections, as the natives are too proud to learn a language that has been denied them, but, on the whole, the new methods are working admirably. The desire for education among all classes is very apparent, and the fact that the Americans want them to be educated, and particularly wish them to learn English, is beginning to be appreciated. They feel now, for the first time, that they are being helped. At no very distant date, I hope, when the suspicious nature of these people is satisfied, the work being done in the schools here will have its effect. It will then be one of the most potent forces in bringing about a reconciliation, and go far toward convincing the natives that American sovereignty means enlightenment, progress, civilization, and the fullest measure of independence consistent with their safety and well-being.

Within a few steps of my hotel there is a municipal school, accommodating rather more than three hundred pupils, which I have visited several times during the hours for teaching English. The lessons begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and a few minutes before that hour it is quite a sight to watch the children come trooping from all directions towards the school-house. The first things that strike one are their cleanliness, their happy faces, and their orderly conduct. Though they are by no means serious, they are much quieter and

gentler than English or American children; and though they have not yet learned the necessity of being silent during lessons, they are unusually tractable and docile. For the most part they are natives and mestizos, but there is a sprinkling of lighter Spanish faces, a few even with blue eyes and fair hair, to be seen in the schools of the Walled City. Girls and boys are almost invariably bareheaded and barelegged; the toes of the former, however, are usually covered by the heel-less slippers common to the country. White cotton knickerbockers and shirts are the clothing of the boys; the girls, excepting the Spaniards, wear a stiff, gauzy handkerchief of native weaving about their shoulders, a white or cream-colored camisa, or jacket with wide sleeves, and a gay checked or striped skirt of the same material. The hair of the younger girls is worn either loose or plaited; when long enough, however, it is combed back from the forehead and done up into a little knob at the back of the head. At such times, with their long skirts, they are small reproductions of their mothers. The costume of the native children is decidedly characteristic, and well adapted to the climate. Their English instruction consists in first being taught words and phrases in common use, and afterwards in learning to read and to write the language. To my mind, the progress that the majority of the scholars have made during the past few months is little short of remarkable. It shows that in the acquisition of languages they are unusually quick. To see their bright, intelligent faces turned to the teacher, to note their eagerness to answer the questions put to them, and to hear the excellent reports of the teachers, would, I think, be a revelation to those who look upon these people as semi-savages. Of the large, airy school-room in which I sat this morning, and which the flowers of the ylang-ylang tree outside flooded with the most perfect of all natural odors, I can say with all sincerity that it contained as clean, orderly, intelligent, and as apt a lot of scholars as I have ever seen.

There is an immense field for work here in Manila and the Philippines, and it is a fruitful field—one that will well repay the workers; but the impatient and stay-at-home civilizers who express disap-

pointment at the progress made must remember that the ground is still encumbered with the weeds of indifference, prejudice, ignorance, and superstition, and that before even the seed can be sown these weeds must be uprooted, plowing and harrowing must be done, and a season of peace be assured. To expect such an immense field to be cultivated at once by a mere handful of laborers is to show a want of knowledge of the conditions. The beginnings, however, have been made. Little patches here and there are already in blossom, and in due time there will be an abundant harvest.

There is one war measure instituted here which, in the interests of humanity, I feel called upon to protest against. I refer to the prolonged blockade of the ports of the archipelago. The blockade was ordered with the object of preventing the insurgents from procuring provisions and supplies; but I fear that it has not only proved ineffective, but that it is causing famine in some islands and provinces that are peaceful. The central and northern parts of Luzon, where the insurgent army is mainly situated, is a rice-growing country, and it is well known that the insurgents have and can procure plenty of provisions. In the islands of Leyte and Samar, however, and in the extreme south-east part of Luzon, practically no rice is grown, and the natives who have never disputed or antagonized American sovereignty are famine-stricken. Although, as a war measure, it may not be advisable to allow hemp and other products to be brought from these places, since the money may find its way into the hands of the insurgents, it would seem no more than humane to at least permit rice being shipped to the famine districts, especially as there is no possible means of it being taken overland to the rebel army. In such times as these, business and the coasting trade may expect to suffer; but at the end of the nineteenth century the starving of "pacificos" cannot be looked upon as civilized warfare. It is doing precisely the same thing that the Spaniards did in Cuba, and which was the cause of the Spanish-American war. I cannot believe that such a condition will be maintained. Long before this article appears in print, probably some steps will have been taken to relieve the sufferers. In

Manila the closing of the ports has, naturally, brought business to a standstill. Prices of exports, of provisions, and, indeed, of all commodities have advanced materially. Hemp, the principal export, has, since February last, jumped from £28 per ton to £52. Meat has advanced from 20 cents per pound to 50 and 60 cents; fish has doubled in value; eggs vary from 8 to 10 cents each; potatoes are 5 cents a pound; and firewood, which is used in place of coal almost entirely, has been raised from \$12 to \$50 per 1,000 pieces.

Before I left the United States, and since, at Honolulu, on the ocean, and at every Far Eastern port from Yokohama to Hong-Kong, I heard nothing but ill of General Otis. On the false ground that he is a Roman Catholic, he has been charged with being unduly influenced by the Archbishop of Manila; he has been called a rogue, an old woman, a person without force, tact, or generalship, and an incompetent. Now, while I have no desire to pose as a champion of General Otis, I must say that what I have seen does not warrant such wholesale denunciation nor such sweeping conclusions as the public in general seem to have drawn. That he is human and that he has made mistakes may be granted; that his post might have been filled by an abler man is possible, though I will not say that any man would have accomplished more under the same circumstances; but to say that he has been influenced by any church, party, or politics, to say that he has not labored for the protection and safety of the army, the success of the cause, and the interest of the Nation, or to say, as is the fashion nowadays, that he is wholly incompetent, requires a much profounder knowledge of the man, the circumstances, and the situation than I, and I think most persons, possess. If people are influenced by the pamphlets sent broadcast by the various juntas, if they listen to the grumbling of enlisted men, the gabble of travelers who have stopped a day or two at Manila *en route*, the wail of business men injured by the blockade, or the howling of correspondents disgruntled by the censorship, they may be led to believe anything. A great many people, apparently, have yet to discover that war is being carried on in the Philippines. He who looks with an unprejudiced eye at the disadvantages

under which General Otis has been placed, considers the want of adequate transportation, the insufficient number of men, the fact that he has been operating 7,000 miles from the base of supplies, that he has been both military and civil Governor, and that he has not only had the suppressing of a rebellion in hand, but also the governing of some 10,000,000 of people, will admit that the Commander of the United States forces has not been given a light task, and he will not jump to conclusions hastily.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions in Manila, the business stagnation, the high prices of food, and the effects of martial law, there is still one enlivening feature—the evenings on the Luneta. When the sun has gone down and the land breeze has sprung up, the long rectangular plaza on the shore of the bay, with its rows of fashionable carriages, its thousands of pleasure-seekers, its electric lights, and its military band, is a sight not to be equaled in the Far East. The élite of Manila seek the Luneta in the evening before their late dinner. Uniformed

officers, white-suited civilians, prettily gowned American women with bare heads and flowers in their hair after the fashion of the country, Spanish señoras and señoritas, mestizo belles, native girls, cockaded "cocheros," Chinese nurses with fair-haired children, and the ever-present American sentry with his rifle, are all to be found on the Luneta after six o'clock. The prevailing color of the crowd, however, is brown; for the khaki suit of the private soldier is to be seen everywhere. Their number is scarcely appreciated until the band starts up the Star-Spangled Banner and they rise to stand bareheaded until the last bar has been played. This is the signal for a general dispersing, and those who are afoot usually make for home at a brisk pace; for, as the song composed in soldier Spanish says,

Ocho media, you vamoose;
Poco tiempo, calaboose.

Literal translation:

Eight-thirty, you go;
By and by, jail.

A Layman's Advice to Clergymen

By Frank E. Sickels

LAST summer a body of men gathered in conference at Buffalo calling themselves reformers. It was a marvelous carnival of talk. I listened to some of it and read more of it in the papers. There was one thing only upon which they agreed—namely, that things *are wrong*. Each had his own patent nostrum, his own sure cure, his own theory of the thing which alone would mend all this evil—it was socialism, or nationalism, or individualism, or government ownership, or municipal ownership, or anti-militarism, or anti-trustism, or free-silverism, or green-backism, or populism, or anarchism, or prohibitionism, or new reform-partyism, or female suffragism—such a magnificent, glittering, kaleidoscopic cornucopia of "isms" has rarely been poured out upon a patient public; but underlying it all, the reason of the existence of it all, was the conviction that something is wrong. And, as a natural consequence, the only thing of which they convinced me, as I have never before been convinced, was that in

this they were right—that things do need reforming. I believe we are in the swirl of a great rush of troublous change in the economic and political organization of society. The waters will move inevitably in some direction, and we must go with them; if the Christian Church does its duty, I am confident that they will move towards better, more Christlike things: if our own Church is to do its part in shaping and guiding this movement, we must awaken to an active and stimulating realization of the necessity for change. We cannot help reform things until we are sure that things need reforming. We must arouse ourselves from the comfortable conviction that things are right because they *are* and *have been*; we must recognize that the social and economic system is full of evil, that men and things men have made in the life about us are not altogether right. It is easy to do this in theory, but I sometimes think it is especially hard for our Presbyterian Church, with its comfortable, complacent,

well-to-do membership, who have so many of them understood how to get the best of conditions, whether good or evil, to remember this with that living, burning realism that forces itself into action. The world *does need reforming*. I will not dwell upon those specifications with which we are so theoretically familiar—the great masses of starving, naked poor; the individuals with wealth piled up beyond the wildest dreams of avarice; the grinding, maddening sweatshops in one street, and the glittering carriages in the next; the labor unions snarling at the capitalist and the capitalist growling and snapping at the laborer; the awful aggregations of wealth controlled by a single mind; the mighty, threatening combinations of working hands similarly swayed, all seeking self, self, self. I need not more than cite these things, for the Christian has a simple measure, and for once I do not think we will disagree in its application. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the meek; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; blessed are the merciful, the poor in heart, the peacemakers." Is it through these channels that men are seeking the good things, the beatitudes of life? Is the world and its business based upon the principle involved in these old, familiar words? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Is this the rule governing Wall Street, and Washington, and Albany? "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Are these the governing rules of the labor union and the trust, the farmer in his horse-trade, the merchant in his competition, the politician in his manipulations? If our institutions are based on these rules, they need no reforming—if not, then rest assured that nothing in this world is right nor lasting which is not in harmony with them, however Utopian and unattainable they may seem. "Whosoever," man or nation, "heareth these sayings, and doeth them, builds his house upon a rock; whosoever," man or nation, "heareth these sayings, and doeth them *not*, builds upon the sands."

Well, then, if any institution, if any rule of trade, if any social organism, does not fill out the full measure of harmony with these sayings, I believe, not theoretically, but practically, that that institution

or trade or organism is wrongly constituted in just so much as it departs from that harmony. Judged by this standard, as I have said, I do not think we shall disagree in the verdict of the Buffalo reformers that there is much in our social, political, and economic organism that needs reforming. This, then, is my first thought: the certain and imminent need of reform, because our institutions have not attained the Christ standard. If the Church fully and gravely realizes this, it is ready to face the problems with which a restless world is struggling and to help answer that great and practical question, "What shall be done about it?"

When all the world was reading Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," the most common criticism made was this—I remember making it myself: "Theoretically that sort of a world is very nice and beautiful, but we can't have anything so good as that, because men are not good enough. We must change human nature first." If that criticism be true, it marks the goal of the Church in striving to solve the problems of life presented by Bellamy as sharply and distinctly as the rising sun marks the snow-tipped summit of the Matterhorn. Admitting that Bellamy drew a picture of a society which was beautiful and desirable and Christ-like, then it is the duty of the Church to change human nature—not the God-given, but the man-developed—until by slow evolution men are made capable of establishing and enjoying such a society. In a word, without dwelling upon this idea, the great, the supreme province of the Church as such in face of these public questions is not to make human institutions, but to make the men who make the institutions. Given the character in the man, you must get like character in the work of his hand and brain and heart. The work of the Church is to give to the men who must face and settle the public questions of the day the nobility of character, the lofty standards, and the Christ spirit which will enable them to judge, decide, formulate, and establish with that wisdom which is born of God and which will build its structure upon the rock.

Again, the Church must never for a moment forget that the way to form character and train judgment is not by teaching theories of political economy or social

science, not by so-called learned disquisitions of any sort, but by thoroughly founding the character upon Christ, and, by dint of line upon line, precept upon precept, by constant iteration, illustration, and insistence, convincing men that the Sermon on the Mount is not simply a thing to preach about, but a thing to live by, to work by, to do business by, to organize trusts and trade unions by, to run politics and manage governments by. When I was a boy, I can remember from Sunday-school teacher and preacher ingenious attempts to explain and modify our Master's words. "He did not mean exactly that literally, you know." Away with such weak truckling to our own desires and interpretations!—I thank God there is less of it to-day. Let us have none of it. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." That is precisely what he meant, however hard we may find it. "Take no anxious thought." That is what he said and what he meant, however much men may call it impossible. "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—precisely that, hard as it is. But some say it is impracticable. On the contrary, I assert it is the only practical successful way, and all history shows it. Study past history or contemporaneous history, study the life about you with a discerning eye and an honest purpose, and I believe you will be forced to this conclusion. Men say it is impossible—for most of us in its perfect application it is impossible—but we can *try*, and trying will bring us ever nearer the truth and the beauty of completeness.

Once more, I believe the duty of the Church in the face of the public questions of to-day is to put the Christ spirit into the men who must decide them, and place in their hearts the principles which must guide their judgment and action, and then to stop. It is *not* the duty of the Church to evolve the specific solutions. God has not imposed it upon the Church in its convocations, nor its clergy in their pulpits, to settle and pass judgment upon all the social, economic, or political or governmental questions of the day, nor upon any of them; and I believe the Church and its preachers should stick to their work. I am speaking of deliverances *ex cathedra*; I mean the Church as an organized body, not its members as individuals in the life of the world; I mean

ministers as preachers in their pulpits, not ministers as men at home or on the street. And yet I am convinced that ministers ought not to forget that they cannot cast off their official atmosphere so easily as others. When I speak, it is simply as an individual, representing only myself. When the minister speaks, he is known or announced as Mr. So-and-So, pastor of such and such a church, and people are bound to think of what he says as more or less the deliverance of the Church. This should not silence him upon public questions, but I believe should make him cautious.

Aside from the broad reason that it is outside its proper function, is *ultra vires*, as we lawyers would say, there are three other reasons I want to mention why I am convinced that it is unwise for the Church to attempt economic judgments and detailed solutions.

First, neither the Church nor the clergy has the technical knowledge, the grasp of facts, the familiarity with conditions, to make wise application of even Christ-principles possible. God has made his Church the keeper and exponent of profound principles of morality and religion: who made it an expert in every department of statecraft and sociology, who endowed it with preternatural knowledge of all the facts and details involved in every public question? My pastor may tell me in what spirit and upon what principles the law business ought to be conducted, but when he tries to tell me how to try a particular lawsuit, I doubt his having the knowledge or experience requisite to correct judgment. Let the preachers warn us without ceasing against the dangers of National self-seeking and lust for power, and show us in all its beauty the spirit of National altruism; but when they attempt to tell the Nation precisely the thing or the things which ought or ought not to be done in the Philippines, where did they obtain that masterly and marvelous grasp and familiarity with the situation in those far-distant isles which enables them to judge better than the President of the United States or the Philippine Commissioners? Remember they are in the pulpit to preach divine truths committed to them by God, not their own opinion of current events.

Second, the attempt at the same time

to lay down the principles and glorify the spirit, and then to apply the principles to a given situation, leads inevitably to confusion of thought, the placing of greater emphasis in the hearers' minds upon the result of the application than upon the eternal principles upon which the preacher has said the result should be based, and, most disastrous of all, if the hearer doubts the correctness of the preacher's political judgment, by an unconscious process of mind he is led to distrust his statement of principles.

I heard a year or more ago a magnificent, electrifying sermon upon Christian warfare and National duties to the oppressed of other nations; the sermon was ended by a brief application to the then pending Cuban question, with the result of absolute condemnation of American intervention. I afterwards talked with quite a number of young people about the sermon, and I found but one thing they remembered: the preacher was "dead opposed" to the Spanish war. A bright man said to me a year ago about a certain preacher in another county: "I do not go to church to hear that man preach any more, because he is so poor a guide in this war question that I have no confidence in him as a guide in anything."

Third, when the Church is laying down principles, it is strong and commands conviction and obedience. When it is laying down judgments about things social, political, or economic, or even when formulating rules of morality, it is weak and commands little conviction and less obedience. When the Church lays down the broad principles of temperate living and altruistic effort to safeguard our brother, it is strong because the people are moved and helped. When a General Assembly lays down prohibition as the Christian's only remedy, or the Presbytery condemns without a hearing the brother who signs a petition for a license at Princeton Inn, or the other brethren who permit wine to be served at a particular anniversary dinner, it is weak, because no one except those who vote aye are convinced of anything, and the great rank and file treat the deliverance with amused indifference. It accomplishes nothing but bitterness. When the preacher lays down broad principles of Christian living and recreation, he is strong and helpful; when he denounces a

particular form of recreation, he is weak; for Presbyterians, at least, will use their own judgment in such matters. I heard once a famous English evangelist deliver an inspiring, soul-searching discourse upon the necessity of purity in those who bore the vessels of the Lord, and then shatter the force of it all with a large part of his audience by saying with scathing emphasis, "He who touches a playing-card one day and attempts to carry the Lord's vessel the next is accursed." You may agree with him or not, but it was nevertheless a weak, foolish, uncharitable thing to say, and I am very sure changed no man's judgment a hair's breadth.

The Church or the preacher who teaches capital and labor that they are brothers, that they should remember to love their neighbors and obey the Golden Rule, is strong and wise and useful; the Church or the preacher which pronounces definite judgments upon the many questions at issue between capital and labor, which says this strike is right or that remedy is wrong, is weak and ineffective, and I believe convinces no one.

There came to Christ once a man who said, "Speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." Did the Master make a cursory investigation of facts and proceed to judgment? did he lay down principles and then proceed to apply them, thus confusing counsel with dividing judgment? "And he said unto the man, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He went to the spiritual root of the matter, to the springs of action in the heart of each, and stopped, leaving it to them, after making their hearts right, to settle their own controversy. Nothing is more familiar than that Christ was not a maker of ordinances and rules, but a teacher of living principles. Why have the Church and its clergy throughout the ages insisted, why do the Church and its clergy insist to-day, upon constituting themselves what Christ was not, judges and dividers over men?

Do not think that my contention is against the discussion of public questions in the pulpit and in the church courts; such discussion is precisely what I am contending for, and what I most earnestly

desire. But I am pointing out *how*, it seems to me, this discussion should be conducted; men need to be reminded every week and every day that these public questions can be met and answered *rightly* only by following the path which Christ has marked out. They have read the Sermon on the Mount, but they do not remember to make it the basic code of business life. John Y. McKane listened to the Christ-principles from the pulpit and taught them in his Sunday-school, but it never seemed to occur to him that they were intended for use in the management of Gravesend politics. Many a good citizen has known the sermon by heart from childhood, and has never appeared even to suspect that its teachings ought to interfere with the bribery of common councils by the business agent of his corporation or ought to control his management of the employees in his factory. Thousands of good Presbyterian business and professional men have listened recently with amused astonishment while Mayor Jones, of Toledo, has discussed municipal ownership with no other standard of judgment than the wonderful Sermon. And therefore I say, let every public event which centers the thought of the people, every public question as it arises and fills the public eye, be made the text, the excuse for expounding the Christ-principles which are involved, and for urging by exhortation, exposition, and illustration the supreme wisdom, the paramount necessity, of approaching this individual question in the spirit of Christ and

deciding it in his way. Like the judge, lay down the law and declare the necessity of obedience; but my warning is, Let not the Church exceed its functions and attempt to be both judge and jury.

These, then, are the things which, as I look upon the Church facing the importunate public questions of the day, I desire above all things: on the part of its members, from top to bottom, a keen, disquieting sense of the imminence and importance of living questions of social, economic, and moral reform, and of the Church's duty to lend a hand in helping towards a right solution of the questions; on the part of the Church, a thorough realization of the fact that this duty can best be discharged by building up the character of the world-builders, the men and the women, by inspiring them with the Christ spirit; again, that it may never forget that the teachings of Christ contain the cure of all the evil "isms," the key to the solution of all the questions, and the only infallible rule of public as well as private action; that we may at all times and everywhere, by blow upon blow, straight from the shoulder, without hesitation or equivocation, drive it home to the everyday consciousness of men that the Sermon on the Mount is for practical, business, and political use. And finally, that Assembly, Presbytery, and pulpit may be content with their Christ-given function, and avoid the quicksands of indiscriminate, particularizing judgments upon public questions about which righteous men may and do differ.

Saying and Doing

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription:

Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
 Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
 Ye call me Light, and see me not;
 Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
 Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
 Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
 Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
 Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
 Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
 Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
 Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
 Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
 Ye call me Just, and fear me not:
 If I condemn you, blame me not.

Waste of Energy in Organization

By Ellen H. Richards

WITH the advent of a leisure class in America, chiefly women, a habit of forming a society or an association to promote a cause or to foster an idea has grown upon the community, until it is not uncommon to find a dozen different organizations in even a small place working for the same general philanthropic, charitable, educational, or social ends. The Boston city directory contains the names of over five hundred such organizations, and there are at least as many more in the city which are not here recorded.

Whenever an energetic or enthusiastic person (the two adjectives are not synonymous) sees an opportunity for a possible benefit to mankind and a certain pleasure for herself (or himself), she straightway interests her intimate circle of friends and forms a society to help this good object. Possibly no one of the members has had any experience in "union for work," probably no one of them knows much about the end to be gained; but there is usually found some conscientious teacher or mother or already overburdened worker in a similar field to take the hardest place on the board. Many times the education of the group of associated persons quite changes their whole lives, and occasionally accomplishes much good for others; but too often the elements are not harmonious, the interest not strong, the object not feasible, or not *immediately* so, and the society dies a lingering death or is kept on long after its best work is done. Organizations as well as individuals ossify as they grow old, and a new generation comes to take their places, but without the wisdom and experience which comes with age.

It may not be unprofitable, therefore, to consider the work of one body of women which has kept its vitality and plasticity for twenty-seven years and through two generations of workers.

In January, 1872, sixteen well-known women of Boston formed an organization bearing the name of The Woman's Education Association.

The work was divided under five

heads—industrial, intellectual, æsthetic, moral, and physical education. The end to be gained was stated to be "to promote in every direction the *better* education of women," and one of the first efforts was directed toward the raising of the standard especially of private schools. Colleges for women were not then common, and were thought rather too masculine in tendency. It was held that women should be educated in the privacy of home, but, nevertheless, that they should have high and scholarly attainments. To this end the Harvard examinations for women were maintained for ten years, not only in Boston, but in Philadelphia, New York, and Cincinnati, and developed into the "Harvard Annex;" and thus Radcliffe College is the direct outgrowth of this effort.

In 1873 the Association was instrumental in offering advanced instruction in chemistry to women, and kept a gentle but firm pressure upon the various sources of public opinion until in 1884 women were admitted to all courses in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Boston Cooking School, the Training School for Nurses, the Diet Kitchen, Instructive District Nursing, Emergency Lectures, the Charlesbank Gymnasium, traveling libraries, school-room decoration, manual training for the deaf, wood-carving, and vacation schools (supported by it in 1881), all bear testimony to the varied activity of this body of unostentatious workers. During these years everything which had a bearing upon better mental, moral, or physical conditions has been given a hearing, and many a cause has been helped by a grant of one hundred to two hundred dollars—rarely more.

So little flourish of trumpets has heralded these good deeds that the members are always surprised, when the occasion comes for looking up past records on any of the now established schools and associations, to find that the first impetus so often came from some parlor meeting or some committee of their own membership.

The work up to 1880 was mostly tentative, opening up new lines and giving

new opportunities to women; but after these were secured the attention of the Association was turned to the possibility of supplementing the early training of teachers now in the field, and of fitting teachers to undertake work in new lines, as sloyd, kindergarten, carving, natural history, etc. From 1880 to the present time, classes for those already engaged in teaching have been organized under the auspices of the several committees; the heading "Woman's Education Association" at the top of the page being sufficient guarantee of the quality and the desirability of the advantages offered.

These classes were for the most part sustained by contributions given to the committees, very little money being in the hands of the Association at any time. The total expenditure of the main organization has varied from three hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per year, the annual membership fee being three dollars; but whenever any committee found a desirable piece of work, after it was approved by a vote of the whole Association, the committee was at liberty to solicit funds to carry on the work. In this way some three or four thousand dollars a year, on an average, has been used in the various departments.

Among the most valuable gifts to teachers, not only to those in the vicinity of Boston, but to those from all parts of the country, was the Summer Laboratory for teachers of natural science which was opened in 1881 at Annisquam, Cape Ann. The study of animal forms was introduced into the curriculum of the secondary schools before there were enough well-equipped teachers, and this opportunity was greatly appreciated. The Laboratory was maintained jointly by this Association and by the Boston Society of Natural History until 1890, when it was transferred to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl. There were also established "science lessons" given during the winter by various instructors in botany, geology, and biology, with field lessons, in many cases giving the teachers an opportunity to broaden their knowledge and give their pupils the benefit of the specimens which they collected. Probably no one thing has been more helpful than this toward better science teaching in the Boston schools.

Besides these direct helps, teachers have always been welcomed as members of the Association, and, *sub rosa*, fees have been remitted wherever the money was an obstacle to such membership.

In 1892 the Association was reorganized, and new committees were formed to work more efficiently along the lines demanded by modern conditions—these were, on College Education and Scholarships, on Public Schools, on Libraries, on Fine Arts, on Domestic Economy, on Science Lessons. These names show the advance in public opinion as to the classification of educational matters.

In the first report of the Chairman of the Committee on Public Schools we find the following statement, which may be taken as the keynote of the subsequent work:

"It was evident to the Association from the beginning that any intelligent work for the scholars in the public schools must be based upon some knowledge of them and of their needs. With seventy thousand pupils and one thousand five hundred teachers giving instruction from the kindergarten, through primary, grammar, high school, and the normal school, how could such knowledge be obtained except through acquaintance with the teachers both in and out of their school life? Informal meetings of a social nature and frequent visits to the schools have brought the various committees into relation with many of the teachers, and thus the members gained a knowledge of the needs of the schools and the possibilities of helpfulness."

The value of such help, giving inspiration by personal contact, and giving a feeling of support and interest by those outside of the school circle, must be extremely great to any body of teachers in any community.

In 1895-6 scholarships were given to certain teachers to enable them to go to the Harvard Summer School to take Professor Davis's course in physiography, and lectures in literature and classes in rhetoric have been offered with great success in the last two or three years.

The Committee on Public Schools also interested itself in the question of manual training for girls. Some three years were spent in studying the possibilities both of the manner of its introduction and of the

matter of instruction, with the result of formulating a course of study which will be found in the report for 1898, of which there are some copies for distribution. This course does not pretend to be complete, or to be ready for adoption into any school. It is purely tentative and suggestive, and it is hoped that it may furnish a workable outline for improvement in other cities. The two years since this scheme was outlined have been utilized in experimental teaching by a trained teacher who has, with the permission of the school committee and of the masters, been offering partial courses along these lines in three of the high schools of Boston, in the hope that the weak points as well as the good ones might be found by actual trial in the classes.

A great lesson to be learned from the work of this Association is the good that may be done by a little money put in the right place at the right time. Also that an organization of standing in the community, composed of trained persons accustomed to working together, may be in a position to undertake new and difficult problems with a greater prospect of success than one formed of heterogeneous elements for a special purpose. No new work can be undertaken by any committee without having the sanction of the executive committee and of the Association. The result is great confidence in whatever bears the name of this body.

But there is another side to the work of the Association. It began, as we saw, with a few women who worked as they felt that women should work, in quiet, unheralded ways. No reporter was ever permitted at the meetings. No meetings were ever held in public places, but always in some member's parlor, and the whole atmosphere was kept as womanly as possible. The greatest proof of the changed conditions of the twenty-seven years is the confident manner in which the Association now puts its hands to a different class of work. The members are now no longer of the leisure class only. They include such leaders of thought and of public opinion as ex-college presidents and professors, school supervisors and members of the school committee, trained teachers, and women with public experi-

ence. The connection with public affairs is now much closer, and the Association has been known to meet in a public hall. While the influence may be no greater, the Association has touched certain vital points in public-school education. The results, which seem truly surprising, may be accounted for by noticing certain features which have been kept constantly in view in the policy of the Association.

First, careful consideration of each object or plan of the special or standing committee by the Executive Committee, finally by the whole Association.

Second, freedom of action by each committee after approval.

Third, adherence to a general policy while bringing in year by year new elements and younger persons. For example, while the Secretary and the Chairman of the various committees have served for periods of years, the President and Vice-Presidents have changed frequently, and the members at large of the Executive Committee are eligible for only two years.

This method of *elastic permanence* is eminently suited to work of the character undertaken by this Association—namely, the formation of public opinion, and the support of new and untried measures through the initial stages, both requiring time and patient, persistent effort. Not all objects can be accomplished in this way, and several of the early members of this organization left it because it did not "do anything." A notable case was that of Miss Ticknor, who in 1873 founded the Studies at Home Society, and gave of her personality to that work for the rest of her life; so truly was the Society hers that at her death it was deemed wise to reorganize and form the Anna Ticknor Library Association, for a slightly different work under another leader.

Very often individual leadership untrammelled by committees and rules accomplishes far more than organization; but if it is necessary to have a large body of influence, then co-operation is effective. Human energy is the most precious possession of all time, and it is worth while for any community to think carefully before squandering it on futile or wasteful efforts.

Theological Reconstruction¹

THE recently published volumes named below give evidence collectively that what began to be known some twenty years ago as "the new theology" has passed out of the stage characterized by Mr. Beecher as "hauling bricks" into the stage of solid construction. This is specially emphasized in President Hyde's book, in which he answers to the call made by him in the "New World" some months ago for "the reorganization of the faith"—a call that found earlier expression in the address of Dr. Gordon, of Boston, at the semi-centennial of Plymouth Church.

Taking up the problem on its philosophic side, Dr. Hyde finds in the Universal Will of God the metaphysical and ethical basis of Christianity. The historic revelation of this Will is found in Christ. God indwelling in the doers of this Will is known to us as the Holy Spirit. The unessential formulation of these essential truths is what we call the doctrine of the Trinity. Corresponding to these foundation truths are the three essential principles of the salvation which is built upon them, viz., control by law, conversion by grace, and sanctified character through service. Proceeding throughout upon the ground of an immanent divine Will working out its purposes in humanity, Dr. Hyde translates into modern terms in congruity with this the ancient doctrines of sin, redemption, and sanctification, presented in the creeds from the opposite point of view, which regarded a transcendent Will as operating upon an alien nature. It is the transition from the latter to the former line of thought (followed, indeed, by the great theologians of the early Church) that is now revolutionizing the theology of our fathers, and substituting for forensic and legal conceptions of our relation to God, and to each other in God, conceptions that are educational, organic, and vital. Hence the title which Dr. Hyde

has given his constructive outline of the ology—"God's Education of Man."

The problem thus treated philosophically and ethically is taken up by Professor Gilbert, as a Biblical critic and exegete, in the first scientific historical discussion of the entire subject of the teaching of Jesus that has been presented by an English-speaking scholar. To present this was doubtless his single purpose rather than a thoroughgoing reconstruction of theology, such as Dr. Hyde's. His work is, however, none the less reconstructive and thoroughgoing. The same fundamental and reorganizing principles which Dr. Hyde finds in philosophical and logical reflection he finds in critical study of the life of Jesus.

The entire revelation which Jesus made, whether by word or deed, Dr. Gilbert holds to be the essential and universal fatherhood of God toward every member of his human family. In presenting this as the ethical basis of Christianity he is at one with Dr. Hyde, who finds that basis in the Universal Will—the Will being the Will of the Father, and historically embodied as a loving Will in his Son Jesus. With Dr. Hyde also he insists on the educational conception of Jesus' work as Saviour, not as merely communicating a new idea of God, but through personal union with himself as the embodied revelation of the Father's heart. To make this revelation Dr. Gilbert regards as the entire and sole purpose both of Jesus' life and of his death—of his death only as the culminating act of his life and most vivid expression of his spirit, and so not as the condition of the forgiveness of sins, but as the seal of it in the grace of the Father.

But the universal and essential Fatherhood of God implies the universal immanence of the Father in his sons. Of this immanence as consciously recognized and lovingly cherished, Jesus is presented as both the perfect revelation and the imitable type. Whether in Jesus or in his true follower, the nature of that divine sonship which is a fundamental truth of Christianity is, in Dr. Gilbert's view, "purely ethical." Those who are quick

¹ *God's Education of Man.* By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

The Revelation of Jesus: A Study of the Primary Sources of Christianity. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

The Theology of Civilization. By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.

to dissent from this are offered a very searching discussion of Jesus' various sayings. The Gospels, says Professor Gilbert, nowhere represent his union with God as metaphysical, but only as a perfect oneness of character and will. His consciousness was "a truly human consciousness." His knowledge of God was "acquired in his earthly life." Even those sayings in which he has been thought to claim pre-existence must not be understood to mean it in a real and personal sense, but only as ideal in the eternal purpose of the Father. The regulative conception of the divine immanence—the infinite in the finite and the finite in the infinite—which in our days has been recovered from the early prime of Christian thought, thus appears at the core of Jesus' grandest utterances. Its inevitable demand is for some revision of Christology.

With these works by Trinitarian scholars we put another by a representative Unitarian, because of the one point on which long-divided wings of the Church seem to be converging, viz., a monistic in place of a dualistic conception of Christ, as the highest expression of God's immanence in our humanity. In "The Theology of Civilization" Mr. Dole sketches

with a sociological interest "the essential ideas which must underlie a civilized and civilizing type of religion." Civilization he takes, with Matthew Arnold, in the pregnant sense of moralization, the ripe development of that moral nature, derived from the Father, which distinguishes men from animals, and fits them for the "City of God." The same notes are struck in this book as in the preceding: salvation consists in character, in the development of a personality molded by faith in the highest ideal, and disciplined in the social service which that faith inspires. And the ideal of that faith is Jesus.

The Protestant Reformation will not be complete till the process, which then began, of ethicizing the unethical theology of the mediæval age is complete. In the long controversies which this has required both orthodox and liberal have mingled truth with error, have stood for half-truths, or for truths deformed in phrasing. In the increased light now obtained from an enlarged science, a profounder philosophy, and a more exact understanding of the Scriptures, a higher synthesis, inclusive of whatever truth has been made good by either side in the historical debate, seems discernibly nearer than ever.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American Negro, The Future of. By Booker T. Washington. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 12mo. 244 pages. \$1.50.

America To-Day. By William Archer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 260 pages. \$1.25. Mr. William Archer is one of the most sympathetic of the critics who have yet attempted to give an impression of American society. It is not ambitious; it does not pretend to be a comprehensive study. It is made up of a series of short chapters touching such aspects of the exterior and interior life of this continent as attracted and interested the writer. The volume is by no means made up of indiscriminate eulogy. It is kindly, but it is thoroughly intelligent, and it is to be cordially commended to the attention of those Americans who see nothing but ugliness and vulgarity on this continent. It has become a tradition with certain people and certain writers, for instance, that New York is a dirty, sordid, and mean-appearing city. Nothing could be more contrary to the fact; but, having once taken this position, a good many people have gone on with eyes blinded to the growth of New York in the elements of stateliness and beauty. Mr. Archer's fresh impressions will do something to set these gentlemen right. What he has to say about the American language is particularly entertaining and valuable; and his interpretation of the ancient and

tragic divergence of view between the North and South is also valuable, because it is objective, impersonal, and thoroughly dispassionate. This is a book which will make for the better acquaintance of the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

Archibald Malmaison. By Julian Hawthorne. (Illustrated.) The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 265 pages. \$1.25.

This is the best story which Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written. It shows invention, good construction, and is carefully worked out in the writing. It reminds one of the older Hawthorne, without in any way imitating the work of the great romancer. In this volume it is presented in a very attractive form, with illustrations by Mr. Freeland A. Carter, and Mr. Hawthorne furnishes a short autobiographic preface—autobiographic, that is, so far as this story is concerned.

Bandanna Ballads. By Howard Weeden. Introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. (Illustrated.) The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 91 pages. \$1.

Bob: The Story of Our Mocking-Bird. By Sidney Lanier. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 69 pages. \$1.50.

A charming piece of prose from the hand of a poet, narrating the life and describing the character of a mocking-

bird. The account is very brief, and may be read through in an hour; but it is full of that intimate knowledge of birds and sympathy with them that seemed to go with Mr. Lanier's love of music, and it has also that deep note of humanity which he continually struck. "Bob" is, from every point of view, a characteristic bit of writing. The illustrations are striking and effective, and the book is charmingly made.

Black and White. Christmas Number 1899. London, England.

Brain in Relation to Mind. By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. (Illustrated.) Published by the Author, Chicago. 8vo. 143 pages. \$1.25.

This monograph is a considerable contribution to psychology. Within a small compass it contains many interesting facts concerning the structure and functions of the brain, also many valuable suggestions as to the development and discipline of the mental faculties. The author combats the materialistic theory of mind.

Browning, Poet and Man. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 282 pages. \$3.75.

Brown, John. By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. (Beacon Biographies.) Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 138 pages. 75c.

Brushwood Boy, The. By Rudyard Kipling. (Illustrated.) Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 119 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Orson Lowell certainly had a difficult task when he was asked to illustrate such a strange tale of the unnatural as is this charming story. He has succeeded fairly well, and in some instances admirably well.

Century of Science, A. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 477 pages. \$2.

Under this title Mr. Fiske has collected a series of essays, addresses, and reviews on scientific and literary, historical and biographical subjects, mostly of the past decade. Those readers who have known him only as a historian, or as a philosopher, will derive from the papers in this volume a fuller appreciation of his versatile interest and power.

Child's Name, The. By Julian McCormick. William H. Young & Co., New York. 8vo. 137 pages. 50c.

Christian Mysticism. (The Bampton Lectures, 1899.) By William Ralph Inge, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 379 pages. \$2.50.

Englewood: Its Annals and Reminiscences. By J. A. Humphrey. (Illustrated.) The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 8vo. 237 pages.

Figaro Illustré. The Christmas Number, 1899. English Edition. London, England.

Four-Masted Cat-Boat, and Other Truthful Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis. The Century Co., New York. 16mo. 241 pages. \$1.25.

A collection of humorous sketches, most of which have already appeared in the magazines and weekly papers. They may be now enjoyed, taken one at a time, but the book is not one to read through consecutively. Mr. Loomis is ingenious in his ludicrous exaggerations and conceptions.

Gentlewoman, The. The Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

Girlhood to Motherhood, From. By Mary Lowe Dickinson. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 64 pages. 30c.

A collection of short essays on this most important period of a girl's life, treating the several phases from the ethical standpoint.

Graphic. The Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

Great Britain, Famous Homes of, and their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan. (Illustrated.) 8vo. 393 pages. \$7.50.

So instant and effective is the appeal of this volume that we trust the publishers may shortly issue others

dealing in like manner with the same subject. Surely there is wealth enough in the description of the castles and palaces of England to supply material for several volumes of equal merit with this. The "Famous Homes" here described are Belvoir Castle, Battle Abbey, Charlecote, Penshurst, Blenheim, Warwick, Cawdor Castle, Holland House, Chatsworth, Hardwick, Alnwick, and Lyme. The volume is superbly printed, illustrated, and bound. Some of the articles are by the owners of the places described; for instance, that on Blenheim is by the Duke of Marlborough, that on Battle Abbey by the Duchess of Cleveland. When the articles first appeared in the "Pall Mall Magazine," they attracted deserved attention; their appearance in book form, however, is so much more impressive that Mr. Malan's volume offers a signal instance of the gain in dignity made by the transference of scattered papers published serially in a magazine to the larger print and greater solidarity obtained in book form.

His Defense and Other Stories. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. (Illustrated.) The Century Co., New York. 217 pages. 12mo. \$1.25.

Mr. Edwards always suffers under the misfortune of having his new stories compared with his famous "Two Runaways." The tales from this book do not absolutely reach the level of that delightful record of old-time plantation life, but still they are agreeable reading, and distinctly above the average of recent magazine story-writing. The illustrations, by Mr. Kemble and others, are capital.

Holly and Pizen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Co., New York. 16mo. 216 pages. \$1.25.

Mrs. Stuart's latest volume contains a group of short stories in her characteristic vein. No one knows the Southern negro better, or has presented him more sympathetically from the humorous side. Mrs. Stuart's charm lies in her simplicity, the sincerity of her work, her perfect naturalness, and her ease in expressing both the humorous and pathetic. She is a born story-teller and delineator of character.

How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines? By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 321 pages. \$1.25.

Junior's Experience in Missionary Lands, A. By Mrs. B. B. Comegys, Jr. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 121 pages. 50c.

La Fontaine, A Hundred Fables of. By Percy J. Billingham. John Lane, New York. 8vo. 202 pages. \$1.50.

Delightfully illustrated. Space forbids selecting all the pictures that deserve praise, but we must note that of the fable of the ass carrying relics.

Lalla Rookh. By Thomas Moore. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 8vo. 296 pages. \$2.50.

To show the value of this latest edition of Thomas Moore's famous poem, we need only say that it contains several illustrations each by Messrs. W. H. Low, Kenyon Cox, E. L. Weeks, J. W. Champney, Walter Satterlee, Robert Blum, and other well-known artists.

Letters from Queer and Other Folk. By Helen M. Cleveland. The Macmillan Co., New York. Book I., 30c. Book II., 35c. Book III., 60c.

The main purpose of these books is to give instruction in letter-writing. The letters are from animals and insects, giving information in natural history, each one asking questions that require answers on subjects familiar to children. There are in addition social letters, letters of business, receipts and bills, in correct form, and in incorrect form for correction.

Lively City o' Ligg, The. By Gelett Burgess. (Illustrated.) The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Square 8vo. 219 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Gelett Burgess was formerly the editor of "The Lark," and in this volume betrays his antecedents. A more delightfully improbable, inconsequential book of nonsense stories has not come to light for many a day. The story of "The Terrible Train," for instance, is a very

impossible excursion into that region of the absurdly impossible which, by the very breadth of its contrasts with the probable, is inviting not only to young but to older readers. The preface, which must not be taken too seriously, is a capital imitation of philosophy presented with a gravity calculated to deceive even the elect, and the author's illustrations, which are in color, are as good as his text. The stories are not equally successful, but there is so much good nonsense in the book that it is cordially commended to all those serious-minded people who have the care of their own spirits as well as the bringing up of children in their hands.

Little "Jim Crow" and Other Stories of Children. By Clara Morris. The Century Co., New York. 16mo. 226 pages. \$1.25.

The book's title is that of the first of these delightfully humorous and delicately pathetic stories for children by a famous actress appearing in a new rôle.

Logic, Illustrations of. By Paul T. Lafleur, M.A. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 97 pages.

London News. (Illustrated.) Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

London Town, To. By Arthur Morrison. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 298 pages. \$1.50.

Here Mr. Morrison, whose studies of life in London among the lower classes are recognized as standing at the head of the new realistic fiction of that class, falls into a more cheerful and less repellent vein than is found in his other powerful but gloomy stories. A family of English rustics are suddenly plunged into London life; and it is for some time doubtful whether they will sink or swim. They see both sides—poverty, swindling, idleness, drunkenness, on the one hand, and cheerful industry and ambition on the other—and in the end succeed in getting on the right path. The boy Johnny is a distinct creation, and all the minor characters are faithfully and carefully drawn.

Love and Law in Child Training. By Emilie Poulsson. The Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 8vo. 235 pages. \$1.

Written by one of the leading kindergartners and kindergarten trainers in this country. This author, full of the enthusiasm of her profession, has in this book presented the fruit of her experience, and written for the mothers who in holy fear clasp the hands of their children to guide them in play and work, in thought and deed for the future responsibilities. The chapters treat of the phases of children-training rather than present a sequence of child-training. There is in this book the inspirational quality as well as the teaching quality. The whole aim of the book is to show how a child may be guided to self-development.

Love Made Manifest. By Guy Boothby. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 16mo. 330 pages. \$1.25.

Lowly Life in a Great City, Sketches of. By M. A. Woolfe. (Illustrated.) Edited by Joseph Henius. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Oblong 4to. 185 pages. \$2.

It cannot be questioned that Mr. Woolfe had an acute sense of the pathetic and of the humorous. Technically he was by no means a good draughtsman, and his peculiar style of depicting children in comical and pathetic aspects does, we confess, become slightly wearisome when many of these pictures are looked at consecutively. The types of street urchins are so exaggerated, both in the ludicrous and pathetic pictures, that the artist's ideas are suggestive rather than fully brought out.

Monuments and the Old Testament, The. By Ira Maurice Price, Ph.D. (Illustrated.) The Christian Culture Press, Chicago. 12mo. 321 pages. \$1.50.

Professor Price has rendered a valuable service to those who are desirous to find in a concise form the best information yielded by ancient monuments in illustration of the Old Testament. From a wide range of authorities, he has with excellent judgment selected the most important material, and has presented it in a condensed form,

in chronological order, and in popular style. A select list of references to the best books is added for those who wish further knowledge of the subject.

Montezuma's Castle. By Charles B. Cory. (Illustrated.) Ralph S. Mighill, New York. 8vo. 233 pages.

These weird tales of Western life are told with delightful directness. There is a taking touch-and-go in the author's style, extremely satisfactory in its vigorous simplicity.

New York, A Brief History of the City of. By Charles B. Todd. (Illustrated.) The American Book Co., New York. 12mo. 299 pages. 75c.

By a member of the New York Historical Society who has written "The Story of the City of New York," and the story of the National Capital, Washington. This later book is intended for school use, and is condensed within small compass, yet it gives in attractive narrative form the history of the city from its beginnings. It is illustrated with photographic representations of old prints, photographs of modern buildings on historic sites, and historic streets as they are to-day. There is a valuable colored map of the present city.

Pears' Annual. Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. Introduction by Austin Dobson. (Illustrated.) The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 298 pages. \$2.

This edition has as its special and most valuable feature an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson; a peculiarly happy selection, in view both of Mr. Dobson's knowledge and of his affection for the period and the people. The illustrations are by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and have a good deal of spirit. Of course no illustrator can ever convey the charm of the inimitable Peg Woffington.

Queen's Twin and Other Stories, The. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 232 pages. \$1.25.

Miss Jewett's art shows no sign of flagging interest, although many volumes stand to her credit on the bookshelves. She still holds undisputed possession of her own field; an accomplished artist, who never attempts that which she cannot do, and who holds her work to the highest standards with unflagging earnestness and freshness.

Reading, How to Teach It. By Sarah Louise Arnold. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. 16mo. 288 pages. \$1.

While teachers and parents will find this book specially timely, it is valuable to all readers; they will learn to read better by also learning how to teach reading. First of all the author tells us why we read, and then gives us many a good hint for lessons in reading. The list of books tested and found useful in the school-room is an extremely attractive and desirable consulting list to those who would arrange for the best reading for youthful minds.

Religion of Israel to the Exile. By Karl Budde, D.D. (American Lectures on the History of Religions.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 228 pages. \$1.50.

Another volume has been added to that admirable series on the History of Religions, to which Dr. Brinton contributed a volume on primitive religions, Professor Rhys-Davids one on Buddhism, and Canon Cheyne one on Israel. The last named considers Jewish religious life after the Exile. Jewish religious life to the Exile forms the subject of the volume just issued, and its author is no less an authority than Professor Budde, of the University of Strassburg. The chief merit of Professor Budde's book is its condensation. Abstaining from over-analysis, he records results, leading up to them by those unerring strokes which show him to be a genuine historical artist. He gives a distinct view of the subject, undistracted by details. While the book will take its deserved place in the estimation of scholars, it is also a book for the general reader, and its value in this respect is emphasized by the excellent translation in which it makes its appeal to Americans. Professor Budde's own knowledge of

English stands him in good stead; he is one of the few foreign authors who can vouch for the fidelity of the translations of their works.

Reminiscences, 1819-1899. By Julia Ward Howe. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 465 pages. \$2.50.

A valuable contribution to the social and literary history of the century, by one who has had exceptional opportunities, at home and abroad, of meeting the most distinguished people. The graciousness of the writer adds a charm to this record of social life in America begun at a time when simplicity was its distinguishing feature. The evolution to the present complexity is marked, but without conscious effort, by the author.

Revolutionist, Memoirs of a. By P. Kropotkin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo, 5/9 pages. \$2.50.

Scoundrels and Co. By Coulson Kernahan. Herbert E. Stone & Co., Chicago. 16mo. 320 pages. \$1.25.

An impossible story of a gang of rascals who came to grief through the shrewdness of a pretended comrade. The author says in his preface that he had no other purpose in writing than "to while away an hour or two by a yarn." The statement seems entirely superfluous after reading the book.

Sermons in Stones and in Other Things. By Amos R. Wells. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 243 pages. \$1.

"The Art of Window Trimming," "Don't Talk to the Motorman," "Have You Punctured Your Tire?" "Bricks," "Garnet Girls," "Natural Gas," are specimens of the topics of these sermonettes. Mr. Wells has a happy insight into the spiritual analogies of humdrum things, and knows how to set common objects in uncommon lights. The man who shuns sermons will find here the common sense and unconventionality that he likes, while the preacher will find suggestive material both in things to put and the way of putting them.

Seventeenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Felix E. Schelling. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 315 pages. \$1.20.

The latest addition to the Athenæum Press Series contains a selection from the rich lyric production of the period between 1625 and 1700, selected and edited by Professor Felix E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania; the selection being prefaced by one of those careful and intelligent introductions which have given this series its increasing value.

Sky Pilot, The. By Ralph Connor. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 300 pages. \$1.25.

This is the kind of book for which Sunday-school readers, among others, have been long waiting. First, there is no whining cant about it. Secondly, it is vital with real ethics, not mere theories, and its ethics are directly applicable to the young—not to the young through the old. Ralph Connor's "Black Rock" was good, but "The Sky Pilot" is better. The matter which he gives us is real life; virile, true, tender, humorous, pathetic, spiritual, wholesome. His Bret Harte manner in describing this life has at times a distinct and refreshing quality of literary workmanship; his style, fresh, crisp, and terse, accords with the Western life, which he well understands. Henceforth the foot-hills of the Canadian Rockies will probably be associated in many a mind with the name of "Ralph Connor." The readers of *The Outlook* will remember "Bill's Bluff for the Church," published in our issue of November 18; an excellent short story in itself, it formed part of "The Sky Pilot," and was published in advance of the appearance of this book by special arrangement with the publishers.

Space and Time, Tales of. By H. G. Wells. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 358 pages. \$1.50.

The extraordinary imagination which Mr. Wells has evinced in "The War of the Worlds" and "When the Sleeper Wakes" is again called upon to deal with the marvelous in the short stories here gathered. They will

uphold the author's reputation, but will not particularly increase it.

Surface of Things, The. By Charles Waldstein. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 16mo. 329 pages. \$1.25.

Telegraph Tom's Venture. By James Otis. (Illustrated.) The Werner Co., New York. 12mo. 228 pages. 75c.

A detective story in which Telegraph Tom, a boy, plays the second part.

Their Shadows Before. By Pauline Carrington Bouvé. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 12mo. 201 pages. \$1.25.

A well-written story of child life in slave days, with exciting episodes growing out of the famous "Nat Turner" insurrection. The story is rather a slight one, but it holds its interest from beginning to end, and leads us to hope for further books from this writer, whose name is new to us.

Troubadours at Home, The. By Justin H. Smith. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 2 vols. \$6.

Unexplored Asia, Through. By William Jameson Reid. (Illustrated.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 8vo. 499 pages. \$4.50.

The unexplored Asia here described is a part of western China and eastern Tibet. The book is of special value both to geographers and ethnologists, for, if we mistake not, the author gives us the first account of a hitherto unexplored land. His maps are, consequently, the first detailed plans ever made for this particular country.

Union Theological Seminary in the City of New York: Another Decade of its History. By G. L. Prentiss. M. W. & C. Pennypacker, Asbury Park, N. J. 8vo. 576 pages.

Now that the Union Theological Seminary is about to become a great theological university, its past history, as the background for that university, has an added interest. The author's large and well-printed volume should find wide reading, not alone among graduates of the Seminary, or even among Presbyterians, but also among all friends of proper theological training. We are glad to note that the discussion of the case of Dr. Briggs, and of its bearing on the judicial system of the Presbyterian Church, is so full and well considered. The latter part of the book is taken up with biographical sketches of deceased directors and professors; especially with the sketch of the noble life and public services of the late Charles Butler, President of the Board of Trustees, who died just two years ago. His courtly kindness, his patriotic devotion, and his far-sighted Christian work had an international reputation. His portrait forms the appropriate frontispiece to the volume.

United States, The Territorial Acquisitions of. By Edward Bicknell. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 18mo. 110 pages. 50c.

Though his book is a small one, the author has described in considerable detail the precedents established by our Government concerning its territorial acquisitions. His volume is thus a particularly valuable one for every student of history or politics.

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Becky Sharp Edition. Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 676 pages. \$2.50.

Mrs. Fiske's success in creating a "Becky Sharp" of the stage, has led to the publishing of this elaborately illustrated edition. The half-tone pictures, which show the characters of the comedy, are notably well printed, and afford an interesting souvenir of the play, even if they do not very effectively call up to the eye the characters as we imagine Thackeray to have seen them.

Wife of His Youth, The. By Charles W. Chesnutt. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 323 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Chesnutt has made a distinct mark in recent fiction. His earlier book was of a quality which compelled attention. This volume of short stories is less distinctly original, but is full of close and humorous studies of negro character portrayed with humor and pathos.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

1. If God is immanent in humanity and is working out his own ends, and if, as Fiske says, we are now imperfect but marching on to perfection, what becomes of human freedom? Humanity, according to this, is limited and full of childish imperfections, being molded by the Master-hand. It may be lack of the power of discrimination on my part, but I have never been able to reconcile this idea with the doctrine of sin. May I ask one other question? 2. I read in one of the August numbers of *The Outlook*, Dr. Abbott's sermon on "Whom God Elects," in which he said, in substance, that it makes no difference whether a man is a member of the Church or whether he has been baptized or not, if he has the spirit of sacrifice he has the spirit of Christ, and is among God's elect. My conception and faith in God make me believe this is true, but how do we reconcile this with Christ's explicit teaching on baptism, viz., his conversation with Nicodemus and his charge to the disciples? R. S. C.

Sin is defined by John as lawlessness, by the Westminster Confession as "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, any law of God." These definitions assume that man is a free moral agent and has power to violate the law of God, which nature has not. It is this power which makes him a moral being, and God's work of bringing about a kingdom of righteousness and peace in the world is accomplished gradually and amid the obstacles caused by this power which the free moral agent has to disregard the divine laws. 2. Doubtless Nicodemus would have understood by "born of water" a reference to baptism, which was the Pharisaic symbol which marked the renunciation of prayer and the acceptance of Jewish faith by a proselyte. But we do not doubt that what is essential is the fact that a new faith is openly confessed and a new loyalty avowed, not the form or symbol by which this is done.

Could you suggest an outline of study and reading on the social or sociological aspects and teachings of the Bible? What books furnish most of the materials for such a study, and would the Mosaic laws throw a good deal of light upon the Bible aspect of social economics? What lines of study have not yet been worked up, and do you think the subject worthy of investigation? X.

The following books will be helpful: Ely's "Problems of To-day" (Crowell, \$1.25), Abbott's "Christianity and Social Problems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25); Commons's "Social Reform and the Church" (Crowell, 75 cents); Mathews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" (Macmillan, \$1.25). The teaching of the Old Testament as well as the New is traced in Root's "Profit of Many" (Revell, \$1.25), and in the late Dr. A. P. Peabody's lectures on the Mosaic institutions. Ferris's "Pauperizing the Rich" (Leach, Philadelphia, \$1.25) contains some striking lessons. The relation of Christianity to our present economic problems, and the inquiry whether it demands amendment of our social institutions, cannot be deemed undeserving of close study.

1. Kindly suggest the names of two good homiletical commentaries on Genesis. 2. Give the names of several good works on "The Creation" and "The Fall of Man." I. M. M.

1. The homiletical sections of Lange's Commentary on Genesis (Scribners) contains many fruitful as well as unfruitful suggestions. Dr. Joseph Parker's "People's Bible" (Funk & Wagnalls) has a volume of discourses on Genesis. Then there is Dr. Dod's volume in the Expositor's Bible (published in different forms by Funk & Wagnalls and by W. B. Ketcham, New York). 2. See Professor Winchell's "Sketches of Creation" (Harpers); Professor Ryle's "Early Narratives of Genesis" (Macmillan); "The Order of Creation"—discussed by Glad-

stone, Huxley, and others (Truth-Seeker Company, New York).

Referring to your answer to "I. M. C." under Notes and Queries of November 25, I would suggest that it would have been a more complete statement of the facts to have said, "Since 597 A.D., when St. Augustine" arrived in Kent and found British Bishops already in authority over a Christian Church. On sending to Pope Gregory, whose missionary he was, to learn what course he should pursue, he was informed that he should join the British Bishops in converting the heathen, etc. (For earlier history of British Church see Gildas.) C. L.

The form of our answer intimated that there was more to say in the line that "C. L." takes. We have said it before now, and do not care to repeat our statements unnecessarily.

In *The Outlook* of October 28, which contains the brief report of the Unitarian Conference, the sentence occurs: "Self-fulfillment rather than self-surrender God's requirement," and the "spiritual leadership of Jesus for self-fulfillment." Can you briefly outline this to me—new doctrine? Or can you tell me where I can find a discussion of it? E. C. P.

If the right idea of man is that he is a child of God, then the realization of that idea is self-fulfillment, in living as a child of God and becoming what he has it in him to be. One so endeavoring will need to addict himself to the ideal of divine sonship exhibited in Jesus. The general point of view to be taken is given in St. Paul's precept, "Work out your own salvation, for it is God who worketh in you."

Does the final destiny, the eternal destiny, of man pivot upon the will and ability of God, or does it pivot upon the will and ability of each individual person? C. P.

To affirm the former seems to impair human responsibility; to affirm the latter seems to limit God's infinitude. The classic statement, in which the best philosophy concurs with Scripture, is in Philipians ii., 12, 13. According to this, the human and the divine are concurrent factors; each is effective, neither excludes or over-bears the other. The problem is mysterious, because the finite is in the infinite and the infinite in the finite, so that it cannot be said where one ends and the other begins.

I send you by this mail a marked copy of the last number of the "Epworth Herald." On page 367 is an article by Dr. Dobbs claiming unreservedly that the tombs of Mordecai and Esther have been discovered and identified. I have been of the opinion recently that the story of Esther was not literal history. I should very much like to know whether this item is true, or a Sunday-school story. F. W. H.

It is not so true as some Sunday-school stories. It grew from an account that some one gave of the reputed tomb of Mordecai and Esther, a famous old building at Hamadan (the ancient Ecbatana in Media), well known to travelers. The story was lately corrected by Dr. Ward in the "Independent."

Kindly give me a list of the best books for a child of fourteen to see the difference between Protestantism and the Romish Church. M. D. H.

One of the best informed on this point whom we know says that he would use for this purpose Dr. Charles Miel's book "The Soul's Pilgrimage," originally published in the "Atlantic Monthly," but issued in book form by a Philadelphia publisher. As it has something of the charm of a story, it would probably interest a child.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



A Miracle

By E. L. Sabin

One eve the west was golden red,
And just before I went to bed
I planned to rise with early light
And travel all the day till night;
And where the sun had set I'd find
What pretty wonders lay behind!

But when I woke, and looked to see
How far by day the west might be,
I found I'd reached it, for, alack!
The sun was now behind my back—
Yet sky and trees and grass, some way,
Were quite the same as every day!

What Happened to Jimsey

By Clara O. Lyon

There was no place where Robbie liked better to visit than at Aunt Mary's house. In the first place, there was dear Aunt Mary herself, who was fond of all boys and particularly fond of Robbie. In the next place, there was the cooky-jar, which had a wonderful way of never being empty no matter how often he visited it; and, last of all, there were the birds. Rinkum was a parrot that always made Robbie laugh by exclaiming, in odd imitation of Aunt Mary, "Mercy, how you've grown!"

He liked Rinkum, but he liked the mocking-bird, Jimsey, too, though Jimsey couldn't talk; but he would hold his head on one side and peer at Robbie with his bright eyes to make sure it was he, and then hop gayly about his cage as if glad that the boy had come again.

Now, one day something happened. Aunt Mary washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, set her bread by the stove to rise, and, telling Jimsey and Rinkum, who had been let out of their cages, to behave themselves, went upstairs, never dreaming that two such well-behaved birds would get into trouble while she was gone. But pretty soon she heard Rinkum's loud screeches, which told her something was the matter.

"Fire! fire! throw on water!" cried Polly as she entered.

"Where are you, Rinkum, and where's Jimsey?"

"Mercy, how you've grown! Fire! Fire!" screamed Rinkum from a dark corner of the room under the table, where she had retreated as if in fear. But Jimsey was not with her, and Aunt Mary grew alarmed as she saw, what had escaped her notice when she went upstairs; that the side window was open several inches. "Some cat has got him, or else he has flown away." She started toward the window to look out, but as she went she noticed a strange heaving of the napkin over her bread. She whisked it off, and there was poor Jimsey up to his neck in the soft sponge, vainly struggling to free himself, but sinking deeper and deeper. Rinkum had watched him fly down to the edge of the pan, pick up a corner of the napkin in his bill, peck at the dough daintily to see if it were good, and then hop down into the sticky stuff, which held him fast. She did all she could by giving the alarm, and Aunt Mary soon had the bird out of his queer bath; but Jimsey's feathers had to be cut, and he was never quite so lively again, so that Robbie, when he came again, said:

"Aunt Mary, it seems to me that Jimsey's getting old; he acts like an old man. And I'm getting old, too. Do you know, I'll be six years old to-morrow!"

"Mercy, how you've grown!" said the parrot.

A Business Opportunity

If you are anxious to go into business, there is a rare opportunity offered in New York. A boarding-house for wild animals is greatly needed. The Central Park menagerie used to provide for the animals whose owners wished to find a boarding-place for them. But now the animals owned by the city are so many that there is no room for outsiders. The circuses must find some other home when the animals are given a vacation. So, if you wish to go into business, there is this opportunity to start a boarding-house for wild animals. Be sure you find good storage-

room. The elephants will want a ton of hay a day and other delicacies. The lions will need large quantities of beef, and the hippopotamus must have a pond. But do not be discouraged by such small matters as ponds for hippopotami, nor storage of a couple of tons of hay daily for each elephant, nor a few sides of beef for the lion boarders. Polly's crackers will be easily stored, and birds of paradise and macaws will be easily provided for.

The Death of Washington

December 14, 1899, was the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington, the first President of the United States—the man who earned the praise, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." George Washington died at his home, Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Potomac, not many miles from the city of Washington, the present capital of the United States. At the time of the death of Washington, December 14, 1799, the capital of the United States was at Philadelphia. The sixth Congress had just assembled, and to that city the news of the death of Washington was brought on the evening of December 17, the traveler who brought the news having heard it when passing through Alexandria, which is near Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. This traveler had passed through Baltimore and announced the death of the first President there the preceding day. The Alexandria "Times" was the first newspaper to print the news, in its issue bearing date of December 15.

Washington was buried on December 18. At the time the funeral services were being held at Mount Vernon, John Marshall, a member from Virginia, and later Chief Justice of the United States, announced the death of the first President to Congress, then in session. The greatest grief was manifested; an immediate adjournment was taken, and the members voted to wear mourning and to drape the Senate Chamber. President Adams's wife postponed a levee one week, and notices were sent out requesting the ladies who attended to wear white dresses trimmed with black ribbon, and black kid gloves.

In Boston the tolling of the bells on Christmas morning announced the death of Washington to the people,

Funeral services were held in all the principal cities of the country: in New York, in St. Paul's Church, on December 31; in Boston, in the Old South Church, on February 8. Harvard College is said to have been the only college that held special funeral services. Two of the members of the senior class took part. The President of the College read an address in Latin.

You can realize how slowly people traveled in those days, when it took three days for the news of the death of the greatest citizen in America to reach the capital of the country—a distance traveled to-day by railroads in three hours, while a telegraphic message would pass between the two places in but a few minutes. This is but one of the many proofs of the wonderful changes in the conditions of life in this country in one hundred years.

Outside and Inside Weather

By Jessie M. Anderson

[From "St. Nicholas"]

In the morning, when our eyes pop open
early, very early,
And we creep and peep to watch the
sun arise;
If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glower-
ing, grim and surly,
Has no streaming golden beaming for
our eyes—
Why, then, lightly as a feather
Must our spirits dance together,
And our faces must be sunny all day long;
For as fresh as Highland heather
We can make the inside weather
When the outside seems to be so very
wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the
happy birds are singing,
And the trees are budding in the glad,
warm light;
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown
leaves' tender keeping,
And the face of day is fresh and sweet
and bright—
Why, then, why not all together
Make our faces match the weather?—
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all
day long!
For as fragrant as the heather
Is the charming outside weather,
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.

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The Boer War: The Battle of Stormberg

The century has not shown a darker week in British military history than was the last. During the seven days the British army sustained three cumulative defeats, one in Cape Colony, one on the Bechuanaland border, and one in Natal. The commanders were, respectively, General Gatacre, General Methuen, and General Buller himself, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa. In every case the British were not only outfought but also outmaneuvered, and in every case the British exhibited the same fault—a fatal lack in scouting. The result of the three defeats was the loss of several thousand men and nearly a score of guns; the growth of doubt in the skill of the British army leaders, in whom formerly unquestioning confidence prevailed; the retirement from bravely won outposts; and, last but not least, the spreading of disaffection in British Africa, and the heightened fear of it in British India. We have already reported the British defeat at Stormberg in Cape Colony, but the alarming circumstance is only now disclosed that the first commando to open fire on the British there was composed entirely of Cape Colony Dutch. This helps to explain the fact that, while the British have more men in South Africa than the entire arms-bearing population of the two republics, the Boers appear to outnumber their enemy whenever there is a battle.



The Battle of Magersfontein

The second defeat was at Magersfontein, a few miles north of the Modder River and a few miles west of the Orange Free State on the Bechuana frontier. As a protection against bayonet charges barbed wire was used by the Boers,

and with terrible effect. The deadly fire from their intrenchments reached first the British officers who were leading their men. The total casualties were about a thousand. A large proportion of the killed were officers. Some hold that only such an early crippling of the British forces prevented the capture of the Boer position. As Lord Methuen has been the one prominent general intimately acquainted with Boer methods, his defeat is all the more humiliating. He saw his Highlanders, in close formation, caught within two hundred yards of Boer trenches the existence of which they did not know—so faulty was the scouting. The Highlanders had not even fixed bayonets; their loss amounted to three-fourths of the whole, and their noble commander, General Wauchope, was one of the first to fall. He will be succeeded by a leader as accomplished as himself, General Macdonald, whose splendid defeat of the Dervishes' flank attack at Omdurman last year turned a critical situation into a victory. Another prominent loss was Major the Marquis of Winchester, a gallant soldier who had distinguished himself in Egypt. The famous Black Watch Regiment was decimated, rank and file. Decisive as was Lord Methuen's defeat, it should not be forgotten that his fifty-mile march towards Kimberley, marked by his three victories of Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River, was not only by far the most brilliant feat of British arms so far during the present campaign, but was worthy of the best traditions of the British army. After the battle at Magersfontein an informal arrangement was made under a flag of truce by which firing on both sides should cease during the collection of the wounded. So marked was the Boer aid to the British in searching the field that Lord Methuen sent a letter to General Cronje, the Boer commander,

thanking him for such signal courtesy. The British forces have now retired to their fortified camp at Modder River, which is believed to form an excellent base.



The Battle of Colenso

Later in the week the same excuse which had been made for the most brilliant Indian fighter and for the most brilliant African fighter was forced to do duty again, this time for the Commander-in-Chief himself. Even he had not made adequate provisions for ascertaining whether the way was clear and safe for British guns. He adopted a direct frontal attack instead of more deliberate maneuvering. The repulse was immediate and crushing. At one stroke the Boers captured eleven British guns—more than Wellington left in Napoleon's hands during all the Peninsular War—and as many hundred of the British were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners—the largest number so far at any one engagement. When the day was half spent, General Buller prudently ordered his battalions to retire to their camp, though they were eager to continue the fight for the recovery of the guns. He thus saved a useless sacrifice of life. Praiseworthy as this was, it is none the less incomprehensible that the British, after defeats in every battle in 1880–81, should not have been better prepared in three things: (1) They should have protected their raw troops by the most approved scouting tactics. (2) Their artillery inferiority is surprising, as, from its agents at Pretoria and elsewhere, the London Government has long been in possession of ample information relative to Boer military equipment. (3) In the use of these guns the British had reason to expect practically as much superiority to their own handling as was shown nineteen years ago. If Boer superiority in these three particulars has not been evident to the British, it has been so to the German and other agents at Pretoria, who warned Great Britain, when the war broke out, to be prepared in these departments. The British made the mistake of underrating their foes. The present lesson, therefore, may be a timely one to the nation as a whole. Not only its soldiers, the nation itself has been caught in an ambushade.

British Calmness and Determination

In 1793, referring to the Anglo-French outbreak, William Pitt said: "This will be a short war, and will certainly end in one or two campaigns." The war lasted twenty-two years. If the most brilliant of Premiers was at fault, it is perhaps natural that an English statesman of to-day should err in predicting a "three weeks' campaign in South Africa," and that General Buller should have expected to eat his Christmas dinner at Pretoria. In point of fact, during the past ten weeks the British have lost seventy-seven hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. President Kruger has made good his threat: "I will make Great Britain pay for the Boer States a price that will stagger humanity." Never has popular feeling in England been more chastened. One paper goes so far as to say that Great Britain stands where she stood over a century ago, "when the American colonists, men of British and Dutch blood, were in arms." While there is an undercurrent of intense indignation against the War Office, and also in many quarters against the Cabinet, the calmness with which the British have met blow after blow challenges the admiration even of the French. This calmness, and a characteristically British unflinching determination, not only to retrieve South African blunders, but also to maintain Imperial unity, has never been more impressively shown than now. As a Radical paper says: "The stake the gambler Chamberlain has thrown on the table is not merely South Africa, but the Empire. It is too late to regret the game. We have no choice but to play it, even if it involves sending abroad the militia. Our armies in South Africa must be amply reinforced." The conservatively inclined London "Times" adds that neither the Crimean War nor the Indian Mutiny was so perilous to the Empire.



Lords Roberts and Kitchener

It is not surprising, then, that the official organ of the Government demands the immediate calling out of all the volunteers. The Cabinet itself has done an act of highest and wisest patriotism in replacing General Buller as Commander-in-Chief by Field-Marshal Lord

Roberts, and by sending Lord Kitchener as his Chief-of-Staff. On the very day when Lord Roberts's appointment was made his only son succumbed to injuries received at Colenso. During the past four years Lieutenant Roberts had been his father's aide-de-camp. He had served in India and Egypt. At Colenso he displayed such gallantry in trying to rescue the captured guns that he was recommended for that most coveted of all British military distinctions, the Victoria Cross. Deep sympathy is everywhere felt for the brave and able commander, whose "Forty-one Years in India" is as instructive and inspiring a soldier's story as has been published in recent years. There is hardly a finer feat of British arms than Lord Roberts's forced march to Kandahar. Though Lord Kitchener's name has not yet all the magic which attaches to that of his senior—whom Mr. Kipling loves to call "Bobs, Fighting Bobs"—yet the marvelously planned and executed Omdurman campaign has given to Lord Kitchener a reputation which only increases as one studies more intimately the events of 1897-8. The Cabinet has also called in the remaining reserves for further reinforcements, and will send out additional divisions with all possible despatch, so that Lord Roberts will ultimately command a hundred and eighty thousand men. The War Office is now recruiting from the Volunteer Force, a body corresponding to our National Guard. Battalions of militia have replaced the garrisons of Malta and of the Channel Islands. Additional contingents from Canada and Australia have been offered and accepted.

cers of equal integrity, energy, and executive capacity; there is none who has had in so full a degree experience in Cuban government. "La Lucha," a Havana paper, points out that in Santiago General Wood "ruled the most difficult people in Cuba, pacifying and calming them," and "Patria" reinforces this by saying that he respected the rights of the people, and that, although the most high-spirited part of the Cubans were in the eastern provinces, he ruled without hurting their susceptibilities. As long ago as last March Mr. Kennan, in a special letter to The Outlook, showed that it was absolutely imperative that the methods followed in Santiago should be adopted over all Cuba; and we then said, referring to rumors that the appointment of General Wood now made was then probable: "That it would result in better administration, better feeling, and a better condition of affairs generally, there can be little doubt. It would necessitate the promotion of General Wood over the heads of a number of major-generals of volunteers whose commissions antedate his, and would, therefore, give rise to a feeling of dissatisfaction in the small circle of officers of this grade; but what is our main object in holding and governing Cuba? Is it to please half a dozen or a dozen major-generals of volunteers, or is it to give the island of Cuba good government, restore its prosperity, and bring it as speedily as possible into process of peaceful and orderly development?" Events have confirmed this judgment, and the verdict of the press and people is that no stronger appointment has been made by the present Administration.

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The New Governor-General of Cuba The appointment of General Wood as Governor-General of Cuba has been recognized by the whole country not merely as the best that could be made, but as the only one that met the situation. For General Wood has not only experience and training; he has precisely that particular training which fits him almost ideally to do now on a large scale what he has already done admirably in a smaller way—to deal with the island of Cuba as he has dealt with the province of Santiago. There are other army offi-

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Shall They be Territories? We publish Dr. Carroll's paper on the government of our new territories without indorsing it. There appear to us serious objections to his plan when applied to Porto Rico, and conclusive objections to it when applied to the Philippines. These objections are two: first, that making these islands Territories brings them under the provisions of our Constitution, and will involve us in serious if not inextricable difficulties—as in our tariff legislation; second, that making them Territories will be taken to imply that

they are eventually to become States, and take a share in the government of the Nation. In our judgment, our new departure necessitates the organization of a Colonial system, analogous to that of Great Britain; but we are glad to give place to an able presentation of the other view by one who has made a not inconsiderable study of the subject.



In the Philippines

The pursuit of the broken bands of insurgents in northern Luzon continues. Captured leaders of the Filipinos assert that the disbanding of their forces into small bodies is strategy, and that the insurgents can again be brought together in larger force whenever advisable; they do not, however, say what they expect to accomplish with an army which disappears when the enemy approaches and comes together only when there is no danger of serious fighting. General Otis, on the other hand, believes that the military power of Aguinaldo is absolutely and finally destroyed, and that the insurgents south of Manila can easily be dealt with later on. No certainty exists as to Aguinaldo's present whereabouts. Major March, who had been pressing the pursuit of Aguinaldo, has abandoned it after reaching Bagnen, in the heart of the Grand Cordillera, where the range is ten thousand feet high, and food is scarce and travel almost impossible. All of General Young's soldiers, who have been scouring the country in several detachments, have suffered much from lack of shoes and the natural hardships of making their way through wild and unknown regions with hardly any supplies—one stream, for instance, had to be forded twelve times in the course of a mile. The Ilocos region is rich compared with the mountain regions where Major March has been; of the Ilocos country one despatch says: "The people are prosperous, intelligent, and more than half-civilized. They have excellent houses, and carry on flourishing industries. Many of them are evidently rich. Several towns received the troops with bands and the ringing of church bells. Cattle were killed and houses were opened to the troops." One of the most important events of last week was the capture of Mabini, who, though old and paralytic, is generally con-

sidered the ablest of the insurgents intellectually, and more than any one man "the brains of the revolution." Another was the formal surrender at Aparri to Captain McCalla, of the Newark, of the entire Province of Cagayan. Our troops also have now established a post on the extreme north coast of Luzon at Aparri, reached by Major Batchelder's detachment after an extremely daring march straight north through the island. Captain McCalla was sent around the coast to Aparri to meet and aid Major Batchelder, and they have thus now successfully joined forces. Thus, with Captain McCalla and Major Batchelder at Aparri in the Cagayan Province, commanding the great Rio Grande valley, with General MacArthur in the eastern central Isabella Province, and with General Young's various columns in the western and central parts of the island, practically our forces hold or can easily reach all of Luzon north of Manila. The towns about Subig Bay have been occupied by General Grant's command. On December 12 General Otis made the welcome announcement that some of the Philippine ports would soon be opened for trade.



Congress: The Boer and Philippine Resolutions

Apart from the financial debate, the most interesting discussion last week was that of Senator Mason's resolution expressing sympathy with the Boers in their war with Great Britain. The text of this resolution was shrewdly taken from the Republican platform in 1896, substituting only the words "South African Republic" for "Cuban patriots." It read as follows:

Whereas, From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other peoples to free themselves from European domination, *Resolved*, That we watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the South African Republic against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty.

In advocating this resolution Senator Mason recalled the attitude of Congress toward Greece and Armenia, quoting Webster's words about the effectiveness of purely moral support, and urged that the pending declaration was not against

the England of Chatham and Gladstone, which sympathized with the struggle for independence the world around, but merely against the England of Lord North and Chamberlain, which stood for British arrogance and greed. Senator Lodge urged in reply that, whatever our private sympathies may be, "there is a wide gulf fixed between private sympathy and public action." "The action of the Senate," he continued, "would constitute public action. . . . During our own war with Spain we were extremely desirous of, and we expected, strict neutrality from the other nations of the earth. That neutrality we received, and in the case of at least one of the parties in the present war it was very friendly neutrality. . . . The executive department has assumed an attitude of strict neutrality. . . . If we should pass such a resolution as this, we should immediately change the attitude of the country." Senator Lodge merely demanded that any action taken should be deliberate. Without division, Senator Mason's resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Pettigrew's resolutions calling for official information respecting the reported saluting of the Philippine flag by our forces in Subig Bay was tabled in the Senate by the decisive vote of 41 to 20. Senator Hoar was the only Republican who voted in its favor, while several Fusionists voted against it. A pro-Boer resolution similar to that of Senator Mason has been introduced into the House by Mr. Jett (Democrat), of Illinois, and a Philippine resolution has been introduced into the same body by Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, pledging the Philippine Islands their independence upon the restoration of peace in those islands, the establishment of a constitutional government there, and the repayment of the \$20,000,000 advanced by us to Spain. The Williams resolution also offers the Philippines a protectorate for ten years if their foreign relations are placed in our keeping. Neither of these resolutions has yet been discussed.



Congress: The
Financial Debate

The setting apart of a single week in the House for the discussion of the Currency Bill adopted by the Republican caucus compelled nearly all who partici-

pated to confine their remarks to the more general features of the bill. Even the important provisions for redeeming the greenbacks and increasing the privileges of National banks received relatively little attention. Nearly every speaker felt called upon to attack or defend the formal adoption of the gold standard, and as a result the debate was not a satisfactory discussion of the far-reaching measure pending. On the Republican side the speech which commanded the most attention was that made by Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, who stated frankly his former belief in the coinage of both gold and silver, but declared that all his misgivings about the gold standard had been removed by the experiences of the last three years. With a great deal of wit, Mr. Dolliver ridiculed the Democratic predictions made in the campaign of '96 that business ruin would follow the continued exclusion of silver from the currency. Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, made the most effective reply, twitting the Republicans for claiming the credit for the increased production of gold, and urging that the good effects of this increase demonstrated the Democratic claim that the scarcity of money was at the bottom of the hard times. There was less interest, however, in the financial arguments made than in the indications given as to party sentiment in various sections. The Democrats charged the Western Republicans with voting against the known wishes of their constituencies; but the Western Republicans to a man gave their votes for the bill. Among the Democrats, on the other hand, there were serious defections in the East. On the final vote eleven of these—eight from New York, and one each from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—supported the Republican measure, while still others, including Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, expressed their opposition to free coinage at the old ratio. The vote stood 190 to 150.



Shall Railroads be
Allowed to Pool?

Senator Cullom, who, as our readers will remember, is the author of the Inter-State Commerce Bill, and to whose patient and persistent efforts its final passage is largely due, has now introduced into the Senate a bill to authorize rail-

road pooling, subject to the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The details of this bill are not before us, but its general purpose seems to us wise. There are two methods of securing reasonable rates to the public over the roads: competition, and Government control. According to the first method, the Government encourages the building of as many railroads as possible, trusting that competition between different roads will keep rates for passenger traffic and freight carriage reasonable, and accommodations for both adequate. Nowhere, perhaps, has this method been given a fairer trial than in New York State, where any body of men may organize a railroad corporation under a general law, and proceed to build a railroad without a special charter. That this method has done much to bring freight and passenger rates down to a low figure is undoubtedly true, but it has also produced railway wars and shifting rates, and has not prevented discrimination between shippers. Moreover, the law which was first enunciated, we believe, by Stephenson, the father of railroads, has always sooner or later operated, namely, "Where combination is possible, competition is impossible." The railroads have combined, as, for example, in the purchase of the West Shore Railroad by the New York Central; and where the law has attempted to prevent combination, it has been practically accomplished by secret agreements. The other method is that which Senator Cullom, as we understand it, proposes. This is to allow the railroads to combine by dividing the traffic between them as they may think just and right, but to require all their freight rates to be subjected to a Governmental Commission which will have power to approve, reject, or modify. The law itself is not before us; our comments are based on a newspaper summary of its provisions; we are not sure how full are the powers proposed to be conferred on the Commission; but we are sure that they should be mandatory and enforceable by legal process, not merely power to recommend. The rates must by *controlled* either by competition or by Government. The law also prohibits, as it should, discrimination between shippers, and provides heavy penalties for any violation of its provisions. The objection to this method is, of course,

that the railroads having great interests at stake will by corrupt methods secure the appointment of subservient Railroad Commissioners. The adequate answer to this appears to us to be that, if the people fail to secure honest and incorruptible servants, they must suffer the consequences until sufficient public interest is aroused to make them do their duty at the primaries and at the polls. We believe that the existence of an Inter-State Commission with judicial powers, while it will not prevent all injustice and oppression, sometimes by popular clamor against the railroads, sometimes by corrupt wealth against the people, will furnish a much better safeguard of public interests than the attempt to maintain competition; and while it may not in all cases lower the rates as much as they should be lowered, compensation will be found in the fact that it will measurably secure, what competition does not secure at all, stability and uniformity of rates.



The Massachusetts Elections

The remaining city elections in Massachusetts which took place last week developed no more Socialist strongholds, and the respective gains and losses of the two great parties were in no case significant. What was significant, however, was the amount of non-partisan voting in all these elections. The absence of State and National issues made it easy for the voter to choose between candidates according to their personal instead of their party principles. In some cities non-partisan candidates were elected, and in one city—Chicopee—the Democratic Mayor, who was beaten at his party primaries by the saloon influence, was re-elected as an independent against the regular candidates of the two old parties. The most important election, however, was that in Boston, where the Democratic candidate for Mayor was beaten by a Democratic defection merely because he had the support of the "board of strategy," as the local Democratic machine has come to be called. In the Boston election there was a popular referendum on the question whether the street-car tracks should be relaid on Tremont Street, or should be kept within the subway. The street-car company was anxious to regain the privilege of occupying

the crowded street, and the supposed uncertainty of the result caused a tremendous vote to be polled. The count showed a majority of about twenty-five thousand against permitting the railroad to return to the street, and the friends of subways, not only in Boston but elsewhere, are able to rejoice in an overwhelming popular verdict in favor of underground rapid transit and the freedom of the streets to pedestrians.



Municipal Ownership of Municipal Water

The Comptroller of New York City, Mr. Bird S. Coler, has made a significant speech before the City Club—significant because in it he so vigorously advocates municipal ownership of municipal industries, including the water system, the dock system, and the underground railway. For this purpose he believes that the limit put by the Constitution upon the power of the city to incur debts should be modified so that debts incurred for public benefits that yield a revenue should be separated from those incurred for the general welfare, and that a debt that will not be a charge upon the taxpayer should not be included in those charged against the borrowing capacity of the city. He points out the fact that the docks and the water system both constitute a paying investment, the income from them being such that, after paying the interest on the bonds issued to acquire the plant, there remains a substantial profit over the cost of maintenance, which can be applied to the payment of the debt incurred in the construction or purchase of the plant. This principle is even more applicable in the case of the underground railroad, for this railroad is to be built by private capital raised upon bonds issued by the city, under an arrangement which secures the annual payment of the interest by the corporation which builds the road, and in addition a further payment such that the city will own the entire property, free of debt, at the end of fifty years, while not one dollar of principal or interest will have come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. It appears to us that Mr. Coler is absolutely right in this matter, and that, while caution should be exercised to prevent hazardous undertakings of a speculative nature by the municipality,

the people should not be prevented from doing for themselves whatever they can do cheaper and better than they can hire done for them by private enterprise. The indications are that there are strong forces at work in the municipal government to prevent the municipal ownership of public works. But the people of the city have voted by an overwhelming majority to own the underground railroad. If the municipal authorities continue to obstruct the will of the people, the cause of home rule itself demands that the Legislature should interfere and take away from the municipal authorities the power any longer to prevent the people of the city from doing what they have voted they desire to do. The people have a right to look to a Republican Legislature to secure for them those democratic rights which a Democratic municipal administration seems inclined to deny to them.



The German Navy

Last week, in introducing into the German Parliament the Emperor's pet proposal for an increase of the navy, the venerable Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, contented himself with saying that the present navy was insufficient and that estimates for doubling the present number of warships would be submitted. He left the statement of reasons to Count von Bülow, the Foreign Secretary. One of the latter's reasons reads as follows:

In the presence of a Greater Britain and a Nouvelle France, we have claims to a Greater Germany, not in the sense of conquest, but in the sense of a peaceful extension of our trade and points of support. . . . We must be secured against surprise, not only on land but at sea. We must create and possess a fleet strong enough to exclude attack by any power; and I emphasize attack, for in the absolute peacefulness of our policy it can never be other than a question of defense. German foreign policy is neither covetous, restless, nor fanciful. The fancifulness of our plans is the invention of the foreign press, and not sanctioned by the German press or officially. Like all nations with maritime interests, we are compelled by necessity to have coal supplies and obtain naval bases. This manifested itself in the Hispano-American war, which taught us many striking lessons. . . . In the coming century the German people must be either the hammer or the anvil.

After Baron von Thielmann, Secretary of the Treasury, had described the financial position of the Empire as favorable to

the new enterprise, the opponents of the measure had their turn. Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Centrists (the Roman Catholic group, and the most important in the Reichstag because holding the balance of power), declared that both past and future events would prove the Kaiser to have been mistaken in his Hamburg speech, when he claimed that during the first eight years of his reign the Reichstag had persistently refused to increase the navy. Such a remark from a subject about the Emperor is almost unparalleled in the annals of the German Parliament. The instance was immediately strengthened when Count von Ballestrem, President of the Reichstag, ruled, even against the Imperial Chancellor, that members could not be debarred from discussing the Kaiser's speeches in a decorous manner, and that, in his opinion, Dr. Lieber had complied with this condition. As, some time since, the Emperor had banished Count von Ballestrem from Court, the event is looked upon as having a personal motive, but it is none the less significant as marking a beginning of greater parliamentary and democratic freedom in Germany. The Naval Bill may thus ultimately detract more from the Kaiser's power than it adds to it. Herr Richter, the Radical leader, insinuated that the Bundesrath was reduced to the position of a body of men whose sole purpose is to register the monarch's will. He demanded a ministry responsible to the legislative body, not to the executive head. Of the Transvaal situation, Herr Richter said:

While the sympathies of Germany are with the Boers, the Government must and is remaining neutral. That is great progress, compared with the unfortunate telegram of some years ago. The war has proved that Great Britain's power has been much overrated. Germany will not again become an anvil, but neither is it her business to be a hammer.



A Financial Flurry On Monday of this week the New York City stock and bond market witnessed a condition the like of which had not occurred for fifteen years. The rates for call money advanced to one-half per cent. per day (in addition to the legal six per cent.), or one hundred and eighty-six per cent. per year. Such a standard stock as New York Central, for instance, fell seven points. The railway bond market sympathized to a

certain extent with the flurry in stocks, but the quotations for United States, State, and municipal bonds were not as much affected as was expected. The great feature of the day was the downfall of the weaker "Industrial" securities, but this was largely discounted in advance. The causes of the disturbance were, first, the unparalleled week of disaster to British arms, involving as it does the doubling of war expenditures, and the consequent necessity for the wherewithal to pay such an enormous drain. Whenever such a state of things arises in Europe, there is a rush to sell American securities. This, in turn, tends to lessen the quotations for such securities at home. Another reason for the disturbance is found in the tightness of the money market. Every year at this time a vast amount of money must be used for the moving of crops, and conditions this year have involved a greater withdrawal than usual from Eastern banks. The market has been eased by the offers of the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase bonds, to anticipate the January interest payments, and to increase the number of depositary banks.



The McGiffert Case Three methods of dealing with the case of Professor McGiffert are made to the New York Presbytery, which is considering them as we are going to press: (1) Professor Francis Brown, a fellow-instructor with Dr. McGiffert in Union Theological Seminary, repeats his recommendation to the General Assembly last May that the whole case be dropped. (2) Dr. Henry van Dyke and Dr. Howard Johnston interpret Dr. McGiffert's book as teaching certain things respecting the origin of the Lord's Supper, the authorship of the Third and Fourth Gospels and of the Book of Acts, and the teaching of Christ respecting himself, which they regard as inconsistent with Scripture: they believe that "neither the interests of the peace of the Church nor the protection of the purity of its doctrine call for any further action at the present time, but that a trial for heresy would work grave injury to the interests of Christ's kingdom." (3) The Presbyterian Committee, of which the Rev. Dr. R. F. Sample is Chairman, reaffirms the Assembly's

position on the four cardinal doctrines covered in this particular case. Unable to induce Professor McGiffert to withdraw from the Presbyterian communion, it recommends that the matter be referred back to the General Assembly. Whether Professor McGiffert rejects only one of the four cardinal doctrines reaffirmed by Dr. Sample's committee—the inerrancy of the Scriptures—or whether he rejects three or all of them is a matter of dispute, as Professor McGiffert declines to talk at this time. His opponents declare that he declines to accept the unanimous voice of the highest Presbyterian judiciary, and that therefore his position is ecclesiastically, as it is logically, untenable—they even go further and declare it to be ethically untenable. To the claim of Dr. McGiffert's friends that the Assembly referred the whole matter to the Presbytery of New York "without instruction" for "final settlement," his opponents reply that the Assembly directed the New York Presbytery, as it directed all Presbyteries, "to defend and protect the doctrines set forth in its action," and at the same time referred Dr. McGiffert's book "to the court of primary constitutional responsibility." An immediate and pressing reason for the abandonment of a trial for heresy would be the desire to retrieve Presbyterian fortunes throughout the country, but especially in the metropolis. The "forward movement" would hardly be in consonance with a heresy trial, even in the opinion of those who believe that the unanimous voice of the Assembly was against opinions held by Dr. McGiffert. The general principles laid down in an editorial on another page, discussing a recent volume by Professor Gilbert, of Chicago, are, in the main, equally applicable to the case of Professor McGiffert.

**The
Ecumenical Conference
on Foreign Missions**

In the interest of the fourth Universal or Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, a preliminary meeting will be held next month in New York City to arouse Christians to a sense of the significance of this great gathering. President Low, of Columbia College, will preside at the preliminary meeting. At the Conference itself, which is to be held next April in

the metropolis, ex-President Harrison will act as honorary president. Besides the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the various American churches, such distinguished American laymen as ex-President Cleveland, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Philip, Captain Mahan, Justice Brewer, and Mr. John W. Foster are expected to be present at the Conference. England will be represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earls of Aberdeen and Harrowby, Lords Kinnaid and Overtoun, Principal Fairbairn, Professor Moule, Drs. Guinness and Gibson. India will send Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Chamberlain, and Messrs. Wolf and Abbott; China, President Sheffield, Drs. Ashmore, Taylor, and Lowry; Japan, Drs. Gordon, Soper, and Deering; and Turkey, Drs. Barnum and Dwight. It is anticipated that there may be a gathering of no less than three thousand delegates from all parts of the Christian world. This would double the number in attendance at the last Ecumenical Conference eleven years ago at London. The first Ecumenical Conference was held in 1860 at Liverpool; the second in 1878 at London. One of the most hopeful signs of the latter half of the present century is to be found in these great undenominational meetings, when Protestants of every name gather together to consider one great common cause. The result of the forthcoming meeting should be an impetus towards making the next century an epoch of unparalleled and aggressive missionary enterprise. The time, we may hope, will soon come when Roman and Greek Catholics, when all who call themselves Christians, shall meet with Protestants to consider their common missionary interests.



**More Methodist
Higher Criticism**

A few students of intensely conservative notions have for some time been making trouble in the Old Testament Exegesis Department of Boston University Theological Seminary. They have found the liberal-minded Professor in charge patient enough, but not specially pliant. Finally, a few weeks since, charges as to the Professor's unorthodoxy were submitted to the Trustees. The charges were answered by the accused Professor to the satisfaction of the Trustees, who also received a

counter-petition, signed by the remainder of the students. Instead of not reappointing the Professor when his term expired at the end of the year, as had been called for, the Trustees, to show their confidence in him, unanimously re-elected him for the usual period of five years, at the same time asking the concurrence of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church. The Bishops, when they act, will doubtless concur. The University authorities then decided that, as members of the Seminary, the students could not be allowed to discredit the administration; they must either cease their agitation or leave the school. Thereupon nine students severed their connection, and will enter Drew Seminary if they can obtain admittance there. In connection with our report a fortnight since of the speech of Professor Sheldon, also of Boston University, at the Methodist Conference in St. Louis, this event has a double significance. The Methodist communion is now on record as being one of breadth. Freedom of thought and discussion is to be maintained in it. Its theological teaching at Boston and elsewhere must continue evangelical and appreciative of the worth of revelation; but it will be broadly tolerant of newer and nobler views in the province of Biblical criticism.



The Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church The United States Supreme Court has just rendered an opinion in a case dealing with the right of our Government to appropriate funds for an institution conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. This case was that of Joseph Bradfield, of the District of Columbia, against United States Treasurer Roberts, and was brought to restrain Mr. Roberts from paying money appropriated to meet the terms of an agreement made by the Commissioners of the District with the management of Providence Hospital in Washington, because it is conducted by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity. The Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had already denied the petition, and the action of the United States Supreme Court now affirms the action of the Court of Appeals. In delivering the Supreme Court's opinion, Justice Peckham declared that "nothing was said about

religion or about the religious faith of the incorporators of the institution in the act of incorporation." He assumed that the hospital is a private eleemosynary corporation, and hence the fact that its members are members of a Roman Catholic monastic order or of a sisterhood is wholly immaterial, as is also the further fact that the hospital is conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. The question as to whether the individuals composing the corporation under its charter happen to be all Roman Catholics, or all Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, or member of any other religious organization, or of no organization at all, said Justice Peckham, is not of the slightest consequence with reference to the law of its incorporation. He added:

That the influence of any particular Church may be powerful over the members of a non-sectarian and secular corporation incorporated for a certain defined purpose and with clearly stated powers is surely not sufficient to convert such a corporation into a religious or sectarian body. That fact does not alter the legal character of the corporation, which is incorporated under an act of Congress, and its powers, duties, and character are to be solely measured by the charter under which it alone has any legal existence. There is no allegation that its hospital work is confined to members of that Church, or that in its management the hospital has been conducted so as to violate its charter in the smallest degree.



Hampton and Tuskegee Those who are given to excessive boasting of American civilization might recall the fact that five millions of the negroes in the United States can neither write nor read, and that six millions of them are now living in one-room cabins. One way to right this wrong is to strengthen the hands of those who are doing signal service in educating and civilizing the negroes. Two institutions stand out pre-eminently in the field of practical education: the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia; and the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama. During its thirty years' history, Hampton has spread intelligence in many farms tilled by negro owners, in many workshops owned by negro employers, in many homes of neatness and order occupied by negro families. It has an admirable equipment in its buildings devoted to technical instruction, practical work-

shops, and to a normal academic system. The trustees of the institution believe, however, that the work of the past marks only a small beginning of the work to be done; they now appeal to obtain special gifts for their endowment fund. The present endowment is nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the Institute should have two million dollars' worth of invested funds to provide the nucleus of an income adequate to its needs. As it is, eighty thousand dollars must be raised every year to supplement the assured income of the Institute. The treasurer of the endowment fund is Mr. George Foster Peabody, 29 Pine Street, New York. The Endowment Committee of the Tuskegee Institute has also appealed for a fund of half a million dollars. Tuskegee is now in the nineteenth year of its work. It has nearly a thousand students and nearly a hundred teachers and officers. Twenty-six industries are in constant operation in connection with literary and religious training. The Institute's property is valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars must be raised each year to supplement the twenty thousand dollars coming from assured sources. Tuskegee has become such a recognized factor in solving the race problem and in insuring a nobler citizenship that it should be placed on a more permanent financial footing. Mr. Warren Logan is the Treasurer of the Institute at Tuskegee; it is hardly necessary to add that the Principal is Mr. Booker Washington. The principals of both Hampton and Tuskegee should be relieved from the anxious work now necessary in fund-raising, so that they may devote more of their time to the actual executive control of their institutions.



Fisk University With Hampton and Tuskegee there should also be brought to the attention of the public at this time Fisk University of Nashville, Tenn. While industrial training, in the opinion of the best friends of the negro, is of prime importance to the colored race of the South, it should not be forgotten that negro children need negro teachers, and to produce teachers is the chief function of Fisk University. Fisk University was first brought into public notice by the

work of its famous Jubilee Singers, who traveled all over the country, and raised by means of their concerts \$150,000 to provide buildings for the school. Like Tuskegee and Hampton, Fisk University now finds it desirable and necessary to obtain a suitable endowment fund for the maintenance of its work, and the Trustees and Faculty of the University present its claims primarily on the ground that it is training school-teachers for the Southern negroes. Although it is less than a quarter of a century since the graduation of the first class from the institution, over two hundred of the alumni are teachers, and it is estimated that ten thousand colored pupils each year are being taught by those who have received their preparation for teaching at Fisk. Its campus of thirty-five acres in one of the most commanding locations in Nashville was once a slave plantation; it has eight substantial buildings, and it is free from debt; and its work commands the respect and approval of its own city and State. Governor McMillan, of Tennessee, Mayor Head, of Nashville, Mr. A. J. Harris, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Nashville, and Mr. A. S. Colyar, who was a prominent member of the Confederate Congress, unite with others in commending the University to those who are interested in the education and welfare of the South. It numbers on its roll over five hundred pupils, twenty-five instructors, and its various departments include the ordinary college curriculum, a normal course, and a preparatory school. The Chairman of the Trustees, Mr. John H. Washburn, the President of the Home Insurance Company, 119 Broadway, New York City, will receive any contributions for the University. A Southern gentleman, in speaking recently of Fisk University and its work, put in a nutshell the reasons for the maintenance of such institutions. "Give them all," he said, "black and white, the keys of knowledge, and let them unlock as many doors as they can. I pity the coward who is afraid to give a human being this chance."



Evangelization in France The recent Huguenot anniversary meetings in commemoration of the Edict of Nantes call renewed attention to present

hopeful conditions as compared with the gloom and confusion of two hundred years ago. Not only is religious liberty now unrestricted, but the people of many parts are asking for the Gospel. At the Franco-American Evangelization meeting in New York City, the Rev. Jean Knatz, the delegate of the evangelical churches of France, told of the eager requests which have come from no less than forty-five villages asking for the Gospel. Mrs. H. P. Loomis, President of the National Huguenot Auxiliary, narrated several striking facts about French women's work for the churches, for missions, and for women and children. Not only are women's aid societies active in the French Protestant churches as in our own, but there are many other forms of personal and union charitable effort. One lady gives fifteen hundred children a summer outing, and also entirely supports a little Protestant church. The "Four-mis" or "Ants" now number over twenty thousand young Protestant girls, who make garments for the poor. Efficient work is being done by the Young Women's Christian Associations. A Roman Catholic lady in Paris recently gave a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the erection of a building to house similar work for young women, and placed it under the care of the Protestant gentlemen who are the trustees of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association. Professor Bracq, of Vassar College, drew attention to the great advances made by France during the century, and especially during the last thirty years. He deprecated the tendency of the newspapers to magnify the discreditable and to lose sight of creditable happenings. There has been a current away both from atheism toward Christianity, and from superstition and formalism to a purer and simpler faith. Numbers of priests have left the Church of Rome and have become Protestant ministers. The work of the Franco-American Committee is spreading in this country; auxiliary committees are already formed in several cities.



**The Week of
Prayer**

The Evangelical Alliances of the World announce a Week of United and Universal Prayer, January 7-14, 1900. The announcement of our own Alliance declares that the need is great. "On the one

hand, a civilization which gathers to itself increasing luxuries, and prides itself on its ever-enlarging dominion, is averse to repentance and prayer. And, on the other hand, many who suffer and are wronged are ready to conclude that God neither sees nor hears nor cares." The President of the American Alliance is Mr. William E. Dodge, and the Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., is the General Secretary. In the metropolis, union services will be held as usual in the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, at 4 P.M., from Monday to Saturday, inclusive.



Washington's Death

The one hundredth anniversary of the death of Washington was commemorated in many places in many ways. Among the most interesting services were those at Mount Vernon and those in St. Paul's Church in this city. At the home of Washington, under the direction of a representative group of Masons, the exercises were peculiarly appropriate and impressive. A procession moved from the house, headed by President McKinley, and including members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Government officials, and many well-known private citizens, to the old vault where the body of Washington first reposed, following the same path which was followed on the day of his funeral. Thence the procession moved to the tomb in which the body now lies, where the services of the Masonic ritual were conducted. On the return to the house the President spoke briefly, the larger part of his address consisting of extracts from eulogies delivered at the time of Washington's death. The celebration in old St. Paul's in this city was under the direction of the General Society of the Cincinnati and the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. Independence Hall in Philadelphia was the scene of an interesting commemoration; while at the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League in Indianapolis, Carl Schurz took occasion to declare that Washington's greatest service to the country was the standard of wisdom, public virtue, and patriotism which he established as first President of the United States. The tradition of Washington's character and of his service is one of the most precious things in our

history; but in exalting him it is not necessary to depreciate and undervalue some of his great successors. When the New York "Evening Post" declares that "in the long line of our Presidents he stands alone, a solitary figure, unselfishly devoted to the service of his people and his God," does it forget Lincoln?



When the Century Ends

The German Emperor has officially declared that the present century ends with its ninety-ninth year, and has ordered the Court and the army to celebrate the coming January 1 as the beginning of the new century. The year 1900 will not be the hundredth year of the nineteenth century, but apparently the nothingth year of the twentieth century! In this decision the young Emperor has the authority of Heine, who, because born in the year 1800, referred to himself as one of the first men of his century. On January 1 the Emperor William, with more than his usual serenity, may think of himself as absolutely the first man of "his" century. In this position, however, he has charming company on this side of the water. The gifted President of one of our leading colleges for women has written to the Boston "Herald" seriously arguing that "The first year is a different thing from the year 1. The year 1 cannot be written until it is completed. . . . Anything beyond midnight on the first of January of the coming year is time that must be reckoned in the 1901st year." If this college President's premise is true, her conclusion follows; but, as a matter of fact, the first year is the same thing as the year 1. The words "Anno Domini" mean "in the year of our Lord," and whatever happened "in the first year of our Lord" happened in the year 1. Otherwise it must have happened in the year 0, which is as contrary to logic as it is to history. There was no year naught. The year 1 was the first year of the first century; the year 101 was the first year of the second century; and the year 1901 will be the first year of the twentieth century. But, simple as the matter is when looked at in a simple way, this college President's confusion is in no way due to the feminine quality of her mind. The masculine President of one of our leading universities says in a recent volume that

the average expenses of students at Yale in "the first year of the third decade" were \$175, when his context shows that he means the year 1830 and not the year 1821. In other words, the masculine educator not only assumed a year naught in the first century, but a decade naught in the present century. His first decade ended in 1819!



England in Adversity

Many Americans believe that the war in South Africa is without moral justification; many more that, although English rule in South Africa is to be desired from every point of view, the present war is unnecessary; but it is to be hoped that no American read the story of last week's disasters to the British arms without a deep feeling of sympathy, and that no American has seen the spirit in which England has taken her calamities without a thrill of admiration. One of the chief uses of great national experiences is the searchlight they throw on national ideals and character. A profound individual experience always brings character out in clear and individual lines. A man is often lost in the rush of activity, but when there comes some tremendous event in his life the activities cease for a moment, and the man stands revealed to himself and his fellows. In like manner, a great nation carrying on world-wide activities suddenly shows its heart when a great calamity strikes home. The Continental press, as a rule, has reported with undisguised delight the story of British disaster, treating the English precisely as it treated us at the beginning of the war with Spain, and for precisely the same reasons: ignorance of our motives, instinctive antagonism between institutions which diverge at fundamental points, and instinctive fear of commercial competition.

The English will look to their own colonies and to their kin beyond the sea for insight into their motives. They will expect, as they have received, sharp criticism; but they will also expect, and they will receive, recognition of the essential qualities of character which inspire all their enterprises. The secret of English greatness in adversity has perhaps never been better expressed than by an American. Speaking at a dinner at Manchester

fifty-two years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

For I must tell you, I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island from which my forefathers came was no lotus garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round; no, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fiber and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarreled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they are moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand. Is it not true, sir, that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailer which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm? And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities, of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations. I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion.



The Stevenson Letters

It is unsafe, as a rule, to attempt to determine at the moment the relative literary values of a season's publications; but the present year, although prolific of books of good quality, has not been rich in books of lasting value. Its contributions to permanent literature have been few; and among these it is safe to say that the first place must be given to Stevenson's letters. These letters, which bear the Scribner imprint, are important from many points of view. They are, in the first place, saturated with the spirit of literature. Stevenson often wrote hastily; sometimes carelessly; almost always with disregard of the conventions; but, as in the case of Thackeray, it was almost impossible for him to put himself on paper without putting on the same paper the touch of the artist. One is continually aware, in

reading these letters, of felicities of style, charming turns of phrase, of the play, variety, and freshness of an artistic mind; and these, it is hardly necessary to say, combined with that sense of form which was almost a passion with Stevenson, are the qualities which make literature. As a piece of literature, this correspondence will long be read.

It will also be read as the biography of a fascinating personality—a man unlike any other man of his generation; with many gifts, highly organized, intensely sensitive, endowed with a noble courage, and fated to express his vitality and genius under some of the most unfavorable conditions against which men are called to contend. The oft-quoted advice to young writers, "Express your own nature," has well been supplemented by the suggestion that you must first be sure that you have a nature worthy of expression. Some people mean so little that, if their meaning were expressed in the most perfect prose or verse, it would be absolutely unimportant. The trouble with a great deal of contemporary writing, at a time when facility in writing is so general, lies in the fact that so little is said. Stevenson had the art of expression in rare measure, but he had also a great deal to say. He was one of those charming egoists who can talk and write about themselves endlessly without giving an impression of egotism, or without suffering the penalties of egotism. His temperament and his circumstances drove him back upon himself; he saw everything from his own point of view, and yet he had such power of seeing himself objectively, and of judging things as they were instead of as they stood related to him, that he turned the egoistic temperament into a source of strength and interest for his fellows. Everything that he did was highly individual. His high-strung spirit, his alert and active figure, his keen, sensitive face, the freshness, vivacity, and audacity of his talk, were all indicative of his sharply defined individuality. His vitality gave his talk at times the most delightful lawlessness. He had that gift of exaggeration which was so characteristic of Carlyle, and of most Scotchmen of high imagination, which turns talk into a series of fascinating sketches of persons, humorous groupings of facts, or brilliant and baffling

paradoxes. As a human document, this correspondence will be invaluable.

Another and still different kind of value attaches to these letters, because they give us so clear a glimpse into the heart of our own time. It has become the fashion with many cultivated people to decry the times in which we live, as though they were exceptionally out of joint; as if the old idealism, which made brave men and high-spirited women, were dead, and everything and everybody submerged in a tide of vulgar materialism. A good many people have talked this way until they believe that it is true. It has become a fixed habit, and means nothing, so far as fresh observation is concerned, because it bears no relation to actual conditions. There are two classes in every age who are to be dreaded. There are, first, the shallow optimists, who monotonously chant the glory of the present, who see no clouds in the sky, no blots on the moral character, and nothing to be reformed in the political life of the age. These people are not only misleading guides, but they are droners of the dreariest platitudes which ever issued from the mouth of man. There are, in the second place, the pessimists, who are equally monotonous, and a great deal more depressing; who see nothing good in their own time and nothing evil in times that are past; who seem to believe that Divine Providence, after guiding the world through many difficulties, gave up in despair about twenty years ago. Neither the indiscriminating optimist nor the indiscriminating pessimist is to be trusted, because neither has any historical perspective, and neither applies any intelligent observation to his own time.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an optimist by conviction: by condition he ought to have been a pessimist, and gone about the world lamenting the fact that, being a man of genius, he was afflicted with a body which denied him full ability to express himself. If he had been a decadent, he would have drunk absinthe and wasted himself in imprecations against society and maledictions against Deity. He did nothing of the sort. That he suffered at times from depression is not only obvious, but was inevitable; but the world knew nothing of his depression, and his work shows nothing of it. He consumed his

own smoke. He was a typical man in an age which it is the fashion to call degenerate; and yet it is doubtful if the sixteenth century knew a braver spirit or has left record of a more splendidly adventurous career. He had all the restlessness of the modern man; the passion to see all sides of life, the desire to know the whole race; and yet his life, like his art, is knit together by a firm and noble consistency. His goodness was like the goodness of children; it was not purely instinctive, for it was reinforced by reason and clear discernment of the moral issues of life; but it was utterly without pietism. We look almost in vain in this correspondence for anything approaching the professional religious phrase; but kindness, charity, cheerfulness, courage, faith in God and man, shine from a hundred letters. Stevenson said very little about his conception of God, but he lived from day to day as if God were a very real person to him; and some of his prayers, written in the later years of his life, are among the most simple and beautiful expressions of spiritual longing and spiritual assurance. A century cannot be quite bad which produces a man at once so human, so approachable, and yet scaling the heights of discipline, self-denial, and achievement with such steady feet.

In a letter written in 1880 he describes a recent prostrating illness, which he calls "a toss-up for life or death." The closing sentences are worth reprinting and worth taking to heart as showing the sheer pluck of this modern man: "I have come out of all this and got my feet once more upon a little hilltop with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die either, only I felt unable to go on further with that rough horseplay of human life; a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations and begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and shirking sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight." While men of this temper are in the world, it is idle to tell us that goodness has gone out of life, and that nothing remains except the stupid pursuit of money.

May a Christian be Rich?

We have received the following letter from a correspondent:

I take distinct issue with the statement that Jesus regarded individual wealth as a "trust." He rather regarded it as a sin, and plainly told the rich that if they would enter the kingdom of heaven (which meant only a righteous state of society upon the earth, having no reference whatever to the hereafter), they must part with their riches. Under the Christianity of Christ there can be no such thing as individual riches, though the aggregate wealth of society and the individual comfort and well-being of its members would be immeasurably increased.

This interpretation of the teachings of Jesus Christ is derived from Renan, who says: "Pure Ebionitism—that is to say, the doctrine that the poor alone shall be saved, that the kingdom of the poor is at hand—was accordingly the doctrine of Jesus." But this interpretation, like some others more common, not to say more orthodox, rests upon a misreading of some texts, a narrow interpretation of others, and a quiet ignoring of still others which are quite inconsistent with any such notion.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit" may include a rich man and exclude a poor man, for a man poor in goods may be haughty, and a man rich in goods may be humble. The woe denounced against the rich, "Woe unto you that are rich," is interpreted by the accompanying clause, "For ye have received your consolation," and is like the warning against those who "trust in uncertain riches." It is a condemnation, not of the rich, but of those who put their life in riches and depend upon riches for their happiness. The admonition not to lay up riches on earth, where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal, is an admonition against the hoarding of wealth, not against possessing and using it. In the first century, as still in Turkey, where government pounces on visible wealth in active service, riches were very generally hoarded in costly garments or converted into gold or jewels and hidden away in secret places. Such hoarding of wealth was then, and still is, a folly; but it has no kinship with the active use of wealth in trade, commerce, and manufactures, where it is giving prosperity to the entire community. The rich fool was a fool because he could see nothing better to do

with abundant crops than to store them in barns; and Dives was condemned, not because he was rich, but because, having means wherewith to bless the poor, he was indifferent to their needs. The rich young ruler was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor, but this was because his heart was in his possessions, not in the problem how to use them for the sake of others; and the very statement of Christ that "it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" implies that he can enter it, though it is for him more difficult than for his poorer neighbor, because the self-denial is for him more evident, if not more real.

On the other hand, both Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were unmistakably disciples of Christ, and both were men of apparent wealth; Zaccheus did not give up all his wealth, ill-gotten though it was, to follow Christ; he promised to restore fourfold to those whom he had robbed by unjust taxation as far as he could find them, and to give half of the remainder to feed the poor; and Christ commended him as a child of Abraham. So far is it from being true that Christianity necessarily means poverty, that Christ explicitly affirmed that to follow him conducted to earthly prosperity: the disciple, he said, shall receive a hundredfold in this time—houses, and brethren, and mothers, and children, and lands—with persecutions. He compared the kingdom of God to a nobleman who went into a far country and left his estate with his stewards, telling them to trade with the money he divided among them, and who commended the servants who so traded as to increase the funds intrusted to them, and condemned the servant whose idleness and inefficiency failed to increase the portion allotted to him. In direct instructions Christ counseled his disciples to give generously; but it is impossible to give if one does not possess, and the fact that Christ so instructed them is quite conclusive that he expected his disciples to include both men with and men without wealth. If Christ had believed all possession of wealth a sin, he could not have consistently attended, as he did on more than one occasion, feasts given by the rich; nor could he have told his auditors when they invited to their feasts to invite the poor, who could not invite them in turn—

a counsel quite unmeaning if they were all poor themselves and unable to make a feast.

In short, if the entire instructions of Christ be studied and compared, it is very evident that they constitute neither an apotheosis of poverty nor a denunciation of wealth. They treat, as now political economy treats, wealth as an instrument, not as an end, and always to be accepted as a trust and used for the public welfare, never to be merely hoarded.



The Meaning of Christmas

Is there not danger that the spiritual element will drop wholly out of our holidays: that Thanksgiving Day will become dedicated to dinner and football; Christmas to gift-giving and social reunions; Easter to flowers and music? But surely this is not all. Each of these days has also its sacred significance: Thanksgiving celebrates the God of nature, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy; Christmas, the God incarnate, who for us men and our salvation came down to earth, to interpret the heart of the Infinite to us, by showing us the "human life of God;" Easter, the risen Christ, and so the "living God," who ever dwells on the earth and in his indwelling brings with him the gift of life.

If we really believe what we profess to believe—that the Eternal was once focused in a human life; that God is no longer the Unknown; that he has tabernacled among men; that he has purposely obscured that power and that wisdom which the world has been apt to take as his divinity, in order that he might manifest to us that love which alone constitutes divinity; that we have not to wait for heaven to see the glory of God, since the glory of God is love and the glory of love is self-sacrifice; that while we are straining our eyes and trying to peer into the impenetrable future that we may behold God's glory, the inhabitants of the celestial sphere are looking over the battlements of the Holy City that they may see that glory in its resplendent manifestation on the earth—if we believe this, our Christmas Day will be one of sacred and solemn joyfulness, a joyfulness making sacred the merriment in the child-filled home where life abounds, but

giving also a sacred peace in the homes where the merry voices of childhood are no longer heard. For not even the vacant chair and the silence of a child-bereft home can deprive of joy the heart of him who believes that the birth of Christ was the advent of the Son of God and the gift of a new and divine life to the children of men.

"We have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

This to the Christian believer is the sacred significance of Christmas. This is the message of the Christmas bells, this the meaning of the Christmas music, this the inspiration of the gift-giving, this the sacred source of all its innocent merry-making. Let us not forget it.



The Case of Professor Gilbert

The recent discussions concerning the orthodoxy of Professor G. H. Gilbert give to his volume on "The Revelation of Jesus" a new interest and will win for it a wider reading. For the first effect of charges of heresy in our time is to bring to the heretic a wide circle of students. The way to secure a sale for a theological book is for some man in dread of heresy to attempt to put it on the Protestant *index expurgatorius*. Dr. Gilbert's book appears to us to deserve the careful attention of the student of the Bible; the charges made against him make it worthy of consideration by the student of current thought.

The Biblical interpreter is always liable to fall into one of two errors; if he escapes Scylla, he is liable to meet with disaster from Charybdis. The one danger is that of the orthodox scholar. He has been trained in a system of theology; he believes it; he believes, too, that it has been deduced from the Scriptures; he goes to the Scriptures expecting to find it there; and he is very likely in such a case to find what he looks for. Sometimes he looks for it consciously and even avowedly. He searches for texts to prove the divinity of Jesus Christ or the substitutional theory of the Atonement—and he finds them. Those that are or appear to be

incongruous with the doctrine the truth of which he assumes, he sets himself to explain in accordance with his preconceptions. "I and my Father are one" he quotes without explanation, though not without emphasis; "My Father is greater than I" he passes by, or sets himself to explain in accordance with the equality of the Son with the Father. "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures" he quotes as conclusive evidence of substitution; "I am crucified with Christ" does not suggest to him that the death of the Saviour is no substitute for the death of the sinner, but rather an example which the sinner must follow, a type which the sinner must fulfill.

Even if he does not thus set before him as his task the textual proof of a system already framed, he does unconsciously find it there and pass by all texts which do not serve his purpose. He thinks he is developing a Biblical theology, when he is in fact marshaling Biblical witnesses in favor of a theology already formulated. In certain influential quarters this is what he is expected to do. Independent study of the Bible is discouraged by the declaration that the student must find that the Bible teaches what the traditions of his Church teach or he must leave his Church, that it is not moral for him to find in the Scripture what previous students have not found, unless he is prepared to leave their company. That they may possibly have a duty to reconsider their conclusions is a hypothesis not even considered.

This is the Scylla; the Charybdis is quite as perilous: to the honest and courageous soul rather more so. He has been told that he must not be independent, and therefore he determines that he will be independent. He has been told that if he does not discover in the Bible the doctrines which his Church has found he will be a heretic; and he is secretly rather ambitious to be a heretic. If he is a heretic, he will get discussed in the newspapers—vanity prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will be an independent thinker—pride prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will be belabored by the heresy-hunters—the love of battle prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will suffer—mildly—for the truth, and he recalls the beatitude, Blessed are they which are persecuted for

righteousness' sake—and a false pietism prompts him. So he sets to work, quite unconsciously generally, to find that the old view of the Scripture is erroneous and to discover a new view. He is as eager to be original and independent as his neighbor is to be orthodox and a conformist; and his eagerness leads him into the same sort of error in his interpretations—the labored explanation of some texts, the omission of others.

Professor Gilbert appears to us to be singularly free from both errors. He is certainly not a conscious advocate of the old; and we discover no trace in his pages of that theological pride and vanity which make men sometimes ambitious to be discoverers of the new. Whether his interpretations of the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels are correct or incorrect, they have all the appearance of being the result of fresh and unprejudiced investigation conducted in a modest, humble, and non-combative spirit. This is not to say that he is without any prejudice, or always shows the deepest spiritual insight, or never uses argument specious rather than sound to make teachings agree either with each other or with his own general interpretation. We cannot always agree with his interpretations. We see no ground for limiting the beatitude "Blessed are they that mourn" to those who mourn over *themselves*, because they are not under the divine rule; this beatitude appears to us to be like Paul's declaration, "We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed"—it is a general recognition of the blessing of sorrow, because through the ministry of sorrow comes strength. We cannot escape the conviction that if the author had not been solicitous to commend the teaching of Jesus as correct on all subjects to an age which is distrustful of any supernal influences in life except those which proceed directly from the Father, he would not doubt that Jesus believed in the existence and influence of personal evil spirits; and that if the author had been willing to consider that perhaps every authority claimed for the "Son of man" is or may be claimed by Christ's disciples also, and belongs, strictly speaking, to human nature in its highest spiritual

development, he might not have been so sure that "Son of man" and "Son of God" are synonymous, and both simple circumlocutions equivalent to the Messiah.

But, however the critical student may differ with Professor Gilbert, it ought to be expected that all students would welcome his book. If he were writing on secular matters—philosophy, ethics, history, science—a book written in his spirit would be welcomed alike by those who approved and those who dissented from its conclusions. Unfortunately, the spirit of inquiry, which is honored in secular study, is still by certain ecclesiastics looked on with suspicion in religious study. The reason is sufficiently evident, and is, indeed, frankly avowed. When Luther promulgated the doctrine of justification by faith, the ecclesiastics objected because it was not according to the traditions of the Church. The objection had a good logical, though a poor historical, ground. The infallibility of the Church was the fundamental dogma of the Romanism. Therefore, if any interpretation of Scripture disagreed with the traditions of the Church, it must not even be considered. He who insisted on considering it no longer deserved a place within the pale of the Church. Modern Protestant ecclesiasticism denies the premises but adheres to the conclusion. It affirms that the Church is not infallible, but it insists that the minister must teach according to its traditions. They may be wrong, but they are the standard. It is Romish to affirm that they are infallible, but it is rationalistic to call them in question. When, therefore, such a book as this is produced, the question asked is not, Is it according to right reason? nor even, Is it according to Scripture? but, Is it according to the traditions of the Church?—Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, as the case may be. "No man has a right to a Congregational salary for teaching Unitarian doctrine," is the naïve statement of one of Professor Gilbert's critics. How lame and impotent is this argument by the side of the Romish argument! The one is, The traditions of the Church are infallible; therefore no man has a right to teach contrary to those traditions, for so to teach is to teach error. The other is, The traditions of the Church are fallible; but no one has a right to teach

contrary to those traditions, for he is paid to teach them whether they be true or false.

We hesitate to report either the criticised teaching of Professor Gilbert or the criticisms which it has called forth, for we do not fully agree with the first, and we fully disagree with the second; and nothing is more difficult than to report in a paragraph the carefully elaborated views of another, especially when the reporter is by no means sure that he is in accord with those views.

The chief objections to Professor Gilbert appear to be to his interpretation of the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning himself and concerning his work. On the first point Professor Gilbert declares that Jesus Christ laid emphasis on the fact that he was the Messiah, claimed to be without sin, and affirmed himself to be one with the Father; but that this consciousness of Messiahship, of sinlessness, and of divinity did not depend upon his miraculous birth. This affirmation, which is the first cause of complaint against Professor Gilbert, appears to us to be beyond all question. The fact that Jesus never refers to his supernatural birth is quite conclusive that he did not rest his claims upon it. The facts that Mark, supposedly the earliest Gospel writer, and John, certainly the latest, do not refer to it, are almost equally conclusive evidence that the sacred writers did not regard it as fundamental to faith. The divinity of Christ is a spiritual, not a physiological, fact; and the spiritual is not dependent on the physiological.

The second cause of complaint is that Professor Gilbert affirms that the union of Christ with the Father is a "perfect moral union;" it is "ethically conditioned;" it is not "a peculiar metaphysical relation." We do not understand very clearly what the author means by "a peculiar metaphysical relation;" but if by his affirmation he means that the relation between Jesus of Nazareth and his Father is one into which the disciples may enter, and that Jesus lived, taught, suffered, and died that all men might enter into that relation, and be one with the Father and the Son as the Son was one with the Father—that truth appears to us to be writ exceeding large in both Gospels and Epistles; and to take it out of them is to take not only the divine glory out of

the books, but the splendid significance out of the life which they record and interpret.

The third criticism is that Professor Gilbert does not find in Christ's teachings evidence that Christ claimed a personal, self-conscious pre-existence before his earthly birth. There was what the author calls "an ideal pre-existence;" and the passages which seem to imply a real, conscious existence before earthly birth are to be interpreted as signifying "that his Messianic day is part of the eternal order of things." In this interpretation Professor Gilbert follows Dr. Beyschlag, though we believe he does not quote him. Neither the arguments of Professor Gilbert nor those of Dr. Beyschlag have sufficed to convince us that the references of Jesus to his pre-existence would have been understood, or that he could have thought they would have been understood, in any such abstruse fashion by the people who were addressed. And we hold it as an absolute canon of criticism that no author, sacred or secular, can complain if he is understood as he would have expected to be understood by his auditors. There may be more in the speech than they could have comprehended, never less. But, although we have not been persuaded of the correctness of Professor Gilbert's interpretation, though we prefer to leave some of Jesus Christ's words unexplained and mystical, either not to be understood or to reveal themselves only to future study, rather than hastily to adopt a doubtful interpretation, the simple fact that allusions to Christ's pre-existence are found only in the Fourth Gospel make it entirely clear that an acceptance of their ordinary interpretation is not at all necessary to an acceptance of Christ as the Messiah and Saviour of the world. Who will say that the Gospel of Matthew or of Mark does not give all that faith needs to rest upon?

We should be more inclined to take exception to Professor Gilbert's interpretation of the teaching of Christ concerning his death. We agree with him that this death is the consummation of Christ's life, and has for its object "delivering men from the bondage of sin;" that the notion that Jesus Christ died in the place of man is not sustained by Christ's teaching, and is, indeed, hardly consistent with it; that,

as Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, in "The Blood Covenant," has abundantly shown, blood was primarily a solemn seal or ratification of a covenant between God and man, not at all a sacrifice by man to gain the favor of God; but we do not think Professor Gilbert sufficiently recognizes that sin in one can be taken away only by sacrifice in another; that even God can save sinners from their own wrath and self-destruction only by suffering with and for them. In brief, while we are inclined to think that all which Professor Gilbert says about the death of Christ is true, he does not state all the truth, nor the deepest truth, about the sacrifice of Christ. And, in our judgment, in this too self-indulgent age, as no ethical doctrine needs more to be emphasized than the duty of self-sacrifice on the part of man, so no theological doctrine needs more to be emphasized than the fact of God's self-sacrifice for man's sake.

But though in some important respects we differ with Professor Gilbert's interpretations, we heartily welcome the volume as a real and valuable contribution to an understanding of the teaching of the Master; we believe it will be so welcomed by most unprejudiced students of the Master; and we congratulate Chicago Theological Seminary on the fact that the critics have been unable to drive Professor Gilbert from his chair. The difference between Professor Gilbert's critics and the Faculty and Board of Trustees of the Chicago Theological Seminary is simple and fundamental. His critics fear to have any interpretations of Christ given to the world which are not in accord with those which have been given in the past. The authorities of the Seminary reverently recognize that Christ is so much greater than any of his disciples that no one can have furnished a complete and final interpretation of him, and they therefore welcome any interpretation which is earnest, reverential, intelligent, and spiritual in its purpose, confident that freedom of investigation and freedom of teaching will conduct to a larger and better understanding of Christ, while limits put upon that freedom by ecclesiastical authority will in the future, as in the past, tend to darken the understanding of the disciples and to dim the glory of their Master. With that conviction we are heartily in accord.

CUBAN CHARACTER

The First of Two Papers Supplementary to "The Regeneration of Cuba"

By George Kennan, Special Commissioner of The Outlook to Cuba

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IN a speech made to the trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund, in the New York Chamber of Commerce, on the 29th of June last, Brigadier General Leonard Wood is reported to have said: "We are going to be held responsible for the island, whether Cuba is made independent or becomes a part of ourselves" (New York "Sun," June 30, 1899).

If the statement of the Governor of Santiago be true—and there is no doubt whatever in my mind that it *is* true—the most important practical question suggested by it is a question of character; namely, "What are the hereditary and acquired traits, habits, and capacities of the people for whose actions we, as a Nation and a Government, are to be held responsible?"

It is my purpose in this article to express my own opinions with regard to the character of the Cubans, and to set forth briefly some of the facts upon which they rest. I do not claim, either for the opinions or the facts, any authoritative conclusiveness, or any value other than that to which they may seem entitled as the results of unbiased observation. I spent only six or eight months in Cuba, and it is not possible in that time to make such a study of an alien people as would justify anything like dogmatic assertion or positive statement. I offer my opinions and facts merely as contributions to the great mass of existing information upon which, eventually, accurate generalizations and authoritative conclusions may be based. My point of view is that of an unprejudiced but unsympathetic looker-on. The character of the average Cuban is not congenial to me, and does not interest me

except in so far as it is one of the controlling factors in a difficult national problem. I hope, however, that my unsympathetic attitude will not prevent me from doing full justice to all the virtues of which the Cuban is really possessed; and with the most noticeable, if not the most noteworthy, of these virtues, namely, temperance in the use of intoxicating liquors, will begin.

A stranger who visits a Cuban town for the first time and notices the flower-beds edged with inverted bottles in the plaza, the long shelves filled with bottles in the restaurants, and the little groups of men talking, smoking, and drinking around small tables in the cafés at night, is very likely to get the impression that the Cubans are an intemperate people, or, at least, a people quite as much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as are the Americans or the English. At the end, however, of three months' residence on the island, when perhaps the subject recurs to his mind, he suddenly becomes conscious of the fact that, notwithstanding the empty bottles in the plaza, the long rows of filled bottles in the restaurants, and the groups of drinking men in the wide-open cafés, he has never once seen a Cuban in a state of intoxication. He has seen hundreds—perhaps thousands—of Cubans in the act of drinking, but he cannot remember ever to have seen one of them drunk.

I had been on the island almost six months before I saw a Cuban perceptibly under the influence of intoxicating liquor; and yet there was hardly a day in that whole time that I did not see Cubans by the dozen talking, smoking, and drinking

in the restaurants and cafés of Santiago, Baracoa, Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Santa Clara, or Cienfuegos. Almost all Cubans drink, but they are the most temperate people, nevertheless, that I have ever known. Even in hours of triumph and periods of great emotional excitement, when over-indulgence might be expected if not excused, the Cuban seldom loses his head to such an extent as to become noisy, disorderly, or offensive. I witnessed in Santa Clara, Cienfuegos, and Havana three great popular demonstrations in honor of General Gomez, when there were reunions of old army comrades, celebrations of victories won by Cuban arms, and scenes of almost unparalleled excitement and passion; but I did not notice in the crowded cafés or in the surging throngs on the streets a single intoxicated Cuban soldier or civilian.

About the middle of last January the people of Matanzas had a triumphal celebration, lasting four days, of their deliverance from Spanish rule. Nearly a thousand Cuban soldiers came into the city from neighboring camps; five hundred negro men and women formed in a solid column at night, and danced half a mile down one of the principal streets, to the accompaniment of delirious shouts and cries and the frenzied beating of tom-toms and drums; and the whole city went literally wild with patriotic enthusiasm and excitement. Although the cafés and drinking-saloons were all open, as usual, the Cuban population remained perfectly sober, and General Sanger, who was then Governor of the city, told me that, so far as he could remember, there was not a single arrest for drunkenness or disorder in the whole four days. Is there a city or town in the United States of which as much could be said at the end of an annual Fourth of July celebration of American independence? Drunken American soldiers I have seen in Cuba, by the score if not by the hundred, but all the drunken Cuban soldiers I have ever seen might be counted on my thumbs.

In many parts of the island, and at many different times, my National and racial pride was deeply wounded, not to say humbled, by the glaring contrast between American intemperance and Cuban sobriety. In Baracoa one afternoon I happened to see three or four drunken

American soldiers staggering down the street toward the post-office, under the eyes of a dozen or more sober and observant Cubans. In the faces of the latter was a half-pitying, half-contemptuous expression which seemed to say, "How is it possible for human beings to make such beasts of themselves?" There was justification enough, perhaps, for the expression, but it irritated me nevertheless. In courage, in honesty, in capacity, and in all that goes to make true manhood, those American soldiers were immeasurably superior to the Cubans who stood, clear-eyed and sober, on the sidewalks and looked after them with disgust and contempt. I had no doubt whatever that three-fourths of those very Cubans would lie without scruple, steal if they had a good opportunity, and go contentedly for three months at a time without a bath; but drunkenness did not happen to be their vice.

Exactly why the Cubans can drink moderately for an indefinite length of time without increasing the quantity or the frequency of their potations, and without becoming victims of an enslaving habit, I will not undertake to say. Perhaps their moderation in the use of intoxicants is an inherited racial characteristic. If you compare their method of drinking with that of Americans in the same saloon or café, you will probably notice that they spend half an hour in smoking, talking, and sipping at intervals one small glass of Baccardi rum, and then go quietly about their business; while the American soldiers at the next table swallow six drinks of the same liquor in the same time, and then go somewhere else to make a day or a night of it. With the Cuban, conversation is the main thing and the drink merely accessory and incidental; while with the American inebriation seems to be the chief object, with conversation as an incidental stop-gap between drinks.

That the average Cuban has more self-control than the average American in the presence of intoxicating liquor is an indisputable fact; but in defense of the American it may at least be said that when he is sober he has his senses; while the Cuban often loses his senses without being drunk. What effect American example will ultimately have upon the drinking methods and habits of the Cubans I

am unable even to conjecture; but I sincerely hope that they will not adopt an imported American vice without at least learning a few of the compensating American virtues.

While sobriety—or, to speak with greater precision, moderation in the use of intoxicants—is one of the Cuban's best characteristics, he is by no means without other noteworthy and commendable qualities. In the first place, he is manageable. General Wood, General Sanger, General Ludlow, Lieutenant-Colonel Wylly, of Baracoa, and many other American officers whose administrative duties have necessarily brought them into close relations with the Cubans, unanimously declare that the latter, if treated with justice and tact, are kindly, tractable, well-disposed, and easily governed. Of the temperamental faults and weaknesses which modify this manageability I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent paragraph. I am calling attention, at present, only to the Cuban's virtues; and, so far as my own experience goes, the testimony of our administrative officers in Cuba to the kindness and tractability of the Cuban population in general is fully and strictly in accordance with the facts. In the course of six or eight months' residence and travel on the island I never had a quarrel or angry dispute with a Cuban, and, so far as I can remember, was never treated with the slightest rudeness or discourtesy. On the contrary, Cuban farmers and country people in particular often went out of their way to do me a service for which they would take no compensation, and manifested generally a courteous, good-humored, and hospitable disposition. Although cruel to animals—or at least insensible to their suffering—they are kind and indulgent to children, and the women sometimes show a capacity for maternal devotion and self-sacrifice that is extremely unusual if not unparalleled in other countries. Mr. Warner, one of the agents in Cuba of the American National Red Cross, told me, for example, that, while engaged in relief work in the city of Santa Clara, he accidentally found, in a wretched hovel on the outskirts of the town, an elderly and widowed Cuban woman whose entire family consisted of one insane son, twenty years or more of age. This young man was a violent

homicidal maniac; and in order to live with him at all his mother had been compelled to keep his legs fast, night and day, in heavy wooden stocks. For seven years she had cared for and supported this unfortunate creature, without aid from any quarter, and without a thought, apparently, of escaping from the terrible task that maternal love and duty imposed upon her. If such devotion and self-sacrifice be not heroism, it is something that very closely approaches it.

Of the patriotism of the Cuban people generally, there can, I think, be no doubt; but it is not exactly the patriotism of the Anglo-Saxons. As Heine once said of another branch of the Latin race, the Cuban "loves Liberty as his bride. He burns for her; he is a flame; he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he will fight for her to the death, and he commits for her sake a thousand follies;" but, unfortunately, he does not always know her by sight, and is apt to go crazy over and fight for a sham figure of Liberty, set up by the greed, selfishness, or ambition of unscrupulous leaders.

Of the capacity of the Cuban for sustained labor I have spoken in previous articles; and I need only say here that, in my judgment, he will work as hard and as steadily as any free man can be expected to work in a tropical climate. He may not be as energetic as a Norwegian, a German, or a Finn; and I doubt whether he is even as enterprising and industrious as an untransplanted Spaniard; but, on the other hand, he is not constitutionally lazy nor chronically tired. Give him a fair chance to enjoy his full share of the fruit of his own labor and he will work as hard as you can reasonably expect any free man to work south of the 25th parallel of north latitude.

When you have said that the Cubans, as a people, are strictly temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors; that they are easily managed if treated with justice and tact; that they are kind to their families as well as courteous and hospitable to strangers; that they are enthusiastically, if not wisely, patriotic; and that they work, as a rule, quite as hard as free men can be expected to work in a tropical climate—you have said about all, I think, that can justly be said in their favor. Of

a few individuals here and there—most of them men who have been educated in America or subjected in some way to foreign influence—you may, and indeed must, say a great deal more; but such men are exceptional and not in any sense typical. They show perhaps what Cubans may become, but not what Cubans are.

To offset the good traits and habits of the Cuban people, there is, I am sorry to say, a long list of vices and defects. Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, a few exceptional individuals and classes, I may sum up these vices and defects as follows. The Cubans generally, or at least a majority of them, are untrustworthy; untidy, not to say unclean, in their personal and social habits; uneducated; destitute, or nearly destitute, of artistic perception and mechanical ingenuity; selfish, or at least unsympathetic and inconsiderate in their treatment of one another; irreligious, if religion be regarded as a spiritual force controlling conduct; excitable and prone to act on unconsidered impulse; and almost wholly lacking in steadiness, stability, and thoughtful self-control.

If strict moderation in the use of intoxicating liquor be put at the head of the list of Cuban virtues, untrustworthiness, in word and deed, must certainly head the list of Cuban vices.

The chief representative of one of the oldest foreign mercantile houses in Cuba—a house which has been in business there for a period that covers three or four generations—summed up for me one day, in the following words, the firm's long experience with its Cuban customers and employees: "When my grandfather died, the last advice that he gave my father with regard to the management of the business was, 'Never trust a Cuban.' When my father died, the last injunction that he laid upon me was, 'Never trust a Cuban.' When I hand over the business to my successor, I shall pass along the advice which I received from my father and which he received from his father—'Never trust a Cuban.'"

Individual testimony could hardly be more emphatic or more conclusive than this. Three generations of upright business men had found the average Cuban so untruthful and so unreliable that they had adopted and handed down in the firm

as a business maxim the significant words, "Never trust a Cuban."

One of the ablest and most experienced of the American military administrators in Cuba said to me a few weeks later, "I have a Cuban for treasurer whom I believe to be absolutely honest; but I never trust a Cuban without constant supervision and control."

When I was taken with malarial fever at Santiago in August of last year, the steward of the Anglo-American Club happened to have a bill against me of three or four dollars for lemonade and claret. I asked him to make it out and present it for payment; but he neglected to do so, and I was so ill when I left the Club that I very naturally overlooked it. After I had gone on board the steamer for New York, however, I happened to think of it; and, calling my Cuban interpreter—a man in whom I had implicit confidence—I gave him four dollars and asked him to go immediately to the Anglo-American Club and pay my wine bill. He promised, of course, to attend to it at once, and, after bidding me an almost affectionate good-by, he left the ship. When I returned to Santiago, four months later, I went again to the Anglo-American Club, and, happening to think one day of that bill, I asked the steward whether it had been paid. He did not remember, but said he would consult his cash-book. He referred to his book and informed me that the account had been settled by Mr. Elwell, a Red Cross friend of mine in the Club, who had paid the bill to save my credit. The affectionate Cuban interpreter, thinking that I had gone back to America ill with malarial fever and would probably return to Santiago no more, had quietly pocketed the four dollars, leaving my Club bill to settle itself. The incident is one of trivial importance, but it illustrates the trait of character which has given to the Cuban his reputation for untrustworthiness.

Cuban dishonesty, however, is by no means confined to interpreters, shopkeepers, and petty clerks. If the testimony of American officers and administrators in Cuba is worthy of any credence, Cuban lawyers, physicians, and professional men generally are tarred with the same stick. In a discussion one day with regard to the character of the Cubans, the Sanitary Inspector of the United States

Marine Hospital Service at the largest and most important port in Cuba said to me: "I have been here, Mr. Kennan, a number of years. It is a part of my duty, at certain seasons, to keep yellow fever and smallpox out of the United States, and in the discharge of that duty I require every Cuban who leaves here for an American port to furnish me with satisfactory evidence that he has had yellow fever and smallpox, or, in the case of the latter disease, that he has been vaccinated. At first I began to accept as evidence the certificates of reputable Cuban physicians in this city. I soon discovered, however, that I was being imposed upon, and that certain doctors furnished Cubans with certificates that were false. Then I began to keep a black list of Cuban physicians whose certificates were not to be trusted. This list kept constantly growing, until finally it became so long that I abandoned it altogether, and began to make a white list of the few physicians that I thought I *could* trust. I pledge you my professional word, Mr. Kennan," he added in conclusion, "that if you were to take fifty centennies [five-dollar Spanish gold-pieces] and go to fifty of the best-known and most reputable Cuban physicians in this city, you could bribe forty-five of them, with a centenne apiece, to give you a certificate that you had had any disease you chose to name, and at any time that suited your purposes."

If well-known and nominally reputable Cuban physicians deal in this way with sanitary matters involving issues of life and death, what protection are our Southern cities likely to have when we withdraw from the "Pearl of the Antilles" altogether and leave Cuba to the Cubans? How soon will yellow fever be stamped out on the island, when Cuban Boards of Health, composed in whole or in part of such physicians, take charge of sanitary work in the city of Havana, and sell false health certificates to all comers at the rate of five dollars apiece?

It would be easy, if I had the requisite space, to furnish many well-authenticated cases of the use by Cuban merchants of false weights and measures; of the sale of Red Cross supplies to groceries at less than their market value in New York; of the procurement of such supplies on false and fraudulent pretenses; of the

placing of fictitious names by Cuban foremen on pay-rolls of street-cleaning gangs; of corrupt and fraudulent identification of sham soldiers by Cuban army officers in the distribution of President McKinley's \$3,000,000 award; of attempts made by Cubans to bribe administrative officers of the United States; of the arrest of Cuban mayors for selling to shops food intrusted to them for distribution among the poor; of the sale by Cuban army officers of cloth and clothing given them by the Red Cross for the use of their half-naked men; of the procurement by Cuban planters of Red Cross supplies which they said were for starving reconcentrados, but which they afterward issued to their own laborers, and charged against such laborers' pay; and of fraud, deception, embezzlement, and untrustworthiness among all classes and in infinitely varied forms.

Now, there must be some reason for this wide prevalence of dishonesty in the private, official, and commercial life of the Cuban people, and the question naturally arises, What is that reason? An answer may be found, I think, in the address of General Wood to the trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund from which I have already quoted. As reported in the New York "Sun," he said: "We have got to remember, gentlemen, that we are dealing with a people who, for a good many generations, have had very little voice in public affairs, and their whole disposition has been perverted by a system which has compelled deceit, dishonesty, and subterfuge in every department of life." In other words, the Cuban is untrustworthy because he is the product of a corrupt and vicious system of training, conducted and enforced for many years by corrupt and vicious rulers. Whatever Spanish army officers may have been in Spain, they were in Cuba grasping, avaricious, untruthful, and notoriously dishonest. To expect that colonists of the same race, and natural inheritors of the same characteristics, would undergo this intensive training, generation after generation, and come out of it honest, upright, or trustworthy, would be to expect a stupendous miracle. In the words of the homely but pregnant Spanish proverb, "The children of the cats catch mice."

It may perhaps be thought that uncleanness, in comparison with untrustworthi-

ness, is an unimportant if not a venial fault, and that it has no practical bearing upon the welfare of any one except the unclean person and his neighbors. This, perhaps, is true; but, unfortunately, we are the Cuban's neighbors, and not only our welfare but even our lives may depend upon the sanitary condition of his back yard. It is therefore a practical as well as a pertinent question whether there is anything in his character and habits upon which we may base a reasonable expectation that when we leave the island he will continue the work that we have begun. Will the Cuban cities that we have cleaned be kept clean, and will the death-rate that we have everywhere reduced be kept down when the people of the island are left to their own devices?

That the average Cuban is—or at any rate was—careless and untidy in his personal habits and unclean in his environment, no one who knew Santiago and Havana in their ante-bellum days will deny. If the reader happens to remember my article on "The Sanitary Regeneration of Santiago," in *The Outlook* of April 15, he will still have in mind, I trust, a clear idea of the urban Cuban as he was. Is there any good reason to believe that the leopard has changed his spots, or that he will keep himself spotless when no longer forced to do so by alien control?

When Mr. Gray and I came from Santiago to Havana on the Spanish steamer *Maria Herrera* early in the present year, we could obtain no better accommodation than one-half of a six-by-eight stateroom, which we shared with two first-class Cuban passengers. One of these gentlemen was a Cuban planter, perhaps sixty years of age, who seemed to be intelligent and fairly well educated, and who was rich enough to lose sixty or seventy dollars at cards, of an evening, without noticeable embarrassment or discomposure. Our other roommate was a young lieutenant in the insurgent army—a white man—who appeared to represent fairly the average Cuban army officer of his age and rank. At the time when they came on board the steamer, General Wood had been engaged, for a period of at least six months, in teaching the people of Santiago how to take proper care of themselves and their premises; Colonel Ray, Colonel Hood, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wyllly had been

doing the same work, for nearly the same length of time, in Guantanamo, Holguin, and Baracoa; and the gospel of cleanliness had been preached by American army officers to the Cuban population throughout the whole eastern end of the island. Our Cuban roommates, therefore, could hardly have been ignorant of such elementary principles of sanitation as relate to care of person and environment. On a clean and orderly American or English steamer they would perhaps have taken pains to observe the rules and adopt the practices of civilized society; but on a Spanish vessel, where they felt perfectly at home, they relapsed into what, I presume, were their normal habits. If either of them had a toothbrush, a comb, a hairbrush, or a piece of soap (soap was not furnished by the steamship company), I never once caught sight of it. If either of them washed his face or his hands, in the four days that we spent in port or at sea, I never happened to catch him in the act, or to find any evidence in the stateroom that the act had been performed. Both of them had the unpleasant habit of clearing their throats and spitting on the floor, at all hours of the night, and the condition of the floor became such that Mr. Gray and I dared not get out of our berths in the morning without first putting on our shoes.

That present knowledge of sanitary laws, and present possession of ample means and facilities for the proper observance of such laws, are not enough in themselves to overcome the Cuban's pre-acquired habits and tendencies is a proposition that will hardly be disputed, I think, by any one who has had an intimate knowledge of Cuban home life. Speaking of this aspect of the question, the sanitary inspector of the United States Marine Hospital Service whom I have already quoted said to me: "I could take you to private houses of wealthy Cubans in this city—houses that probably cost forty or fifty thousand dollars to build—where there are all modern improvements, including sanitary plumbing, bath-rooms, and water-closets on every floor; but where, nevertheless, the occupants neglect the closets," and resort to practices that can only be euphemistically described as "primitive." "The families who occupy these houses have, in some cases, traveled

abroad and had educational advantages; but they revert at intervals, if not habitually, to their earlier customs and methods. More than once, wealthy Cuban women, wearing four or five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, have come to my office to get health certificates or permits to visit the United States; and upon being required to show their vaccination marks have exposed arms grimy with dirt."

It will be easy, of course, for an affronted Cuban, or an admirer of the Cubans, to jump upon me indignantly with the accusation that I am basing a general indictment of a whole people upon a few exceptional facts or cases; but such is not my meaning or intention. I do not believe—still less assert—that all Cubans travel without toilet requisites, neglect facilities contrived by the art of the modern plumber, or wear diamonds on dirty arms. I am simply giving, from personal observation or trustworthy testimony, a few illustrations—extreme and exceptional illustrations, perhaps—of the general tendency of the Cuban people to disregard dirt and ignore the most elementary principles of sanitary science. That there is such a general tendency Cubans themselves will hardly deny, in the face of the notorious facts that three-fourths of all the houses in Cuban towns have their privy-vaults under or in close proximity to their kitchens or living-rooms, and that in more than three-fourths of these houses access to the back yard, where domestic animals are often kept, can be had only through the front door. A people with any delicacy of sense-perception, or any distaste for foulness and dirt, never would have built their houses or arranged their back yards in such a way.

My only object in calling attention to an unfortunate national characteristic, and dwelling upon an unpleasant subject, is to emphasize the immense practical importance of the impending question, "What will be the attitude of the Cuban people toward sanitary reform when we withdraw wholly from the island and leave them to work out their own destiny?" Will they keep the cities of Santiago and Havana as clean as General Wood and General Ludlow have made them? Are they likely to spend in Havana the ten or twelve millions of dollars that Colonel Waring estimated it would cost to construct a proper system of modern sewerage? Finally, is there any reasonable probability that they will ever stamp out that smoldering fire of the tropics—yellow fever—which, from first to last, has cost us Americans far more in life and treasure than the Spanish-American war? My own answer to all of these questions is, unhesitatingly, No! What, then, are we going to do about it?

It seems to me that, in view of the sacrifices we have made, the blood we have spilled, and the money we have spent to free the Cuban people, we are at least equitably entitled to demand that Cuba shall be put, and henceforth kept, in such sanitary condition that yellow fever, from that source, shall never again menace our Southern coast. If the Cubans will not do this work, we are fully justified in doing it ourselves at their expense; and if we withdraw from Cuba without reserving and asserting our right to take supreme control of sanitary work on the island, if it be found necessary to do so in order to protect ourselves, we shall make a serious as well as a foolish mistake.



The Territorial System for Our New Possessions

By H. K. Carroll, LL.D.

United States Commissioner to Porto Rico.

THE question of the kind of government to be provided for Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines must soon engage the attention of Congress. The first thought of the American people when these islands came into our possession seemed to turn to the English colonial rather than to the American Territorial system.

If we want a colonial system, let us take that of England, by all means; but why not take our own Territorial system? This is the second thought of those who have given most attention to the matter. It is doubtful if the colonial system has a single advantage over the Territorial. The latter is, according to precedent, the first step to Statehood. Some said, We do not want to encourage Hawaii, Porto Rico, or the Philippines to hope for Statehood, therefore let us not make them Territories. But the danger of Statehood is not obviated by making them colonies; nor is that other difficulty of maintaining a tariff against their tobacco and sugar avoided. Congress has the power to make States, and there is no Constitutional bar to making States from colonies as well as from Territories. The Constitution simply says that Congress may admit new States; and there is nothing to prevent Alaska from being admitted equally with Oklahoma or New Mexico. The maintenance of customs duties between our ports and those of our new possessions does not depend upon their being made colonies instead of Territories, but upon the interpretation of the clause of the Constitution which requires that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If these islands become part of the United States, there can be no tariff between their ports and ours. Indeed, their ports will be ours. I suppose that Congress, under the provision of the second paragraph of Section 3, Article IV., of the Constitution, giving that body "power to dispose of and make all needful rules and

regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," could fix the status of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands so that they would not be Constitutionally a part of the United States. It could establish protectorates over them, or make them practically independent, holding some such relation to them as England held to the Transvaal under the Convention of 1881; but protectorates are a source of trouble to those bound to give protection, and of no very great advantage to those protected, as witness the war between England and the Transvaal, and the long-continued disagreement between France and Madagascar, to say nothing of the tripartite protectorate over Samoa. We ought not to establish protectorates over our new possessions—certainly not over Hawaii and Porto Rico.

We need not fear that our markets will be violently affected by the free admission of Hawaiian and Porto Rican products. Hawaiian sugar already comes in free. Our consumption of refined sugar is constantly increasing, and so is our export. The West Indian tobacco is unlike any we raise, and will not come into competition with it. Even if it did, there would be a compensation. Porto Rico will be a better market for our manufactured goods than the United States will be for Porto Rican products; and if we want to sell in that market, we must buy there. As to the possibility of Statehood, why should it be denied either to Hawaii or Porto Rico? We have kept New Mexico out forty-nine years, Arizona thirty-seven years; the islands can be kept out until everybody agrees that they ought to be admitted. Congress would not abuse the confidence of the people.

Let us, by all means, make our new possessions Territories. The Territorial system is an old and tried one. We understand it, because it is of our own development, and fits into our plan of

republican government and harmonizes with our institutions. Our control of near-by and distant islands will be a safer experiment with it than with the colonial system, which we would have to borrow, study, and adapt. We have governed Spanish populations and have had no trouble, and we have none to fear in Porto Rico or Hawaii.

The Territorial is an admirably balanced system. While conceding a large measure of home rule to the people of the Territories, it retains ample power of control to the Federal Government. The President appoints and the Senate confirms the Governor, Secretary, Surveyor-General, Attorney, Marshal, and Judges of the Supreme Court, and these officers, excepting the Judges, are removable by the President. The people of the Territory elect members of the two houses of the Territorial Legislature and their county and municipal officers; also a delegate to Congress, who has a voice in the House of Representatives, but no vote. The Legislature may legislate on all subjects consistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, but must send copies of its legislative acts to the President, the Secretary of the Interior, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The act creating the Territory of New Mexico also provided that any legislative act disapproved by Congress should be null and void. The danger of unwise legislation was therefore carefully guarded against; first, by a veto of the Governor, requiring a two-thirds vote of each house to overcome; second, by Congressional revision. Citizens of the Territories, like those of the District of Columbia, are deprived of the privilege of participation in Presidential elections, and, unlike those of the various States, have no vote for Governor and other Territorial officers. Formerly Governors for the Territories were generally citizens of States; but in late years the practice has been to select citizens of Territories for this office.

As applied to Porto Rico, the Territorial system will be much more liberal than the old Spanish or even the autonomist plan. Under the former, Spain named the Governor-General, who appointed the members of his ministry and nearly all other insular officers.

There was no legislative body, and the people only elected municipal councilmen, members of the Provincial Deputation, which had oversight over certain insular matters, and of the Cortes in Madrid. The autonomist plan gave them a legislature, and restricted the powers of the Governor-General. The Territorial system would carry autonomic decentralization somewhat further, enlarging the scope of legislative power, particularly concerning the government of municipalities, and giving a much larger measure of home rule to the island. Most important of all, it would separate the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, making these powers co-ordinate, whereas, under the old system, the Governor-General was the government and the government was the Governor-General. He controlled everything, and even appointed the *alcaldes* or mayors of cities when he saw fit. The difference between that system and our Territorial organization is the difference between despotism and republicanism.

If Porto Rico becomes a Territory, its financial burdens will be considerably lightened. While the Federal Government would have the income from customs duties and internal revenue, it would use it to pay the salaries and expenses of the Governor and other insular officers, members of the Legislature, judges and attachés of the Supreme and District Courts, etc. Under the Spanish administration nearly every conceivable form of taxation was employed to supply the insular treasury. There were, first, the customs dues, including special cargo taxes, additional taxes on petroleum, matches, etc.; second, royal dues on conveyances of property; third, income from sale of stamped paper, which had to be used for all legal purposes; fourth, proceeds of a State lottery; fifth, four per cent. income tax on commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits, from which no one, not even the day-laborer, escaped. The total from these several sources, about \$5,000,000, was all expended on the island, except about \$500,000, which was sent to Madrid. Half of the whole sum, nearly, was required to support the military and naval forces. Spain saw that Porto Rico paid fully its own way, and that it was never a charge on the home exchequer, but, on the contrary, was always a constant contributor to it.

As the Federal Treasury will pay the bulk of the expenses of the Territory, the taxes levied for the support of schools and other general purposes will not need to be very heavy. This will be a boon to the groaning taxpayer, who had to pay annually 12½ per cent. insular and municipal tax on his income; also to the municipalities, which find it very difficult now to raise enough money to pay their most necessary bills, for since American occupation their share of the income tax has been reduced from one and a half times that of the State to an equal amount, and the *consumo* tax, by which they collected considerable amounts on foods, drinks, and fuels brought into their cities for sale, has been abolished.

By giving our islands the Territorial system, they will learn our plan of government in essence, and will live under our Constitution and our general laws, so far as the latter may be applied to them. They may be allowed to retain their own codes, with such modifications as may be necessary; but they will be the better for

acceptance of our system of judicial organization and administration.

If we want these new populations to become good and loyal Americans, we must not put barriers between them and us, but take them into our confidence and draw them as near to the heart of the Nation as possible. The Porto Ricans are a proud, sensitive, and intelligent people, and will quickly discover whether we mean to treat them as equals or inferiors. We need to be careful not to legislate too much or too minutely for them. I recall as pertinent to the occasion the words of General Benjamin Harrison, when he was in the United States Senate and the bill for civil government in Alaska was pending. "We are legislating," he said, "about a people in regard to whom we know very little. . . . We cannot, in legislating at this long range, be too careful not to substitute some other person's rights for the rights of those born on the soil and to whom we are bound, or ought to be bound, at least, by ties of sympathy and by ties of justice."

Impressions of Paris in Times of Turmoil

By Hamlin Garland

AT the sound of a toy trumpet (a most undignified little squawk) the train drew out of the Calais shed into the brilliant sunlight, out upon the wide low-lying moors to the south. The sunshine was good to see after four weeks of London spring chill and damp. The air was genial; women and children were moving about bareheaded, and men with shirts opened wide at the throat were riding lead-horses of great freighting teams along the chalk-white flaming roads. Swarms of sleek cattle in generous marshes looked nonchalantly up at our panting little engine, whose falsetto whistle was like the shriek of a nervous woman. Young girls working in the light-brown soil cheered us as we moved by.

Every hillside was a crazy-quilt of little fields. At intervals we flashed by small clumps of low-built, stone-walled, tile-roofed cottages, whereto the owners of the fields were slowly centering. These cottages embowered in glittering green trees were

such as artists love to paint—irregular as boulders and as indigenous.

A shepherd, clad in a long rough coat primitive as a skin, stood among his sheep and waved his rag of a hat as we plunged round a hill. Women were on every slope raking and hoeing, their unlovely backs bent low over their short-handled tools. Old men moving slowly seemed re-enacting the paintings of Millet as they paced roads definite of outline as hemmed ribbons—roads which curved away around the hills or clung to the shadow of most delicious streams.

The farm-houses seemed all in groups in some sheltered hollow, and the fields lay far away in parcels like lots in a village—mere gardens, in fact, to which the owner daily trudged. The whole land was under most intensive cultivation, but the work, as I soon saw, was done by sheer physical force and awkwardness.

The season was much more advanced than in England. The meadows were

yellow with buttercups, the wheat was lit with the splendid flame of the poppy, the rye stood hip-high and was rippling gloriously under the genial south wind, while splendid checks and stripes of pink and purple marked where tall clover stood in bloom. Pollard willows and cottonwood-trees trimmed high lined the fields or followed the courses of slow-moving brooks deep hid in grasses.

Shaggy shepherd dogs herded sheep in the midst of these growing crops with such marvelous fidelity that nothing suffered. They seemed never to rest, but had the anxious air of careful housewives. They moved to and fro, weary but watchful, with a persistence that was almost mechanical. They seemed to express the restless care of their owners.

Altogether, the France I saw was a busy, fruitful land with a marked absence of young life. There were no boys at play, no children flocking the fields with color. Nature seemed kinder than man, and the sunlight more liberal than the laws of organized society.

In the towns (through which we flashed) I caught glimpses of many workmen in red sashes who wore a sort of modification of the sabot made in leather. Amiens seemed a big, busy city, full of industries, quite modern, yet holding in its narrow vistas roof-corners which were distinctly survivals of the mediæval; and a little way beyond, at the intersection of two roads just where the railway cut deep through a hill, a wooden image of Christ hung on a tall cross—a towering thing, ghastly as a gibbet, to testify to the superstition of these people.

As we neared Paris the country grew more wooded, and the towns more modern and to the artist less interesting. The train shuttled along with the fussy action of a mother partridge, but swift and persistent withal. The air continued beautifully clear and mild, and the southern wind had healing on its wings. It made me think of the warm electrical winds which sweep up the great Mississippi Valley. The cloudless sky became each moment bluer. Signs set in the fields like wooden flags proclaimed the business of the nearing city by recommending certain journals and wines and mustards. They were the French adaptation of American advertising enterprise.

Women—everywhere women toiling in the fields. One imagined a war to be going on, and all the men drawn away to be killed. They were all ungraceful, somber, and slow-motined.

Then suddenly the fortified wall, and a few moments later the great station, and the customs officers, and Paris! There was an alertness and a certain sympathy on the part of these men which robbed the business of its terrors, and in a few moments, almost without trouble or delay, I found myself in a cab and driving toward my hotel.

The movement of the streets was swift—that I felt at once. The snap of drivers' whips, the roll of wheels, the sharp patter of hoofs, the cries of street merchants (with the sad downward-dropping cadence), and the rattle of carts filled my ears, while my eyes dwelt on the long rows of buildings of uniform height, topped with mansard roofs, or caught through open gates glimpses of pleasant inner courts with flowers and fountains—and I realized with a powerful and distinct satisfaction that I was in the midst of a Latin civilization. The sun was setting, and on the walks before the cafés swarms of people sat to eat and drink, and to talk—always to talk. Certainly this was Paris.

There remained no doubt when I walked past the Opera-House an hour later and mingled with the immense streams of young men and women moving to and fro on the great boulevards, pacing the pavements, or pausing for a few moments to chat or to take a glass of absinthe before a café.

The men appealed to me at once as vivid and powerful personalities, less conventional than the Englishman and enormously more artistic and fearless of tradition. They were well dressed, often richly dressed, and in most cases quite irrespective of English fashion-plates. Many of them were dressed to their own individual fancy. Students went by with voluminous zouave trousers, their lapels concealed by an enormous tie of black silk. Others, with a beard cut to a curious twin tuft on the chin, wore hats as wide of brim as a Colorado cowboy's, and as they swung along, big, athletic fellows, they were good to see.

I felt myself to be in the presence of all Europe. No doubt representatives from

every kingdom were there. I saw types of Prussians like Hermann Sudermann, and Norwegians like Björnson. I fancied I recognized big Russians with black wide beards, and Swedes with fair skins and pale-blue eyes. Indeed, at this time—at the height of “the season”—Paris was unquestionably the ruling place of the Occidental world.

The women were equally striking of face and manner. Tasteful of dress, composed and graceful of manner, sometimes mysterious of glance and sad and sweet of smile, they sat or strolled before the cafés in groups, their voices adding a low murmur to the rush of talk, very pleasant to the ear. The life of these boulevards seemed aboundingly dramatic, many-colored, and beauty-seeking, after the cold and gloom of London. The faces were filled with the lines that interest, with glances that provoke imagination—faces that were not to be read at a glance. Women with the faces of sad seraphs sat side by side with reckless, laughing, deceitful adventuresses and pretty, modest American girls who were eager to see, curious to know, the life of these people. Admittedly distinguished in all countries, the American girl meets her match in Paris, where even the street girl carries her skirt with the air of a duchess. Besides these were the selected types of all Europe—the demi-mondaine as well as the mondaine; and, for the most part, they were young. At least they were not gray. Beauty was the dominant attribute—love the motive.

These were the *boulevardiers*: in the days which followed I went among the people who build and maintain Paris. I trod the side streets, ate at the working-men's tables, studied the hucksters and shopkeepers and teamsters and mechanics. I bungled at them in scraps of French, and found them kindly and polite and always amused. “I am an American,” I said in explanation; and it seemed to explain. I discovered few of the signs of degeneracy which is continually alluded to by writers on Paris. In a sense, all city-dwellers are degenerates—the citizens of Paris seemed to me to be a strong and progressive people. They are dramatic and given to externalizing their emotions, but they have built and they maintain a great city, moving to their daily tasks as methodically

and as systematically as any people of our day. These are the visible signs of their industry and sense of form—the great structures of stone and brick, the well-kept streets, and the great shops and warerooms.

They seemed to me to be physically superior to the great mass of the people of London—better fed and happier. In all my walks about the city I was never approached by a beggar or accosted by a woman. Around some of the churches beggars sat, but elsewhere there were few loafers and no mendicants at all. London had few beggars, but swarms of poor, thin, meager, painted little creatures, too vicious to be children, too small and slight to be really women, who laid in wait like hungry cats, literally in thousands, every night just before the theaters opened. Paris has this evil, but it takes some other method of expression.

The striking types in Paris, it seemed to me, were men of thought or skill rather than men of rank or money or fashion; and this was grateful to me. A measure of republican simplicity is maintained, apparently. The women of the merchant and mechanic class seemed to be partners in all matters of business, and, so far as I could judge, were equal partners. They were concerned in all kinds of merchandise, and spoke with authority and decision on questions of price.

The servants and clerks were self-respecting, polite without being obsequious. They carried themselves in fashion of Americans of the same condition of life. In hundreds of minute ways they showed the effect of a republican government and the absence of fixed rank. A nation that can elect (in time of trouble) as its President a man whose mother still wears the peasant dress is essentially a republic, and has my applause. They have their vicious and weak spots, these Frenchmen, but also most admirable and distinctive traits. Who are we that we should patronize them? When the Anglo-Saxon race builds and maintains a city finer than Paris, then let it point to the degeneracy of the French.

Considered at large, the compactness of the city impressed me first, and next its form. It is almost the only great city I know that has plan. Within the walls of the fortifications its streets as well as its

buildings show foresight and design. I understood at once where we got the plan for Washington. In this city private houses are unassertive, the public buildings are many and conspicuous. The extent and dignity of them and their grounds amazes the American who is accustomed to see the palaces of millionaires the show places of his city.

Here, too, one comes into the presence of that prodigious force called Napoleon. He is a living presence in Paris. Not as warrior, but as founder and builder and lawgiver. It may be that when he is put aside as a man of war he will still loom large as a city-builder. No matter where one goes, he comes upon this or that "founded by Napoleon" or "built by order of Napoleon." England has one fine public building, the Houses of Parliament, but Paris has a dozen; but, beyond this, the city as a whole has form. All big towns are hideous, but Paris is the least hideous of them all.

Seen from the Eiffel Tower it comes nearer to being an organism than any city I have seen. The long rows of mansard roofs, the plain pink-gray or gray-white walls (free from posters), the regular succession of chimneys, give a certain unity in variety, and out of this mass rise here and there La Madeleine, Notre Dame, Des Invalides, the Napoleon tomb, and a dozen other notable buildings. This sense of form goes further—it fills the parks with admirable statuary.

It is a clean city—cleaner than London, which was surprisingly clean. Armies of men during the night put away all the refuse and turn streams of water into the gutters, making the streets fresh and sanitary of a morning. I found no slums like those in our own large cities, and I saw little of that helpless, hideous poverty which is to be found among our enormous masses of unassimilated Poles, Huns, and Slavs. There was poverty enough, and toil which was ill repaid, but the utterly forlorn, ragged, ghastly, and despairing poverty which I see in New York and Chicago did not meet my eyes in London and Paris. It may be there; I did not see it.

However, I saw and suffered by the cruelty of the drivers of Paris, who lashed their horses with a senseless spleen and needless force from morning till night.

London would not permit this. The English horses are well, sound, strong, and fat. It is a pleasure to see them move with immense reserve power—intelligent, obedient, and gentle. No supervision exists in Paris. The cab horses are often (as in America) old, poor, lame, and unfit for duty, and all day the hot snap of the driver's whip rings through the streets. It was torture to me to ride behind these poor animals. This also is a Latin characteristic. The races of the South seem lacking in regard for dumb brutes.

The streets were gayer than London; talk was humorous, dramatic, gesticulatory. Every one seemed to find joy in talking. I saw no drunkenness during my stay in the city, though everybody drank wine and absinthe freely. I saw no fighting, and almost no altercation. The drinking-places opened on the street, and all drinking went on under the public eye.

The city was supposed to be passing through a political crisis, but there was little evidence of it beyond the increase of police and other guards. I felt the greatness of Paris as I walked its superb quais and saw the mighty work of preparation for the World's Exposition going on majestically while the opposition press proclaimed a revolutionary uprising—for it so happened that my visit to France was coincident with the judgment in favor of Captain Dreyfus, the return of Major Marchand, and the assault on the President. These were exciting events, but down at Ferté Sous Jouarre the milkman came regularly to the door, the women led their cows to pasture, and the stone-cutters plied their hammers as though no revolutionary royalists existed.

From the peace and beauty of this little village I returned to stand by the Napoleon arch and watch the people returning from the races, where an excitable royalist had leaped upon the President with cane uplifted. The stream of carriages, automobiles, bicycles, was broad and swift, but there was little sign of excitement in the faces of the men. They all looked tired and dusty and a little bored. The pedestrians were equally calm and much more weary.

Then, too, I mixed with the immense crowd gathered to hear Major Marchand, explorer and representative of the army. I heard then for the first time the curious

pattering sound of French cheering, and listened with joy as they sang the Marseillaise—sang it till it rolled in majestic waves from street to street; they voiced it as the negroes sing their superb religious chants, and my blood leaped at its musical appeal.

Yet among these thirty thousand people nine out of every ten men were as little concerned in the demonstration as I. They were critical and amused, and discussed it in low voices, while some hundreds of youths and excitable cried, "*Rat-a-plan! rat-a-plan! Vive l'Armée! Vive Marchand!*" like the hired claque in a theater. They were not the people of Paris.

My respect for the French and their Government increased during the week that followed. No one, so far as I could see, neglected his business or went out of his way to see what was going on—no one except outsiders like myself. The assault upon the President produced less excitement than distant readers might suppose. The people seemed to think, "Well, the Government will take care of itself—let us to our tasks." The great city went calmly forward buying, selling, hammering, trafficking, while platoons of guards clattered to and fro, and a cordon of soldiers was drawn around the Palace of Justice to defend it from a mob of curious outsiders longing to see a French Revolution all over again.

On the following Sunday, according to announcement, President Loubet again attended the races, to show that he had confidence in the people, and that he well understood the weakness of those who had assaulted him. Great things promised, and I was up early to see the preparations for his defense. It was plain that the Minister of Police did not intend to have any more assaults on the Government. All the morning squadron after squadron of mounted men went by to the west—resolute and martial fellows they were, too. Groups of policemen were to be seen on every street, making their leisurely way toward the Champs d'Elysées. Cuirassiers in glittering armor moved past with less speed, feeling their spectacular qualities a little, and took positions at the intersection of streets, until at last nearly fifteen thousand troops, foot, horse, and dragoons, were in position, guarding the road which the President was to ride and

hedging the box in which he was to sit. Whatever the hidden design of the Minister and Chief of Police may have been, they succeeded in making a most impressive spectacle for sightseers like Israel Zangwill and myself, and together we rode down the avenue toward the race-track, enjoying to the full the splendid color and movement of the soldiery and crowd. It was impressive to look upon that changing, wavering, glittering ribbon of carriages—purple-black on a terra-cotta ground, with banks of green trees—leading to the stately Arc de Triomphe.

Suddenly the flame of a row of helmets lit the hill. Loud shouts arose. The clatter of swift horses grew sharper, and soon, preceded by a squad of cavalry, the President, a pleasant, handsome, smiling man, with gray hair and full beard, swept by. We had hardly time to cry "*Vive Loubet!*" before the crowd closed in behind him and he was lost to sight.

On the race-course a tremendous crowd was massed—a great robe of purple-black on the vivid green of the sward. Out of the somber masses of men the ladies shone like lilies and poppies, and their translucent silken parasols of pink and red and blue were like bubbles iridescent and shifting in the wind.

Soldiers were everywhere. A solid line of infantry kept both sides of the course before the grand stand, and a squad of mounted guards rode slowly back and forth within the line of infantry. Naturally under such circumstances the running of a half-dozen horses was not of absorbing interest. They ran out like figures in a dream. No one seemed to care which color came in first. All seemed to wait the moment when some foolish royalist would start the revolution by shouting, "*Down with Loubet!*"

Nothing of the kind happened. Cheers for the President broke forth wherever he went—not wildly enthusiastic applause, but expressing good will. The races were run, the President re-entered his carriage. The guards leaped to place. The cheers were renewed, the lines of guards began to double into squads, the carriage rolled away, and the race-course became as quiet as a meadow. The revolution had missed fire.

Personally I was glad to have seen this display of force, for the reason that it gave

me a chance to see the various arms of the police and military forces, and to study a moving and brilliant spectacle. Others seemed to enjoy it also, but the President considered it useless—so it was reported.

I returned to the city to find it quite in its ordinary Sunday humor, busied with its own affairs. The crowd at the races

had not been missed. I felt again that France was able to take care of herself. The Republic is not to be overthrown by the outcries of a few excitable heirs of worn-out titles. It is to me singularly impressive that in the midst of monarchical Europe President Loubet can come from a peasant's cottage and meet such a crisis as this with dignity and honor.

Tutuila: Its People and its Harbor

By Hugh H. Lusk

TUTUILA, the Samoan island which by agreement with Great Britain and Germany has become part of America's extended territory, is the least familiar island of the group to any but its own people. With the exception of the missionaries who live at one end of the island, it is doubtful whether almost any foreigners have examined it with any degree of care. The reason was the obvious one that of the three larger islands it was the least accessible, and held out the least prospect of advantage to strangers. Compared with the other two islands it is small, being only eighteen miles long by at the most six miles broad, and in addition it consists entirely of a mountainous ridge from which spurs descend abruptly to the shore on both sides. The ridge may be nearly nine hundred feet above the sea-level at the eastern end, but falls to four or five hundred feet at the western end of the island, which is consequently the most available for the very simple cultivation carried on by the natives in the little valleys or glens that divide the spurs. The mountain range lies nearer the southern than the northern side of Tutuila, and in consequence the slope to the southern shore is so abrupt as to be in many places almost precipitous. The whole island is covered with a dense tropical vegetation which covers it from the beach to the hill-tops with all the beautiful forms and gorgeous coloring characteristic of its situation, which is just within the fourteenth parallel of southern latitude.

It is understood that the harbor of Pango-Pango, incorrectly spelled Pago-Pago on the charts, has been regarded by the American authorities as the principal

reason why they should not abandon this island to any other power. And so far as the harbor itself, merely considered as a place of refuge for vessels, is concerned, there can be no doubt that it is valuable to any nation likely to have vessels in the neighborhood. The harbor lies near the southeastern end of the island, and is perhaps half a mile long by nearly the same breadth. It is, in fact, almost circular in form, and is manifestly the sunken crater of a long-extinct volcano which once, no doubt, occupied the crest of a mountain. It is in some respects not unlike the harbor of Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, with the difference that at Pango-Pango there is a good deal less that can be called a beach between the deep water and the mountain slope. There is, in fact, hardly any level ground at all, the only place where any is visible being at the eastern end, where a very narrow strip of beach leaves room for a landing-place, and might be used for sheds where coal could be stored for use. It is possible to get down to the harbor of Pango-Pango from the landward side at, I believe, two points, and these native paths, it is probable, could be so improved as to enable mules to traverse them; but this would, as far as appearances go at least, be about the most that could be done. The entrance to the harbor is rather narrow, but very deep and perfectly safe, and in this respect it may be said to be the very best harbor in that part of the South Pacific. It passes between two high bluffs, so situated that one overlaps the other, and so secures perfectly calm water within, even in the stormiest weather.

To render Tutuila of any service as a possession to this country two things will be

requisite. In the first place, Pango-Pango must be fortified to some extent; and, in the second, the natives must be made to submit to some degree of control. If the first is neglected, the harbor itself will be of little or no use in the future, as it has been in the past. Its main, if not its only, advantage will be as a station for coaling war-ships, there being no other American commerce possible at Tutuila; and for this purpose it is manifest that it must be made defensible. This, no doubt, can very easily be done, though of course it will involve the need of a garrison in that distant and isolated group, the extent of which will entirely depend on the position we occupy towards the natives of the island. If they are friendly to our rule, and willing to obey the orders of our representative, a very small garrison would suffice; but if not, a very serious danger will be likely to arise. To understand this it is necessary to comprehend something both of the character and traditions of the natives. From the size and character of the island it will readily be understood that the natives are not very numerous, but it is estimated that there are about five thousand inhabitants, of whom very nearly one-half may be considered fighting men. They are an unusually fine race of people, remarkable for their bravery, strength, and activity. Fighting is at once the great excitement and amusement of the men, and guns—the best they can obtain—are their most valued treasures. In such a country as their own they would be a formidable enemy, as, indeed, all experience has shown in the past. They are also a people accustomed to personal freedom, and would deeply resent any attempt to coerce them, or to introduce civilized novelties in government which they did not understand. With such a people, it is evident that much care must be exercised in dealing even in any steps taken merely to secure our own position on the island as its owners. This, however, is by no means the most serious aspect of the matter under the new régime.

The natives of Tutuila are the same people that occupy the larger island of Upolo, which lies just beyond the strait to the northward. Their chiefs and people, indeed, have always owed and rendered allegiance to the high chief or "Malietoa" of Upolo, and have been accustomed to

cross over, when required, to his assistance in time of war. If the truth were known, it would almost certainly be found that there were many warriors of Tutuila engaged on one side or the other in the late fighting over the succession to the native kingship. Now that the nations who agreed to protect the natives in the exercise of their own government have handed them over to the sovereignty of Germany, it is very much more than likely that the attempt to enforce sovereignty by German methods will lead to chronic warfare in the islands; it is certainly no exaggeration to say that it is almost certain to do so at first. If there is war on Upolo, warriors are nearly sure to go from Tutuila to the help of their own people; and if they are known to do so, many troublesome questions may arise between our Government and that of Germany. It will be no easy task to gain such a control over the natives of Tutuila as will prevent this, and it is perhaps the most doubtful aspect of the transaction by which this country makes itself responsible for the conduct of its new subjects, who are yet subjects only in name.

To self-government of an uncivilized type the people of Samoa have always been accustomed, and, so far as they understood what it meant, they were very competent to carry it into effect; self-government, as we understand the term, will be a difficult art for them to acquire. In one respect, indeed, the task will be comparatively easy, because there will be no mixed population in Tutuila. The island will never be exploited, for the simple reason that it has no resources to exploit. There are no lands to cultivate excepting the little patches on which the natives grow their yams and sweet potatoes, in the shallow gullies between the spurs; there can be no mineral treasures in a little island which is wholly volcanic in origin; there is no prospect of trade with a people who are without any product for exchange except a few tons of dried cocoanut, which is generally exchanged, more or less openly, for firearms and ammunition. There is nothing, indeed, at Tutuila but a fine though inaccessible harbor, and a native problem on a small scale. Both, indeed, may prove useful to the American people, but it is not impossible that both may cost as much as they are worth.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia¹

THIS book is written from the English point of view. Mr. George not only can see no virtues in Napoleon, he reluctantly concedes to him ability. This is fatal to a just estimate of the chief characters in the drama. For this misjudgment of Napoleon leads to a misjudgment of Kustusov, the Russian commander-in-chief, whose refusal to bring on a general engagement with Napoleon on the latter's retreat from Moscow puzzles Mr. George, who thinks it due either to incompetence, timidity, or political considerations. But while these English prejudices prevent a sound judgment concerning the men, they do not prevent a scholarly investigation of the events and a careful and apparently quite trustworthy account of them. Despite his personal prejudice, Mr. George's monograph is, so far as we know, the best work in the English language from which to obtain an accurate account of the great tragedy in Napoleon's dramatic career. It is accompanied by admirable maps which make the descriptions of both battles and marches clear to the non-expert; and it is at once scholarly in its materials and dramatic in its use of them.

The Napoleonic campaigns were a conflict between a passionate, uneducated, ungovernable democracy, and an unscrupulous, inert, and not very intelligent aristocracy. Napoleon, though a modern Cæsar, represented democracy; Pitt, though an Anglo-Saxon, represented aristocracy; and, despite Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon, democracy triumphed. It triumphed because, after the shaking which feudalism received, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from the Atlantic Ocean to the western boundary of Russia, it could never recover its old stability. But the democracy which Napoleon represented was French democracy—the democracy born of the Revolution of which Napoleon was himself a child. And neither the democracy nor its leader was truly sane. Napoleon's genius is indisputable; but it was the genius which is akin to madness. Moral stability he had

none. He had generous sentiments but no conscience, and the only law he knew was that of his own will. His victories made him the idol of his people; and their idolatry intensified his egotism until it became an uncontrollable passion. He was an absolute despot fighting for democracy. At best he is an enigma; but students of history would not have found the enigma quite so perplexing if they had recognized the fact that human history abounds in such contradictions. They are common enough in daily life; it is only when they are seen on a gigantic stage, as in the beginning of the present century, that they apparently put both the historian and the philosopher at defiance.

On the land Napoleon regarded himself as invincible, and his achievements seemed to render this self-estimate not unreasonable. But on the sea Great Britain was invincible; her supremacy there was settled by the victory won over the allied fleets at Trafalgar. Her island isolation was a sufficient protection against invasion. Napoleon did, indeed, contemplate an invasion, but even his self-will was not proof against the insuperable difficulties of the undertaking. To blockade her ports was impossible; the alternative was a continental embargo on her exports. To make this effective all Europe must unite in it; to make all Europe unite in it he must control all Europe. And after the peace of Tilsit he apparently did control all Europe: all but Russia by fear; Russia by—what? Did Napoleon's personal magnetism win Alexander I. to his views? or did the Russian and the Frenchman really consent to divide Europe between them and control it by a sort of partnership between the most despotic and the most democratic government of Europe? or did the dreamy Russian outwit the passionate and active Frenchman by promising everything and giving nothing, all the while expecting to give nothing but promises? Whichever it was, the partnership formed at Tilsit did not last. It is easier now to see that it could not have lasted than it was then to foresee its dissolution. To reduce England to submission Napoleon must be able to control all

¹ *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia*. By Hereford B. George. New Amsterdam Book Company, New York. \$4.

Europe; to control all Europe he must control Russia: this is the secret of the Moscow campaign.

Nor was his expectation that he could control Russia so wild as it now seems to have been. Alexander I. was apparently not made of heroic stuff. His counselors were divided in sentiment. His Prime Minister was in favor of an alliance with France. It is even now difficult to see why the interests of Russia would not have been favored by such an alliance. That political prejudices between an absolute State and a quasi-democratic State are no serious impediment to an alliance between the two has been demonstrated in our time by the Russo-French alliance, and by the cordial relations which have always existed between Russia and the United States. It would seem that the more nearly nations resemble each other in constitutional characteristics the more liable they are to mutual jealousies and suspicions. An Anglo-Saxon alliance has to be maintained in spite of commercial rivalry; a Russian-American alliance is almost self-maintained. Probably Napoleon at first did not expect that any campaign against Russia would be necessary. He anticipated that the mere preparation for it would suffice; then that threatening her borders would bring propositions for peace; then that the first defeat of her army would secure submission. It is certain that he expected an uprising of the Poles, and probable that he anticipated an uprising of the serfs, and imagined that the mere danger of such uprisings would be sufficient to bring the Czar to terms. But the Poles gave him no help; the serfs made no movement toward independence. They did not know what liberty meant, and do not now know. They only knew that war robbed them of their crops and cattle, and they hated the men who had brought on this robbery. In the subsequent retreat the peasants were to the stragglers as cruel and unscrupulous as were the Cossacks.

If Napoleon miscalculated the weaknesses of the Russian Empire, he equally miscalculated its strength. The mercurial, enthusiastic, and active Frenchman could not understand the phlegmatic, silent, slow-moving Russian. It was the avalanche against the glacier. To the vehement attack of the one the other in-

terposed a stolid resistance which nothing could overcome. After each successive advance Napoleon waited, expecting overtures for peace—and waited in vain. He was sure that they would come after the capture of Smolensk; then after the victory of Borodino; then after the surrender at Moscow. After the capture of the latter capital he not only waited for overtures, he made what were scarcely disguised overtures himself. There was but one reply: No terms with the French while a hostile French soldier remains on Russian soil. The declaration of the Czar that, though Napoleon captured both capitals and overran European Russia, the Czar would but retreat to Siberia, and wait the inevitable withdrawal from an occupancy which could not be continued forever, would certainly have been fulfilled. In his eyes the consent of Kustusov even to receive an envoy from Napoleon was a serious offense, though there were strategic as well as political reasons for keeping alive Napoleon's delusions by such reception.

There is no conquering such a foe because there is no fighting with him. Napoleon could not remain in Russia forever. Every victory he won made his ultimate defeat only the more terrible. It would have been better for him to have been compelled to retreat from before the gates of Moscow, still better if he had been beaten at Borodino, better yet if he had been compelled to abandon his purpose at Smolensk, and best of all if his advance had been stopped on the border, at Vilna. If he had taken counsel of his pride at Moscow, as at one time it seemed possible he might, and had gone on to St. Petersburg and captured it, he would never have recrossed the border, and Waterloo would never have been fought. Mr. George criticises Kustusov for not being more expeditious and aggressive when Napoleon's retreat began. We think that Mr. George is in error. If men were pawns, he would be right; but they are men, and the attempt to do with Russian men in attack on the French what Napoleon could have done with Frenchmen in attack on the Russians would have been a blunder. For this reason Kustusov was a better general than Barclay, his predecessor in command—because he was himself a Russian, understood the Russian

character better, and knew instinctively what Russians could do and what were their limitations. A more aggressive general in Kustusov's place, with more aggressive soldiers than the Russian conscripts, might perhaps have annihilated Napoleon on his retreat at Maloyaroslavetz or at Viasma; but it is doubtful whether any general could have done so with Russian soldiers, still more doubtful whether Kustusov could have done so. The waiting policy was the wise one.

To discuss what might have been is profitless. Victor Hugo's interpretation of Waterloo is also the interpretation of the Russian invasion: "Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed." The invasion of Russia was necessary to complete the destruction of feudalism which the Revolution had initiated in France and which the Napoleonic campaigns continued for

the rest of Europe. In this respect he did for the Continent what Cromwell had done for England. But he had not the power to construct where he destroyed. Possibly a more conservative republicanism in France joining forces with a more masterful liberalism in England might have changed the character of Europe at less cost of human life. But with England what England was, and France what France was, no one in Napoleon's place could have reconstructed the institutions of Europe in Napoleon's time—least of all such a man as Napoleon. He overthrew feudalism in all western Europe. If there had been any beginnings of democratic life in Russia, he might have overthrown it there. As it is, out of the travail of that epoch were born for all lands in Europe, except the land of the Czar, representative government and the beginnings of popular institutions.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Austen, Jane, Her Contemporaries and Herself. By Walter Herries Pollock. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 125 pages. \$1.25.

This is not a book for the general reader, but for the student of this charming novelist; it is a study of the biographical material about her which has been given to the world, of her relations to her contemporaries, and of the qualities and characteristics of some of those contemporaries. It is not, in other words, a complete narrative, but a contribution, prepared with care and intelligence, to the general literature of the Jane Austen period.

Authors, A Group of Old. By Clyde Furst. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 199 pages. \$1.

Mr. Furst presents in this volume five studies of characters so far apart as Doctor Donne and Adhelm, and of subjects so far apart as "The Voyage of Saint Brendan," "Beowulf," and "Griselda." The study of Doctor Donne, under the title "A Gentleman of King James' Day," is sketchy but distinct in outline. It touches many points rapidly, but with a firm touch, insight, and knowledge; with the result of bringing Doctor Donne before us in a much more comprehensible form than many elaborate essayists have been able to do. The chapters, though brief and popular in statement, are full of promising quality.

Baldwin Primer, The. By May Kirk. (Illustrated.) The American Book Co., New York. Sq. 4to. 128 pages. 30c.

Bible, The Divine Origin of the. By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 93 pages. 50c.

We would maintain as vigorously as Mr. Torrey the divine origin, authority, and power of the Bible. But we would remind him that men of equal piety and learning—Christian scholars, whom he seems not to dis-

tinguish from "destructive critics"—maintain it as earnestly as he, while deprecating the recoil of the extravagant assertions which he makes concerning the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures.

Beyond the Hills of Dream. By W. Wilfred Campbell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 137 pages. \$1.25.

Blue Jackets of '98. By Willis John Abbot. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 367 pages. \$1.50.

Certainly the "Blue Jackets" series would be incomplete without a volume on the naval achievements of the Spanish-American War. The book is thoroughly readable—crisp and concise in style, clear and continuous in narrative, well written and well put together. It abounds in picturesque and dramatic incidents. It is free from any air of being written down for boyish comprehension, and for that very reason is a capital book for boys.

Botanizing. By William Whitman Bailey, A.M. The Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, R. I. (Illustrated.) 16mo. 142 pages.

British Isles, The, Through an Opera-Glass. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 320 pages. \$2. Matter evidently designed for the author's home consumption.

Cabin and Field, Poems of. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 125 pages. \$1.50.

This is a delightful book from every point of view. Mr. Dunbar has touched the life of his people with more humor, deeper sympathy, and truer sense of pathos than any other poet who has attempted to deal with the subject. In more than one of his dialect poems he has shown himself a poet of genuine, though not of the highest,

quality. This volume contains a few of his most characteristic songs, with a series of illustrations made from the life by the Hampton Institute Camera Club. These illustrations bring before the eye the negro as he looks and lives in the South, with glimpses of Southern fields, roads, bits of landscape, character studies, and very effective groups. The decorations, which are entirely in keeping, are by Miss Alice Morse.

Canterbury, Historical Memorials of. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. Second American Edition. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 361 pages. \$3.

Chemistry, Its Evolution and Achievements. By Ferdinand G. Wiechmann, Ph.D. William R. Jenkins, New York. 16mo. 176 pages.

Chief Things, The. By the Rev. A. W. Snyder. Second Series. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 12mo. 195 pages.

Children for Christ, Our. By Doremus Scudder. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 32 pages. Paper bound, 10c.

Christmas Was Kept in Heaven, How. By Rev. Norman Plass. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 41 pages. 50c.

Christmas, The First. By Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 140 pages. 50c.

Civil War, History of The. (1861-1865.) By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 647 pages. \$2.25.

Cobwebs from a Library Corner. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 101 pages. 50c.

Colossus, The. By Morley Roberts. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 317 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Morley Roberts might appropriately have enlarged the title of his strong and suggestive novel to "The Colossus of Rhodes." The book is not so much a novel as a character-appreciation of the Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes, who appears as "Eustace Loder." He is indeed a colossus, but he has many another apt title—"Buddha on a cane throne," "The Caryatid of Empire," "A movable England," "The colonizing grabbing instinct made concrete," "England out on business," and "The British buyer and bagman." We learn that Mr. Rhodes's religion "lies in having something done and done now," but we also learn—and here is the pith of the novel—"as well might a woman make love to a mass-meeting." Mr. Rhodes is popularly supposed to have had one love affair, a long time ago, which has kept him a bachelor because the woman married another man. Whether that be so or not, Mr. Roberts endeavors to show that Mr. Rhodes's Achilles-heel might be found in a possible relation with some woman, who would match his masculine masterfulness by a truly feminine strategy. Not "all women, however, lead artificial lives," as the novelist says, and we think that his heroine might have been a shade more womanly. The minor characters in the novel are fairly well done, but the disguises on all the characters are thin indeed. One easily recognizes in them the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cromer, and others. While the novel gives some interesting inside knowledge as to the difficulty of launching the Cape-Cairo railway enterprise, the whole book has rather too oppressive an atmosphere of cynicism and materialism. As a psychological study, however, it is admirable.

Crime and Criminals. By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. (Illustrated.) Second Edition. J. S. Christison, Chicago. 8vo. 177 pages. \$1.25.

De Willoughby Claim, In Connection with the. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 445 pages. \$1.50.

In part Mrs. Burnett's story is simple and natural; in part it is overwrought and melodramatic. Two characters make it enjoyable and move the reader's sympathies—the lumbering and big-hearted Tom DeWilloughby and the faithful negro Matt; others of the characters are morbid and repellent. When the author is most earnest

she is least effective, for then her writing becomes high-keyed and approaches the hysterical. In short, the reader is at times brought close to genuine and lovable humanity; at times led through intensely disagreeable and tragical phases of life presented in an unconvincing way.

Dickens, Characters from. (An instructive game.) Compiled by Mrs. Olivia Dealey, Dallas, Tex.

Echoes of Greek Idyls. By Lloyd Mifflin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 78 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin has shown in two previous volumes poetic gifts of a genuine kind. In this volume he presents a group of delightful translations or renderings from Bion, Moschus, and Bacchylides. The two forms with which he deals, the idyl and the ode, are handled with an ease, grace, and firmness which confirm the impression made by Mr. Mifflin's earlier work. One has but to compare "The Lament for Adonis" with Mrs. Browning's rendering to perceive its superiority. Mr. Mifflin ought now to give us Theocritus. He has qualities which would enable him to transpose Theocritus from the Greek to the English without sacrificing his characteristic penetrating charm. This little volume is a real contribution to American books, since it brings some of the choicest Greek song into our literature in worthy forms.

Edgar Livingston. By Edmond Gastineau. The National Publishing Co., New York. 327 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

English Poets, Twelve. By Blanche Wilder Bellamy. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 513 pages. 50c.

Evangelism, The New, and Other Addresses. By Henry Drummond. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 284 pages. \$1.50.

Family of the Sun, The. By Edward S. Holden, L.L.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Appleton's Home Reading Books.) Edited by William T. Harris, A.M., L.L.D. 16mo. 252 pages. 50c.

This book, like the others of this series, is intended for supplementary reading at home, to the regular school work. The present volume of this series is well illustrated and gives the kind of information that creates a desire for greater knowledge.

Field, Kate. By Lillian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 610 pages. \$2.

This record of Miss Kate Field's life is in miniature panoramic of the period between 1838, the year in which she was born in St. Louis, Mo., and 1898, the year of her death in Honolulu. In the index to this volume are found the names of leaders in every walk of life at home and abroad, and the letters which make up the largest part of the book reflect the thought of these men and women on the affairs of the day. Books, music, art, politics, the playful interchange of thought, in these letters—all make the pictures of the times vivid and varied. Many of Miss Field's own letters are published, and some of her articles. The editor, an intimate friend, has been careful to show the influences that played upon a mind of unusual gifts and an impulsive nature. The life of Kate Field will always be interesting, for it covers the period of transition in the history of woman in this country. The entire absence of self-consciousness is shown in her letters. There was something she wanted to do, and she did it. Her failures were few. Her versatility was sympathetic rather than creative. Every evil and injustice aroused her indignation and awoke an intense desire to throw herself into the work to rid the world of its presence. This was the mainspring of her power, the reason her life-record must always be interesting.

Fisher by the Sea, The. By Mrs. Woods Baker. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 24mo. 47 pages. Paper bound, 20c.

For the Freedom of the Sea. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 339 pages. \$1.50.

A virile, patriotic romance of the War of 1812. The novel confirms the excellent impression made by Dr. Brady's

first book, "For Love of Country." The fight of the Constitution and the Guerriere is told with admirable spirit and dash. Both the historic and fictitious characters are clearly brought out; in short, no better American sea story has been told recently.

Geschichten vom Rhein. By Menno Stern. The American Book Co., New York. 16mo. 272 pages.

German Prose Composition, Materials for. By Max Poll, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 12mo. 168 pages. 90c.

Goldsmith, Oliver. A Memoir. By Austin Dobson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 270 pages. \$1.25.

Goodness of St. Rocque, The. By Alice Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 224 pages. \$1.

This collection of short stories of the creoles is strong. Each story palpitates with life. They are somber, but have the color of life among those who have little to waste or give but themselves.

Grand Mademoiselle, The. By James Eugene Farmer, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 337 pages. \$1.25.

Heidi. By Frau Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helen B. Dole. (Illustrated.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 16mo. 363 pages. 75c.

This book has reached its thirteenth edition in Germany. The story is that of a little child on the Swiss mountains, whose life is the natural expression of a deeply spiritual nature knowing only the law of kindness. It is adapted to the comprehension of children from seven to ten years old.

Highest Andes, The. By E. A. Fitz Gerald. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Large 8vo. 390 pages. \$6.

"The Highest Andes" means, of course, America's loftiest mountain, Aconcagua. Mr. Fitz Gerald's superbly printed and illustrated book includes an account of the first ascent of this mighty mountain, and also of the first ascent of Tupungato, and of the exploration of the surrounding valleys. The narrative is, at times, rather too exhaustive for the general reader, but for geographers and mountain experts it is full of interest. The valuable appendices give detailed information as to the rocks, fossils, and natural history of the district, to which there is added an account of the boundary dispute between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

Honey-Makers, The. By Margaret Warner Morley. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 424 pages. \$1.50.

The structure, habits, and product of the bee are the subjects of the first half of this book, with illustrations showing the anatomy of bees of many families. The legends and folk-lore concerning the bees are the second part, with a chapter on bee-culture at present.

Human Boy, The. By Eden Phillpotts. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 242 pages. \$1.25.

This is a new field for Mr. Phillpotts, whose novels, and especially "Children of the Mist," are rather slowly but continuously gaining for him a high place among English writers of fiction. As an amusing study of school-boy life these stories have a naturalness and raciness that make them genuinely human, genuinely boyish, and genuinely amusing. They have something of the quality of F. Anstey's "Vice Versa," without the topsyturviness of that fantasy; if they have not the vigor of Mr. Kipling's "Stalky" stories, they are free from the disagreeable features which have offended many readers of those tales. Mr. Phillpotts has no greater love for a boyish prng than has Mr. Kipling, but he does not attack the race so fiercely.

Iron Star, The. By John Preston True. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 146 pages. \$1.50.

This book in a most attractive narrative form tells the story of the evolution of man from the prehistoric age, his mastery of metals till they served his purpose. The story begins with a brother and sister about whom the tribe col-

lects. It closes when the sword whose history is enfolded with that of man is deposited in Plymouth, Mass. The knowledge of the writer is so permeated with the imaginative quality that his story reads like an enchanting novel.

Jane and John, The Wonderful Stories of. By Gertrude Smith. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 74 pages. \$1.50.

This story is an extravaganza. The illustrations in colors are beautiful, and free from the absurdities of the text.

Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. (Illustrated Holiday Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 2 vols. in box. \$5.

Just About a Boy. By Walter S. Phillips. (El Comancho.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 169 pages. \$1.25.

A boy's out-of-door life in the companionship of an adult who loves not only the boy, but boy nature, has found a sympathetic recorder in these pages. Many hunting, camping, and fishing hints are given.

Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies. By Charles G. Mutzenbergh. The Hyden Publishing Co., Hyden, Ky. 183 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

Latter-Day Religions, Some. By George Hamilton Combs. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 261 pages. \$1.25.

The term "religions" is here made to include, along with some undoubted forms of religion, as Mormonism and Christian Science, some substitutes for religion, as Pessimism and Materialism. Mr. Combs writes well, and also incisively—more so at times than judiciously. If, for instance, he had treated Aestheticism and Liberalism with the just discrimination that marks his treatment of Socialism, the whole truth would have fared better.

La Tulipe Noire. By Alexandre Dumas. Abridged and Annotated by Edgar Ewing Brandon, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 12mo. 156 pages. 40c.

Late Mrs. Null, The. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Shenandoah Edition. Vol. I. 8vo. 401 pages. \$2.

Mr. Stockton is now to have the recognition of his popularity in the form of a complete edition of his stories, brought out with the taste and enduring qualities which have stamped its earlier companion editions bearing the imprint of the same publishers. The Shenandoah Edition derives its name from the region in which Mr. Stockton now resides, and to which he is greatly attached. It is to be printed by De Vinne—which means that it will be as well printed as it can be—on light-weight paper with deckle edges, and bound in dark-green silk, with gilt edges; the magnolia serving for the motive of the cover design. The edition, when complete, will consist of eighteen octavo volumes, each one to contain a frontispiece and photogravure, printed on Japan paper, from drawings from many of the best-known American illustrators, including Mr. Frost, Mr. Snedley, Mr. Newell and Mr. Herter. The edition is to be sold by subscription only, and in sets, and will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month. These books, like those from the same publishers which contain the work of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling, are models of elegant and substantial book-making.

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate: Reminiscences and Recollections of the Right Reverend Henry Benjamin Whipple. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 576 pages. \$5.

Little Wanderers. By Margaret Warner Morley. Ginn & Co., Boston. (Illustrated.) 107 pages. 45c.

Living, The Cost of. By Ellen H. Richards. (First Edition.) John Wiley & Sons, New York. 12mo. 121 pages.

The author of this book is an acknowledged authority on domestic economics. The books written to show how the people living on five hundred dollars a year and less may live better and save money if the housewife would study food values and apply that knowledge in provision-

ing her family, are legion. This book is written for the people whose incomes are from two to five thousand dollars a year. The author preaches the gospel of plain living and high thinking, while accepting the new standards for living at the close of this century. The economy preached is one of adjustment and proportion, not of barrenness of life in favor of a bank account.

Maine, Stories of. By Sophie Swett. The American Book Co., New York. 8vo. 278 pages. 60c.

These stories vividly illustrate Maine's evolution from a wilderness to one of the most civilized and interesting of the United States. They also add not inconsiderably to our knowledge of New England and border history.

Man and His Message, The (Addresses). By Henry M. Booth, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 163 pages. 75c.

The title is that of Dr. Booth's inaugural when inducted into the office of President and Professor of Practical Theology in Auburn Seminary in 1893. Following this are the six addresses given to graduating classes. Beloved as a pastor, distinguished as a preacher, noble as a man, the highest qualities of the lamented author pervade these his latest utterances, and commend them to all winners of souls. Dr. Booth's view that the Atonement is the central doctrine of Christianity has given to preachers an undeniable power. But to infer from this that they are right is premature, until it has been discovered whether an equal power, with even more of breadth, may not be realized by taking for the central truth the fact of the divine Incarnation.

Memory Culture, Lectures on. By Dr. Edward Pick, Ph.D., M.A. E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. 8vo. 147 pages. \$1.

In a book of small compass Dr. Pick gives us his ideas on memory culture. Some are evidently good; others, to the tyro at least, seem appalling. The author's style in their presentment betrays at times a strong consciousness of his own identity.

Milton's Shorter Poems and Sonnets. Edited by Frederick Day Nichols, A.B. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) 16mo. 153 pages. 40c.

The editor has produced a valuable text-book. The biographical notes and the literary and analytical notes give an introduction to this great poet that cannot fail of creating a desire for a deeper knowledge of his works.

Mistress Penwick. By Dutton Payne. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 8vo. 391 pages. \$1.50.

Monster, The, and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 12mo. 189 pages. \$1.25.

Two realistic tales of horror, and one realistic tale of child life. The first are aimlessly repellent and unpleasant; the last a truthful reflection of boyhood, but purely commonplace.

Old Testament, General Introduction to the. By William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 190 pages. \$1.50.

This volume has been preceded by one on the Canon, and is written with the amplitude of learning which belongs to its distinguished author. The point which Dr. Green undertakes to hold is that, besides the scrupulous accuracy with which the Hebrew text has been maintained—as all scholars admit—since the second century, A.D., a standard text existed before the Christian era, at the time when the Septuagint version in Greek was made. The argument against this from the variations of the Greek version he meets by ascribing laxity to the translators. This hardly seems to meet the case as presented by Professor W. R. Smith in his "Old Testament in the Jewish Church."

Other Wise Man, The Story of the. By Henry van Dyke. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 70 pages. 50c.

Pompeii, Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated by Francis W. Kelsey. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 509 pages. \$6.

Plays: A Brown Paper Parcel; Hazel Kirke; Young Mrs. Winthrop; Aunt Minerva; "Confederated;" A Pair of Spectacles; The Lancashire Sailor; Hearts; Snowball; Married for Money; Our Regiment. Samuel French, New York. 15c. and 25c. each.

Puritan, The, as a Colonist and a Reformer. By Ezra Hoyt Byington. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 375 pages. \$2.

This is a companion book to the author's highly commended work, "The Puritan in England and New England." The aim is more to diffuse correct knowledge and judgment than to bring forward fresh facts or new criticisms. The oft-told facts of the colonization are well digested, and related in a lucid narrative. Special prominence is given to the missionary motive of the enterprise. The heart of the book is in the work of Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, which is related at length and with enthusiasm. The author's view of the Puritan as a reformer has been mainly in the line of religious reformation, especially manifest in Jonathan Edwards's time. The concluding chapter criticises Shakespeare's indifference to the Puritan movement of his time.

Remember the Maine. By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 329 pages. \$1.25.

Rose Island. By W. Clark Russell. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 339 pages. \$1.25.

Royal Navy, The. Vol. IV. By William Laird Clowes. (Assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and others.) (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Royal 8vo. 624 pages. \$6.50.

The high standard set by former volumes as to typography and illustration is maintained; the volume is really sumptuous; the frontispiece is an admirable and before unpublished photogravure portrait of Nelson, and there are many other excellent portraits and spirited battle scenes. The period covered by the volume is that between 1763 and 1802. Mr. Clowes himself tells the more important part of the naval history of the war with France, while the minor operations are described by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and Sir Clements Markham furnishes capital chapters on naval voyages and discoveries. This work in its entirety will form an almost ideally complete and thorough treatment of its general subject, adapted for reference for historical study, and in parts attractive to the general reader.

St. Paul, a Life of, for the Young. By George Ludington Weed. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 239 pages. 50c.

This is a desirable and a serviceable book, and deserves strong commendation to parents and teachers. It is simple enough for a child of nine, and not too juvenile for a youth of twice that age. Numerous illustrations and several maps accompany the text, and a full table of contents adapts it for questioning by teachers.

San Isidro. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 312 pages. \$1.50.

The sunshine and warmth of the West Indian islands are in this romance. The scenes and incidents are intense, but it is that quality measured by the Northern temperament. The characters are the people who have known life on the ranches, remote from the march of events. The story is the record of man's unintentional cruelty and woman's trustfulness.

School and Society, The. By John Dewey. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 12mo. 126 pages. 75c.

A most valuable contribution to the discussion of the educational problems of the day, by an expert in pedagogics. It is an analysis of the culture reflex from manual training, as well as a carefully prepared statement, after years of study and observation, of the causes for the waste in education due to our present system, which separates the life in and out of school. This duality makes waste. The writer holds that the interest and activities of each must minister to the other, creating a unity that in itself gives strength to the mind, and is in

the highest sense culture. The whole of life thus becomes an educational unit, instead of fractional activities. He contends for the unity of education from the kindergarten through the university: the whole an interchange between the individual and society. The closing chapter, entitled "Three Years of the University Elementary School," presents the latest achievements in the theory and practice of what may in truth be termed the "New Education." One must regret the gaudy and misleading cover of the book.

Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. Edited by Franklin T. Baker, A.M., and Richard Jones, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) 16mo. 217 pages. 40c.

Sketch. The Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

Sparks and Flames. By Henry Wilson Stratton. W. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, New York. 12mo. 87 pages. \$1.25.

Sporting and Dramatic News. (Illustrated.) "Holly Leaves." The Christmas Number. London, England.

Squirrel Inn and The Merry Chanter, The. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York (Shenandoah Edition, Vol. II.) See "The Late Mrs. Null" above. 8vo. 375 pages. \$2.

Successful Man, The. By Benjamin Wood. (Illustrated.) Brentano's, New York. 8vo. 208 pages.

A clumsy attempt at doing what Dr. Mathews has so well done in his "Getting On in the World."

Sweet Little Maid, A. By Amy E. Blanchard. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 215 pages. \$1.

The heroines are a little white girl and a little black girl, two very intimate friends. It is a charming story for little girls, charmingly illustrated.

Switzerland, Legends of. By H. A. Guerber. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 310 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Guerber has now had an extensive experience as an adapter or recount of legends, myths, and folk-stories. In this volume he collects the popular tales, mainly legendary, which are associated with so many localities in Switzerland, and which furnish a kind of poetic background for Swiss history and Swiss life.

Sword of Justice, The. By Sheppard Stevens. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 275 pages. \$1.25.

An unexcelled topic for a historical romance, and one little used heretofore, is the tragic episode of the destruction of the Huguenots in Florida by the Spaniards under Menendez, and the terrible vengeance taken by the French under De Gourgues. This theme is here treated in an interesting way and with some dramatic and imaginative power.

Thackeray, William Makepeace, The Life of. By Lewis Melville. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 2 vols. \$7.50.

Under Three Flags in Cuba. By George Clarke Musgrave. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 365 pages. \$2.

The three flags are the Cuban, Spanish, and American. Mr. Musgrave's narration of the past few years in Cuba, during which he bore a singularly active part, is of moment, not only because he tells his story in notably graphic words, but also because his opinion is that of one whose experience in many lands has given him a great

stock of comparative knowledge and judicial-mindedness. He declares that a tactful administration, sustained by Cuban officials elected by the people, will assuredly foster the desire of the Cubans to become an integral part of the United States. While it is true that the intelligent islander would prefer independence under an American protectorate, he realizes, Mr. Musgrave thinks, that ultimate annexation is inevitable.

War with Spain, Lessons of the. By Alfred T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 320 pages. \$2.

To write about naval strategy is one thing; to make it in actual war is another. Captain Mahan is equipped with both kinds of experience. As a member of the Board of Strategy in the war with Spain, he not only had the most intimate knowledge of everything that was done and left undone, but also aided in forming the plans. Of his standing as the foremost living writer on the history of naval warfare it is needless to speak. The book follows the events of the war with illuminating comments on the reasons for doing and not doing things, with broad consideration of fundamental problems, with clear narrative and subtle distinction. Besides the reprinted articles which give the book its title, there are papers on "The Peace Conference and the Moral Aspect of War," "The Relations of the United States to the New Dependencies," "Distinguishing Qualities of Ships of War," and "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects."

Was it Right to Forgive? By Amelia E. Barr. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 293 pages. \$1.50.

Westminster Abbey, Historical Memorials of. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. (Illustrated Edition.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 2 vols. \$6.

These three volumes may be regarded as Dean Stanley's most characteristic and delightful work. His strongest faculty was his historical imagination: the power to recall the past in its spirit as well as in its form; to suffuse it with atmosphere, and to make it live again. Stanley did this in his delightful work on the Jewish Church, but he did it pre-eminently in dealing with the two cathedrals with which he was connected. No buildings in England are richer in association than Canterbury and Westminster. Stanley knew them both at first hand, and loved them both. In these three volumes he has told the story of their history and their associations with a heartfelt skill, and with the felicity which was another of his characteristic gifts. This work, which has equal claims upon the student of history and theology and the lover of good English prose, is put in very handsome and substantial form in these three well-made volumes, with carefully selected and representative illustration.

Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunnhilde. By Anna Alice Chapin. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 133 pages. \$1.25.

In this volume the author of "Wonder Tales from Wagner" and "The Story of the Rhinegold" further educates popular appreciation of German mythology, German music, and German poetry.

Young Savage, A. By Barbara Yechton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 311 pages. \$1.50.

A good, strong, healthy story for girls.

By a slip of the pen, in one of the articles of our Book Number (December 2 issue) we attributed Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" to the wrong publisher. In point of fact, it was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city.

Correspondence

Theological Seminaries Again

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In a recent number of *The Outlook* you ask: "Who ever heard of a seminary refusing an applicant for admission or dropping a poor scholar?" Last year the Yale Theological Faculty dropped four men for poor scholarship—all Bachelors of Arts—one a graduate of Amherst and one of Yale College. There has hardly been a year for the past fourteen years in which we have not dropped men for poor scholarship. As to refusing admission, it would be well within the facts to say that we have refused from ten to twenty applicants each year because of defective preparation or ability. As Secretary of our Faculty I have headed off scores of men. I have estimated that while I was Secretary we declined just about as many applicants as we received.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

Berlin, Germany.

But is Not a Seat in the House a Place?

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In the course of an editorial in *The Outlook* for November 25, on page 703, on Mr. Representative-elect Roberts's letter of self-defense to the New York "Times," you say: "But he does not, from the beginning to the end of the letter, mention the one crucial fact that he has been convicted of crime under a statute of the United States, which declared that any one convicted under it should forever be ineligible to office," etc. You doubtless referred to the so-called Edmunds-Tucker Act of March 22, 1882, at which time Utah was a Territory. Now, that famous statute, in its provisions on the subject of polygamy, was much narrower in its application than your statement would make it appear. Its essential words are (Section 8): "No polygamist or bigamist shall be entitled to hold any office or place of public trust in, under, or for such Territory or place over which the United States has exclusive control, or under the United States." It does not, and could not have been made to, apply to States. That a member of Congress is not an officer, and hence his place or position not an office,

was decided by the Senate of the United States in 1798—I think—in the celebrated case of Senator Bourne, of Tennessee, which decision has been followed in several cases involving the same questions arising in several States, and whose soundness Mr. Justice Brewer said had never been questioned. But even if Mr. Roberts were an officer, it is not of the United States, but of the State of Utah, and over the criminal law of the States Congress has no authority or power. If Mr. Roberts was convicted under the above-quoted statute while Utah was a Territory, he unquestionably was ineligible to *appointment* to the Governorship or any other Territorial *office*, and possibly also to election as a delegate to Congress; as it is, as he appears to have all the Constitutional qualifications, the House, having no *Constitutional* right to inquire further, must admit him to the seat to which he has been duly elected. After he has been seated, the House may, by a two-thirds vote, expel him for or without any reason whatsoever.

JOHN JAMESON.

Boston, Mass.

The Over-Supply of Clergymen

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Much has been said of late at ecclesiastical conventions and in the press relative to an alleged "surplus" of ministers, especially in our Congregational communion. For this alleged "surplus" two institutions have been sharply criticised, viz., our Educational Society and our Theological Seminaries. The first for *aiding* too many men to study for the ministry; the second for *educating*, nominally, for the ministerial profession men obviously unfit for it by reason of their deficiency in natural endowments. Candidates for the Christian ministry, as a class, have been spoken of sneeringly and contemptuously because they are recipients of more or less financial aid during their long course of preparation.

College graduates who owe their own diplomas to the friendly aid of "scholarships" founded by self-denying and perhaps forgotten souls have been thoughtless enough to join in these malignant

reflections. It would not be difficult to show that all graduates from our colleges and universities, the rich as well as the poor, are more or less "beneficiaries," some who never study theology at all being fully as much so as the avowed candidate for "Holy Orders." In proof of this, attention is called to the fact that "scholarships" in our colleges and universities, and State aid in our State universities, are not all expended on "candidates for the ministry;" hence they are by no means the only financial beneficiaries in the laudable struggle for higher education.

Our Educational Society has, undoubtedly, often erred by aiding unfit men to study for the ministry; but clearly all such errors should be charged to faulty administration. It has never been the intention of the Society to do anything of that kind. The Educational Society is the organized expression of much consecrated wisdom and benevolence which has not yet outlived its usefulness. The day has not yet arrived, and is not likely to do so very soon, when our churches can hope to enjoy the services of such men as they need for pastors without more or less previous outlay, in care and generosity, in their educational preparation.

It has been suggested that our theological schools hereafter admit only such applicants as are able to pay their way. Such a policy as that would be sure to result in the exclusion of many a man intrusted with a divine message to his fellow-men as truly as Peter or Paul, and in the admission of many a man deficient in almost everything except cash.

Our theological schools are, no doubt, partly responsible for the present alleged glut in the ministerial market. It is very likely that they have been "racing" more or less, and, for the sake of apparent success, have accepted and graduated many unfit men. The alleged "surplus" of ministers cannot, however, be charged wholly to them. If it were practicable to call the roll of our Congregational ministers, it would soon be found that many of them entered our ranks, not from our theological schools, but from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, Canada, and from other denominations in our own country, especially the Methodists.

The most serious charge that can fairly

be brought against our theological schools is their number; we have *seven*—too many by half. If they could be judiciously consolidated into three—one for New England, one for the interior, and one for the Pacific coast—the true interests of the churches would be better served. Those in charge of them would then be able to take their pick, and would be in position to say "no" to many an applicant to whom they now say "yes" gladly because of small classes and strong competition.

As to the alleged ministerial "surplus," numerically viewed it does not exist, but practically viewed it is an undeniable fact. In other words, numerically considered our churches outnumber our available Congregational ministers, but practically considered more than one-half of our churches do not, and quite likely cannot, support pastors. Official reports, annually returned, make this point as clear as the noonday. The following figures, taken from the reports for the year 1897, show the total amount expended for self-support by the churches referred to during that year:

203 churches expended between \$600 and \$700.
 334 churches expended between \$500 and \$600.
 336 churches expended between \$400 and \$500.
 312 churches expended between \$300 and \$400.
 326 churches expended between \$200 and \$300.
 379 churches expended between \$100 and \$200.
 518 churches expended between \$1 and \$100.
 708 churches expended less than \$1, or nothing.

Do not these official figures account fully for the present alleged "surplus" of ministers?

T. E. DAVIES.

New Haven, Conn.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I beg leave to correct a statement of mine in my recent brief article on Pacific Seminary. I said: "It is reported that Professor Mackenzie at Chicago has refused to sign the seminary creed, but he continues to teach undisturbed." I am now informed by Mr. E. W. Blatchford, long an officer of the Seminary, that "Professor Mackenzie signed the Declaration of Faith of the Chicago Theological Seminary." I renew, however, my statement that "there is no creed-bound Congregational professor." We respect the rights of our constituencies, I trust, and shall retire from our positions if we find ourselves out of harmony with

them; but we do, and we shall, teach in perfect freedom, being bound only by the truth, as God in his grace gives us to see it.

FRANK HUGH FOSTER.

Oakland, Cal.

Comity?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

About a year ago the Congregational Home Missionary Society and the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society united in sending the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt to Alaska to begin work in the new towns that were rapidly opening there. He took hold of his work with great earnestness and with great success. He interested the people in Douglass and other points very deeply, so that they were disposed to contribute generously to the securing of a good house of worship in Douglass for regular Congregational services. The Congregational Church Building Society rendered generous aid—thus three societies gave their liberal support to this man's work.

One year has passed and a little more, and there are now four church organizations in that little town of Douglass—Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist—ours being beyond a question the first to be on the ground and make all the provision for all the Protestant work needed. The churches cry out vigorously against over-churching new towns. Their cries seem to be heard mainly in the offices of the societies doing the work. How would it do for them to turn their cries in thunder-tones into the ears of those who violate comity by entering such fields after they are fairly and generously taken possession of?

A FAIR QUESTION.

"Home Industries and Domestic Manufactures" from the Standpoint of a Farmer's Wife

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with some amusement, some interest, and a great deal of indignation, the article in a late number of *The Outlook*, "Home Industries and Domestic Manufactures." The writer bewails the fact that, as a nation, we have no "well-established domestic manufactures," and, looking about for a leisure class who are to go to work to supply this deficiency, she proposes that the wife and daughter of the less prosperous farmer shall go back

to the times of our grandmothers, take up again the loom and spinning-wheel, as "during the winter months she has abundant leisure for a harvest of her own adapted to her education and circumstances." As a reason for this, she, the writer, quotes the oft-repeated assertion that insane asylums are filled with farmers' wives, owing to their living such monotonous and isolated lives. Did she verify this statement by reference to statistics, or did she speak merely from hearsay? I think in all probability the latter was the case, and we all know that hearsay is not evidence. I recollect hearing that very statement made more than thirty years ago. It may have been true then; I cannot believe it is true now.

The writer quotes also a "close observer" of farm life in the West as saying that the Western farmer's wife does her work like a "mere machine," irresponsible of final results. I may not be as competent to judge as the "close observer" referred to, as I am only one of those "irresponsible machines" myself, having been the wife of a Western farmer, not a rich or altogether successful one either, for nearly twenty years. All that time we have lived more than twenty miles from a town of any size, and eight miles from a railroad. I believe I am in a position to speak in defense of the very class so libeled in the article referred to—the Western farmer's wife. We will look first at the monotony of her life. She is, first and highest, wife and mother; she must bear and rear the "bone and sinew of the Nation." On her mostly depends the home, whether it shall be for husband and children the dearest and best spot on earth, or merely a place in which to eat and sleep. In addition to this she is housekeeper, cook, laundress, nurserymaid, dairymaid, plain seamstress, dressmaker, tailorress for the small boys always and often for the larger ones. She raises the poultry, often takes care of the garden, in time of sickness is nurse, in more isolated cases must acquire by experience at least enough knowledge of medicine to administer simple remedies for childish ailments. She must know enough of practical farming to see after her husband's business when he is ill or unavoidably detained away from home. Then, it is often the mother who helps the

children with their lessons, and I know of cases where, when distant from a school, the mother has entirely educated her children, and has done it so well that in an examination for a teacher's certificate her children were no whit behind those educated in school. Does this look like a monotonous life, the life of a mere "irresponsible machine," where "cooking and house-cleaning follow each other in monotonous routine"?

As for taking up domestic manufactures as a source of income, I do not believe it is necessary. Of course I cannot speak for a "Navajo squaw" or a "Georgia cracker," but I do know that, as a general thing, the Western farmer's wife has her own spending-money. Except in extreme cases, she has the products of her dairy and poultry-yard to spend as she sees fit, and many a farmer's wife proudly displays a new set of china dishes or silverware bought with "my turkey money" or "my butter money;" and only this fall I heard of one farmer's wife who boasted of a new black silk dress bought with "my chicken money." I have in mind now several old-fashioned farmers, who believe in holding the household reins well in hand, who never think of asking what is done with the money obtained for poultry and butter; and I remember hearing one such farmer say to his wife, who was selling some hens to a newly settled neighbor, "If them was my hens, I wouldn't sell 'em for that." But she sold them. Then in this part of the country the wife nearly always goes with her husband or by herself to lay in the household supplies for the coming season. In my whole experience as a farmer's wife I have only known two farmers who did the "shopping" for the family, and they were not held in great respect in the neighborhoods where they dwelt. A few years ago my husband and myself took a trip in a buggy one hundred and fifty miles further west. He had just recovered from a severe illness, so we did not go prepared to "camp out," but stopped at night at any house that was convenient. Sometimes it was a little box house of two rooms, sometimes a dugout, sometimes the substantial farmhouse that has in most cases now superseded the "little sod shanty on the claim;" and in none of these did we find the "irresponsible machine" at the head of

household affairs. Indeed, in most cases the intellectual life of the home centered in the wife and mother. In almost all the homes we visited were books and magazines in addition to the local papers and the farm journal, with its well-read Home Department. In no case did I hear any complaint of not having enough to do, but often, "I wish I had not so much to do; I am too tired even to read." In the time of the Populist excitement, the best argument I heard in favor of free silver was by a farmer's wife. I was visiting twenty miles from home and thirty miles from any town, and two neighbors rode up on horseback. There was politics in the air in those days, and while the menfolk were out we drifted into a political discussion, and in that little rag-carpeted room—parlor, bedroom, and sitting-room in one—I got a clearer idea of 16 to 1 than I had ever gotten before in all the papers I had read, and from one of those "irresponsible machines"—a Western farmer's wife.

We may not be, as the writers say, educated in art; some of us cannot tell the difference between a chromo and an oil painting; but what difference does that make? Looking from our kitchen door we can see a picture painted by Nature herself.

We do not know much about woman's clubs in this benighted region, but from all I hear of them, their members waste a great deal of sympathy on that "poor, forlorn creature" the farmer's wife. Not long ago, a club woman speaking before a farmers' institute told the farmers' wives that their lives were bounded "on the north by a wash-tub, on the east by a cook-stove, on the south by a sewing-machine, and on the west by a cradle." This may be so, but even then there is room for the semi-cardinal points of wifehood, motherhood, home, and happiness; and in this age of the diffusion of the best literature, the farmer's wife, when she finds time, has the same opportunity as others; and, as far as my observation goes, the wife of the American farmer, be he Eastern or be he Western, will compare favorably in general intelligence with the wives of any other class of men. She ought to feel grateful for the interest and sympathy so often expressed for her by club women and lady journalists, who only know her through the "statistics of

insane asylums" and the reports of "close observers" of farm homes; but she cannot understand why she should be singled out to be thus insultingly pitied. The farmer did not compel her to become his wife; he did not win her with bow and spear, as in savage times, he did not even run away with her on the more modern mower or harvester; she became a farmer's wife of her own free will, walked with her eyes wide open into the sphere that is to send her to the insane asylum or make of her an "irresponsible machine." The majority of farmers' wives come from farm homes and know what to expect, know from experience that a life of ease and luxury is not to be found in the farmer's home. In conclusion, let me say that we, as farmers' wives, have not the slightest objection to the establishment of "home industries and domestic manufactures" by any class of women who have time for them; but when the attempt is made to put them into our already overburdened hands, we most emphatically object. The spinning-wheel and the loom are for us things of the past.

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,

is as true for the farmer's wife as for the rest of the world. What we need is not more work to do, but more time in which to do the work we have to do; we look forward to the time when, by the aid of labor-saving machinery in the house as well as on the farm, we will be able so to systematize our work that we may have time to keep step intellectually in the world's grand march of improvement with others of our sex.

ELEANOR K. HOWELL.

Coats, Kan.

The Abbot Scholarship

In these days of modern education for women, when colleges and schools of the first class are provided for them, and when, indeed, the great universities for men are beginning to open their doors to women students, it is not easy to realize how comparatively recent in this country the movement for the higher education of women really is. Among pioneers in this field were the four Abbot brothers, Jacob, John S. C., Gorham D., and Charles, who, a little more than fifty years ago, came to New York from New England and estab-

lished what in that day was a model seminary for young ladies. The Rev. Gorham D. Abbot later founded the well-known Spingler Institute in this city, and entered into the work of woman's education with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He went abroad, and studied, both in England and in Germany, the European systems of education, and intended to develop the Spingler Institute into a college for girls which should be the peer of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton in their respective fields. He went so far as to have careful plans made, both as to scope of study and as to building and apparatus, for a woman's college; but the Civil War, and consequent business reverses, prevented him from carrying out his scheme. Mr. Abbot was a friend of Mr. Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College, and it is said, by those who know, that, in laying out the lines upon which Vassar should be established, Mr. Vassar consulted Mr. Abbot frequently, and received from him models and sketches that had been elaborated with great precision and care during a period of twenty years or more—a gift which Mr. Vassar considered of great value. An association of Mr. Abbot's old pupils has now been formed to commemorate the semi-centennial of Spingler Institute by the gift of a new scholarship to Vassar College, to be used by needy and deserving students in completing a college course. This scholarship is to be called the Gorham D. and Rebecca S. Abbot Scholarship. It will require the sum of eight thousand dollars to complete the endowment fund, and the amount thus far contributed is three thousand eight hundred and forty-eight dollars. It is appropriate that this memorial should take the form of a scholarship in Vassar College, in the establishment of which Mr. Abbot was so deeply interested, and it is also appropriate that so earnest and faithful a pioneer in the work of woman's education should be remembered in this way. The Chairman of the Abbot Memorial Committee, which numbers many influential names, is Mrs. Moses Hopkins, No. 1 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York City. Mrs. George P. Rowell, The Buckingham, New York, is Treasurer, and Miss Gertrude McNamee, 206 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York, is Secretary.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Christ gave expression to the command, "Resist not evil," etc. In obedience to the principle thus enunciated, he permitted Judas to betray him. In the hall of Pilate, while all about him were bitter lies persecutions, and revilings, he did not make a single effort to check the rising storm. On certain occasions in his life, however, he did resist evil. He denounced the hypocrisy of the Pharisees with the most scathing epithets to be found in literature. With a whip of cords he drove the money changers from the sanctuary. By a single look of his eye he threw the Roman soldiers to the ground. Looking at his entire life, is it possible to explain these incidents in such a manner that they seem to be harmonious? What fundamental principle can be drawn from his teachings by which to determine the attitude we should assume towards evil to-day?

E. P. G.

When Jesus resisted evil, it was evil done not to himself but to others, to the sacred interests and rights of many. His precept of non-resistance must be understood as applicable only to cases in which self-interest alone is concerned. As our brother's keeper, we are bound not to permit our brother's assailant to work his evil will. The precept of non-resistance, as followed by the Church ancient and modern in times of persecution, seems to have been understood by them as given for such times, which were imminent when Jesus spoke. But as to the falling down of the soldiers before Jesus, it was not designed on his part, but the natural result of their panic when unexpectedly accosted in the dark by one whom they knew by report as possessing supernatural powers.

1. What "one man" was meant by Paul when he wrote, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and "by one man's offense death reigned by one." Romans vi. 7. If the story of Adam was not a fact, how could the above ideas, as quoted from the Apostle, be truly said to have been inspired by Infinity? 2. In what respect does the inspiration contained in I Corinthians xiii. differ from the address of Portia to the Jew Shylock, commencing "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc.?

E. R. T.

1. The reference is to Adam, and introduces, but only for illustration, a doctrine of Jewish theologians in the time of Christ, erroneous in several particulars. Of course, error is not a product of divine inspiration. But inspiration, which takes effect upon the moral faculties, as in the writers of the Bible, is entirely consistent with liability to intellectual mistakes. 2. Paul's thought takes a wider and higher range than Portia's, but is of the same kind, and the animating spirit, or inspiration, of each is the same, and in each case is from God.

Do you deny altogether the supernatural in the narratives and recorded miracles of the Old Testament Scriptures? How do you account for the signs given to Moses when he was to appear before Pharaoh, for the raising to life of a child by both Elijah and Elisha, and for the death of Elijah? Are these stories all fiction?

A PERPLEXED READER.

We certainly do not deny the supernatural either in the past or the present. The fact that events are recorded in the Old Testament which are of a surprising character and afford extraordinary evidences of divine intervention does not afford a reason for believing that they are fiction. Whether an event is to be regarded as fiction, or history, or fiction founded on history, depends upon the nature of the narrative, the indications as to its authorship, and the like. The resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is perhaps one of the most extraordinary miracles recorded in the New Testament, we have repeatedly affirmed to be,

in our judgment, one of the best-substantiated facts in ancient history. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is evidenced by the present geological conditions of the country. On the other hand, the Samson stories, the stories respecting Daniel, and some of the Elijah stories have in them the marks of folk-lore and are probably fiction founded on fact. The fundamental principle is that the value of these stories does not depend upon their historical accuracy, but upon the principle which they illustrate.

1. On what authority is Jesus Christ, humanly speaking, of the seed of David? Is it because the Virgin was related to Zacharias of the "course of Abia"? Why is such stress laid on the genealogy of our Lord, when this genealogy only proves the descent of his foster-father, Joseph? 2. Does the full, final reception into the Order of St. Christopher (described in The Outlook of November 25) imply life vows, as in the Roman Catholic Orders?

M. C.

1. The Davidic descent of Jesus was not a matter on which he laid stress, but seems to have risen into importance in later controversy with the Jews. The genealogies are those of Joseph, Matthew's giving the throne line, and Luke's the blood line. There does not seem to have been at that time the sense of incongruity, which exists now, in tracing a pedigree through a merely putative father, as in Luke iii. 23. 2. There may be a life connection; there need not be a life vow.

Please explain Genesis ii., 17. It is written, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," yet Adam had children born to him after the transgression, and lived to the age of 930 years. What shall we understand to be implied in the death, and in "this day"—the fact of death relative to its time?

J. C. S.

Falsified physically, it was verified spiritually; moral death set in immediately; the death of love and trust and inward peace began at once. Sin being a fact in the spiritual nature, the death which is its consequence must be of that nature also.

Kindly give a list of books to consult in studying this topic, "The Effect of the Prophets on Hebrew Education."

C. H.

There are no such books. The prophets had no such influence that can be traced. Education in their time was a household affair. After their time the scribes and rabbis promoted a scholastic sort of education for mature pupils, in the interpretation of the Law, and in the traditions superimposed upon it. The so-called schools of the prophets were merely fraternities.

Can any of your readers tell me if the lives of the great French preachers, Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Lacordaire, have been written? If so, are they available in English?

M.

There is an English translation of the life of Bossuet; also a biographical sketch of Massillon, prefixed to a two-volume edition of his sermons.

Kindly give me the name of one or more books that will give a concise history of the Codex of the whole Bible, from a modern, but not too extreme, standpoint.

DEACONESS.

See Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (Holt, New York, \$1.25); Vincent's "History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament" (Macmillan, 75 cents).

Who wrote "Ecce Homo"? To what denomination did author belong?

L.

Professor Sir John R. Seeley, of Oxford, a member of the Church of England.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The Hare's Christmas Tree

By Francis Sterne Palmer

To those that live in the Balsam Swamp
The white hare seft with fitting pomp,
Bidding each to turn aside
And be his guest at Christmastide.
"Of course no one will scratch or bite,"
Writes the gentle hare in phrase polite,
"Because, you see, a Christmas tree
Is a thing of love and jollity."

With gift and candle the tree is dressed ;
Those invited have come in their best ;
The squirrel chatters, the chick-dee sings,
With call and song the forest rings ;
And their host, the hare, to help the fun,
Has chosen gifts to suit each one—
A nightcap warm for sleepy bear,
A pepper-box red squirrel's share,
A dunce's cap for pompous owl ;
The sly old fox has a good monk's cowl.

Careless and gay the laugh goes round ;
This hour no gun or savage hound
Shall make the forest creatures grieve—
The wood's at peace on Christmas Eve !

In the Service of Christmas

By Mary Allaire

It was a warm day in September—warm outside the woods, but cool and delightful in their shade. Nowhere did the birds sing so gayly, nor the bees hum in such soft, sweet harmony. No matter how still the air was beyond the woods, there was always a soft, gentle breeze blowing in their shade. The new moon was just coming over the hill ; not even the whole crescent could be seen. Of course the woods were dark. In their further depths there were gleams of light that made you think of fireflies. These lights centered about a beautiful boulder in the very depths of the woods covered with softest moss. More and more brilliant grew the light about the boulder. It was well it was in the very depths of the wood, or the humans would have certainly seen it.

There was the soft rustle in the pine needles that makes one think of distant

music. The flittering of lights was to be seen all through the woods, all centering toward the boulder. As the moon rose higher above the hilltop, it grew more and more brilliant where the boulder stood. And now the strangest thing happened. Every gleam of light was a tiny little creature, with the most beautiful wings ; jewels gleamed in their hair, which was like milkweed silk. Their dresses, with cloaks floating out like another pair of wings, were spangled. Oh ! how beautiful they were ! Where were all these beautiful creatures from, and why were they here ?

The sound of music soft and sweet came through the wood-road that led up the mountain, so long unused that moss covered it like carpet. Here was the strangest, most beautiful sight. Father Time, bearing his silver scythe, came down the road toward the boulder, attended by the Months of the year, each followed by its Hours. This procession was a glory of color and light, the stately figure of Father Time leading, his long hair streaming in the wind.

December, January, and February were in gleaming, glistening white, their hair icicles that shone like jewels. March was in black and white, with the icicles turning to water that dropped shining jewels on her dress. April and May were in the softest green, with fringes of yellow. June looked like the tiniest apple-blossom, all pink and white. July wore the red of the strawberry dotted over with topaz. August wore a soft velvet gown of pink that made you think of a peach ; while the yellow and red satin of September, with the fringe of green, was suggestive of nothing but an apple orchard. The dress of October was so glorious as to make description impossible. The reds, the yellows, the russets, were all of the brightest, and she danced along the way full of the spirit of an October breeze. November was no larger, but more stately. Her gown was of gray, with just a touch of color, as if she had brushed against October and taken off touches of her brilliant

reds and yellows on the folds of her sober gown.

The Hours were a host, as you may readily believe—some in blue gowns with all the radiance of the brightest sunshine, some with the soft shining of starlight on dresses of gauze more gray than blue, while others were dressed in black, with touches of silver under the folds, showing only when they moved.

It was beautiful, this procession of stately Father Time and his numerous attendants, all dancing, floating, flitting through the dark avenue of trees.

As Father Time approached the boulder, the little elves assembled there began playing on their guitars, mandolins, zithers, so small you could not hold them. As Father Time came near the trunk of the tree which was his throne, they began, in voices like silver bells, to sing:

Dear Father Time, our dearest friend,
Who makes the months and days to blend
In one glad year of song;
Come, to our Christmas plans give ear,
When to each heart we must bring cheer,
Untying every thong.

This they sang over and over until Father Time and his attendants were seated on the mound opposite the boulder.

Then Father Time drew the rifle along the scythe, drawing out a low, sweet note that seemed to roll through the trees.

The Months and Hours rose with a gentle rustle, and, led by Father Time, sang softly:

Dear friends of all the years untold,
Each heart a loving fountain,
We pledge our service to thy reign,
And strength and skill with joy we bring
To make the earth with gladness sing
The joyful Christmas greetings.

There was silence for a time. Each listened intently. Far over the field was a murmuring like the rustling of leaves in a summer shower. As it came nearer it voiced the Christmas song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

In the woods every face was shining. There was a soft prelude, and then, led by Father Time, all sang together:

Glad Christmas-time, the day of peace,
For all the nations west and east;
Make glad the children at the feast
Of Christ, their Elder Brother.

The sound died away in the tree-tops, and then in front of Father Time a little Elf stood forth and told him of a plan that had grown in her head for many days.

Father Time looked very happy when the Elf stopped talking, and, turning to May, he said, "Thou art a loving one, and will well serve in this mission. Take thy family for this service." Then the Hours of May followed May and the Elf until they disappeared into the darkness. Another Elf stood out, and asked the aid of Father Time. He listened. His face was shining as he answered: "June, July, and August will go with you and your friends to take their part in your service to the children."

The Elves, the Months, and their Hours floated off toward the lake, and the sound as they moved joyfully was of laughter. Again an Elf and her friends came forward, and again Father Time rejoiced as he called to September, October, and November, with their Hours, to attend the Elves. They floated over the meadow, and people passing in a carriage said, "Why, look at the fireflies!" but they did not hear the laughter that rippled over the meadow; they thought it was the wind blowing over the drying grass.

A whole troop of Elves came forward, and Father Time laughed as he listened to their plans. "Why, yes," he commented, "certainly. The right helpers are here. Come, December, January, and February, come with your helpers; the services are many for you to give." And slowly they rose with the Elves through the tree-tops.

March and April looked lonely. "Was there nothing for them to do?"

A lonely Elf and two fairies sat on the mound. "We could not think," they said.

Father Time whispered low, and in a minute the two Months and the Elves, with attendant Hours, were hurrying over the road with Father Time.

It was the glad Christmas-time everywhere. There was no tenement-house home too high or too poor for the Elves to reach it; no house too small in the country for them not to find it. All the Months and the Hours had kept their promises, and had worked faithfully to do the work of the Elves.

In all the churches, where the Christmas greens were hanging and the Christmas trees standing tall and straight, Elves and Hours were hidden; and when the organs burst forth in the glad Christmas

songs, the Elves joined in ; but their music was so soft and gentle that no one heard it apart from that of the organ ; and yet, here and there, where there were some sad people, they heard a new note in the Christmas song full of tender gentleness that they had never heard before.

Away in the farm-houses on the side of the snowcapped hills grandmothers were unwrapping bundles and boxes and carefully removing cotton pyramids. When the boxes were uncovered they held lovely warm dresses and beautiful big books, such as grandmothers love, with great black letters on every page, easy for grandmothers' eyes to see. And when the cotton wrappings were taken off of the pyramids there were flowers such as grandmothers love to keep in sunny windows. And down in city homes were dancing, prancing, noisy, loving grandchildren, all trying at once to take the nails out of the boxes which had come from grandma's. And when the boxes were uncovered, there were rosy-cheeked apples and warm mittens and nuts, and away down at the bottom in a corner, another box, from which the gingerbread men walked out, and a fruit-cake which made the dear big papas and mammas remember the days when they were little and helped mothers seed raisins.

And there were Elves helping a big, tall man and a little boy to the top of the tenement-house, guiding them so that their feet did not stumble on the dark stairs. There were a boy and his mother glad and happy over the little Christmas gift each had given the other, and the Elves were smiling as they hid in the wrappings. And when the big man knocked at the door, and the little boy he held by the hand tripped in and laid a pair of skates on the table before the little boy in the room, you could almost hear the Elves laugh.

And then, when a lady and another little boy went in to the first floor front in the rear building tugging a red sled, I don't wonder that the little boy there and his mother thought they never heard such a sweet sound as the bell on the red sled

made, when all the time it was the Elf on the clapper of the little bell tied on the red sled, laughing. And when the red sled and the pair of skates first met on the street, they found that some Months and their Hours had been busy making ice and snow, making two boys happy.

And when the little folks in the hospital opened their eyes that Christmas morning, and saw the great tall pine-tree lighted, and all the bags of candy, and the dolls with their pretty dresses, and the boxes of blocks, all for them, I am sure they almost saw the Elves hidden in the tree, those loving Elves who had come down from the woods where the first meeting had been held and all these Christmas plans had been made.

Rich and poor, sick and well, all had their Christmas Day, and each one, without knowing it, held in his hands when he held his gift the work of the Months and Hours, the fulfillment of the promise Father Time made to the Elves that warm September evening long before.

That Christmas night, hidden in the flame of every candle, in the note of every song, in the heart of every giver, watching over every sleeping baby, the gayest in every game, was an Elf in service with the Hours to make the Christmas happy, and to carry everywhere the message of good will to men.

In the woods, the last night of the year, Father Time, the Hours, and the Elves were gathered. High in the tree-tops was the sound of the wind like the tones of a mighty organ, and with this music came the songs of the people everywhere ringing out in the midnight air :

The Christmas day has come to stay
Through all the glad New Year,
While Want and Fear, the foes most drear,
Are hidden far away.

For Loving Thoughts and Father Time,
The Months, the Hours, and we,
Are joined a band in every land
To make each Christmas day

The golden lock of every heart
That shuts the Christ child in—
A home where he to manhood grows,
God's Christmas gift to men.



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General Lawton's Death The death of General Lawton is far the most serious loss sustained by our army in the campaign against the Filipinos. This is so, not only because he was a brave man and a brilliant military leader, but because more than any commander in our forces he had the quality of inspiration and the power of bringing about definite results. President Schurman, in a tribute to General Lawton's memory, points out that, "fighter as he was, no man more loyally or cordially adopted the policy of conciliating the Filipinos. That clear mind and sound heart soon discerned that force was not the sole solution of our problem there. He heartily advocated displacement of military power by civil government, in which the natives should manage their own affairs throughout all the regions in which American sovereignty has been established." In the conduct of the military operations intrusted to him he was fearless, energetic, and indefatigable. The plan of campaign just carried out in northern Luzon, which has resulted in disintegrating the insurgents' forces in that part of the island, depended largely upon Lawton's execution of the difficult and dangerous part assigned to him. His march from Angeles to Dagupan, through San Isidro, Cabanatuan, and Tayug, was an extraordinary feat—one which many generals would have abandoned, hindered as it was by the worst of weather, impassable roads, lack of supplies, and hardships innumerable. Here, as always, Lawton was continuously at the front, and shared the dangers and suffering of his men equally. In this campaign and in his previous capture of insurgent strongholds General Lawton amply proved himself—to again quote President Schurman's words—"fearless, impetuous, and always successful, so that his very name was in itself the strength of legions." It

was as he was bending to aid a wounded comrade that the sharpshooter's bullet found his heart, and his was the only life lost on our side in the attack upon San Mateo, a village in the Mayaguez valley about fifteen miles northeast of Manila, a place which had long been a hilly stronghold of the enemy.



A Life of Service General Lawton is the only general officer of the regular army who has been killed in action since the war with Spain began. He held the rank of Major-General of Volunteers, and his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army was decided upon, and, it is said, will be sent to the Senate despite his death. He rose from the ranks, winning his first commission by gallantry in the Civil War. In Indian fighting he had no superior: his patient, persistent pursuit of the Apache chief Geronimo, and final capture of the band, makes one of the most stirring chapters in our Indian war history. In the war with Spain he commanded a division in Cuba, took an active part in the siege of Santiago, and was for a time Military Governor of the Province of Santiago. He was not merely a fighter, but had administrative ability of a high order, and it was thought by many that he might be chosen as first Governor of the Philippines. Physically he was a notable figure—over six feet tall, weighing about two hundred pounds, active, rugged, and apparently incapable of fatigue. In battle he seemed unconscious of danger, and his striking figure and well-known white helmet made him so conspicuous a mark that it is a wonder that he so many times escaped unscathed; yet he earnestly denied the charge of foolhardiness, and declared that he only exposed himself when duty and the need of setting an example to the

soldiers made it desirable. After thirty-five years' memorable service to his country, General Lawton died a poor man; his fellow-officers have started a subscription fund for the benefit of his widow and children, than which no worthier undertaking could possibly be carried out. We earnestly hope that many of our readers will aid by sending a contribution to Adjutant-General H. C. Corbin at Washington. Congress and the President will doubtless take immediate appropriate action to honor General Lawton's memory with due ceremony.



The Boer War During the past week apparently fewer events of interest occurred in South Africa than in any corresponding period since the beginning of the Boer war. Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith still hold out, but Generals Methuen and Buller, leading the Kimberley and Ladysmith relief columns respectively, have not been able to advance beyond the Modder and Tugela Rivers. Each camp is thus about twenty miles from its objective point. Mr. Winston Churchill, who was captured by the Boers in Natal and taken to Pretoria, escaped from that place a week ago, and now announces his safe arrival in Portuguese territory, at the town of Lourenço Marquez on Delagoa Bay. After reaching Pretoria Mr. Churchill wrote to General Joubert asking to be released on the ground of being a war correspondent. The Boer Commander-in-Chief replied that Mr. Churchill had been retained because he had been represented as a combatant assisting an armored train to escape. He added that, though Mr. Churchill was unknown to him personally, he would accept his assurance that he was a non-combatant, and would order his release. The order arrived at Pretoria ten hours after Mr. Churchill had escaped, leaving behind him a letter expressing gratitude for the treatment he had received. Another interesting report from the north is that from the British Colonel Plummer, who has returned to Tuli in Rhodesia from an incursion into the South African Republic. He penetrated southwards to within fifty miles of Pietersburg, the terminus of the railway running north from Pretoria, but was compelled to return.

This return was due to the intense drought, the horses losing strength for want of sufficient feed. Colonel Plummer says that the country seems to be completely abandoned. He believes that the burghers have all gone to the front in the south. Some of them, however, may be in the country to the northwest of the Transvaal; at all events, Khama, the civilized native chief, loyal to the British, has been attacked by Boers, as has also been Linchwe, his subordinate chief, nearer the Transvaal frontier at Gaberones. These attacks are in retaliation for the employment by Colonel Plummer of Khama's men at the outbreak of hostilities. Last week's events in Khama's country may not be in themselves important, but they may lead to grave consequences, inasmuch as the natives of Basutoland and other thickly populated native districts have become excited on account of British defeats. In Basutoland, Joel, a subordinate chief, has openly declared sympathy with the Boers, but Letherodi, the paramount Basuto chief, is trying to keep his people neutral, so as to avoid having either British or Boers passing through his country. The natives in North Cape Colony are reported to be taking advantage of the prevailing confusion, thus circumscribing General Gatacre's sphere of action. So far there has, fortunately, been little obtrusion of the native factor into the British-Boer dispute; it is to be hoped that some arrangement may yet be made between the two belligerents agreeing not to employ any native races in the present operations, and thus avoiding the addition of savage warfare to the horrors already and sufficiently evident.



Departure of Lord Roberts Last week the most important event affecting South Africa was the departure of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts from Southampton for Cape Town. Before the steamer sailed, the new Commander-in-Chief issued the following statement, in which he gives apt and adequate expression to British sentiment:

Circumstances naturally forbid my speaking about the campaign ahead of me, except to say that I have entire confidence in the British soldiers, and that I believe the traditions of our army will be upheld in South Africa. For the friendly interest and sympathy exhibited by many Americans I am most deeply grateful. I feel sure the justice of our cause merits

this. Though we may be at war, I can safely say that no unnecessary harshness and no acts of inhumanity will mar the fair name of this branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. I cannot too warmly express my admiration for the spirit which prevails in our colonies. The action of Canada will always be a glorious page in the history of the sons of the Empire. I look for great things from the men she has sent and is sending to the front. The reports which indicate that disloyalty exists in the Irish regiments are absolutely untrue. In the hour of danger my countrymen have ever been among the first to lay down their lives for their Queen and country, and, whether it be against the Boers or men of any other nationality, the Irish soldier will be found loyal to his Queen and brave in battle.

Lord Roberts's career has been distinguished by two "nevers." He never knows when he is defeated, and he never seems to forget a face. More than once his officers declared that he was worsted, but Roberts would not acknowledge it, and plucked victory from the jaws of defeat. A chaplain in the British army tells how a young Lieutenant had met the Indian Commander-in-Chief only once, and that at a mess dinner. The next meeting occurred on a narrow mountain road between Kabul and Jelalabad. Roberts reached down his hand and said: "Well, M——, how are you, old fellow?" M—— would have laid down his life in the General's service from that moment. Another reason why Lord Roberts has been successful is because he has freed himself from the Englishman's often insular and dogmatic prejudices. He studied carefully his Indian soldiers, and thus, more than most, he came to understand the value they set on cherished customs, idiosyncrasies, and prejudices, which must, indeed, be carefully studied if the suzerain power is to retain its subjects' respect and gain their affection. One has but to take account of these three characteristics of a great soldier to understand how a handful of such men are able to direct three hundred million Indians. When to this we add a long life full of duty not only well done but brilliantly done, we understand why his men will follow him implicitly in South Africa as they have in India.



The Cabinet Crisis in Austria

In consequence of the blockade of parliamentary business resulting from persistent Czech and Slav obstruction,

the Austrian Cabinet, headed by Count Clary, resigned last week. The new President of the Council, into whose hands the Emperor has intrusted the formation of a Cabinet, is Dr. von Witteck, Minister of Railways in the Clary Cabinet. Dr. von Witteck has already persuaded the able Count Welsersheimb to reassume his old position as Minister of National Defense, and Dr. Stibral to continue his duties as Minister of Commerce. The other departments are left in the hands of the various departmental chiefs. The advent of the Clary Cabinet, three weeks ago, was supposed to be co-existent with the change from a policy of pleasing the Czech and the German sections of Austria in general and of Bohemia in particular, to that of pleasing the dominant, namely, the German, section. The wreck of the Badeni and the Thun Cabinets has been brought about by the endeavor to prosecute legislation on a basis of language equality. The Czechs, representing the preponderance of population in Bohemia, naturally insist that their language shall be equally a means of communication with German; on the other hand, the Germans, representing fewer numbers but greater intelligence, insist that their language shall be supreme. Sympathy is elicited for both classes. The Slavs claim that they have greater potentiality; their claim to a greater receptivity than that which characterizes Germans is certainly a just one. The Germans reply with equal force, however, that any Slav—but particularly a Bohemian Czech—who is Germanized becomes a better man than a German who is Slavized. Count Clary's resignation would indicate that the Germans had become weary of the attempt to establish their paramountcy.



M. Déroulède Sentenced

Last week the French Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, heard M. Paul Déroulède in his own defense on the charge of conspiring to overturn the Republic. The prisoner did not hesitate to accuse the Senators of being "subservient to the Government's orders." Amid immense uproar he added: "I wish to be condemned. I will say what I think of these scoundrels! This assemblage is infamous, and dishonors France and the Republic!

I include in my denunciations both the Senate and the President of the Republic." With considerable difficulty the Procurator-General finally made himself heard, and demanded the prompt punishment of M. Déroulède, who meanwhile was hurling insults to his heart's content at the High Court, not hesitating to "conspuer" the Executive himself. The privilege of such personal abuse and of such insults is highly valued, if one may judge by the sentence passed upon M. Déroulède when the Court retired to consider the case, for, on the resumption of proceedings, M. Fallières, President of the Senate, read its judgment, condemning M. Déroulède to two years' imprisonment and his exclusion from court until the arguments of counsel had begun. It will be remembered that five weeks ago M. Déroulède was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for insulting the French President. Though France is a Republic, there is still some monarchical sentiment there concerning *lèse-majesté*, which republicans apply, quite naturally, to insults to the President. In the case of the insults to M. Loubet by Paul Déroulède, it has been well applied; for many years that arch-agitator has been doing his best to undermine the solidity and seriousness which France has gained during thirty years of republican rule.



Charles Lamoureux Last week the musical world was shocked by the announcement of the death of Charles Lamoureux, the celebrated French musical conductor. He died suddenly, after an illness of but two days. When only twelve years old, Lamoureux was playing the violin at the Grand Théâtre in Bordeaux. Two years later he went to the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under Girard and Chauvet. He gained a first prize at the Conservatoire. He played for many years at the Opéra Comique. He was the first in France to perform the sextets of Brahms; and the "Société de l'Harmonie Sacrée," which he founded, introduced "The Messiah" to Parisians, and gave other oratorios of Händel, and also of Bach, particularly the "Matthew Passion" and the "Judas Maccabæus." In view of the marked frivolity during the latter days of the

Second Empire, the pioneer was bold indeed who dared to present austere music in the gay capital. Lamoureux was graduated naturally enough from the Opéra Comique to the Grand Opéra, where he remained as director until 1881. In that year he carried out a long-cherished desire to be self-dependent; he resigned his distinguished position and founded the "Nouveaux Concerts," popularly known as the "Concerts Lamoureux." In one season these concerts became famous, not only in Paris, but throughout the musical world. They accomplished two notable results: first, they introduced French composers of the new school—Reyer, Lalo, and the rest; and, secondly, their conductor did for Wagner what he had long before done for Händel. Lamoureux's first attempts, however, met with utter and pitiable failure; the police had to cope with a mob of twenty thousand intent on frustrating the initial performance of "Lohengrin." It took the unceasing perseverance of five years to convince the French that Wagner was a great composer. When they once admitted the fact, however, with characteristic generosity and enthusiasm, they crowded to the Wagner performances. Such an English contingent was now seen at the concerts as to warrant the establishment of Lamoureux London seasons, where tremendous successes were also scored. An indomitable fighter for good music has fallen, not in the midst of his fight, but with the victory well won. Among the stimulators of France, and especially of Paris, towards loftier and soberer ideals, the name of Charles Lamoureux will long be remembered.



A Famous Bookseller The death of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the famous London dealer in rare books, removes one of the most picturesque and interesting men known to book lovers and collectors. Like his well-known contemporary, Tauchnitz, Mr. Quaritch was by birth a German, and served his apprenticeship in the book trade in Berlin, and later in Paris and London. He was only secondarily a bookseller; he was primarily a book-collector; one who loved the material in which he dealt more than he loved the profit of dealing in it. His

shop on Piccadilly was crowded with bibliographical treasures, including everything for which book-lovers and book-collectors care: old books, rare books, unique books, books notable for artistic bindings, first editions, illuminated manuscripts, Elzevirs, Aldines, Shakespearean folios and quartos—everything that was rare, valuable, and interesting in bibliography. His knowledge of his subject was thoroughly German in its extent and accuracy, and his catalogues were encyclopædic in their quality. So thoroughly and intelligently made were they that they were preserved as books of reference in the great libraries. Mr. Quaritch was in a special sense the guardian of American interests, reporting at the earliest possible moment to American collectors the chance of securing rare books in the Old World. Dying at the age of eighty-three, he left a host of acquaintances and friends, and a memory which will linger long among book-lovers and booksellers. Some years ago he found, or came into possession of, a book-worm, a very rare acquisition in these times; and in honor of the event he gave a dinner to a number of book-collectors and book-lovers.



**Congress :
Foreign Relations**

The only important Congressional news concerns our foreign relations. Even in this field there has been no definite action, but the discussions of the Samoan treaty indicate that the Democrats will resist the proposed annexation. As one-third of the Senate can defeat a treaty, this opposition may prove effective. The reciprocity treaties submitted by the Administration are likewise encountering opposition. The proposal to reduce duties on wool, hides, fruits, etc., embodied in the treaties with the Argentine Republic and France, has called forth strong protests, particularly from Republican Congressmen from agricultural districts. Most of the Democrats seem to be in sympathy with these protests, for, although the reduction of duties would insure freer trade, the Democratic party under its present leadership demands that the same protection shall be given to farm products as to manufactured goods. The number of Republican protestants is small, but the fact that they generally hail from doubt-

ful States, like California and Wyoming, gives to their protest exceptional influence. As regards the Philippines, Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, have introduced resolutions declaring the purpose of our Government to grant the islands independence upon the same terms as were accepted by Cuba.



**Congress :
The House Committees**

The position of Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and therefore Republican leader on the floor of the House, has been assigned by Speaker Henderson to Sereno E. Payne, of New York, who was prominent in the last Congress as the sponsor in the House for Senator Hanna's bill to grant heavy subsidies to the owners of American steamships. His former place at the head of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries is this year assigned to Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio. Mr. Brosius, of Pennsylvania, has been made Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and nearly half of the Democrats appointed to the Committee either voted for the Republican Currency Bill last week or failed to vote against it. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, the leading advocate of the Nicaragua Canal, has been put at the head of the Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, which will have the Canal Bill in charge. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who last year tried in vain to reduce expenditures, is again made Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations; Mr. Hull, of Iowa, who championed the quadrupling of the standing army, is again Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; and Mr. Loud, of California, who tried to restrict second-class mailing privileges, is again Chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads. The new and important Committee on Insular Affairs has at its head Mr. Cooper, of Wisconsin, a pronounced expansionist, and has among its Democratic members Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, who holds similar views. Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, to the encouragement of Civil Service Reformers all over the country, has been made Chairman of the Committee on Civil Service Reform.

War-Ships on the Lakes

The Hon. William Alden Smith, of Michigan, has introduced into the House of Representatives a resolution asking that "the Secretary of State be requested to report to the House the status of the agreement between the United States and Great Britain said to prohibit the building, arming, or maintaining of more than a single war vessel on the great lakes." Mr. Burton, of Ohio, avoiding the circumlocution of an inquiry, has introduced a joint resolution requesting the President and Secretary of State "to enter into negotiations with the Government of Great Britain to secure, if possible, the abrogation of so much of the treaty of 1817 as forbids the building of war-ships at shipyards located upon the great lakes." Both resolutions, which have been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, have their origin in the desire of the ship-building firms upon the great lakes to compete with the Atlantic coast firms in the construction of light-draught vessels of war. It is argued that, owing to the greater cheapness of the plant and other considerations, vessels of at least fourteen feet draught can be built on the great lakes and taken through the Welland Canal to the ocean at a cheaper rate than they can be built by sea-border firms. At any rate, the great-lake ship-builders wish to have the privilege of bidding upon all contracts for light-draught vessels. The Navy Department has several times decided that these contractors are not eligible to bid upon war vessels, owing to the existence of this prohibitory agreement between the United States and Great Britain.

The Agreement Now in Force

The agreement referred to was made between the United States and Great Britain in 1817, the result of a proposition from the United States made August 2, 1816. The agreement did not take the technical form of a treaty, but was brought about by an exchange of notes between the two Governments. The arrangement was that the naval force to be maintained upon the lakes by each power was henceforth to be confined to one vessel on Lake Ontario, not exceeding one hundred tons burden, and armed with an eighteen-pound cannon; one vessel on Lake Champlain,

and two on the great lakes, of the same tonnage and armament. All other armed vessels on these lakes, were to be dismantled, and it was agreed that "no vessels of war shall be either built or armed." Either party desirous of annulling the stipulation may do so by giving notice to the other party, and it shall cease to be binding after the expiration of six months from the day of such notice. This agreement between the two countries has been an object-lesson to the world in disarmament for more than eighty years, and it is not surprising that the friends of peace and arbitration should look with some distrust on any proposition to annul it. Mr. Burton, it is understood, will not ask that the number or strength of the vessels on the lakes shall be increased beyond the present arrangement. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly members who would prefer to abrogate the whole agreement and have a fleet of modern American gunboats upon the upper lakes, urging the shopworn excuse that it will give fresh employment to American labor. There is every reason why a fleet of war vessels should not be maintained on the great lakes, and why in this respect the Anglo-American agreement should be maintained; but if the lake cities wish to try their hands at naval architecture, we see no objection to war-ships being built on the lakes if provision is made that they shall not be armed there and shall be taken to the Atlantic within, say, thirty days after completion.

Equal Taxation in Michigan

In view of the decision of the Supreme Court of Michigan against the constitutionality of last year's act providing that railroad property should be taxed upon its market value in the same manner as real estate, Governor Pingree has called the Legislature together to submit a constitutional amendment authorizing the equal taxation of all property. In the House the amendment has already passed by a vote of 86 to 8, but the disposition of the railroads to fight to the end for their exemptions was shown by the action of one of their defenders, who voted for the bill and immediately gave notice of a motion to reconsider. As two days are allowed for presenting such a motion,

these tactics delayed by just so much the sending of the bill to the Senate. It is there that the real fight is expected, for the friends of railway privileges and the personal enemies of Governor Pingree are especially strong in that body. Governor Pingree has been asked to submit to the special session the question of the general revision of the State Constitution, but although he favors such revision, he has prudently declined to lay the matter before the Legislature until the equal taxation amendment has passed both houses. The only apparent danger to this amendment is that the time allowed for the special session may be frittered away, on one pretext and another, without definite action. Even Governor Pingree's critic, the Detroit "Tribune," admits that public opinion in Michigan is overwhelmingly in favor of the Governor's simple plan "for the removal of those striking inequalities of the burden of taxation which have been so frequently, so definitely, and so convincingly pointed out."



Railroad Tracks in City Streets

The Committee of Fifty on Rapid Transit, organized by the Social Reform Club of this city to help insure municipal construction of the underground railway, is now directing a part of its energies to securing the removal of steam railway tracks from the city streets. Of all cities, New York ought to be free from the evil here attacked, because nearly all the important railroads necessarily have their depots the other side of the Hudson, while the New York Central and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford enter the city through a tunnel constructed years ago with generous aid from the city treasury. But, despite this, the city has allowed the New York Central to continue to send some of its freight trains along Eleventh Avenue and West Street for more than three miles through a crowded district. As the Social Reform Club Committee points out, this district is inhabited exclusively by the poor, or the nuisance and danger of steam railroad trains in the streets would long since have been removed. Fortunately for the agitation, however, the more influential classes are occasionally incommoded by these trains, since street-cars to the ferries are some-

times blocked thereby for an exasperating length of time. This inconvenience to the well-to-do, however, is not to be the basis of the Social Reform Club's agitation, but the democratic principle that the well-being of one family is as important as that of another, and that the lives of the children of the poor are to be as sacredly guarded as the lives of the children of the rich. The Club's Committee reports that Chicago has in recent years successfully ordered its railroads to elevate all tracks that even cross city streets, while Syracuse has brought the New York Central to agree to stop using the streets along which it has hitherto entered the city. If the nuisance of freight trains on Eleventh Avenue and West Street is not speedily abated, it will be another sign that the greater the city the smaller is the power of the public to organize effectively against the abuses of monopoly.



The Death of Mr. Moody

On another page we say something editorially of the life-work and the character of Mr. Moody. The history of his life was one of cheerfulness and constant service to his fellow-men and to the cause of religion. Mr. Moody died at his home in East Northfield on Friday last, after an illness of several weeks, the painfulness of which, although great, did not affect his serene and trusting spirit. His last words were: "I see earth receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me." In connection with this last utterance may be quoted words spoken by Mr. Moody in a Northfield sermon, not long ago: "By and by you will hear people say, 'Mr. Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever." Dwight L. Moody was born in the town of East Northfield in Massachusetts (which in his later life he made so great a center of religious influence and educational power), in the old Moody homestead, close by the house in which he died. His mother died in 1896, at the great age of ninety. Her efforts to bring up the nine children

dependent on her care as a widow were touching, and were constantly referred to by Mr. Moody with the deepest feeling. At the age of seventeen Dwight Moody found employment in Boston, and soon became first an attendant and then a member of the Mount Vernon (Congregational) Church. A little later he went to Chicago and engaged in the shoe trade. In Chicago he became very actively interested in the Plymouth Congregational Church, and formed a Sunday-school class of eighteen ragged boys, whom he himself found about the city, and before very long opened a mission in an empty tavern. From this beginning Mr. Moody went on to establish a school which reached an attendance of six hundred and fifty, so that in 1860 he decided to devote himself wholly to city missionary and religious work. At this stage of his life he had little money to carry on his work, and he kept his own expenses within an astonishingly small sum. In 1863 he erected a church building; in 1865 he was chosen President of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association. Soon after this Farwell Hall was erected, and, after its destruction by fire, rebuilt; it was again destroyed by the great Chicago fire, and then Mr. Moody's first great tabernacle, so called, was erected. The visits which Mr. Moody made to Great Britain in 1867 and 1873, and particularly the latter visit, did a great deal to bring him into prominence as a speaker and swayer of great multitudes; but his evangelistic training was obtained in Chicago in those years of strenuous labor among difficulties which we have just mentioned. In Scotland the preacher's power attained its highest level, and upon his return to this country there followed an extraordinary series of meetings in enormous buildings, often erected for that purpose, in almost all of the great American cities. We cannot speak in detail of his subsequent career. The Northfield Seminary for Girls was started in 1879, originally for the farmers' daughters in the vicinity; beginning with eight girls, it has grown to provide education for three hundred and fifty, and has about a dozen buildings. The School for Boys at Mount Hermon was started in 1881, and is a fit companion to its predecessor. Of the great educational work done by these two institutions we have often

spoken. The Chicago Bible Institute, now under the principal charge of the Rev. Reuben A. Torrey, was organized eight years later. A long list might be made of church and school buildings and institutes in the organizing of which Mr. Moody had a prominent share. The religious Conferences at Northfield have for many years attracted in the summer great audiences, who there had the opportunity of listening to sermons and addresses from many of the ablest and most famous preachers and writers of Great Britain and this country. Mrs. Moody, who survives her husband, has always been an efficient and faithful help to him in all his undertakings, and he is quoted as saying: "When I have an especially hard case, I turn him over to my wife; she can bring a man to a decision for Christ where I cannot touch him." Mr. Moody leaves three children living.



The McGiffert Case On Monday afternoon of last week the New York Presbytery took what it may be hoped is final action in the case of Dr. McGiffert. In this action the New York Presbytery pursued a middle course between two courses recommended. The first, recommended by the Presbyterial Committee, of which the Rev. Dr. R. F. Sample was Chairman, was to the effect that, as Dr. McGiffert refused to recant or to leave the Presbyterian Church, the Presbytery should express its disapproval, and refer the matter back to the General Assembly. The other course, recommended by Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary, was that the Presbytery should state exactly what, according to the Westminster Confession, it did believe, and what, according to Dr. McGiffert's book, he did not believe; and he would also have had the Presbytery declare that it "regrets that any utterances of Dr. McGiffert should have given rise to serious misapprehension in many quarters." Dr. Brown's substitute for Dr. Sample's resolution was lost by a vote of fifty-six to forty-six. Following the recommendation of Drs. van Dyke and Johnston, the Presbytery recorded itself as (1) finding Dr. McGiffert's teaching "in certain points, according to the judgment of the majority of this Presbytery, erroneous, and seriously out of harmony with

Holy Scripture;" (2) accepting "as sincere and reassuring his avowal that he is 'in accordance with the faith of the Presbyterian Church and of evangelical Christendom in all vital and essential matters;" (3) affirming that "the action of the last General Assembly taken in connection with this action of the Presbytery of New York is sufficient to guard the purity of the doctrine of the Church so far as any teachings of the book in question may affect the same;" and (4) that "the Presbytery believes that neither the interests of the peace of the Church nor the protection of the purity of its doctrine calls for any further action at the present time, but that a trial for heresy would work grave injury to Christ's kingdom." (5) It concluded thus: "The Presbytery counsels and enjoins all members of this body, and especially such as are engaged in critical studies, to refrain from setting forth the disavowed teachings as if indorsed by the Presbyterian Church, and, while exercising the liberty of scholarship, to be careful to distinguish between the theories of criticism and the certainties of faith, and also faithfully to maintain sound doctrine and loyally to study the peace of the Church." These resolutions were adopted by a vote of seventy-eight to twenty-seven.



Comment on the Decision

Comment on the decision is fairly represented by two Presbyterian journals, the New York "Evangelist" and the Cincinnati "Herald and Presbyter." The "Evangelist" calls attention to the fact that the proposal to refer the matter back to the General Assembly, although backed by respected names, seems to have made little impression on the Presbytery, and it believes that "the General Assembly will respect the decision of the body to which it has itself referred the matter for such disposition as in its judgment the peace of the Church and the purity of doctrine may require." It justly criticises the Presbytery for withholding Professor McGiffert's statement made last June, but only now given to the public. The main points in this statement are as follows: (1) "If the Westminster Confession of Faith asserted the absolute inerrancy of the Bible, I should be obliged to dissent from the Confessional statement;

but, as a matter of fact, the Confession asserts nothing of the kind, nor did I assert my belief in anything of the kind when I was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church." (2) "I believe in the deity of Christ, and I am not aware that my book contains anything inconsistent with that belief. For the deity of Christ, unless it is to be interpreted as excluding his real humanity, cannot be held to involve necessarily the possession of unlimited knowledge, or absolute freedom from all liability to error, during his earthly existence." (3) "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper I believe in with all my heart, and I partake of it with the greatest joy and spiritual profit; but the question as to the exact way in which it was instituted seems to me a purely historical question which does not affect the nature of the Sacrament." (4) "I am in sympathy with the genuinely Pauline and Protestant doctrine of salvation through faith alone, and I am not aware that I have ever said or written anything which, to quote the language of the Assembly's Deliverance, 'in any way modifies or belittles the essential act and exclusive necessity of faith in human salvation.'" Viewed by the literalists, the action of the New York Presbytery is a compromise; they declare that it is worse than that—namely, a surrender to something more to be feared than any heresy trial. They believe that the General Assembly, disapproving of the New York Presbytery's action, will reorder the Presbytery to try Dr. McGiffert; and they add that, if a sufficient number of the Presbytery petition the General Assembly to reopen the McGiffert matter over the veto of the New York Presbytery, it will be done. The "Herald and Presbyter" declares that Dr. McGiffert's statement respecting the Bible, given above, "assumes that there are errors in the Bible, but sees no want of harmony between these and the God who cannot err. Things may be false and yet be the word of the God of truth;" and equally objects to his statement respecting the Communion because it is inconsistent with Paul's declarations concerning Christ's command to "do this in remembrance of me." The most important portion of the action of the Presbytery is in the last resolution, and to that we shall recur hereafter.

Congress of History of Religions at the Paris Exposition Some of the professors of the University of France are organizing a Congress of the History of Religions for the Paris Exposition. This study is not only valuable in itself; it also contributes greatly to our knowledge of past secular history, and it throws light on not a few moral and social problems. The committee appeals to all lovers of the history of religions, to historical students, theologians, philologists, sociologists, ethnographers, and folklorists. Among the members of the committee are representatives of the Catholic and Protestant faculties of the French universities. The President is M. Albert Réville, of the Collège de France. The Congress will meet September 3-9, 1900, forming, with other cognate congresses, an uninterrupted series, beginning with psychology on August 17, continuing with prehistoric anthropology and folk-lore until September 16. As many scholars are interested in the matter of more than one of these congresses, they are thus enabled to take part in the sessions of several without unduly prolonging their stay at the Exposition. The opening and closing sessions will be held at the Palais des Congrès, at the Exposition itself, but the other meetings will be at the Sorbonne. Eight sections have been created. These are:

Section I.—*Religions of Non-Civilized Peoples*. Pre-Columbian American Civilizations, etc.

Section II.—*History of the Religions of the Far East* (China, Japan, Indo-China, Mongols, Finns). Relation of religions with the State in China. Historic evolution of Buddhism in China, Korea, and Japan. Distribution of Pali Buddhism and Chinese Buddhism in Indo-China, etc.

Section III.—*History of the Religions of Egypt*. Funeral rites of so-called Thinite epochs. The god Ptah of Memphis; relations with other gods, etc.

Section IV.—*History of Religions called Semitic*. 1. Assyro-Chaldea, anterior Asia; 2. Judaism; Islamism. How to reconcile the belief in the eternity of the world among the Chaldeans with data on the creation of heaven, earth, gods, and stars. Documentary value of the Talmud and its annexes for the history of religious ideas and rites among the Jews. Influence exercised by conquered Persia on conquering Islamism—Shi-ism, etc.

Section V.—*History of Religions of India and Iran*. Should the liturgy of the Brahmanas and Sutras be considered, in its principal features, as anterior or posterior to the hymns of the Rig-Veda? etc.

Section VI.—*History of Religions of Greece*

and Rome. The Homeric poems as sources of myths, legends, and cults. Diffusion of Oriental pagan cults in the western and northern provinces of the Roman Empire, etc.

Section VII.—*Religions of Germans, Celts, Slavs*. Do the Germanic divinities spring from the Indo-Germanic pantheon, or are they the development of nature-demons? etc.

Section VIII.—*History of Christianity*. First Centuries: Can Essenism be considered one of the factors of original Christianity? etc. Middle Ages: The ancient sources (Greek, Latin, Arab, Jew, and Byzantine) drawn upon by the theologians of the West during the Middle Ages. Modern Times: Influence of the philosophy of Kant and Hegel on historical criticism applied to the origins of Christianity, etc. Communications relating to any questions proper for consideration may be presented, written in Latin, German, English, Italian, or French. They must be of a historical character; all dogmatic or denominational polemics are prohibited.



**St. Mary's
Lodging-House**

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the services and needs of St. Mary's Lodging-House, 143 West Fourteenth Street, New York City, an institution now about two decades old. Miss S. M. Osborne, the President of its trustees, claims that it is the one night refuge in the metropolis admitting women to shelter without money, questions, or any "red tape." The only passport is homelessness; the only question, "Are you hungry?" There is no need to dwell upon the necessity of such work; there are constant complaints that there is no place where a respectable young woman, out of employment and far from her friends, can find a home. Now that employment is more plentiful and better paid, benefactions should increase from the more prosperous to those still unemployed, especially when the latter are women. There is another need. To it Miss Connors, the matron of St. Mary's, refers as follows:

It's all as simple as the alphabet. We keep the latch-string always out. That's the beginning and end of it. On a winter's night we take in as many as seventy-five or eighty. Our simple golden rule is that no questions whatever shall be asked—no stopping the poor creature at the door to ask about her past. We don't care what she has done with her life, or what her poor blindnesses and errors may have been. The fact that she is out in the snow knocking at that door shows that she has paid for her folly. To us she is just a sister woman in need of a woman's sympathy and love. Sometimes, woman-like, she

insists upon telling me her story, and then I'm glad to give her such advice and help as my experience of the world and its ways may suggest. There is one constant cry that they always have: "I was on my way to death when I found you. You've saved me from my self-destruction." And I suppose it must be true. And it only shows how many poor young things might be saved from suicide by some one to help them in that last dreadful hour when all hope seems to be gone. They get their supper and a good bed and their breakfast, and in the morning, if they are strong enough, they go out to look for work, and come back at night again. And we somehow keep them until they are placed, and find clothes, and do other things that needn't be mentioned. It isn't worth talking about, anyway. I only speak of it now so that no poor lost creature need be afraid to come here for shelter from the snow and rain simply because she isn't all that she might have been.



The League for Social Service

The important place which the League for Social Service has rapidly gained in public esteem appears in the fact that the Bethlehem Steel Company, which employs four thousand men, has recently made formal application to join the League. With an enlargement of building in view, the Bethlehem Company is intent on introducing the latest improvements for the benefit of employees. A further success of the League is that its idea of becoming an adviser to persons wishing information as to the best way of carrying philanthropic intentions into effect has already drawn to it for counsel persons of ample resources who are seeking the public benefit. Hence the annual report of the League for Social Service is a document of distinct and special importance. The League began this year without funds and without equipment; it ends the year with over a thousand members, a good equipment, nearly seven hundred books of reference in its library, and about three thousand lantern slides illustrating social conditions. Lastly and principally, the League has become the recognized source of information in regard to social questions. One among the many conveniences which it offers to the public is its series of digests of State laws. Those of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Maine have already been summarized in the form of leaflets adapted to ready reference. During the year the League has issued over

four million pages of published matter. It has in that time answered many questions, giving information on such subjects as "Profit-Sharing in Factories," "Trusts," "Municipal Reform," "Immoral Literature," "Poor Relief," "Divorce," "Drunkenness," "Gambling," "Lynchings," "The Tramp Problem," "Christian Science," etc. Among its projects for the future are the collection and preparation for the Paris Exposition of an exhibit to interpret institutions and movements for the betterment of industrial and social conditions. Such an exhibit might well be used as a nucleus for a permanent collection, on the plan of the "Musée Social" established by the late Comte de Chambrun for the benefit of French workmen. Another project consists in a series of leaflets to deal with some of the industries and professions as affording opportunities for social service. For this series, among others, Mr. R. C. Ogden, of the Wanamaker establishment, Dr. Albert Shaw, Dr. Wilson, Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., and W. H. Tolman, Ph.D., will contribute. The annual fee for individual membership is two dollars. The office of the League is at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.



Care of Dependent Children

Last year New Jersey took a decided step in advance by creating a State Board of Children's Guardians. This Board was given the authority to visit and investigate the condition of the children in all the almshouses of the State, and to decide on the best measures for the care and protection of the dependent children of the State. The Board found 403 children in the almshouses. Investigation brought out the fact that some of these children should never have become public charges; 146 were returned to relatives able to care for them. Many of the children found in the almshouses were placed in families where they will receive the benefit of the training that comes from living in the home of small wage-earners, sharing in the family life, and attending the common schools. Dire confusion has resulted because the history of the children in the almshouses and indentured from them has not been kept.

All trace of some children has been lost—a great injustice to parents and children. It has actually occurred that parents who surrendered their children temporarily have re-established homes for them only to find that all trace of their children has been lost. The Board insists on a uniform system of commitment papers, and a system of sociological bookkeeping that will record every fact about a child before and after commitment. This will prevent the disappearance of the children once committed to the care of the State. The condition of some of the almshouses was shocking. No attempt was made to separate the sexes; feeble-minded and deformed children were not cared for, and women who had been inmates of the almshouses for years there became mothers of families. The failure of the Legislature to make an appropriation to be available for the Board during the year greatly limited its work. The members met the expenses incurred.



Prevention Methods

It was discovered by the New York State Board of Charities at the close of 1898 that the number of children committed to institutions in the city of New York had greatly increased. A committee was appointed to investigate and report on the causes of this increase, and its prevention in the future. This committee reported that the change in the system of committing destitute children by the Police Justices—legislated out of office in 1897—to the Department of Charities was to a degree responsible for the increase, owing to the lack of experience in this kind of work by the Department. The committee recommended that the case of every child in the public institutions be reinvestigated within one year after commitment; that a record be kept of every visitor to each child; that all investigations and the record of each child be reduced to writing and sent to the Department of Charities. This Department and the Charities Organization Society have co-operated most successfully during the past six months. The result has been that 727 fewer children have been committed to institutions. The Charities Organization Society is notified by the Department of Charities when application is made to commit children to

an institution. The Society investigates and often discovers that the relatives are able to care for the child; often the home is saved, at a crisis, by help and advice. It is not merely saving in expenditure by the State that this co-operation has accomplished, but the far more important result of preserving homes, saving children from institution life, and saving the self-respect of whole families.



Schools in Alaska When, in 1867, Alaska was ceded to the United States, the people of Sitka organized a City Council, who appointed a Board of Trustees and took possession of buildings for school purposes. These schools, maintained as one of the city's departments, admitted white and creole children only; native children, without exception, were excluded. When civil government superseded the military government, this city government was abolished, and with it the school. In 1878 a school in charge of a missionary was opened for natives, and one for whites. The children of parents belonging to the Greek Church were allowed to attend on condition that the priests were allowed to teach these children one hour a day. The first effort on the part of the United States to establish schools in Alaska was made in 1884. These schools were to be established without regard to race, for the education of all children of school age in the Territory. In 1885 an Agent was assigned by the Department of the Interior to establish the schools. Where there were enough white children to justify the step, special schools for them were established. Only two of these schools were necessary until 1897, when the number of white children in Alaska increased enormously. Congress has never increased the appropriation for educational purposes in Alaska. Governor Brady, who has manifested the greatest interest in the educational affairs of Alaska, has renewed his recommendation to increase the appropriation to \$60,000. He points out that the present sum, \$30,000, has always been inadequate. The children who have received primary education should be given opportunity for higher education, for which now there is no provision. Governor Brady urges that the right to form municipal govern-

ments be given to the larger towns, with power to make appropriation from the license-money for school purposes. This, he believes, will go far towards settling the present school difficulties in Alaska.



Equal Suffrage in Oregon

The vote of Oregon in the coming Presidential year will be complicated by two new features. One is the registration of Oregon voters for the first time, which begins in January, under a very costly and cumbrous system, which many Oregonians disapprove, but whose workings, on the whole, ought to be beneficial, and which will put an end, undoubtedly, to the repeating and colonization which have disgraced late elections. The other is the submission to the voters, in June, 1900, of an equal suffrage amendment, which, if adopted, will naturally bring a good deal of uncertainty into the fall campaign. Oregon's next neighbor, Washington, it may be remembered, once had equal suffrage in its Territorial days, and saw its women serving on juries and elected to office. But now, Washington, having retraced its steps as regards woman suffrage, rejected a proposal to reinstate equal suffrage last year by a decisive vote. Oregon has always been more conservative than Washington, and has never shown any leaning toward woman suffrage. It has not even voted on the question for thirteen years. In 1886 a suffrage amendment went to the people, and received 11,223 votes against 28,176 in the negative. The small size of this vote, on both sides of the question, showed the voters' indifference to the whole matter, and the suffragists have not been able to get a hearing since. They would hardly have obtained one this year except by a blunder on the part of the last Legislature. The law of Oregon, like that of other States, requires amendments to the Constitution to be passed at two successive Legislatures before submission to the people. The Legislature of 1899 passed the present suffrage amendment by a vote of 48 to 6—a merely complimentary vote, the members thinking it had not gone through the preceding Legislature. But as the 1897 session had transacted no business on account of the Senatorial "hold-up," and as the 1895 Legislature had actually passed the amend-

ment before, the rule as to two successive sessions held good, and the carelessly chivalrous legislators found too late that they had sent the question to the people. The suffragists of Oregon are therefore rejoicingly making ready for the combat, and are claiming to have a fair fighting chance, since several of the most populous counties of the State are strongly for prohibition, and their leaders believe that equal suffrage will bring success to the prohibition cause—though it has not done so in Colorado or Wyoming. Some of the most prominent and intelligent women of Oregon, following the example of their sisters in New York and Massachusetts, have just organized a strong anti-suffrage association, and are beginning a campaign of education among the voters.



Dwight L. Moody

There is a mysterious inclination in all schools to judge religious teachers by their theological opinions. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Calvinist and Arminian, all share in applying that false standard to religious teachers, all agree in dispensing with Christ's standard, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The question asked respecting such a teacher is not, Did he by his teaching make better men and women? but, Did he believe in the infallibility of the Church? Did he recognize the right of private judgment? Did he hold the inerrancy of the Bible? Did he accept the Higher Criticism? Did he believe in Divine Sovereignty? Did he insist on free will? Not infrequently the standard is even less vital; the question is simply, What did he call himself—Catholic or Protestant, Conservative or Radical?

Mr. Moody was a religious preacher, not a theological teacher; and the character of his work is to be measured, not by its theological structure, but by its religious power. The difference ought to be as self-evident as it is simple. The theological questions are such as these: What was the nature of the influence exerted by the Spirit of God on the minds of the writers of the Bible? What is the relation of Jesus Christ to the Infinite and Eternal Ruler of the Universe? How do the life, passion, and death of Jesus Christ

effect a saving influence on the character and destiny of mankind? The religious questions are: How can I best use the Bible to make better men and women? What is Jesus Christ to me, and what can he be to my fellow-men? What can I do to make available to myself the influence of his life and character in securing a purer character and a diviner life for myself and for those about me?

Mr. Moody's theology was to the last the theology which prevailed in the New England orthodox churches in the first decade of the present half-century. The old Calvinism had passed away, shattered beyond hope of restoration by the preaching of Lyman Beecher and Charles G. Finney, and by the commentaries of Albert Barnes, which were in every religious household. The new theology, born of the evolution philosophy, had not yet found entrance into the churches of the Puritans; is not, indeed, even as yet formulated in its avowed philosophies. Bushnell's theology was still under the ban; Henry Ward Beecher had not yet become a theologian—he had been too busy, first as a revivalist, then as a moral reformer, to study philosophy, and was infusing a new moral and religious life into the old channels of theological thought. Mr. Moody was converted under the preaching of Dr. Edward N. Kirk, himself an evangelist of remarkable power in the realm both of the conscience and the emotions. The boy's theology—for he was only seventeen years old at the time of his conversion—was so scant that he had difficulty in getting admission into even the liberal church where his conversion had taken place. He never added to it by any special training, and never was inclined to philosophical study or philosophical thinking. He took his theology for granted, and never departed from it as he received it in those two years of membership in the Boston church. It included the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures—that is, its inspiration on all topics that it touches; the God-man theory of the incarnation—that is, God and man mysteriously joined together in a unique personality; a day of judgment, the issues of which are everlasting life and everlasting punishment; and the substitutional theory of the atonement—that is, the doctrine that Christ suffered and died, not

merely in behalf of the human race, but in its place.

But though Mr. Moody never abandoned that theological system, though it is doubtful whether he even understood any other, this was not the subject matter of his teaching. Occasionally he preached what might be called a theological sermon; somewhat more frequently he defined his theological position in the course of a non-theological sermon; but his life was consecrated, not to constructing, attacking, or defending systems of theology, but to inspiring men and women with the spirit of faith and hope and love. It would be difficult to name any man in the present half-century who has done so much to give the power of spiritual vision to men who having eyes saw not and having ears heard not, to give hope to men who were living in a dull despair or an even more fatally dull self-content, and to give that love which is righteousness and that righteousness which is love to men who were before unqualifiedly egotistical and selfish. With him theology was never an end, always an instrument. If any liberal is inclined to criticise his theology, let him consider well with himself whether he is doing as good work for humanity with his more modern and, let us say, better instruments.

To illustrate: Mr. Moody never accepted what is popularly called the Higher Criticism. He was not, indeed, as is sometimes charged, a literalist. He held no extreme doctrine of Biblical infallibility. We doubt whether any sermon of his will be found to affirm dogmatically that there are no errors in the Scriptures, and we are quite sure that he would have taken no interest whatever in the purely scholastic question whether there were any errors in the original autographs. But he took the Bible as he found it, and gave to it the natural interpretations which might be expected from one whose theology had taught him to regard it as the "Word of God" from cover to cover, and whose upbringing in a New England atmosphere had led him to look with suspicion on all use of fiction except possibly for occasional and somewhat hazardous entertainment. It was impossible for such a man to believe that the Book of Jonah might be more full of spiritual nutriment when read as a satirical romance than when read as a prosaic history. Yet, though

his view of the Bible belonged to the past cycles of thought, his use of the Bible was essentially modern. One of his published sermons is on the text, What think ye of Christ? A divine of the eighteenth century would have gathered from the Bible a great collection of texts and made a mosaic work out of them, regardless of the personality of the author. Not so Mr. Moody. He considers first what the enemies of Christ said of him—Caiaphas, Pilate, Judas; next what his friends and followers said of him—Peter, Thomas, Saul of Tarsus; and interprets the testimony of each by his character. It would only have been necessary to carry this principle a little further and he would have made account of the temperament of the writers of the various books, and have found a drama in the Song of Songs, an epic in the Book of Job, a historical romance in the Books of Ruth and Esther, and greater value in them all because of their variety. Granted his limitations; still it is true that no man in our time has done so much to promote a careful, comparative study of the Bible as Mr. Moody, and a study, if not always scholarly, always intelligent and spiritual.

Sometimes his theology and his religious experience came in conflict; when they did, he always kept his faith in his religious experience whatever happened to the theology—an excellent example to follow. The substitutional theory of the atonement is, as it appears to us, rooted in the doctrine that God's anger with the sinner must needs be appeased by a penalty borne by Another in the sinner's stead, before the sinner can be forgiven. Mr. Moody held to the substitutional theory, but repudiated the doctrine out of which it grew.

There was a time when I used to think more of the love of Jesus Christ than of God the Father. I used to think of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ had saved me. It seems to me now I could not have a false idea of God than that. Since I have become a father I have made this discovery: that it takes more love and self-sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die.

This is a very characteristic passage, not only because it illustrates the superior place which Mr. Moody always accorded to spiritual experience, but also because Mr. Moody's favorite theme was the love

of God, and no theological necessities, be they what they might, ever led him to limit that love or lessen his faith in it. The notion that he attempted to frighten men into the kingdom of God is derived either from absolute ignorance of his spirit and methods, or from a grossly false generalization based on some occasional and exceptional utterance. There are some natures so apathetic that they cannot distinguish between remorse and fear; such men, whatever literary culture may have done for them, are incapable of forming moral judgments of any value. Mr. Moody preached powerfully to men's consciences, but rarely to their fears, and, we are inclined to believe, never to mere physical fear. One of the most powerful of his sermons concerning future punishment is on the text, "Son, remember;" its simple aim is to compel his auditors to pass in awful review before their own consciences their past lives, as they will have to pass those lives before them when the adventitious aids to self-forgetfulness which this life furnishes have dropped away and the soul is left naked and alone with itself and its God.

Mr. Moody's ability as an organizer is attested by the monuments which he built in the Biblical School at Chicago, the Boys' School at Mount Hermon, the Girls' School at Northfield, and the Summer School of the Prophets at the latter place. This last was unique in that it was a school, not of theology, but of religion. That Henry Drummond did not believe in Mr. Moody's theories of the atonement, and that George Adam Smith did not believe in his theories of inspiration, did nothing to prevent Mr. Moody from inviting them to co-operate with him in this school. This breadth of Mr. Moody was catholicity, not toleration; it grew, not out of any indifference to what he regarded as error, but out of his profound faith that religion is more than theology, and his consequent instinctive habit of measuring the work and worth of men, not by their theologies, but by the spiritual results which they accomplished. One incident in his life, not perhaps generally known, affords a striking illustration of this guiding principle. At a time when Henry Ward Beecher was under suspicion in some quarters and under absolute though unofficial ban in others for his heresies, Mr.

Moody came to him to urge his co-operation in evangelistic work. "Other men," he said, "can carry on a pastorate; leave your pulpit and join with me; together we can sweep the country for Christ." Mr. Beecher took the proposition into serious consideration; had he accepted we cannot but wonder what would have been the result of such an itinerancy conducted by such apostles of the religion of faith, hope, and love.

The story of the outward life of such a man as Mr. Moody can be condensed after a fashion into a paragraph, as we have told it on another page; but the ramifications of its influence no pen can describe, no imagination can conceive. Its effects on theology have been its least effects; but they have been incalculable. For though Mr. Moody has done little directly to change the theological thought of his time, he has done a great deal to inspire its religious life; and those who believe that theology must always be the outgrowth of religion will believe that his theological influence is far greater and far more wholesome, because more vital, than either he or his contemporaries have imagined.

One of the most ancient creeds of the Catholic Church declares the sublimest fact in human history in a very simple phrase: "I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ . . . who for us men and our salvation came down from heaven." Mr. Moody believed that as he believed in his own existence. In this faith he received in extemporized confessionals, called inquiry meetings, more genuine heart-confessions than any priest of the Catholic Church, Anglican or Roman; in this faith he pronounced, with an authority not transcended by that of any priest, bishop, or archbishop, "absolution and remission of their sins" to "all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel." His message, delivered to more aching hearts than any but a celestial census can ever number, was, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." He declared this, not as a theological hypothesis based on a philosophy of God's love, but as a certain and indisputable fact, attested by the life, passion, and death of Christ and by his own experience. He was the last of that school of evangelists in which his predecessors were Whitefield, Finney,

Nettleton. His methods cannot in our time be successfully imitated by another. But so long as the Church holds to this ancient faith in a divine Helper and Saviour, and to its right to pronounce with authority, spiritual not ecclesiastical, the absolution and remission of sins, so long, though by new voices and in new methods, it will surprise and perplex journalists, historians, and philosophers by the power of the Glad Tidings of Christ, of which Dwight L. Moody was so illustrious a herald.



The Hoar Resolutions

Senator Hoar has introduced into the Senate a series of resolutions which would make interesting material for a debating society in a high school or a college. These resolutions affirm that the Republic "adheres to the doctrines which were in the past set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and in its National and State Constitutions;" that "the objects to which its political action ought to be directed are the ennobling of humanity, the raising from the dust its humblest and coarsest members, and the enabling of persons coming lawfully under its power or influence to live in freedom and in honor, under governments whose forms they are to have a share in determining and in whose administration they have an equal voice;" that to accomplish these objects it is necessary "to make the negro safe in his home, secure in his vote, equal in his opportunity for education and employment, and to bring the Indian to a civilization and culture in accordance with his need and capacity; to enable great cities to govern themselves in freedom, in honor, and in purity; to make the ballot-box as pure as a sacramental vessel; . . . to banish illiteracy and ignorance from the land; to secure for every workingman and every workingwoman wages enough to support a life of comfort, and an old age of leisure and quiet; . . . to grow and expand, over the continent and over the islands of the sea, just so fast, and no faster, as we can bring into equality and self-government, under our Constitution, people and races who will share these ideals and help to make them realities; to set a peaceful example of freedom which

mankind will be glad to follow, but never to force even freedom upon unwilling nations at the point of the bayonet or at the cannon's mouth; to abstain from interfering with the freedom and just rights of other nations or peoples, and to remember that the liberty to do right necessarily involves the liberty to do wrong; and that the American people has no right to take from any other people the birthright of freedom because of a fear that they will do wrong with it."

These resolutions appear to us in the main to set before the country noble ideals; but it is the business of the Senate, not to set before the country noble ideals, but to put into working operation such ideals as are at the time practicable of accomplishment. It is very desirable that great cities should govern themselves in freedom, in honor, and in purity, but we do not see what the Senate of the United States can do to promote such government in the various cities of the United States. Unless it can do something, discussion of municipal government is quite outside of the province of the Senate. It is in every way desirable that the negro should be safe in his home and enjoy equal opportunities with the white man for education and employment. Whether he should be secure in his vote depends, not upon the question whether he is a negro, but upon the question whether he has the proper qualifications for a voter. But it is much easier to affirm these rights than to frame any laws which will secure them, and much more important to frame a law which will secure them, even if it does so inadequately, than to affirm these rights. It is very desirable to banish illiteracy and ignorance from the land, and to secure for every workman and every workingwoman adequate wages. But the time of the Senate would be much better occupied in considering the questions, What can the Federal Government do through its Educational Department to banish illiteracy and ignorance, and what by legislation against trusts and monopolies, by modification of oppressive taxation and unnecessary tariffs, and by providing the means whereby the Federal Government can set a proper example as to hours and wages, if it does not do so already, to secure adequate compensation for workmen and workingwomen, than in dis-

cussing the abstract propositions which Mr. Hoar submits to it for its consideration. In short, it is not the business of the Senate either to create public opinion or to express it in platforms. This is the function of the press and the pulpit, public and private discussion, local and National gatherings, and the like. The function of the Senate, as a department of the Government, is to frame into organic law the public sentiment in favor of education, justice, and liberty which has been created, and make it operative and effective. We wish we might hope that the Senate would table these resolutions, and devote its time to a practical discussion of the correct methods for securing some of the benefits which Senator Hoar desires for his country. That body will better serve the country by taking one step in the direction of a single political reform than by passing a series of resolutions comprehensive enough to include a political millennium.



A Notable Drama

The English critics, even more than their American contemporaries, are given to sudden and rather uncritical outbursts of enthusiasm on the appearance of new writers. This is by no means an unpardonable fault in a fraternity which in former times was given to equally indiscriminating condemnation. More than one of the younger poets has been hailed as a new light in the firmament long before his orbit could be safely predicted or his magnitude discerned, and there have been, in consequence, many disappointments. There is reason to believe, however, that the general expression of delight which has greeted the appearance of Mr. Stephen Phillips's dramatic tragedy in four acts, "Paolo and Francesca," which bears the imprint of Mr. John Lane, has behind it sound judgment; a more beautiful piece of literature has not come from the pen of an English poet for a long time. Mr. Phillips is a young man who was unknown in this country until two or three years ago, when attention was called to him by the fact that a slender volume of verse from his hand was crowned by the London Academy. This volume, which was commented upon at length in *The Outlook* at

the time of its publication, contained several striking poems; among them, "The Woman with the Dead Soul," "Marpessa," and "Christ in Hades"—poems original in idea and form and beautiful in execution.

Although Mr. Phillips's career has been a short one, it has been full of varied experiences. He was at one time an actor, and has had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the stage requirements. "Paola and Francesca" was written for stage production, and will be presented in London some time during the spring. It is based upon one of the best-known tragedies in the history of the Italian noble families—a tragedy which has been immortalized by the matchless beauty and pathos of Dante's description in the Fifth Canto of the *Inferno*. It is primarily a poetical drama; but the English stage critics declare that it is also a good acting drama. If so, it is to be welcomed as bringing back to the stage some of its noblest traditions. Whether it succeeds or fails for stage purposes, it is a beautiful piece of literature, disclosing the finest imagination, the most delicate instinct, and the most sincere art. It is too early to say that it is great; but it is not too soon to affirm that nothing so promising has come from the hand of an English or American poet of late years. There are some faults in dramatic construction, but there are several scenes in which Mr. Phillips rises to a great height, not only of insight and passion, but of beautiful and captivating expression. The theme was not an easy one to handle, but it is conceived in entire purity of spirit, and it is faultlessly expressed, so far as fine feeling is concerned. One would have to go back a good many years to recall English blank verse of so good a quality. In handling this verse Mr. Phillips is not imitative; he seems to have mastered the secrets of its structure, to have caught its peculiar cadence, and to have combined, with the instinct of a true artist, simplicity, directness, and beauty. There are many lines in this play which are simply exquisite in the purity of their music. Such a piece of work cannot fail to stimulate other men in the same field, nor can it fail to encourage those who are eager to see the best traditions of English literature sustained. If

it is put upon the stage and has the opportunity of reaching the imagination of the public which loves plays more than books, it cannot fail to do something for their education.

The Memories of the Year

There are many facts which lead one to believe that nothing ever escapes the memory; that while the power of recollection may fail from time to time, the record, once made, although it becomes invisible, is made forever. It is probably inaccurate to say that a man ever loses all memory, for even those of whom this is said often, in moments of great excitement, recall vividly and describe accurately things which they were supposed to have utterly forgotten. Thus every man keeps within himself an indestructible record of his own life. He may cease to be able to read it for a time, but this loss of power is apparently only for a time. The light of vitality may sink so low that the words written on the tablet of the heart become illegible, but when that light flashes up again they are once more distinct. If this be true, not only is the unity of life assured and the integrity of personality preserved, but every man carries with him the explanation of his own career and the record of his own destiny. There is something terrible and at the same time sublime in the text, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee." When one comes to remember the things he would like to forget, the memory takes on the guise of an inexorable judge, but in so doing it is an unflinching friend. If it were possible to forget one's sins and blunders, the faculty of moral growth would be arrested. If one could go out of the old year into the new and carry nothing with him but the memory of agreeable things, without the consciousness of the failures, indulgences, and weaknesses of the year, there would be neither the tonic of repentance nor the spur to better living. Our past is not bound to us as the ball is chained to the criminal, to keep us in a place of punishment; it is given to us rather to remind us that the only moral safety is in moral progress, and that the man who has made a moral

mistake or committed a sin can never be sure of his safety until he has removed himself as far as possible from the scene and occasion of his weakness. The best thing about the memory of our evil deeds is the horror they give us of all associations with them, and the desire they create in us to remove ourselves from them as far as the ends of the earth. The best education of a year may not come from the things which seem happy in it, but from those which brought us at the moment the greatest unhappiness. There is no way of deciding what is spiritually fortunate or unfortunate at the time; our most grievous calamities are often seen later to have borne the fruit of greatest happiness, and what appeared to be at the moment our largest prosperities have turned later to ashes in our hands. The final value of every experience depends upon its spiritual result. No one can tell what seed is in the soil until the harvest is borne; the seed of apparent bitterness sometimes brings forth the flowers of peace.



The Spectator

The Spectator is not rich, and never expects to be. He is the more philosophic about it because he knows a good many rich people, and observes that wealth has certain positive drawbacks. To be beyond the reach of want, and unfamiliar with the pleasures of economy, necessarily cuts a man or woman off from the daily experiences of the majority of his or her kind, to begin with. The rich do not grapple with life at first hand; they are shut out of its keenest and most exciting contests. Unless they love money-making absorbingly (and many of them do not care for it at all), they are apt to be gently bored most of the time. The joy of ardently desiring some possession, and saving and struggling till it is gained and enjoyed, is not for them. They have only the tame and flat experience of getting whatever they fancy, before the fancy can grow into even a want. And, while thus cut off from normal human nature on the one hand, they are exposed to the danger of despising their kind through the greedy beggars and besieging parasites who always cluster around a fortune. "If I had not been poor for a large part of

my life," said one rich man to the Spectator the other day, "I would have no faith in the human race left to me;" and, though the remark was startling, it was not hard to understand.



Indeed, when it is once known that a person is rich, and rumored that he or she is generous, the pen of the letter-writer begins its harassing work. A woman of wealth, who does not exaggerate, and has a mind for arithmetic, was heard to complain lately that if she gave something to each of even the apparently worthy correspondents who daily appealed to her, she would have to close her house, dismiss her servants, board in a model lodging-house, and perhaps come to writing begging letters herself before the year was out; and this contention she supported by figures. "Nobody is ever grateful, either," she said. "Those you give to once always expect you to give again, as if they had a valid claim on you forever; and those you don't give to call you mean; and, altogether, it's one of the problems that vex the soul." Yet, being a good woman, she goes on patiently toiling through her daily mail, and portioning out what she has to give, even while recognizing the thanklessness of her task.



But, though the correspondence of a rich person may be depressing to him on account of begging letters and greedy demands, there are some alleviations if he has a sense of humor. The Spectator has one friend who owns a handsome house, with a fine lawn, just outside the small town where he lives. There is not a charitable or public enterprise in the town to which this rich man does not generously subscribe, and he has an unusual conscientiousness as to using his wealth for the good of the community. Not long ago, in his mail, he found a letter from an Irish day-laborer given to drink, whose family he had been befriending, proposing that, as Mr. B—— had so much ground, he should build a little house on his front lawn for his correspondent, and give it to him rent free for the rest of his life, with enough land around it to raise potatoes and cabbages in. "And then," added the writer, with fine

and unconscious humor, "I shood not have to be beholden to you enny more."

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Another wealthy friend—a woman this time—who is much interested in social matters and entertains delightfully, lately received a letter which ran as follows:

My Dear Mrs. L—: My daughter Louise, after finishing her course at the high school, is ready to enter society. My husband's salary is not sufficient to give her such a coming-out party as she ought to have if she is to be a social success. She is handsome and dances well. I know you would like her to have a chance. It would take me about a thousand dollars to give her a coming-out party and buy her dresses and flowers for the winter, so I write to ask if you will send me this. I do not know if Mr. L— remembers my husband, but he used to go to school with him.

Mr. L— did not remember his quondam schoolfellow, and the signature was an entirely strange one to Mrs. L—; but on inquiry she found that the writer was the wife of a bookkeeper in an insurance office. It is needless to say that her soaring ambitions were not gratified.

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If these are samples of the requests received by ordinarily rich people, it can be faintly imagined how the possessors of famous fortunes are besieged. The private secretaries of the Vanderbilts and Goulds and Astors must have many strange tales to tell. Indeed, just after the death of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, the newspapers gave some very interesting details as to the continual claims made upon him from every quarter and for every conceivable object, personal or charitable. "Poor fellow!" said a rich man, himself a philanthropist, when Mr. Carnegie imprudently announced, in retiring from business this year, that he expected to give still more of his time and money to philanthropic aims; "he'll have to take refuge in Central Asia for the next six months if he wants any peace!" And, sure enough, the flood of correspondence that inundated the millionaire's Scotch castle soon drove him out of it.

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The secretary of the late Mr. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, was wont to tell a story of a touching appeal from a woman whose husband was in one of the departments. She wrote Mr. Corcoran a

long and eloquent letter, setting forth her need of a coupé. She could not pay her calls without it, and if she did not pay her calls she would have no social influence, and it was precisely her social influence which was necessary to help her husband forward, and provide for the future of her sons and daughter. The cost of a coupé, she explained, was quite beyond her husband's modest income, and she had therefore, at first, thought of asking Mr. Corcoran for it. But the more she thought about it, the more evident it became that, even if the coupé was given to her, the cost of keeping it up would be too great for the family finances—and she was very particular, she added, never to run into debt. The only course open seemed to be, therefore, to request Mr. Corcoran for an endowed coupé, so to speak, the gift including not only the vehicle, but a fixed sum each year for its maintenance. It was a most persuasive and convincing document, and there is certainly something about an endowed coupé that appeals to one's imagination—but, alas! Mr. Corcoran was obdurate, and she never got it.

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One rich acquaintance of the Spectator has solved the problem of his correspondence in a summary manner. He has adopted the rule—and let it be widely known—that he never gives anything to any one who asks for it. The incautious manager of any charity who sends even a circular to him is cut off at once. An applicant for alms is doomed by the first line he writes. Yet this does not prevent this man of wealth from being largely and truly generous. His checks, for goodly sums, are sent yearly to many charities, and any new enterprise for the public good is looked into and helped if worthy, while his private benefactions are large and constant. He certainly saves two things—his own time and other people's self-respect—in no small measure. The Spectator is not sure that his example would not be a good one for all rich people to adopt—but, then, what would become of the private secretaries and the post-office? Perhaps it is just as well for the rich to have this trial, since, as before remarked, it goes far to reconcile the rest of mankind to being poor.

The Cohesive Elements of British Imperialism

By Alleyne Ireland

[Our readers will like to have a few personal notes about the author of this article. Mr. Ireland is a native of Manchester, England. His father was Alexander Ireland, the proprietor of the Manchester "Examiner and Times" and the friend and biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. His mother was the author of the "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle." He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and subsequently studied at Berlin University. During the past twelve years Mr. Ireland has spent most of his time in the British Colonies. He lived for three years in Australia, and later spent seven years in the West Indies and in South America. During his stay in the West Indies he devoted himself to a study of tropical labor, taking the practical course of working on the sugar estates as an overseer. During the past two years he has contributed a number of articles to the leading magazines in this country. The more important of these are "European Experience with Tropical Colonies" and "Briton and Boer in South Africa," contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly," and "The Labor Problem in the Tropics," which appeared in the "Popular Science Monthly." Mr. Ireland has recently published a volume on "Tropical Colonization," and has in the press a volume on "The Anglo-Boer Conflict."—THE EDITORS.]

ON June 22, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated throughout the British Empire. As her Majesty left Buckingham Palace to take part in that magnificent procession which marched through the streets of London to the accompaniment of the frenzied applause of three millions of people, she touched an electric button, and forthwith there went out to every part of the British dominions a message—to glaring, sun-scorched Aden, to the sweet green slopes of Barbados, to the lands where the Southern Cross hangs right overhead, to the wide waste-lands flushed by the Northern Lights—a simple message of greeting, "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

I was in British Guiana at the time, and heard the Governor of the Colony read the Queen's message in a public place to a large crowd of colonists.

Now, the point is this: Why should that crowd of negroes, coolies, Portuguese, and half-breeds have given itself up to the most enthusiastic expressions of delight? Why should there have been such a throwing up of caps, such a cheering and hurraing, such a lusty singing of the national anthem? Why, later in the day, should many thousands of people in that little, out-of-the-way colony close under the Line have gathered in and around the cathedral to offer up their heartfelt

thanks to God that a monarch whom they had never seen should have been spared to rule for sixty years in an island whose shores they had never visited? Why should the crowd which gathered round the Queen's statue that afternoon to hear the school-children sing "God Save the Queen" have been moved with one accord to join their voices to the childish anthem, until the song became a chorus, the chorus a joyful tumult? Why, when the swift tropical night had fallen, could I look out across the land and see glowing everywhere amidst the palms and the bread-fruit trees, shining from the thickets of oleanders and hibiscus, in every house and hut, a lantern, or at least a candle, alight by way of rejoicing?

Why? The answer would fill volumes; it would be a history of British colonization. But, apart from matters of sentiment or emotion, there are so many things to be accounted for in the British colonies that there should be some interest even in a most brief and inadequate survey of the cohesive factors of British imperialism. For instance, I might continue my questionings in another direction, thus: Why do we find in the annals of the negro colonies of Great Britain no record of outrages on white women? Why is the page unstained by the story of a lynching? Why do we find a mulatto occupying the high office of Chief Justice in a British colony having a population of twenty

thousand whites? Why do we see the negro freely permitted to cast his vote in a British colony in which he forms a majority of the electorate? Why is the majority of the legislature in such a colony composed of colored men, the white population quietly acquiescing in the arrangement?

The statements implied in the foregoing questions indicate the existence of strong elements of cohesion in the British Empire. What are those elements? To deal only with the more obvious ones, it seems to me that we must claim predominance for four distinct factors—the high sense of personal loyalty to the sovereign, the absolute incorruptibility of British justice, the swift and strong executive power behind the colonial administrators, and the universal honesty and almost universal efficiency of the British Colonial Civil Service.

As regards the first, it is impossible for any one who has not lived in the British colonies to realize what a mighty force this loyalty is. I have seen a man almost torn to pieces for refusing to drink the Queen's health at a banquet in Melbourne; I have seen a drunken French sailor in St. Lucia soundly thrashed by a negro porter for spitting on a picture of the Queen in an illustrated paper. One must understand that there exists throughout the British colonies that sentiment which in these days is driving London wild over the abominable and vile attacks made on the Queen by the French "yellow press." It is in neglecting to count in this element of personal devotion to the sovereign throughout the colonies that Continental Europe falls into an absurd error when it congratulates itself on the smallness of the British army.

It may be said that the feeling is ridiculous, that it is incapable of bearing a logical examination. What if the Queen dies? What if you get a sovereign who is unworthy of the throne? Why should all these millions have any such feelings for a woman whom they have never seen? Such questions are idle. We may not be able to explain this loyalty on any scientific theory; but there is the fact. That the Queen must some day die we English realize with sad hearts. I, for one, am proud to be able to say that I know no Englishman who would not cheerfully lay

down his life that hers might be spared a while longer. But after her death we shall be bound together as closely by our common grief as during her life by our common love.

I have placed loyalty to the Queen first among the cohesive elements of British imperialism because the other factors which I have named are intimately associated with her reign, and are to a large extent the product of her influence.

Of the incorruptibility of British justice in England there is, I believe, a very general recognition. That the same quality marks British justice in the colonies, and more particularly that it is a characteristic of its administration in those colonies where the inhabitants belong to the inferior races, is not, I think, so universally appreciated. I give two instances which fell under my notice when I was in the West Indies. In British Guiana the labor supply consists chiefly of contract laborers imported from Calcutta. One of the conditions of the contract is that no deduction from the wages of the laborers can be made by an employer for any reason whatever. One night the watchman in a sugar-factory went to sleep while on duty, with the result that a fire occurred ending in the loss of thousands of dollars' worth of property. The planter in his anger refused to pay the watchman his wage for that night, on the ground that he had been hired to watch and he had not watched. The man appealed to the courts. The judge gave a verdict for the laborer and delivered a severe reprimand to the planter, whose action he characterized as an outrage.

Another instance which is instructive occurred last year in one of the West Indian islands. The Administrator of the island, the highest resident official, a man who had been in the British service for many years, committed a violent assault on a negro. There were some unpleasant details in the affair, and a woman was involved. The negro sued the Administrator before a magistrate, and obtained a conviction against him. There was no attempt to hush the matter up, and the Administrator stood convicted before the whole community. The outcome was that the official was dismissed from the colonial service.

I could quote a score of cases which

passed under my notice in which common negro or coolie laborers have secured verdicts against some of the most prominent white men in their communities.

At any rate, here is a great cohesive element—the absolute conviction in the minds of the masses that under British rule the highest official, the most powerful civilian, holds no advantage under the law over the meanest peasant or the poorest laborer.

To one acquainted with the judicial system in the British tropical colonies it is not surprising that this confidence should prevail.

All judicial appointments are made by the Crown, and only those men who have undergone a legal training and have been called to the Bar in one of the Inns of Court in London are eligible. But if a man possesses this qualification, no consideration of color or creed is allowed to weigh for or against him. Several instances are within my knowledge of negroes in humble positions in the British West Indies who have saved up their earnings in order to send a son to England to study for the Bar, and have lived to see such a son appointed to a magistracy.

All appointments to the judiciary in the British colonies are for life or during good behavior; and although it is most unusual for any judicial officer to so conduct himself as to merit dismissal, such cases have occurred on rare occasions and the officer has been promptly dismissed from the service. A case occurs to my mind in which the Chief Justice of British Guiana, some time during the seventies, was dismissed from his office after a Government Commission had inquired into certain charges made against him by the colonists. The circumstance has a double interest in that the dismissal followed the recommendation of a Commission composed of fellow-officials of the Chief Justice.

No judge or magistrate in the British colonies is allowed to engage in any occupation of any kind outside the exercise of his judicial functions, and the title "judge" belongs only to those officials who are actually in active service on the bench. If the result is that we appear somewhat scantily supplied with "judges," the custom has obvious advantages by way of compensation.

The salaries of the judges are high, and

place them entirely beyond the necessity of possessing private means. For instance, the Chief Justice of British Guiana, a colony with a population of 280,000, receives a salary of \$10,000, and the puisne judges receive \$7,500 each.

An excellent rule is observed in the appointment of colonial judges, namely, that connection with a colony by birth, family ties, or otherwise, disqualifies a man for appointment in that particular colony. This rule, it may be added, applies only to the higher fiscal appointments.

The independence of the judiciary is further protected by a tradition that the judges in a colony shall refrain from making extensive social relations among the colonists. It is felt, and with some justice, that the natives would not be edified by the spectacle of the judge dining at night with Mr. So-and-So, the rich merchant, and then adjudicating next day on some case in which he was concerned. The result is that the judges, as a rule, confine their circle of acquaintances to a few of the higher officials.

The strength of the executive power vested in the local authorities throughout the British colonies has served to mold the character of the lower races under British rule. Absolute freedom of speech is allowed in all the British colonies. You may convene public meetings for the purpose of calling the Governor an ass and a popinjay; you may write columns in the newspapers advocating all sorts of violence (except in India, where the circumstances are peculiar). The authorities will look on and smile indulgently. But start a riot, commit violence, destroy property, and, heigh, presto! the line is crossed, and down comes the strong hand. And it is to be noted—*first*, the violence is stopped; *then*, when all is quiet again, the inquiry takes place, the blame is fixed, and the civil law takes its course. It took England many, many years to learn this first simple lesson in the psychology of control; and volumes might be written containing nothing but the record of those unhappy experiences through which this wisdom was attained. Now the character of the people is being molded under the continued pressure of the consistent policy of "Talk all you will, but no violence." As the children in our tropical colonies grow to manhood and pass on to old age,

they are unable to find precedents which justify a hope that violence may go unpunished or that crime may go undetected. And when they observe that it is not only the black man who is held back from violence, but that the white man also must stay his hand in fear of the consequences, the strong confidence in the righteousness of British rule is borne in upon the natives, and we have another cohesive element in our Empire.

Before passing to the British Colonial Civil Service, I may digress for a moment in order to point out the wisdom of England in adopting several different forms of government in her Empire. It is true that this policy affords the world the curious spectacle of such widely diverse systems as the democratic rule in the United Kingdom and the autocratic Crown Colony government existing under one flag; but it is in facing the fact that democratic institutions are not suited for all men, instead of trying to fit the facts to a preconceived theory to the contrary, that England has shown her good sense.

Thus we find all the British colonies in which the population is of English stock enjoying complete self-government. In these colonies the Crown has no power to levy taxes or to decide in what manner the revenue must be expended. The legislature is elected by the people, and the only appointment within the gift of the Crown is the Governorship. It is interesting to note that all the British colonies enjoying complete self-government lie outside the tropics.

The colonies within the tropics are governed under one or another of two systems—the Crown Colony system, or the system under which there exist representative institutions without responsible government.

The former system places the affairs of the colony in the hands of trained officials who are under the immediate control of the Colonial Office, and it possesses this advantage, that the administrators are free from local prejudice and are unhampered by the constant antagonism of local elected assemblies.

The latter system is more liberal in spirit, for it enables the people of the colony to voice their sentiments through their representatives in the local legislatures, and places in the hands of the pop-

ular body the raising of taxes and the granting of the civil list. But, as the Crown has the power of controlling all legislation in the last resort, the representation is, in fact, effective only so long as the legislation follows the lines approved by the Colonial Office.

In the tropical colonies enjoying representative institutions voters are required to have a property qualification; but no distinction of race or color is made, and in several of these colonies the majority of the electorate consists of colored men. As the colored man has his vote in fact as well as on paper, it is not unusual to see a majority of the elected members of a local legislature colored men.

But the colonial system of Great Britain would be a miserable failure, despite the good intentions of the Home Government, were it not that the administrative work is in the hands of honest and capable men.

The honesty of the civil servants in Greater Britain is attested by the fact that during the past twenty years there have not been brought to light a dozen cases of official corruption in the higher branches of the service, which administers the affairs of about 400,000,000 people. Although the efficiency of the service is of a high order, I do not think it is equal to its honesty; but the system is worked in the manner best calculated to secure men of ability, and the course of training insures the development of the best powers that lie in a man.

A youth enters the service in some humble capacity, and is moved about freely from one part of the Empire to another. By the time he reaches a post of responsibility he has accumulated an amount of experience in administrative work which enables him to face his duties with a wholesome conviction that he can honorably acquit himself. He has his life's work before him. He knows that promotion lies in his own hands, that when the Colonial office is considering his advancement it will not ask, What is this man's color? what are his politics? but simply, What is this man's working record?

The service offers high salaries, permanence of appointment, liberal provisions for leave, a pension or provision for widows and orphans, and unlimited scope

for the realization of all reasonable ambitions. This being so, it is easy to understand that men of a high type are eager to enter the examinations for Civil Service appointments, and that consequently the Government has a wide range of selection.

The *morale* of the service is high, for, in addition to the ordinary motives which guide gentlemen in their actions, the conviction is present in the mind of each member that, if he so conduct himself as to bring discredit on the honorable service to which he belongs, no influence will save him from dismissal. One of the strongest cohesive factors in the British Empire is the belief which exists among all classes that, whatever may be the mistakes of policy, whatever the blunders of local officials, the money paid for the expenses of government is expended for the public good, and does not go into the pockets of the rulers.

The spirit which animates the Colonial Service of Great Britain is that of a true realization of the beauty and excellence of honest work, of satisfaction in obstacles overcome, of joy in the accomplished thing.

Were the guiding Genius of British imperialism to address the youth setting out on his career as a colonial servant, we may imagine her saying: "Go to the man with whom you have to deal, learn his language, study his habits, enter into his life, understand his superstitions, rejoice with him, mourn with him, heal his sick, respect his dead, stand by his side in work and in play, in health and in sickness. And as time passes your work will become a tradition, a tradition by which the natives will measure every new man and by which every new man will measure his work. And when you have taught the native that you are not with him to make money out of him, to wean him from his gods, to

oppress him and ill use him, and when he has taught you to understand the strange workings of his heart, to sympathize with the ever-present conflict within him of strong emotions and a weak will, you will reap that reward which cannot be measured by any standard—the knowledge that as a man you have gone out into the waste places of the earth and done man's work."

After this article had gone to the printer news arrived of serious reverses to British arms in South Africa. The British Empire is on trial before the whole world, and we see all the British colonies eager to afford assistance to the mother country in the time of her need. The question which is being settled is whether England is powerful enough to protect her subjects throughout the world, whether there is or is not any significance to the expression, "*Civis Britannicus sum*." My own feeling is that England has never been called on to face a situation so full of dangerous possibilities, and that now is the time when the moral fiber of the British Empire is to be put to the test. It will be seen whether the cohesive elements of British Imperialism are powerful enough to preserve the unity of the Empire in such a crisis as this, when almost the whole of Europe is rejoicing over the temporary failure of British military power, when the foe she is fighting is encouraged and assisted by the presence and advice of European military experts. For my part, I have no fear as to the ultimate issue of the present conflict. Despite the hostility of Europe, nay, even should that hostility take the form of intervention, the day has not come when the magnificent edifice of British Imperialism, with all that it means for humanity, civilization, and progress, is to clatter to the ground like a house of cards.

CUBAN CHARACTER

The Second of Two Papers Supplementary to "The Regeneration of Cuba"

By George Kennan, Special Commissioner of The Outlook to Cuba

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ALTHOUGH education can hardly be regarded as a habit, or a trait of character, it has so important a bearing upon human impulse and conduct that in any estimate of character it must duly be taken into account. I will say briefly, therefore, that the Cuban people generally are not only uneducated, in the wide scientific sense of that word, but illiterate. Until we get the tabulated results of the census of the island which has recently been taken under direction of General J. P. Sanger, we may not be able to say exactly what proportion of the Cuban population can read and write; but an approximate estimate may be made upon the basis of already existing data. According to a report made by Brigadier-General Ludlow to Major-General Brooke in April last, an educational qualification—that is, ability to read and write—as a condition precedent to appointment on the Havana police force, kept out of that force twenty-four out of every twenty-five applicants from the rank and file of the Cuban army. In an interview published in the New York "Sun" on the 18th of November last, General Ludlow said that at that time eighty per cent. of the Cuban people were illiterate; that there were practically no public schools in existence; and that it would cost \$3,000,000 to establish a public-school system in Havana alone. The Havana correspondent of the New York "Sun" made a special investigation of this subject in October last about the time of the appointment of Mr. A. E. Frye, of Boston, as superintendent of Cuban schools. He reported, as the result of his inquiries, that there were then on the island about

250,000 children of school age, while the number actually attending school, as shown by reports on file at the division headquarters, was only 22,000. The best and most trustworthy estimates I could get of Cuban illiteracy varied from seventy to ninety per cent. of the total existing population.

In view of these facts and figures, it is safe, I think, to assume that at the present time only one Cuban child out of twelve is attending school, and only one Cuban adult out of five can read or write.

An illiterate man, however, is not necessarily and always an uneducated man. Education, in the wide meaning of the term, is any training which fits a human being to deal intelligently and successfully with all the features of his environment; and a Cuban might be illiterate without being either ignorant or incapable. I have known Russian peasants who could neither read nor write, but who, nevertheless, were men of intelligence and capacity, and men whose unscholastic training had fitted them to deal not only with all the laws and facts of their ordinary environment, but even with sudden, unusual, and unforeseen emergencies. I do not call such a man uneducated, even though he be illiterate. The average Cuban, however, is not a man of this class. So far as I have been able to observe him, he is not only illiterate, but lacking in the capacity which comes from thought and endeavor. To take a concrete illustration: When the Russian peasant went into northeastern Asia, he found himself in a new environment, and had to adapt himself to a new set of circumstances. In his original home he had

been accustomed to use carts and horses. In sub-arctic Siberia he was compelled to adopt sledges and dogs. Finding the native Korak sledge unsuitable, he devised and constructed another, which was so perfectly adapted to his environment and his needs that, after three years' constant use of it in the same field and for the same purposes, I was unable to suggest or think of a single possible improvement. Now compare this with the behavior of the Cuban in dealing with the important problem of transportation. Whether he found his present cart in Cuba when he arrived there, or whether he brought it with him from Spain, I cannot say; but it does not show, in its construction, the slightest evidence of thought or reasoning power. In design it is the rudest, clumsiest two-wheeled vehicle that I have ever known to be made by any one, except, perhaps, a six-year-old boy. Instead of putting the axletree and wheels under the middle of the cart, where they would support the load, the Cuban puts them at the extreme rear end of the floor or platform, just as a small boy would make a toy cart by putting an axle through an empty spool from his mother's work-basket and then tying sticks to the ends of this axle for thills. The load floor of the Cuban cart rests on the thills, in front of the wheels; and the weight of the load is, therefore, divided between the wheels and the horse; so that the unfortunate animal has to carry one-half of it on a chronically sore back and drag the other half.

In all his dealings with domestic animals the Cuban is equally stupid. He rides his horse with a cruel, long-shanked curb-bit which tortures to no purpose, and, if he packs a horse or a mule, he cinches the heavy pack on with a single girth of rather thin webbing, hardly two inches wide, which wrinkles to a width of one inch when wet and then saws back and forth, with the swaying of the pack, until it has cut a bloody gash in the animal's belly. The idea of using a broad girth of heavy leather, which would neither wrinkle nor cut, seems never to have occurred to him. He yokes his oxen, always and everywhere, by lashing a heavy beam across their horns, and then he fastens this beam rigidly to the pole, so that every lurch of the wagon gives a violent jerk and shock to the animals'

heads. He says they don't mind it; but I should like to yoke him up in that way once as an experiment, and drive him eight or ten miles over a Cuban road. It might not change his practice, because he doesn't care a proverbial soumarkee whether an animal suffers or not; but it would afford great satisfaction to me, even if it did not break his neck. Perhaps one-half of the so-called cruelty of Cubans to their domestic animals is the result of stolid indifference to all suffering except their own. The other three-quarters is nothing but sheer, downright intellectual stupidity in riding, packing, yoking, or harnessing the beasts.

In his domestic economy the average Cuban exhibits no more intelligence or ingenuity than is required to thatch a roof with palm-leaves, fashion a gourd into a drinking-cup, or make a rude pail out of a section of bamboo. He has no cottage industries; he shows no skill or art in the working of metals; his machete is "made in Germany" or in New England; and his hoe, which he makes himself, is shaped like an adze, has a handle two feet and a half long, and breaks the back of the user.

The poorest and most ignorant Russian peasant shows not only acquired skill but innate love of beauty in the form and decoration of his home-made spoon, knife, bowl, or wooden carafe. The only ornamented implement or utensil of domestic manufacture that I ever saw in Cuba was an etched cup or a bowl, made out of a cocoanut or a gourd. The semi-civilized Tatar of western Siberia, and the barbaric mountaineer of Daghestan, work the precious metals into forms that are graceful, original, and beautiful enough to excite and deserve the admiration of the best silversmiths and designers in western Europe. The only silver objects made by the Cuban, so far as I have been able to discover, are cheap bracelets in imitation of foreign models, and small silver teeth, ears, noses, or stomachs, which he hangs as votive offerings before the shrines of his saints, in order that the latter may relieve him from toothache, earache, stomachache, or nosebleed. These anatomical models may be good enough for the saints; but as specimens of skillful handiwork, or evidences of artistic taste, they leave much to be desired.

In the course of a long search for im-

plements, utensils, and ornaments of Cuban manufacture that I could take as presents to my friends in the United States, I visited stores, markets, pawnbroker-shops, and private houses in all parts of the island; but the only things I could find that showed delicate workmanship or artistic feeling were tortoise-shell canes, made by a single artisan in the town of Baracoa. Here and there I discovered interesting things that had been brought or imported from Spain; but of Cuban manufacture, nothing—except cigars.

If a judgment may fairly be based on the interior decoration of churches in such towns as Santiago, Baracoa, and Santa Clara, the color sense of the average Cuban is rudimentary, if not perverted. In music he offers nothing that can be compared for a moment with the folk-songs of Poland, Russia, or the Caucasus. I heard dance-music and native singing in various parts of the island; but the prevalent dance-music seemed to me to be nothing more than a curious and interesting importation from equatorial Africa, while the vocal melodies were generally monotonous and unattractive. The national hymn known as the "Bayamesa" was the best song I heard; but whether the melody of it was composed in Cuba or brought from Spain I do not know.

As observers of nature, all the Cuban country people whose acquaintance I happened to make on the island were indifferent and superficial. They had some knowledge of trees, shrubs, and plants, that could be made practically useful in the pursuits of domestic life; but for the most striking and beautiful flowers of the field or forest they often had no names. Even in the cultivation of useful plants they showed little, if any, intelligent or discriminating interest. Potatoes from northern seed yield in Cuba two abundant crops a year; and yet even the local markets are supplied chiefly from the United States. Cabbages grow abundantly, and are of excellent quality; but they, too, are imported in large quantities from America. Dates, figs, oranges, limes, lemons, melons, and pomegranates thrive in Cuba, and many of them are found there in a wild state; but no serious attempt has ever been made, so far as I know, to cultivate them for export. Not one Cuban in a thousand shows any curi-

osity about, or interest in, the minerals and ores which crop out in ledges along the hillsides of the eastern provinces; and the mining industries of the island, with few exceptions, are in the hands of foreigners. This indifference to and neglect of natural products is attributable in part, of course, to heavy taxation on exports, and other Spanish methods of exaction and repression; but it is also attributable in large part to Cuban ignorance and indifference.

Such, in brief, are the facts upon which I base my opinion that the average Cuban is both illiterate and uneducated. That he is susceptible of education, in every sense of the word, I have not the least doubt; and the eagerness of Cuban boys to learn, which was apparent in every school I visited, seemed to me one of the most encouraging features of the situation. If we could govern Cuba until we had educated and trained a new generation of Cubans, I should feel that we might turn the island over to them without hesitation and without fear; but, unfortunately, we have to deal, at present, with the "children of the cats."

That the Cubans are often, if not generally, selfish, or at least unsympathetic and inconsiderate in their treatment of one another, is a statement that I make with some hesitation and reserve, because it is subject to a good many striking and noteworthy exceptions. I referred in a previous article to the acceptance by General Gomez of banquets which cost from \$600 to \$1,200 each, and his apparent neglect of the soldiers who marched in his triumphal processions and served as his escort. Cuban officers of lower rank behaved in very much the same way, attending balls and receptions in expensive new uniforms, while they left their men to go ragged and hungry in the streets.

According to an estimate furnished me by the sanitary inspector of the United States Marine Hospital Service at Havana, the money spent for public balls and dances in that city every week last winter would have fed at least one thousand Cuban reconcentrados, who, through no fault of their own, were sick, destitute, or half-starved. As the Cuban officers in Cienfuegos and Santa Clara neglected their hungry and ragged soldiers, so the dance-loving people of Havana neglected

the wives, widows, and children of dead or absent men who had fought to make Cuba free. If this be not unsympathetic and inconsiderate behavior, I do not know what to call it.

On the other hand, I saw in many parts of the island unmistakable evidences of enlightened public spirit, and was brought into contact with not a few organizations and individuals whose altruistic activity was most commendable and beneficent. Madame Martha Abreu de Estevez founded and endowed in Santa Clara a free hospital and dispensary, where several thousand poor Cuban children now receive aid or treatment every year; the Santa Clara and Cienfuegos Railroad Company transported free of charge, from the seacoast to the interior, American rations enough to feed twenty thousand people for a year; Madame Paradela, wife of the superintendent of that railroad, fed several hundred reconcentrados for months at her own personal expense; while General Betancourt, Manuel L. Diaz, and the Mayor of Matanzas, Doctors Questa and Salas in Santa Clara, Dr. Silveira and Mr. Rojas in Cardenas, as well as many other Cubans whom I could name, were personally interested or actively engaged in charitable and relief work. Most of these men and women, however, had traveled or been educated in the United States; so that while they show what Cubans may become, they do not represent Cubans generally, as the latter really are.

In dealing with the religious side of the Cuban character I might perhaps adopt the short and easy method of the Irish historian, whose chapter on "The Snakes of Ireland" comprised only the words, "There are no snakes in Ireland." If there be any deep, sincere religious feeling in the character of the average Cuban, it must be either hidden or disguised. It does not show itself in attendance at church, because, even in towns of from six to ten thousand inhabitants, the number of male worshipers at a Sunday morning service rarely exceeds fifteen or twenty. That it does not show itself in conduct appears with sufficient clearness, I think, from the illustrations of Cuban untrustworthiness given in my previous article on this same subject. So far as my observation and experience qualify

me to form and express a judgment, I am of opinion that Cuban religion is what mathematicians call a "negligible quantity," and that in the Western Hemisphere there are few missionary fields more urgently in need of cultivation than is this same island of Cuba.

If the most serious and deplorable vice of the Cuban, in all social relations, be his untrustworthiness, his most serious fault in the comparatively limited field of public and political life is his excitability, his proneness to speak and act on hasty and unconsidered impulse, and his ineradicable tendency to exaggeration. These may seem like separate and distinct characteristics; but they are all definitely connected and interrelated. If the Cuban were not so excitable, he would not act and speak so often upon unconsidered impulse; and if he were not so hasty, he would not be half so likely to exaggerate.

Illustrations of this characteristic, in all its phases, are so abundant that I hardly know what to select. A typical case, perhaps, may be found in the discreditable row at the funeral of the late General Garcia in Havana on the 11th of February last.

In accordance with arrangements made by a Cuban committee, Major-General Brooke, who, by virtue of his office, represented not merely the United States, but the only *de facto* government on the island, was requested to ride in the funeral procession directly behind the members of General Garcia's family. Accompanied by the officers of his staff, he took the position assigned him, and the procession started from the palace. A few moments later, a Cuban officer, acting under direction of Mr. Freyre Andrade, President of the Cuban Assembly, rode up to the column and ordered General Brooke's staff to fall back and give place to Cuban soldiers. General Brooke, very properly, declined to be separated from his staff; whereupon Mr. Andrade ordered all Cuban officers and soldiers to withdraw and take no further part in the ceremonies. The Cuban army, as well as the members of the Assembly, did withdraw, amid cries of "Viva Cuba Libre," "Out with the Yankees," and "Viva Aguinaldo;" and many of the Cuban officers, including several generals, proceeded to the café of the Hotel Ingla-

terra, where, according to the Cuban newspaper "La Lucha," "they sat in the most prominent position, drinking champagne while Garcia's body was passing." Justice Lanuza, who had intended to deliver the funeral oration, withdrew from the procession with the members of the Assembly; "La Discusion" denounced General Brooke fiercely as an "arbitrary tyrant;" and "hot-headed scatterbrains talked about taking the field against the American army. Even thousands of the better class of Cubans—men of courage and brains—were to be seen at every turn making denunciations of America and the Americans" ("La Lucha," February 13, 1899).

The only comment which it seems necessary to make upon this extraordinary performance is that made by the Cuban newspaper just quoted: "The whole affair is particularly unfortunate as being indicative of the childish and impetuous nature possessed by many of the prominent men of the island."

The proceedings of the Cuban Assembly in connection with President McKinley's gift of \$3,000,000 to the Cuban army would have been regarded as "childish" and discreditable by the twelve-year-old boys in the Congress of the George Junior Republic. For example: General Sanguilly, amid applause, described parts of the message of General Gomez to the Cuban army and people as "deliberate lies;" Generals Aguerro and Portuondo referred to it as a "lying statement;" General Mayia Rodriguez called Gomez and Quesada not only liars, but "traitors," and both of the last-named gentlemen were forthwith expelled or deposed, without trial or hearing, by unanimous vote. Then the "Junta of Cuban Generals" got together and dismissed from the army twenty-four other generals of the Assembly faction *en bloc*, while the partisans of Gomez declared that the elections which gave the members of the Assembly their seats were "voidable for illegality and political jobbery."

About the same time, a Cuban officer named Hernandez wrote a letter to the Havana newspaper "La Lucha," in which he denounced General Gomez as a "despot." Gomez retorted with the counter-check quarrelsome that Hernandez was a "coward." Hernandez thereupon pro-

ceeded to get even by publishing alleged incidents of a discreditable nature in General Gomez's private life.

All these charges and countercharges, dismissals and exchanges of abusive epithets, suggest the preliminary stages of a semi-annual revolution in one of the republics of Central America. I have referred to them, however, not for this reason, but merely for the purpose of illustrating the excitability and hot-headed recklessness of the Cuban character. When Juan Gualberto Gomez, a member of the Cuban Assembly, declared in a speech at a public banquet in Havana that "the Americans are worse than the Spaniards," he did not say what he really believed, but simply let himself be carried off his feet by the rush of a hasty, passionate impulse. When General Collazo said, in a letter to Quesada, that the American authorities in Cuba "calmly enter private houses without excuse other than that of scrubbing the furniture," he simply let himself be carried away by the Cuban disposition to oppose sanitary reform and exaggerate facts. When General Avelino Rosas—one of Garcia's generals—published a signed article in the "Diario de la Marina," in which he said, "The American government is worse than Weyler's, and the inhumane blockade, established by the United States, exterminated the pacificos," he was simply telling what he believed to be a plain, straight Cuban lie.

Now, the natural and inevitable drift of this personal abuse, reckless statement, gross exaggeration, and intentional falsehood, is not in the direction of social and political order, but rather in the direction of complete anarchy. Men who treat social and political questions in this crazy way are sure to separate into embittered and irreconcilable factions, which will fight one another at the first opportunity. The well-informed Havana correspondent of the New York "Sun" enumerates twelve factional Cuban parties already in existence, including the "Cuban National Party," the "National Republican Party," the "Veterans' League," the "Annexation Party," and the "Party of Independence or Death"—each with its own newspaper organ.

The Russians, whose natural tendency is in the direction of association and general co-operation, and who have little

sympathy with the factional spirit, declare proverbially that "Where there are two Poles, there are three parties." If they knew the Cubans, they would carry the exaggeration a little further, and declare that "Where there are three Cubans, there are six parties—five of them in the woods."

If defeated and disgruntled factions in Cuba would submit to the expressed will of the majority, and subordinate their desires to the welfare of the nation as a whole, the factional spirit would not be so dangerous; but this is exactly what the Cuban will not do and has never been trained to do. If he cannot have exactly the position he wants in Garcia's funeral procession, he acts the spoiled child who "won't play." If he does not get the position he seeks in the government, he will have nothing to do with that government, and the chief representative of it immediately becomes, in his disordered and uncontrolled imagination, a "despot" or a "tyrant." Then he and his faction work themselves into a white heat of wrath, by means of exaggeration, misstatement, and pyrotechnical oratory, and if the existing government tries to quiet or restrain them, they forthwith take "to the woods," and there you have, at once, all the elements of an incipient revolution.

The danger to the State, at this stage of the proceedings, is greatly heightened by certain characteristics of the common people to which I have already called attention: viz., ignorance; proneness to act on unconsidered impulse; and peculiar susceptibility to the charm of eloquent speech. The average Cuban, as I have said, is easily managed for good if treated with firmness and tact by a man of stronger and better-disciplined character—a man, for example, like General Leonard Wood; but he is also easily managed for evil by a Cuban "general" of the Avelino Rosas type, who combines selfish ambition with political dishonesty.

This is not merely my own opinion of Cuban character and Cuban methods. It is also the opinion of men whose opportunities for observation have been far better than mine. Considerations of policy and propriety render it necessary for our present administrative officers in Cuba to speak upon this subject with prudence and reserve; but from what they do say it is

easy to infer what they think. In an interview published in the New York "Sun" of November 17, 1899, Brigadier-General William Ludlow, Governor of Havana, is quoted as saying: "The Cubans lack, politically, two qualities essential to self-government. They lack the faculty of submitting to the will of the majority. The minority, when defeated, take their machetes and go to the woods, and then send a proclamation announcing that they will have nothing to do with the other party. Then, again, they know not how to fill public office. We will have to teach them that: they never knew what it was to hold a public position. I apprehend that it will be a long term of guardianship. At the present time eighty per cent. of the Cuban people are illiterate. To grant them universal suffrage, in that state of ignorance, would be to undo all the good work that has been done by this Government. It would be like leaving it to-day and letting it drift as a second Hayti."

General Wood, at the other end of the island, expresses himself with greater caution but to the same effect. According to a reporter of the New York "Times," he said: "Much has been written about the ability of the Cubans for self-government. That is something I do not care to discuss. If I said they were" (capable of self-government), "a lot of cranks would at once shout for the immediate American evacuation of the island; if I said they were not, I would have all the Cubans down on me. Still, I believe the establishment of another Haytian Republic in the West Indies would be a serious mistake. Suppose we evacuated Cuba, and soon thereafter the plantation of some subject of England, France, or Germany were burned. The Government interested would send war-ships there, and international complications would arise."

In a personal letter to a friend in Washington, Major George M. Barbour, General Wood's sanitary commissioner for the city of Santiago, who has had the Cubans under observation ever since that city came into our possession, expresses his own opinion as follows: "There has been much said about the native Cubans to their discredit. The most of this is very true. That they are . . . stupid, given to lying and doing all things in the wrong way, from the more practical

American standpoint, is not to be disputed ; and yet I find them docile, willing, and careful. . . . Under our supervision, and with firm and honest care for the future, the people of Cuba may become a useful race and a credit to the world ; but to attempt to set them afloat as a nation, during this generation, would be a great mistake. We must wait until the children of to-day are old enough to think for themselves, and to absorb American ideas, which they are rapidly doing. To create a Cuban Republic to-day, and leave it without assistance from this or some other equally powerful Government, would result in deadly loss of life and property and in chaos all over the island. It would simply be to abandon to the worst elements the men of means, energy, and intelligence."

Precisely this same view is taken by many patriotic and intelligent Cubans with whom I have talked. The superintendent of one of the most important railroads on the island—a native Cuban. but a man of unusual ability and excellent judgment—said to me : " I hope, first of all, that the Americans will never leave the island. If, however, they must withdraw, I hope they will not go until they

have given the Cuban people time to see, to learn, and, above all, *to think*. The men who are clamoring for Cuban independence are mostly ex-army officers, politicians, and men without property, who hope, under a government of their own, to get positions where they can make money and exert power. If the Americans withdraw wholly from Cuba—at least in the near future—I greatly fear that the history of Spanish-American republics generally will be the history of ours."

In view of the opinions I have expressed with regard to the character of the Cubans, it is hardly necessary to add that I do not believe them, at present, to be either fit for or capable of intelligent self-government. That there are on the island honest, intelligent, patriotic, and capable men I do not for a moment question ; but that such men form a majority, or even a considerable part, of the Cuban population is not only improbable but incredible.

The comparatively fair and temperate Havana newspaper " *La Lucha* " said very recently, in an editorial upon this subject, " Cuba must convince the world that she has enough sane men to control the lunatics."

Ballade to the Portrait of Prince Gallitzin¹

By Julia Morgan Harding

Prince of Imperial Russian line
Who left a home far over sea,
Obedient to a voice divine,
Unquestioning Fate's strange decree ;
Did vision clear reveal to thee,
Or solemn dream, or impulse high,
That thy last resting-place must be
Where the great mountains meet the sky ?
Here in this rugged northern clime,
Whose winter winds blow wild and free
O'er steep hills wrapped in somber pine,
Through valleys winding sinuously,

Thy noble state and high degree
Were laid aside, so thou couldst try
To lead men's souls from vanity—
Where the great mountains meet the sky.
In thy sad eyes we read no sign
Of worldly longings, nor can see
Aught but angelic spirit shine—
Wise patience, loving charity :
Sharing thy people's poverty,
Teaching them how to live and die.
Kinglike in thy humility.
Where the great mountains meet the sky.

ENVOY

Prince, in thy rough tomb, verily
Thy royal name shall never die,
But live in loving memory
Where the great mountains meet the sky.

¹ Prince Demetrius, Augustine Gallitzin's father, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, was a freethinker, but the son, at the age of seventeen, became a Roman Catholic. After serving as an officer in the Russian Guard, he came to the United States, studied theology at Baltimore, and became a priest, thus losing the right to his inheritance. He founded a Roman Catholic colony in rather a bleak region among the Alleghany Mountains, where he labored with marked self-sacrifice and energy. For some years he was Vicar-General of the diocese of Philadelphia. He died in his own town of Loretto, Pa., in 1841.

Puerto Rico's Needs: A Practical Suggestion

[We commend to the serious attention of The Outlook's readers the following letter from General Roy Stone. Those who believe with The Outlook that "expansion" means, not "imperialism," but the diffusion throughout our West Indian and Philippine possessions of American standards of education, religious and political liberty, and industry, will, we believe, welcome General Stone's plan. It needs only enthusiasm and persistence to make it successful. From Mr. William Dinwiddie's recent book on Puerto Rico (Harpers, 1899) we take the following picture of Puerto Rican coffee-pickers; it shows graphically how dependent the islanders are upon coffee-growing; at least 150,000 women and children derive their support from this industry, which is practically dead for want of a market:

The ragged, tattered pickers, large and small, father and mother and a brood of partially clothed children, make one of the most picturesque sights in this island of loveliness. In the early morning they trudge out from their little thatch-roofed huts, with home-made baskets slung on bands from their shoulders or balanced carelessly on their heads; straggling along the trails and roads, the little elfin children chasing each other in glee as they go to work. The bright-eyed, comely girl wishes you "Buenos dias" with half-timid, half-flirtatious smile, and the father and mother salute you with the deference born of generations of training. Later, from the depths of every thicket comes the chant of singing voices, and the chorus is feminine, the woman of poverty, somehow, knowing how to be happier than the man.

The little children gather all the low berries which may be reached by their tiny hands, while the grown-ups bend down the tall bushes and rapidly strip the fruit into their baskets. At dusk, from every side burdened figures struggle up the steep hillsides to the winding trails, or ease themselves down, step by step, from the heights above. The men and women are carrying the berries now, sometimes laden down with a large basket on the head and smaller picking-baskets swung around the body, while the sleepy, tired tots stumble along, with all the brightness of life gone out, for that day, from their worn-out little souls. It is no uncommon sight to see a mother carrying a sleeping child, besides all her other load.

General Roy Stone, who suggests this plan for reviving the coffee-growing industry of Puerto Rico, speaks with authority. He went to the Civil War from Pennsylvania, commanding the rifle regiment known as the Pennsylvania "Bucktails." This regiment grew into the "Bucktail" Brigade, which General Stone led at Gettysburg and through the war until disabled by wounds. Throughout the Spanish War he served on the staff of General Miles. He organized the National League for Good Roads and the Government Bureau of Highways at Washington; from the latter he recently resigned as director to undertake various plans for the development of railways and industries in Puerto Rico. With the assistance of engineers and experts he has been studying the island and its conditions for a year or more; his opinions and conclusions, therefore, ought to carry weight.—THE EDITORS.]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I venture to ask your consideration of a plan which I have long been studying for the relief of the coffee industry of Puerto Rico, and to engage your co-operation if you find the scheme satisfactory.

As you are well aware, the situation in the island is deplorable. The people are dependent upon their exports for their bread, and, having lost their Spanish markets and their other European markets, which were reached through Spain, also their Cuban market by the operation of our Cuban tariff, and having gained no trade privileges in the United States by American possession, they were reduced to almost absolute beggary even before the late hurricane came upon them. The storm and flood ruined most of the stored crops which had been left on their hands, and stripped the growing crop of coffee from the trees.

This calamity, however, had the effect of opening the hearts and minds of the American people to the condition of the new brethren, and may thus prove a blessing in disguise. This will certainly be the

case if it leads to something more and better than charity in our treatment of them; if it directs the intelligence of the people at large as well as of Congress toward finding permanent means for their betterment.

There is certain, however, to be great opposition among the protected interests of the United States to the entire opening of trade with Puerto Rico, and there is likely to be bitter discussion and long delays before anything can be accomplished in that direction. Producers of cane and beet sugar, tobacco, and fruits in the States will fight hard for their "rights."

But the coffee industry, which is by far the largest in the island, greater in fact in its employment of labor than all others combined, has no competitors and no enemies in the United States, and it has no duties to be removed. If that interest can be promptly placed on a prosperous footing, the situation will be immensely improved.

The Puerto Rican coffee, in the opinion of the best judges in Europe and of

the few who have tried it in the United States, is not more than equaled by the best in the markets of the world. In its origin it is the Mocha or Arabian type of mild coffee, and, if well known in the United States, it would be the favorite of the most fastidious coffee-drinkers.

Yet this excellent coffee, highly esteemed in Europe, is unsalable in the United States at a price scarcely above that of the rank South American berry, which is so abundant, and Puerto Rican coffee has lately been shipped back to the island after having been offered at seven or eight cents a pound in New York. Dealers in coffee have no interest in introducing the Puerto Rican product; they can make more money out of the cheaper Brazilian. It is therefore necessary to interest the consumers themselves, and through other agencies than the dealers.

The interests of the whole people, even apart from their political concern in Puerto Rico and from the humanitarian considerations involved, lie in having the coffee used in the States raised on American soil, and Puerto Rico and Hawaii are the only regions thereof capable of producing this crop. Nearly one hundred million dollars are annually sent out of the United States to pay for coffee raised in other countries.

My suggestion is that a strong effort be made to introduce Puerto Rican coffee into consumption in the United States under the auspices of those who are most concerned in all the aspects of this question; and in this connection the coffee question is essentially a woman's question. It is the housekeeper who buys the coffee, and it is mainly the labor of women and children which is employed to produce and prepare it. If it is possible, therefore, for the ladies of the United States to provide an abundance of welcome work for the peasant women of Puerto Rico, and at the same time to save money for their own families, the way of doing so ought to be made clear; and it is in this direction that I would ask the help of *The Outlook*.

In detail the suggestion is, first, that Congress be asked to incorporate a considerable number of the prominent women of the country into a "Puerto Rican Industrial Aid Society," authorized to receive and dispose of Puerto Rican products, to cause the

same to be inspected, and to give certificates of the genuineness and quality thereof, providing that all the net profits of such Society be appropriated to the encouragement of Puerto Rican industries and the establishment and support of industrial schools in the island.

Second, That this Society extend itself by local branches throughout the United States.

Third, That it offer prizes for the best automatic coffee-roasting implements for family use, and have such implements sold singly at bare cost of manufacture.

Fourth, That it take orders, by itself and through all its branches, for samples of Puerto Rican coffee; employ the best available inspectors; receive consignments of coffee from merchants and planters in the island, and have these put up in suitable parcels for distribution by mail; and, fifth, Congress to be asked to provide for the transportation through the mails of these samples of coffee, not exceeding five pounds in weight, at the lowest existing postal rate, one cent per pound, with an additional cent per pound to be paid to the carrier for his services in delivery cities and towns.

The aid which the press would freely give to this movement, and the house-to-house canvass which would doubtless be made in many cities, together with the assistance which would be rendered by benevolent societies generally, ought to make the plan a success. If successful, it should give the double benefit of raising the price of coffee to the Puerto Ricans and lowering it to the American housekeeper. For instance, if the Puerto Rican planter could have sixteen cents per pound in gold for his product, which would make him prosperous and his people happy, it could be transported to the United States and sold, delivered at the consumer's door, for twenty cents per pound, or one-third less than is now paid at retail for what is called Mocha and Java, while the difference of four cents would pay all expenses and leave a profit to the Association.

There would be no capital required for the Association—no debt incurred and no risks encountered; the small amount of money needed for preliminary expenses would easily be raised in the methods familiar to women in their charitable work.

Besides coffee, there are many other products of an even more completely feminine character, such as conserves, needlework, laces, and various fine articles, which the same Society could introduce,

to the great advantage of the industrious and artistic Puerto Rican women of a higher class.

ROY STONE.

16 Santo Cristo St., San Juan, P. R.,
November 24, 1899.

Lord Roberts in India¹

THERE is no more interesting personality in Great Britain than that of the brave and able soldier who has been asked to command the forces in South Africa. At the beginning of the century the foremost British commander, Wellington, was an Irishman; at the end we find another Irishman in the present greatest British army leader. The name of "Bobs" is one to conjure with, especially among the sons of Erin far away from home. Most persons, hearing that name in a British soldier's mouth, think it a diminutive for Roberts. So it is, but it has a far deeper meaning, in India at least; it is Hindu for "hero." The name thus doubly fits the idol of the British army. Should there be any doubt on this subject, the verse and prose of Mr. Rudyard Kipling may be consulted. "Now, I know as much about the army as any man, always barrin' my little friend Bobs," says Private Mulvaney. No one of Mr. Kipling's own characters is made such a hero by that author as is "Bobs."

In view of Lord Roberts's new prominence, his "Forty-one Years in India" has a new interest for us. No spread-eagle rhetoricisms mar this soldier's story; no narrative could be modester, no autobiography less self-assertive.

His first four months near Calcutta seemed like four years, he tells us. "My joy, therefore, was unbounded when at last my marching orders arrived. Indeed, the idea that I was about to proceed to that grand field of soldierly activity, the Northwest Frontier, and there join my father, almost reconciled me to the disappointment of losing my chance of field service in Burma. My arrangements were soon made, and early in August I bade a glad good-by to Dumdum"—a name now

well known. His father, the type of a "fine old Irish gentleman," was commanding the Lahore division of the British army at Peshawar on the northernmost boundary. The two spent between them nearly ninety years in India, so Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years" has a background of an equal period as the setting for his own picture.

It was a great advantage as well as a great pleasure to me to be with my father at this time. I had left India an infant, and I had no recollection of him until I was twelve years old, at which time he came home on leave. Even then I saw very little of him, as I was at school during the greater part of his sojourn in England; thus we met at Peshawar almost as strangers. We did not, however, long remain so.

After some years with a mountain battery, Lieutenant Roberts served throughout the Mutiny as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General. His descriptions of the Mutiny have all a soldier's terseness and force. Speaking of the rebellious native regiments at Lahore, he writes:

The prisoners were found guilty of mutiny, and sentenced to death. Chamberlain decided that they should be blown away from guns, in the presence of their own comrades, as being the most awe-inspiring means of carrying the sentence into effect. A parade was at once ordered. The troops were drawn up so as to form three sides of a square; on the fourth side were two guns. As the prisoners were being brought to the parade, one of them asked me if they were going to be blown from guns. I said "Yes." He made no further remark, and they both walked steadily on until they reached the guns, to which they were bound, when one of them requested that some rupees he had on his person might be saved for his relations. The Brigadier answered, "It is too late." The word of command was given; the guns went off simultaneously, and the two mutineers were launched into eternity. It was a terrible sight, and one likely to haunt the beholder for many a long day; but that was what was intended. I carefully watched the sepoys' faces to see how it affected them. They were evidently startled at the swift retribution which had overtaken their guilty comrades, but looked more crestfallen than shocked or horrified; and we soon learnt that

¹ *Forty-one Years in India. From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief.* By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. New Edition in One Volume. With Forty Illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

their determination to mutiny, and make the best of their way to Delhi, was in no wise changed by the scene they had witnessed.

Lieutenant Roberts was wounded at Delhi; he participated in the engagements at Agra and elsewhere. He served under Sir Colin Campbell throughout the operations in connection with the relief of Lucknow, and thus reports one episode:

As the party moved off to attack the mess-house, Sir Colin, who, on his white horse, was interestedly watching the proceedings, ordered me to procure a regimental color and place it on one of the turrets of the building, that Outram might be able to judge how far we had advanced. I rode off, accordingly, to the Second Punjab Infantry, standing close by, and requested the Commandant, Captain Green, to let me have one of his colors. He at once complied, and I galloped with it to the mess-house. As I entered, I was met by Sir David Baird and Captain Hopkins, by both of whom I was assisted in getting the flag with its long staff up the inconveniently narrow staircase, and in planting it on the turret nearest the Kaisarbagh, which was about 850 yards off. No sooner did the enemy perceive what we were about than shot after shot was aimed at the color, and in a very few minutes it was knocked over, falling into the ditch below. I ran down, picked it up, and again placed it in position, only for it to be once more shot down and hurled into the ditch, just as Norman and Lennox (who had been sent by Sir Colin to report what was going on in the interior of the Kaisarbagh) appeared on the roof. Once more I picked up the color, and found that this time the staff had been broken in two. Notwithstanding, I managed to prop it up a third time on the turret, and it was not again hit, though the enemy continued to fire at it for some time.

Not for this deed, however, did Lieutenant Roberts win the coveted Victoria Cross. That was won on the second day of the following year at Khudaganj, a few weeks after the battle of Cawnpore. Roberts saw in the distance two sepoy's making off with a standard. Spurring his horse, he overtook them. They turned and presented their muskets at him, but he wrenched the staff out of the hands of one of them. The other put his musket close to the young lieutenant's body and fired. Fortunately for the latter, it missed fire, and Roberts ultimately brought the standard back to camp.

Lord Roberts pays his tribute to Sir Henry Lawrence, apparently the only European in India who, from the very first, formed an accurate estimate of the extent of the danger which threatened British rule in the early part of 1857. Notwith-

standing Sir Henry's thorough appreciation of the many good qualities of native soldiers, he was not misled into a mistaken belief in the absolute loyalty of the native army.

Fourteen years before, Lawrence had predicted the Mutiny and the course it would take, and when events shaped themselves as he had foreseen, he gave it as his opinion that the disaffection would be general and widespread. But while his intimate knowledge of native character led him to this conviction, so great was his influence with natives—perhaps by reason of that knowledge—that he was able to delay the actual outbreak at Lucknow until his measures for the defense of the Residency were completed; and he persuaded a considerable number of sepoy's, not only to continue in their allegiance, but to share with their European comrades the dangers and privations of the siege—a priceless service, for without their aid the defense could not have been made.

The popular impression that the Indian army is not to be trusted may be correct as to certain portions of it, but not as to others, not as to the Sikhs and Gurkhas, for instance. Lord Roberts says that Delhi could not have been taken without Sikhs and Gurkhas, and nothing that Sir John Lawrence might have done could have prevented the temporary loss of all the country north of Calcutta had not the men of the Punjab and Derajat remained true to the British cause. Nor was the Mutiny an unmixed evil, adds Lord Roberts:

To it we owe the consolidation of our power in India, as it hastened the construction of the roads, railways, and telegraphs so wisely and thoughtfully planned by the Marquis of Dalhousie, which have done more than anything to increase the prosperity of the people and preserve order throughout the country. It was the Mutiny which brought Lord Canning into closer communication with the Princes of India, and paved the way for Lord Lytton's brilliant conception of the Imperial Assemblage—a great political success which laid the foundation of that feeling of confidence which now, happily, exists between the Ruling Chiefs and the Queen-Empress. And it was the Mutiny which compelled us to reorganize our Indian army and make it the admirable fighting machine it now is.

After the Mutiny Lieutenant Roberts was invalided to England, and was succeeded as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General by Lieutenant Wolseley, now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Like Gladstone and Beaconsfield, so Roberts and Wolseley have been lifelong rivals, and there are many who think that

Roberts ought to have Wolseley's place. The Roberts faction support, of course, their leader's ideas as to a long tenure of service; the Wolseley faction support the Commander-in-Chief in his short-service principles.

So signal was Roberts's success at Kabul in 1880 that, after the defeat of the Bombay forces at Maiwand in the west, one of the men exclaimed: "O for an hour of Bobs!" It had become necessary to relieve Kandahar. "Bobs" had already telegraphed, urging that an expedition be immediately sent thither. In reply ten thousand men were detailed to proceed to Kandahar with all speed. Roberts's forced march across the Afghan mountains and through a country inaccessible to the newsgatherers—three hundred miles in twenty days—forms one of the most brilliant exploits in the history of British arms, to which Sherman's March to the Sea in our own history is an offset, however. Forced march as that was, General Roberts would never sit down to his mess dinner until he had seen that his men were properly fed, even if it meant a half-hour's delay of the mess bugle. At a later date he wrote a eulogy of General Grant which might deservedly be applied to himself at this and indeed at every juncture. There are also many points of similarity between "Forty-one Years in India" and General Grant's "Memoirs."

In my opinion, General Grant, in common with all other great leaders, owed his success to his determination of character quite as much as to his military instinct and skill in handling troops. It is impossible, I think, to overestimate the effect of his tenacity of purpose in the great struggle in which he took such a prominent part when he decided, while the terrible two days' struggle in the Wilderness was still raging, to continue his march to Richmond, despite the enormous losses he had sustained. It was not only a supreme moment in his career, but, so far as we can see, the supreme moment in the great conflict between the States. His strength of purpose carried everything before him. For him danger existed only to be overcome, and obstacles before which others shrank appalled served only to confirm his determination to succeed. He regarded war from a higher standpoint than that of a fighting general. From the very first he showed a remarkable grasp of the power of influence. He never planned a march or maneuver, whether strategical or tactical, without calculating upon the effect it would produce on the minds of his enemies, as well as on the morale of his own troops. He was not only a hard-hitting soldier who never knew

when he was beaten, but a leader of men who used a powerful intellect to prepare the way for his vigorous blows. He never lost sight of the fact that if he could shake the confidence of the opposing commander, the hostile army would be already half beaten. Then, too, General Grant's unwearied consideration for the comfort and requirements of his men deserves the highest praise. It is undoubtedly true that when an important object was to be obtained he was not sparing of their lives, but he never wasted them needlessly, and the arrangements for the well-being of his troops were so carefully thought out that they never wanted for supplies.

General Roberts won the battle of Kandahar, and broke the Afghan rebellion. Henceforth the British realized that to him, more than to any one man, was due the deliverance not only from Afghan but from Russian aggression. We may add that he imputes no blame to the Russians for their advance towards India. "The force of circumstances," says he, "the inevitable result of the contact of civilization and barbarism, impelled them to cross the Jaxartes and extend their territories to the Khanates of Turkistan and the banks of the Oxus, just as the same uncontrollable force carried us across the Sutlej and extended our territories to the valley of the Indus." At the same time, in the opinion of the most intelligent natives, the day must come when the Asiatic territories of Great Britain and Russia will be separated only by a common boundary line. If Lord Roberts's book has a mission, it is to give warning of this impending event, and to urge all possible precautions and preparations.

After Afghanistan came the thanks of Parliament and the baronetcy, and then came the call to Sir Frederick Roberts to go to South Africa. He writes of it:

I did not return to India until the end of 1881, six weeks out of these precious months of leave having been spent in a wild-goose chase to the Cape of Good Hope and back, upon my being nominated by Mr. Gladstone's Government, Commander of the forces in South Africa, on the death of Sir George Colley and the receipt of news of the disaster at Majuba Hill. While I was on my way to take up my command, peace was made with the Boers in the most marvelously rapid and unexpected manner—a peace, alas! without honor, to which may be attributed the recent regrettable state of affairs in the Transvaal—a state of affairs which was foreseen and predicted by many at the time. My stay at Cape Town was limited to twenty-four hours, the Government being apparently as anxious to get me away from Africa as it had been to hurry me out there.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alphabet of Celebrities, An. By Oliver Herford. (Illustrated.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Square 8vo. 50 pages. \$1.50.

An alphabet for grown-up people, not for children, and full of the Herford quality, both as regards the legends and the illustrations. Mr. Herford's wit is of so good a quality, and as a rule so entirely sound in point of taste, that we can hardly have too much of it, and his illustrations are as witty as his text.

Animal Calendar, A. By Frank Verbeck. 12x14 in. \$1.50.

Animals, Acrobatic. By Frank Verbeck. R. H. Russell, New York. 9/4x12 in. \$1.25.

Anti-Carnegie: Scraps and Comments. By M. F. and J. C. Campbell. 90 pages.

Badman, The Life and Death of Mr. By John Bunyan. (Illustrated.) R. H. Russell, New York. 10x12 1/2 in. \$3.50.

We fancy that some readers of the Pilgrim's Progress have never heard of John Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," a corresponding and contrasting character to Christian. It really is not necessary that they should, so inferior is that work to the great Nonconformist's masterpiece. However, literary students and "the pious" will take an interest in the career of Badman as related by Bunyan, though never so didactically. For such or any readers it is a great fortune to have the text luxuriously printed and accompanied by genuinely illustrative illustrations. The brothers Rhead display an imagination which is at once simple, strong, subtle. Yet, after all is said and done for poor Badman, he still remains, as Froude said in the introduction to his "Life of Bunyan," "a vulgar, middle-class, unprincipled scoundrel," his badness realistic enough, to be sure, but his career, in a monotonous, unrelieved forbiddingness, giving little chance either to illustrator or reader for a gleam of the high lights of hope.

Beacon Biographies. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Aaron Burr, by Henry Childs Merwin. Frederick Douglass, by Charles W. Chesnutt. 75c. each.

These are remarkable biographies. Though uniform in size—and the right size for the great body of readers—and exceptionally attractive in paper, typography, frontispiece engraving, and binding, they are not merely publishers' volumes. Mr. Merwin has written the life of Burr with as much spirit as James Parton, and with a judgment and insight that make the reader understand both the love and the hate inspired by Burr among his contemporaries. Mr. Chesnutt, in the same series, has written the life of Douglass with a still stronger impulse from within, for through this biography he carries forward the work against race prejudice which his artistic stories of the nobler side of negro life have done so much to further. Those who have been touched by the fine sympathy of "The Wife of His Youth," or the more recent story of "The Bouquet" in the October "Atlantic," will find in this life of Douglass the same moral elevation and the same strong impulse to a wider humanity. Mr. Merwin's story of the breakdown of the man of the finest spiritual lineage that ever figured in American politics, and Mr. Chesnutt's story of the ennobling of the mulatto slave, are books of supreme moral as well as historical interest.

Becky Sharp, The Picture Book of. (A Play in Four Acts.) By Langdon Mitchell. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Berean Beginner's Lesson Book on the International Lessons for 1900. (Berean Series No. 3.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 215 pages. 15c.

Boer Trek, The Story of the Great. By the Hon. Henry Cloete, L.L.D. Edited by his Grandson, W. Brodrick-Cloete, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 196 pages. 75c.

Dr. Cloete was Commissioner for Natal as long ago as 1843, when it became a British colony; in 1852 he delivered five lectures at Pietermaritzburg, covering the subjects named in the title above. These lectures form the substance of the present book. It gives a clear and connected account—of course purely from the English point of view—of the early history of Cape Colony and the Boer-British troubles.

Byzantine Constantinople. By Alexander Van Millingen, M.A. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 361 pages. \$7.50.

This is a superb work. Through its splendidly illustrated pages the historian and the archaeologist go hand in hand. The walls of Constantinople deserve study, for they were the bulwarks of civilization for a thousand years, during which the "Queen of Cities" barred the gate of Europe against Oriental barbarism, till the West was prepared to take from her dying hand the torch of learning. It is with some patriotic pleasure that we note that it is from the college founded by Americans on the Bosphorus that this noble commemoration has come of the part, long underestimated, which Constantinople fulfilled in the history of the Western world.

Carlyle, Thomas. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Vol. V. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 386 pages. \$1.25.

Caroline Islands, The. By F. W. Christian. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 412 pages. \$4.

Mr. Christian, a neighbor of Robert Louis Stevenson's at Vaillima, has written a work on the Carolines which could hardly have been distinguished by such sympathetic knowledge if it had not been for its author's experience in other Pacific islands and with the great soul who added "A Footnote to History." But Mr. Christian does not alone know his Samoa well; he made lengthy sojourns in Tahiti and the Marquesas before he visited the "Sea of Small Islands," namely, Micronesia, comprising the Carolines and Ladrões. Hence he has an enviable background against which to project his interesting statements as to history and natural history, as to folk-lore and archæology, as to customs and character of living in the Carolines.

Château, Tales of an Old. By Marguerite Bouvet. (Illustrated.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 18mo. 236 pages. \$1.25.

The author has given to this collection of short love stories not only the background of an old French château, but the atmosphere of its life and the quaint phraseology. The counts and vicomtes, the ladies old and young, appear in their elaborate garments, and live through the ecstasy, the doubts, the misgivings, that make love a universal language.

Child Stories from the Masters. By Maud Menefee. The Kindergarten Literature Co., Chicago. 102 pages. \$1.

This is an attempt to put some of the masterpieces of literature into a page or two each for the children. Of course it is unsuccessful. The story of Faust, of Parsifal, of Siegfried, of Pippa, and many others equally remote from a child's understanding have been selected by the

condenser. It is to be hoped that this kind of condensed, undigested literary pap will not increase.

Chesterfield, The Worldly Wisdom of. Collected by W. L. Sheppard. R. H. Russell, New York. 5½x8½ in. \$1.

Child Verse. By John B. Tabb. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Square 8vo. 78 pages. \$1. Father Tabb rarely expands his idea beyond the limit of three or four verses, and is oftener content with four lines; but these little pieces always say something to which the imagination is ready to listen. Many of them, once read, are quite unforgettable. This volume is full of his characteristic quality. It can hardly be said that it is a volume for children; at least the child who is to enjoy it must have a good deal of imagination. The exceptional child will be delighted; so will the exceptional man or woman, to whom Father Tabb's work always makes its appeal.

Christ, Studies of the Portrait of. By the Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.E. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 12mo. 326 pages. \$1.75.

The Portrait here studied is not on canvas, but in the heart, composite of all the aspects of Christ exhibited in the Gospels. Dr. Matheson's well-known characteristics appear here at their best, in vivid imagination, glowing feeling, philosophic comprehension, and a keen insight, which sometimes, however, mistakes fancy for fact. Quite characteristic of Dr. Matheson it is to speak of Incarnation as not an act but a process, advancing from less to more; also his noting the Son of man's claim of power to forgive sins as the beginning of Christianity as distinct from Judaism. Each of these twenty-six "Studies" closes with a brief prayer, which is a model of warm and imaginative aspiration.

Christ, The Life of. By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. The Bible Study Publishing Co., Boston. 176 pages.

Civil Law in the Ecclesiastical World. By the Rev. Charles Sheard and Lawrence Russell. Charles Sheard, Jr., Canton, N. Y. 76 pages. 55c.

This is a compilation of great importance and convenience to all ministers of religion in this State, and to all persons holding fiduciary relations to church property.

Cupid Calendar. By J. Campbell Phillips. R. H. Russell, New York. 15½x22½ in. \$2.50.

Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country. In. By A. B. Lloyd. Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., M.P. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 385 pages. \$5.

The author has been for four and a half years a missionary in Uganda, where the English Christian Church has now over twenty thousand baptized members. This book, however, is not solely nor chiefly about missionary work. It tells a thrilling story of adventure and discovery in Central Africa. No book of the kind of recent years has been more readable. The book abounds in incidents and stories illustrating native traits and character. The volume is finely printed, and has many scores of photographic illustrations.

Feudal Châteaux, Romances of the. By Elizabeth W. Champney. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 436 pages. \$3.50.

In this volume Mrs. Champney deals with a mass of rich material to which she has had personal access in a country through which she has traveled with an open heart as well as with seeing eyes. The old homes of the French nobility are by no means so well known as are the stately residences of the English nobility; but those who know these ancient châteaux are persuaded that in romantic interest, in beauty of surroundings, and in dignity of life they are still practically unknown by American readers. Mrs. Champney has introduced the architectural background with sufficient clearness; but she has given much the greater part of her book to the romantic atmosphere of family tradition and family history in which these stately old homes are enveloped. The volume is charmingly illustrated.

French Reading for Beginners. By Oscar Kuhns. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 310 pages. 70c.

"Frithjof, the Viking of Norway," and "Roland, the Paladin of France." (Tales of the Heroic Ages.) By Zenaide A. Ragozin. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 295 pages. \$1.50.

Ghostly Japan, In. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 241 pages. \$2.

Golden Rod Stories. Eaton & Mains, New York. 6 vols. (Illustrated.) Per set, \$1.50.

This is a collection of six small books, each of about sixty pages, printed in clear, large type. Each book contains a number of very short stories, for very little people. The stories have morals, not always tacked at the end.

Golden Text-Book, The, of the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1900. Eaton & Mains, New York. 24mo. 32 pages.

Gray's Elegy. Illustrated by J. T. Friedenson. John Lane, New York. 50c.

Holy Land from Landau, Saddle, and Palanquin. By William Bement Lent. (Illustrated.) Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York. 12mo. 263 pages. \$1.50.

The oft-told tale of Palestinian travel is here freshly told in a graceful narrative, with illustrations. The proof-reader can hardly be excused for his careless revision of the spelling.

In Case of Need. By Ralph Bergengren. (Illustrated.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Square 8vo. 80 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Bergengren's book is bright in many of its pictures, and sometimes in its rhymes also.

Intermediate Lesson Book. International Lessons for 1900. (Berean Series No. 2.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 235 pages.

Jesus, The Method of. By Alfred Williams Anthony. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 12mo. 264 pages. \$1.25.

This is a book whose "sweet reasonableness" makes it good to put into the hands of those who have been perplexed or scandalized by things that offend in the forms of organized Christianity. The "Method," as here conceived, is one of evolution, not revolution. The author's style is clear and graceful, and he is broadly sympathetic with the advancing thoughts of men. Agreeing with him that the central interest of Christianity is not dogma but life, the personality of Jesus and not a creed, we deprecate such a phrase as the "egotism of Jesus." Jesus' so-called self-assertion was not assertion of himself. "The words that I speak, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." Others have been men of God. Jesus was a man consciously in God. Theology, as Dr. Fairbairn says, must be Christocentric in method, theocentric in doctrine and fact.

Johnson Club Papers. By Various Hands. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 276 pages. \$2.

Judea from Cyrus to Titus, 537 B.C.-70 A.D. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 382 pages. \$2.50.

This is a book for the people rather than for scholars, but written with the resources of scholarship at command. Not entering into the mooted questions of criticism, it is a well-written narrative of the eventful period it covers, presenting the story of Judea in its connection with the general movement of the world, as well as with the career of illustrious men.

Kingdom to Colony, From. By Mary Devereux. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 382 pages. \$1.50.

This novel deals with the colonial period and the Revolution, where it keeps the historic background as the warp and woof on which the love story is embroidered; it gives a truer picture of the country and its people than does the record of battles or the struggle for possessions.

One again realizes that the men and women who first came to these shores were richly endowed with the qualities that were needed in the struggle that lay before them. "From Kingdom to Colony" is a love story with the Puritan element dominant.

Latimer, Hugh. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 177 pages. \$1.25.

A short but significant story of a single-hearted man of God, like Hugh Latimer, at a time of transition from old to new, is seasonable reading for to-day. A strenuous reformer, he was also tolerant of things not in essential contradiction to Christian principle—a practical progressive rather than a doctrinaire. His fellow-martyr, Ridley, called him "the Apostle of England," and more than any of his contemporaries he promoted popular respect for the Reformation. The extracts from his sermons given here show the ethical passion that possessed him, and present him as a model to modern preachers in the courage of his plain dealing with the sins of that day—sins of our day also.

Little Folk of Many Lands. By Louise Jordan Miln. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 383 pages. \$4.

That infancy is always attractive is the belief of loving mothers. The author of this book proves that the babies of all peoples have each their own racial attraction, found in the babies of each race and in none others. It is a delightful book for the nursery library. The descriptions of the babies and children, the habits of the people in the training and education of children, are so written as to come within the comprehension of children of ten. The reproductions of the photographs of children of all nations and peoples are charming and instructive.

Methodism, Supplementary History of American. By Abel Stevens, L.L.D. (Illustrated.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 259 pages. \$1.50.

This volume, completed by Dr. Stevens just before his death, brings down to 1890 his "History of Methodism," extending to 1866. It is, however, sufficiently retrospective to be an independent historical sketch. It deals mainly with the progress and development of Methodism at home and abroad. Its tone is jubilant, its outlook and augury auspicious and inspiring.

Old France and New, In. By William McLennan. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 12mo. 320 pages. \$1.50.

Paolo and Francesca. (A Tragedy in Four Acts.) By Stephen Phillips. John Lane, New York. 12mo. 320 pages. \$1.25.

Paul the Apostle, The Epistles of. By James Drummond, M.A., L.L.D., Litt.D. (International Handbooks to the New Testament.) Edited by Orello Cone, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 391 pages. \$2.

The series of which this is the first volume must not be confounded with the other series of New Testament Handbooks, published by the Macmillan Company. The scope of this is wholly exegetical, as a commentary upon the books of the New Testament. If the promise given by this volume is fulfilled, the series will be of the highest value. It is more for the general reader than for advanced students, though not without much interest to these. The writers of the series are all of the so-called liberal wing of the Church, but propose an impartial representation of the most recent critical studies, in their results rather than their processes.

Philip Nolan's Friends. By Edward E. Hale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 470 pages. \$1.50.

Playfair, Lyon, Memoir and Correspondence of. By Wemyss Reid. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 487 pages. \$4.50.

To an American the most interesting part of this interestingly narrated biography is the chapter in which the Venezuelan controversy is discussed. Lord Playfair was a chief actor in that drama, and he was true to his name. He played fair, and the proof lies in the Bayard-Playfair-Chamberlain correspondence, now published for the first time. The quality to which we have made reference

distinguished not only one, but every episode of a singularly full and fine life. Playfair was a genuine working-man, calmly but ceaselessly busy, and never swerving from ideals which transfigured all he did. The world is indeed the better because he lived in it.

Politics, Hits at. By W. A. Rogers. R. H. Russell, New York. 12x14 in. \$3.50.

Mr. Rogers's biting satire, familiar to all readers of "Harper's Weekly," is abundantly evident in this volume. The artist prefaces his sketches, however, by this graceful remark: "It is a cause of regret to the cartoonist that, in hitting at any particular act of a public man, he is unable at the same time to pat him on the back for some of his good qualities."

Rebel's Daughter, The. By J. G. Woerner. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 775 pages. \$1.50.

A long-drawn-out story of slavery in the South, the Civil War, and the first days of reconstruction. The pictures are atrocious.

Sacred Songs No. 2. By Ira D. Sankey, James McGranahan, and George C. Stebbins. The Bigelow & Main Co., New York. 208 pages. 30c.

Senior Lesson Book. (Berean Series No. 1.) Eaton & Mains, New York. International Lessons for 1900. 246 pages. 15c.

Silver Wedding Journey, Their. By W. D. Howells. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 2 vols. 8vo. \$5.

The gray and silver of the pretty cover design are typical of the humorously elderly tone of the new record of wanderings by Mr. and Mrs. Basil March. One would not expect the gayety of the first "Wedding Journey" of these two people to be maintained in this later story of their travel and observation. A new love story is introduced, but its intricacies and subtleties fail to hold the attention of the ordinary reader, who will be apt, we think, to wish that the younger couple's troubles and triumphs had been omitted altogether. In short, in this book the story element is next to nothing; the charm is that of meeting two old friends—persons of sympathy, delicacy of perception, and easy humor—of seeing through their eyes foreign cities and foreign manners, and of meeting through them other people, pleasing, curious, or typical. Mr. and Mrs. March still have all the individuality and reality that have so long made them the welcome friends of a great reading public. Their travel experiences comprise much that would be trivial if it were not for the skill with which Mr. Howells uses the trivial to suggest that which is illuminative of human nature and character-variations. Altogether the book is an eminently pleasing one to read, a book of kindly purpose and gentle culture, a fine demonstration of the fact that travel-experience may be talked about in other than the guide-book fashion of the perfunctory-admiration vein. In outer form the volumes are in sound taste, and both Mr. Smedley's drawings and the photographic illustrations are fit and good.

Voices of Earth and Heaven. By Harriet B. Bradbury. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5 pages. 25c.

Ways of Wood-Folk. By William J. Long. (Illustrated.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 205 pages.

A truly delightful group of talks and stories about foxes, ducks, crows, rabbits, and other "wood-folks" written for children. It has something of the attraction of Mr. Seton-Thompson's "Wild Beasts I Have Known," although in a different field and in a different manner.

Winter Holiday, A. By Bliss Carman. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 44 pages. 75c.

This slender volume makes one wish that Mr. Carman would gather up his work in such a way that his readers could examine it in its entirety. These little volumes are tantalizing in their brevity; they give one a glimpse of a poet and little besides. This little collection, which contains seven poems, will not advance Mr. Carman's reputation, nor will it diminish it. It is characterized by the insight, the poetic charm, and the unevenness of execution which most of his work has shown.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

We are told that practically all Biblical scholars of whatever school unite in considering (1) that the Fourth Gospel and the First Epistle of John are the work of one and the same author; (2) that the Second and Third Epistles of John are by one author. Is our information correct? (3) Is the theory of a common authorship of all four writings supported by any impartial scholars of respectable authority in matters of criticism? (4) Do any scholars, outside of the avowed champions of traditionalism, maintain that any of these books were written by St. John? (5) Are there any advocates of a theory that the Fourth Gospel sustains to the oral teachings of St. John or to some lost writing of that Apostle a relation similar to that which many suppose exists between the First Gospel and the logia of St. Matthew, or similar to the relation which tradition has always asserted between the Gospel of St. Mark and the oral teachings of St. Peter? (6) Is there any theory concerning the authorship of the Apocalypse which is supported by the practical consensus of critical authority? If so, what is it?

R. W.

1 and 2. It is correct. 3. Professor McGiffert, in his much-criticised book, thinks it "quite probable that the author was the same." 4. Yes; for instance, the late Dr. Ezra Abbot, a distinguished Unitarian scholar. 5. There are many such; it is favored by Professor McGiffert. 6. No.

1. Has a Sabellian a right to be called a Christian? 2. Has anyone a right to that name who so contradicts Christ's plainest teachings as to make him a teacher of falsehoods? 3. Wherein is the morality taught by Christ and his Apostles superior to that of Confucius and Gautama? D. H. C.

1. Jesus' answer to any such question is, "Whoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" (Mark iii., 35). 2. It depends altogether on whether the alleged contradiction is a conscious one or unconscious. 3. The morality of Confucius is prudential, like that of the Book of Proverbs. That of Jesus is benevolent and enthusiastic for others' good. So that of Gautama is essentially egotistic and self-regarding, while that of Jesus is essentially altruistic. The Buddhist is concerned for his own salvation; the genuine Christian for the salvation of others.

Kindly tell me (1) where I can get a cheap edition (5-10c., if possible) of the Revised New Testament. 2. What text of the Greek New Testament is most approved by scholars, and where can I obtain an inexpensive edition? 3. What lexicon is the best for a beginner in New Testament Greek? 4. Is there a less expensive grammar than Harper and Weidner's which will answer the purpose as well for a beginner? C. A. S.

1. Address Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York. 2. Westcott and Hort; one dollar in cloth (The Macmillan Company, New York). 3. Thayer's is the best, but rather expensive (Harpers, New York). Bagster's Greek and English Testament is published with a concise lexicon (James Pott & Co., New York). 4. Professor S. S. Green's "Brief Introduction to New Testament Grammar" may be slightly less expensive.

1. Please state where an address by Principal Fairbairn on "Nature is Spirit" can be obtained. 2. Kindly name two or three books on this subject. T. H. W.

1. Dr. Fairbairn has not, so far as we know, published anything under this title. An essay on this saying of Dr. Fairbairn may be found in a booklet entitled "Reconsiderations and Reinforcements" (Whittaker, Bible House, New York, 50 cents). 2. We recall no books on the subject, but there are some hints in the first volume

of Dr. S. Harris's "God the Creator and Lord." See also a discourse entitled "In God," in a volume of discourses, "New Points to Old Texts" (Whittaker).

I have been much interested in the discussion of the matter of the liturgy and its application to Congregational churches. I would like the address of the publishers of some adaptation of the Episcopal liturgy or form of worship suitable for Congregational Churches. G. F. N.

See the Rev. E. Hungerford's "American Book of Church Services" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), Professor Hopkins's "General Liturgy and Book of Common Prayer" (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York), and the Rev. R. S. Greene's "Aids to Worship" (The Century Company, New York).

Can you give me a bibliography on Faith: faith and reason, faith in the intellectual, physical, and spiritual realm, transitions in faith, i. e., in cardinal beliefs, aids to faith? C.

We recommend the following as covering the ground, though the list might be much enlarged: Dr. Newman Smyth's "Reality of Faith," "Old Faiths in New Lights," and "Personal Creeds;" Dr. Matheson's "Can the Old Faith Live with the New?" the Rev. H. W. Foote's "Insight of Faith;" the Duke of Argyll's "Philosophy of Belief," and Balfour's "Foundations of Belief;" Romanes's "Thoughts on Religion;" Fisher's "Faith and Rationalism;" Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism."

Please inform me what is the most recent and scientific belief regarding the time and place where the Book of Job was written. Also what modern book can be consulted on the subject. I own Palfrey's Lectures and Noyes's translation. Have they been superseded? S. H. F.

Scholars variously assign it to the time just before, or during, or soon after the Exile, with a preference for the later date. Consult Kautsch's "Outline of the History of Old Testament Literature" and Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnam, New York). We are not familiar with Palfrey. Noyes's translation is still highly esteemed.

What is the Mark Hopkins Chair, and who has occupied it since his death? E. B. C.

The Mark Hopkins Chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Williams College is occupied by Professor John Edward Russell. Dr. Carter, the President of the College, has charge of the work in Natural Theology, which was formerly included under the Chair of Philosophy when filled by Mark Hopkins.

Can an ordained minister perform his own marriage ceremony? I know of one case in England. X. V. X.

It depends on the law of the State in which he lives, and on the sort of ceremony adopted. What the marriage law of your State requires we do not know. In some States the mutual declaration of the parties before witnesses is a sufficient ceremony.

Those who inquire when the forthcoming "American Standard Version of the Revised Bible" is to appear may have to wait some time yet. It was hoped that the publication might be sooner, but unavoidable delays in the final revision have occurred, so that the "copy" can hardly be in the printer's hands before the early part of next year. The printer's work will then require at least six months. The work is to be published by Messrs. Nelson & Sons, New York.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



Baby's Ride

By Lilla Thomas Elder

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!

Baby shall ride

'Way off to Dreamland with me by her side.

Go away, Pussy, for you cannot go,

Nor dear little Dolly, for no one must know

By what dim winding street,

On our horses so fleet,

We rock-a-by, rock-a-by, rock-a-by ride.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!

Baby shall ride;

There, close at hand, our swift horses are tied.

Up, Sweetheart, be quick! Let nobody see
Which way they go with you and with me.

Sly Puss is not peeping,

And Dolly is sleeping,

So rock-a-by, rock-a-by, rock-a-by ride.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!

Baby shall ride.

Here is a moonbeam we'll take for our guide,

And off to dear Dreamland we'll trot fast away,

And never come back till there shines a new day.

Then quick as a wink,

Without even one blink,

We'll up on our horses and homeward we'll ride.

The Ten Yellow Cradles on the Green Doorstep

By Ida T. Thurston

It was Nansie who discovered the cradles. Big Sister had discovered Nansie, forlorn and disconsolate, sitting on the steps and casting longing glances after Jack and Jimmy.

"They said—they didn't want me a-taggin'!" Nansie sobbed, and one big salt tear rolled over her round cheek and tumbled plump into her little red mouth.

"I'm going over into Fairyland, and you can 'tag' there if you want to," said Big Sister, smiling down into the little grieved face.

Nansie snatched her pink sunbonnet and sprang up, forgetting Jack and Jimmy and all her woes.

"Oh, may I? And where *is* Fairyland?" she cried.

"Over yonder, by the brook. Most people don't know that it is Fairyland—but it is," Sister replied.

When they reached the cool, shady place down by the brook, Big Sister said:

"Now, Nansie, these are all fairy houses—these green things that people call weeds. Just you watch and see what you can discover."

The little girl's blue eyes were big with wonder. "*Truly* fairy houses?" she questioned. "Are there fairies in them now, Sister?"

"Perhaps, in some of them. Others are vacant now—houses to rent, you know—and some are empty because the people that live in them are away."

"Oh, Sister, look! Are those—anything?" cried Nansie, pointing a chubby forefinger at one of the fairy houses.

Big Sister laughed. "You certainly have sharp eyes," she answered. "Yes, those are fairy cradles. The little mother has left them on that green doorstep."

Nansie stooped and peered eagerly at the tiny cradles. Bright yellow they were, and set in two even rows.

"But—I don't see any babies in 'em," she said, with a doubtful glance at Sister.

"The babies are there, though," Big Sister replied, "but they are all fast asleep; and, Nansie, I am going to carry them home."

"But how can you—they're so drefful little?" cried Nansie, anxiously.

"I'll have to take doorstep and all," and with that Big Sister carefully broke off the green doorstep and walked on with it. "There are plenty more steps left," she added, "and the fairies won't mind."

As soon as they reached home she filled a flower-pot with soft earth from the garden, laid the green doorstep on top, and covered the pot with a glass finger-bowl.

Nansie, peering through the bowl, eyed the tiny yellow cradles doubtfully.

"They must be drefful *still* babies," she murmured.

"They won't be still very long," laughed Big Sister.

Nansie peeped through the glass bowl many times in the next two days. The third morning, when she went to look, she cried excitedly,

"Oh, Sister, come quick!"

Sister came. "The babies are awake sure enough," she said.

"But, Sister," exclaimed Nansie, "see—they're eating up the green doorstep—and oh, what funny black babies they are!"

Before noon the black babies had eaten every scrap of that doorstep, and Sister brought three more and put them under the bowl. Nansie watched with eager interest.

"They eat all the time, don't they?" she remarked. "And they grow like Jack's beanstalk!"

But when she went to look at the black babies a few days later she stood and stared in bewildered surprise. There lay the last doorstep that Sister had put in the night before. There were three little bites on one end, but that was the only sign of the fat black babies.

"Oh, Sister, somebody's let 'em out," wailed Nansie.

"No," answered Sister, in a comforting tone, "they've gone to sleep again."

"But how could they, without any cradles?" questioned Nansie, doubtfully.

"Last night," began Sister, "they all grew very sleepy, and then they slipped down under the soft dirt and set to work and made silk nightgowns for themselves and put them on and went to sleep. Now you'll have to wait a few days—maybe a week—and then you'll see them again, but you won't know them."

"Why won't I, Sister?"

"Because they will not be fat and black and wriggly, and they won't eat any more green doorsteps."

"Oh! 'Most seem's if I can't wait!" sighed Nansie.

But the days slipped away, and one morning Sister called her. Nansie gave one look through the finger-bowl and then she danced with delight.

"Oh, how pretty—how pretty!" she cried. "Are those the fairies, Sister?"

"Aren't they pretty enough to be fairies?" replied Sister.

"Oh, *yes*! Now they've got on shining green dresses with gold trimming, and see them fly! But what will they eat now?" Nansie questioned, anxiously.

"I don't know, dear, and so I am going to let them go and find food for themselves—all but two of them."

The little girl looked sorrowful, but she said nothing. Sister lifted the finger-bowl and let all but two of the little creatures crawl out, and the next moment away they flew through the open window.

"Will these two starve?" queried Nansie, with troubled eyes.

"No; they may be rather hungry, but I'll let them, too, go to-morrow."

And so she did, but that night she put in another doorstep, and the next morning on that green doorstep Nansie found three rows of tiny yellow cradles just like the first ten; but the little green-robed mothers had followed the others out through the open window.

Jack and Jimmy declared scornfully that the fairies were nothing but little green beetles, and that the tiny cradles were "only yaller eggs"—but Nansie didn't mind. She and Big Sister knew.

Puss's Beautiful Home

Near the Dewey Arch in New York is a cab-stand where cabs are kept waiting for customers. About this arch for some time a beautiful cat has made her home. The cabmen have fed the cat and petted her. In some way or for some reason a hole was left close to the ground in one of the columns. Puss made this column her home.

Recently, one morning, there were heard in this column several feeble mews. It was so dark that nothing could be seen. Toward noon puss appeared, very happy, asking for her usual luncheon. In every possible way she told about the beautiful kittens so safely housed in the beautiful arch, with cars and trucks and carriages whirling about their home so constantly that it would be dangerous for them to take an airing. Puss is well cared for, having more food and water than she wants. When the babies leave their beautiful home, they will find a score of cabmen waiting to provide them with other homes.

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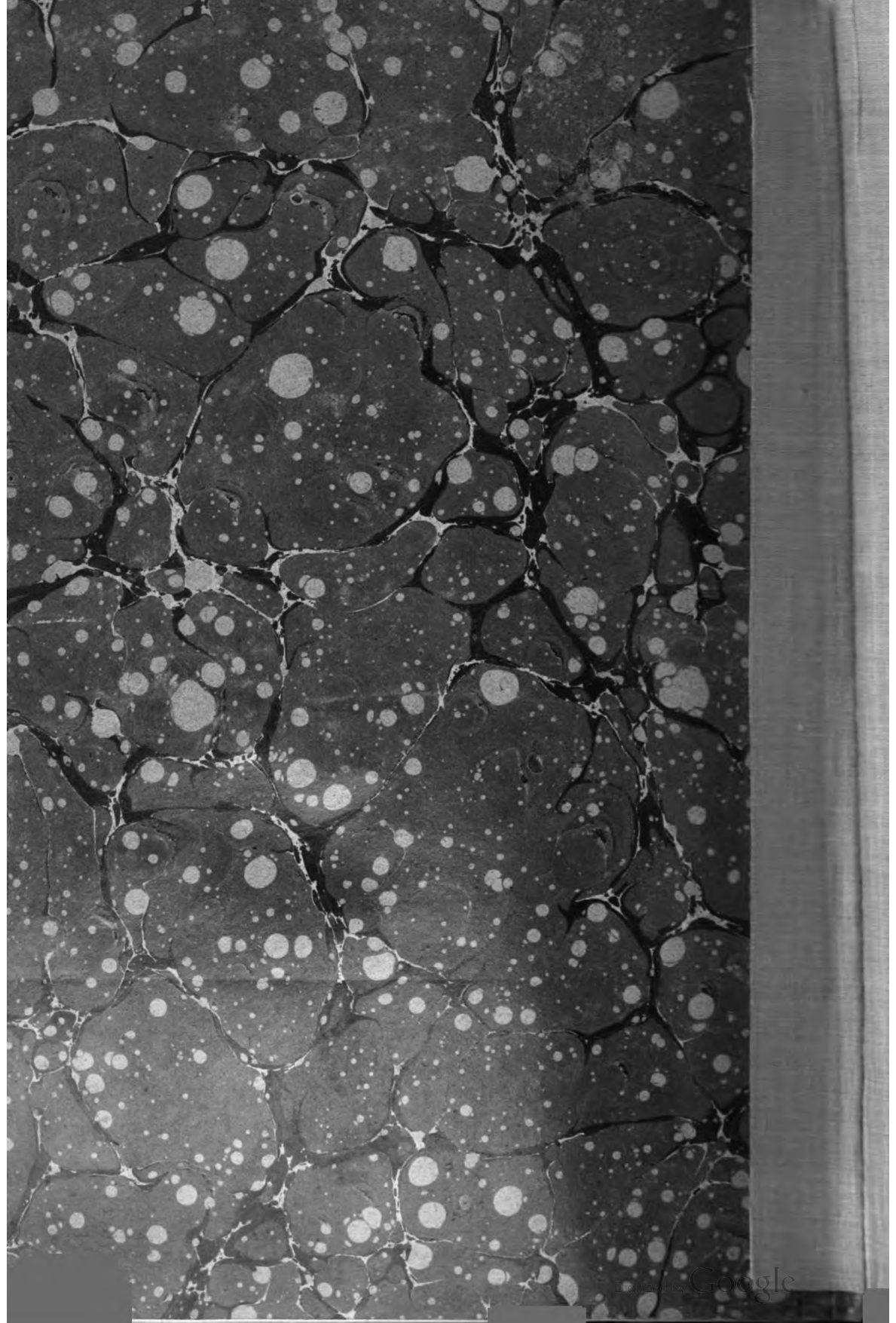
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